

**Summary of Dissertation Recitals:
Three Recitals of Vocal Music**

By

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of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Musical Arts
(Music: Performance)
in The University of Michigan
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ABSTRACT

Three vocal recitals performed in lieu of a written dissertation.

My three recitals aimed to demonstrate mastery and proficiency of a wide variety of styles and languages within classical vocal literature. The first two recitals were intended to achieve a more in-depth experience for the audience by focusing the recitals around a single composer's vocal literature. The third recital was intended to present a broader exploration of classical vocal literature through a program of varying composers, languages, and styles. The first recital contained Scandinavian songs written by Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg. The second recital featured an entire program of works by British composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams. It included two of his most famous song sets: *The House of Life* and *Songs of Travel*. The final recital featured groups of songs by Robert Schumann, Clara Wieck-Schumann, Johannes Brahms, Henri Duparc, Ottorino Respighi, Hugo Alfvén, Oskar Merikanto, and William Bolcom. All recitals featured selections for solo voice and piano.

December 10, 2017, 6:00 p.m., Greenwood Campus, First United Methodist Church, Ann Arbor. Lydia Qiu, piano. Edvard Grieg "To brune Øjne," "Jeg elsker Dig!," "Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld," "Margretes Vuggesang," "En Svane," "Med en Vandlilje," "Prinsessen," "Det første Møde," "Jeg giver mit digt til våren," "Dulgt kjærlighed," "Lok," "Våren," "Langs ei Å," "Eit syn," "Ved Rudarne," "Moderen synger," "Mens jeg venter," "Der skreg en Fugl," "Drømme," "Lys Nat," "En Drøm."

Friday, February 9, 2018, 7:30 p.m., Walgreen Drama Center, Stamps Auditorium, University of Michigan. Lydia Qiu, piano. Ralph Vaughan Williams *The House of Life*: “Love-Sight,” “Silent Noon,” “Love’s Minstrels,” “Heart’s Haven,” “Death in Love,” “Love’s Last Gift”; *Songs of Travel*: “The Vagabond,” “Let Beauty Awake,” “The Roadside Fire,” “Youth and Love,” “In Dreams,” “The Infinite Shining Heavens,” “Whither Must I Wander,” “Bright is the Ring of Words,” “I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope.”

Wednesday, April 18, 2018, 6:30 p.m., Moore Building, Britton Recital Hall, University of Michigan. Lydia Qiu, piano. Robert Schumann “Widmung”; Clara Schumann “Liebst du um Schönheit”; Robert Schumann “Mein schöner Stern”; Clara Schumann “Der Mond kommt still gegangen”; Johannes Brahms “Meine Liebe ist grün”; Henri Duparc “Phidylé,” “Soupir,” “Chanson Triste,” “Extase,” “Le Galop”; Ottorino Respighi “Notte,” “Stornellatrice,” “Invito alla danza”; Hugo Alfvén “Saa tag mit Hjerte”; Oskar Merikanto “Elämälle”; William Bolcom, *Minicabs*: “I Feel Good,” “People Change,” “Those,” “Food Song #1,” “Food Song #2,” “I Will Never Forgive You,” “Songette,” “Not Even a Haiku,” “Maxim #1,” “Maxim #2,” “Anyone,” “Finale: Mystery of the Song?”

RECITAL ONE PROGRAM

Luke Randall, Baritone
Lydia Qiu, Piano

Sunday, December 10, 2017
Greenwood Campus of First United Methodist Church, Ann Arbor
6:00 PM

To brune Øjne, Op. 5, No. 1
Jeg elsker Dig!, Op. 5, No. 3
Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld, Op. 5, No. 4

Grieg, Edvard (1843-1907)

Margretes Vuggesang, Op. 15, No. 1
En Svane, Op. 25, No. 2
Med en Vandilje, Op. 25, No. 4

Prinsessen
Det første Møde, Op. 21, No. 1
Jeg giver mit digt til varen, Op. 21, No. 3
Dulgt kjærlighed, Op. 39, No. 2
Lok, Op. 61, No. 3

Intermission

Våren, Op. 33, No. 2
Langs ei Å, Op. 33, No. 5
Eit syn, Op. 33, No. 6
Ved Rundarne, Op. 33, No. 9

Moderen synger, Op. 60, No. 2
Mens jeg venter, Op. 60, No. 3
Der skreg en Fugl, Op. 60, No. 4

Drømme, Op. 69, No. 5
Lys Nat, Op. 70, No. 3
En Drøm, Op. 48, No. 6

RECITAL ONE PROGRAM NOTES

Edvard Grieg's Norwegian and Danish *Romanser*

My Norwegian Heritage



Figure 1.1: Edvard Grieg

I come from a family who takes great pride in our Norwegian heritage. Whether it's the *lefse* and *krumkaker* at Christmastime, the excessive coffee we all drink, or using our Norwegian sweaters to keep warm during the snowy Minnesota winters, we love to embrace our ancestry and its traditions. However, we stay away from the *lutefisk*, and you should too! Early on in my musical development my "Norwegianess" inspired me to delve further into *romanser*, which are Scandinavian art songs. This led to my discovery of the music of Edvard Grieg, who was responsible for developing a truly Norwegian style of music through his use of folk-like melodies and specifically Norwegian poets. However, his music is too infrequently performed in the original

languages. People often perform Grieg's music in the German translations his publishers created in order to give his music more mass-market appeal. This is quite unfortunate as Grieg was always directly inspired by the specific melodic rhythm of the Scandinavian languages. Today I offer you a recital of Grieg's music in its original Danish and Norwegian. I hope you enjoy, and I hope it opens the door for you to embrace some of these songs yourself.

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Edvard Hagerup Grieg was born in Bergen, Norway on June 15th, 1843. He was the fourth child of a well-educated and upper middle-class family where appreciation of art was promoted.¹ His mother taught him piano and encouraged his artistry. Despite his mother's attempts to instill a discipline in lessons and practicing, Grieg more often improvised dreamily at the piano, which eventually led to his first composition around age nine.²

Grieg continued to flourish in music and would enter Leipzig Conservatory of Music at the age of fifteen. Despite an undisciplined start, Grieg eventually developed into an ambitious student by applying himself arduously to his craft, which greatly improved his talents as a pianist and composer.³ He wrote several songs to German texts throughout his conservatory years, which foreshadowed the innovative harmonic thinking within his later works.

In 1863, at the age of 20 and a recent conservatory graduate, Grieg moved to Copenhagen to study with the prominent Danish composer, Niels Gade. His Copenhagen years would be the most fruitful for Grieg's compositional and artistic development, as well as for his personal life. Grieg became close to another young Norwegian composer, Rikard Nordraak, who was determined in breaking from the conservative compositional norms of the day. Nordraak convinced Grieg that they must use their compositional talents to invent a true Norwegian compositional style to take its place in the world.⁴ Grieg became more convicted in this pursuit by Nordraak's premature death in 1866, at the age of twenty-four.

Grieg's time in Copenhagen included another life-altering experience when he fell in love with his cousin, Nina Hagerup.⁵ Despite the initial reservations from both their families, they ultimately consented to the engagement when it became clear that the young couple intended to be married regardless of their opposition.⁶ Nina was herself a very exceptional soprano, for whom Grieg composed nearly all of his songs.⁷ Nina was most notably the inspiration for Grieg's *Hjertets Melodier*, Op. 5.

Edvard and Nina returned to Norway in 1866, settling in the capital Christiania (today's Oslo). Grieg took the position of conductor at the Philharmonic Society, and established himself as a teacher. His concert debut came on October 15th with a program



Figure 1.2: Edvard and Nina Grieg

¹ Bradley Ellingboe, *Forty-Five Songs of Edvard Grieg* (Mt. Morris, NY: Leyerle Publications, 1988), 7.

² Sandra Jarrett, *Edvard Grieg and his Songs* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate Publishing Limited, 2003), 1.

³ Jarrett, 2.

⁴ Ellingboe, 8.

⁵ Jarrett, 3.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

comprised of Norwegian music, with Nina performing his *Hjertets Melodier*, Op. 5. This recital was both a public and critical success, which began a recitalist career that would extend throughout the rest of his life.

In Christiania, Edvard and Nina had an extremely busy first year. They were married on June 11th, 1867. Soon after, Nina became pregnant and gave birth to their only child, Alexandra, on April 10th 1868. That summer they vacationed to Denmark in order to not only visit Nina's family, but also find enough tranquility for Edvard's composing.⁸ Here Edvard composed Opus 15, which included "Margretes Vuggesang." This song was directly inspired by the birth of their daughter and would soon become devastatingly poignant for the composer.

The following year was difficult, as finances became a struggle after Edvard lost his job. Ultimately, the greatest tragedy struck the family in May 1869, when their only child died from meningitis.⁹ Edvard and Nina would never have another child.

After a lengthy stay in Rome between the fall of 1869 and the spring of 1870, the Griegs resettled back in to life in Christiania. Here Edvard met the great Norwegian nationalist poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, with whom he would collaborate on incidental music for Bjørnson's stage works and on many of his songs.

In 1874, Grieg received a composer's grant from the Norwegian government that allowed the Griegs to relocate to the capital city of Bergen. Henrik Ibsen wrote to Grieg asking if he would write the incidental music for his play *Peer Gynt*. This music, which took Edvard two years to compose, would become one of his most famous works. Grieg faced many personal difficulties between 1875-76 with the death of both his parents and his marriage to Nina becoming strained.¹⁰ These struggles inspired another collaboration between the composer and Ibsen's poetry. Almost all of the poems in Opus 25 express the pain of loss, which includes perhaps most movingly in his masterpiece "En Svane."



Figure 1.3: *Troldhaugen* in Bergen, Norway

The Griegs went through many years of moving between Copenhagen, Leipzig, Christiania, and Lofthus. It was in the tranquil Lofthus that Edvard suffered such severe writer's block that it led to emotional, spiritual, and marital struggles, all in which drove him further into despair.¹¹ Edvard was only able to complete a few compositions during his struggle between 1877-78.

However, the Griegs once again returned to Bergen in 1880. It was here that Edvard's self-confidence returned. He gained such a wave of inspiration from reading the poetry of A.O. Vinje that it led to the composition of all twelve songs of his Opus 33 in a matter of a few days. He was infatuated with these Vinje poems, which were

⁸ Jarrett, 4.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid, 6.

¹¹ Ibid.

written in the Norwegian rural dialect of *landsmål*. Opus 33 perfectly demonstrates Grieg's compositional talents and devotion to developing a truly Norwegian sound.

In 1885, the Griegs built their own home outside of Bergen, which they named *Troldhaugen* ("Troll Hill"). The remainder of Edvard's life was split between composing at *Troldhaugen* during the warm months and recital touring in Europe during the harsh and cold Norwegian winters.¹² It was at *Troldhaugen* that Grieg composed some of his most famous works, which includes his only song cycle, *Haugtussa*. Grieg eventually returned to *Troldhaugen* after finishing up a final concert tour to Copenhagen, Munich, and Bergen. He soon died of heart failure on September 4th, 1907 at the age of 64.

History of the Norwegian Language

Grieg uses German, Danish, and two dialects of Norwegian as the languages within his song repertoire. *Bokmål* (formerly *riksmål*) and *nynorsk* (formerly *landsmål*) are the two Norwegian dialects and possess an important history. *Bokmål*, "book tongue," was developed as the official literary language of Norwegian society in the nineteenth-century. *Nynorsk*, "new Norwegian," developed out of the rural dialect of the Norwegian language. Norway's history helps paint a clearer image as to why there is this divide.

Norway was ruled by Denmark starting in the fourteenth-century, which had a lasting impact on the Norwegian culture and language.¹³ Eventually, Sweden became its ruler in 1814 as part of a post-war treaty. Norway resisted this absorption and declared its independence on May 17, 1814. However, the Swedes quickly dispelled this resistance when they invaded, which forced Norway to quickly surrender. It was not until 1905 that Sweden withdrew its claim and led to Norway becoming a sovereign nation.

Riksmål developed from the official written language in nineteenth-century Norway, which was "Norwegianized" Danish.¹⁴ Linguist Ivar Aasen created *landsmål* because of his desire to create a written language based upon the common denominators within the many Norwegian dialects.¹⁵ In 1929, *riksmål* and *landsmål* were renamed *bokmål* and *nynorsk*, respectively. Today, both are official written languages of the official Norwegian language. Grieg passionately composed with poetry from both Norwegian dialects.

¹² Ellingboe, 8.

¹³ Anna Hersey, *Scandinavian Song: A Guide to Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Repertoire and Diction* (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2016), 39.

¹⁴ Hersey, 40.

¹⁵ Ibid.

Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

Andersen is certainly the most iconic of all Danish authors. He was a novelist and poet chiefly known today as a writer of fairy tales, which include *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Little Mermaid*, and *The Emperor's New Clothes*.¹⁶ Andersen was at the height of career when Grieg was a young man fresh out of the Conservatory in Leipzig and living in Copenhagen.¹⁷

Andersen wrote a group of eight little love poems, which were a result of his love for Riborg Voigt.¹⁸ Despite their mutual attraction, Voigt devastated Andersen by refusing to leave her fiancé for him. In 1864, Grieg used four of Andersen's poems in composing *Hjertets Melodier* ("Melodies of the Heart"), which he in turn dedicated to the poet.¹⁹

To brune Öyne, Op. 5, No. 1

*To brune Öyne jeg nuldig saa,
I dem mit Hjem of min Verden laa,
Der flammed Snillet og Barnets Fred,*

Jeg glemmer dem aldrig I Evighed!

Jeg elsker Dig, Op. 5, No. 3

*Min Tankes Tanke ene Du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.
Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på Jorden,
Jeg elsker Dig I Ti dog Evighed!*

Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld, Op. 5, No. 4

*Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld,
Der over Himlene gaar;
Mit Hjerte er et Hav saa dybt,
Hvor Bølge mod Bølge slaar.*

*Ög Fjeldet löfter dit Billed
Höit mod Himlens Blaa.
Men selv Du lever I Hjertet,
Hvor dybe Brændinger gaa.*

Two Brown Eyes

*Two brown eyes I lately saw,
In which my home and my world lay,
There shone forth kindness and the serenity of a
child,*

I'll never forget them in all eternity!²⁰

I Love You

*You have become the only thought of my thoughts,
You are my heart's first love.
I love you, as no one on earth,
I love you for all eternity!²¹*

My Thought is a Mighty Mountain

*My thought is a mighty mountain,
Which rises above the heavens;
My heart is an ocean so deep,
Where wave crashes against wave.*

*And the mountain lifts your image
High toward heaven's blue.
But you yourself live in the heart,
Where deep swells roll.²²*

¹⁶ Hersey, 305

¹⁷ Ellingboe, 109

¹⁸ Jarrett, 32.

¹⁹ Ibid, 33

²⁰ Ibid, 32

²¹ Hersey, 305.

²² Jarrett, 38.

Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906)

Considered one of the great Norwegian writers, Henrik Ibsen is most familiarly associated with his influential 1867 play, *Peer Gynt*, for which Grieg later composed its incidental music. In 1871, Ibsen published his collected poems in a single volume.²³ His poetry is often realistic and sparse with adjectives. The following poems predate Ibsen's shift away from mythology and folklore.²⁴

Margretes Vuggesang, Op. 15, No. 1

*Nu løftes laft og lofte
Til stjernehvælven blå;
Ny flyver lille Håkon
Med drømme vinger på.*

*Der er en stige stillet
Fra jord til himlen op;
Nu stiger lille Håkon
Med englene til top.*

*Guds engle små, de våger
For vuggebarnets fred;
Gud sign' dig, lille Håkon,
Din moder våger med.*

Margrete's Cradle Song

*Now lift the roof and rafters
To the starry blue vault;
Now flies little Håkon
On wings of dreams.*

*A stairway appears
From earth up to heaven;
Now little Håkon goes up
With angels to the top.*

*God's little angels, they watch
Over the peaceful crib;
God bless you, little Håkon,
Your mother watches too.²⁵*

*The text for "Margretes Vuggesang" is taken from Ibsen's historical drama *Kongsemnere* (The Pretenders), which depicts the politics surrounding King Håkon Håkonson during medieval Norway.²⁶

En Svane, Op. 25, No. 2

*Min hvide svane,
Du stumme, du stille.
Hverken slag eller trille
Lod sangrøst ane.*

*Angst beskyttende
Alfen, som sover.
Alltid lyttende
Gled du henover.*

*Med sidste motet,
Da eder og øjne
Var lønlige løgne.
Ja da, da lød det!*

*I toners fjøden
Du slutted din bane.*

A Swan

*My white swan,
You mute, you silent.
Neither blow nor trill
Your voice's song.*

*Fearfully protecting
The elves, who sleep.
Always listening
You glide away.*

*But the last meeting
When vows and eyes
Were secret lies.
Yes, that was heard!*

*In a flood of song
You ended your path.*

²³ Jarrett, 58.

²⁴ Hersey, 262.

²⁵ Ibid, 264-265.

²⁶ Ibid, 262.

*Du sang I døden.
Du var dog en svane, en svane!*

Med en Vandlilje, Op. 25, No. 4

*Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
Blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
Svam den drømmetung I våren.*

*Vil du den til hjemmet vie,
Fæst den på dit bryst, Marie;
Bag dens blade da sig dølge
Vil en dyb og stille bølge.*

*Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover;
Liljer leger ovenover.*

*Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme;
Liljer leger ovenover;
Nøkken lader som han sover.*

*You sang in death.
You were a swan, a swan!²⁷*

With a Water-Lily

*Look, Marie, what I bring;
The flower with the white wings.
Upon the still streams born along
It swam dream-heavy in the spring.*

*If you would consecrate it to the home,
Fasten it to your breast, Marie;
For behind its petal will hide
A deep and quiet billow.*

*Beware, child, of the tarn's currents.
Dangerous, dangerous to dream there!
The water sprite pretends to sleep;
Lilies play above and over.*

*Child, your breast is the tarn's current.
Dangerous, dangerous to dream there;
Lilies play above and over;
The water sprite pretends to sleep.²⁸*

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910)

Similarly to Ibsen, Bjørnson was one of the great Norwegian writers of his time. He was a poet, playwright, orator, and social commentator.²⁹ He was a great proponent of writing in *riksmål*, today's *bokmål*, and was a great Norwegian nationalist. Bjørnson is credited with creating a truly Norwegian style of literature, as Grieg is credited with doing for Norwegian music. Bjørnson did so through his portrayals of farm life and the Norwegian middle class.³⁰ His poem "Ja, vi elsker dette landet" ("Yes, we love this country"), was set to music by his cousin, composer Rikard Nordraak, and would eventually become the *de facto* Norwegian national anthem at the beginning of the twentieth-century.³¹ In 1903, Bjørnson was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature "as a tribute to his noble, magnificent and versatile poetry, which has always been distinguished by both the freshness of its inspiration and the rare purity of its spirit."

²⁷ Hersey, 262-263.

²⁸ Jarrett, 64.

²⁹ Ellingboe, 109.

³⁰ Jarrett, 40.

³¹ Ibid, 41.

Prinsessen

*Prinsessen sad højt I sit Jomfrubur,
Smågutten gik 9ras og blæste på Lur.
"Hvi blæser du altid? Ti still du Små,
den hæfter min Tanke, som vide vil gå,
nu, når Sol går ned."*

*Prinsessen sad højt I sit Jomfrubur,
Smågutten lod være at blæse på Lur.
"Hvi tier du stille? Blæs mere du Små,
det løfter min Tanke, som vide vil gå,
nu, når Sol går ned."*

*Prinsessen sad højt I sit Jomfrubur,
Smågutten tog atter og blæste på Lur.
Da græd hun I Aftnen og sukkede ud!
"O sig mig, hvad er det mig fejler, min Gud!"
Nu gik Solen ned.*

Det første Møde, Op. 21, No. 1

*Det første modes sødme,
Det er som sang I skogen,
Det er som sang på vågen
I solens siste rødme,
Det er som horn I uren
De tonende sekunder
Hvori vi med naturen
Forenes I et under.*

Jeg giver mit Digt til Våren, Op. 21, No. 3

*Jeg giver mti digt til våren,
Skjøndt endnu den ej er båren,
Jeg giver mit digt til våren,
Som længler til længsler lagt.
Så slutter de to en pagt:
At lokken på sol med liste,
Så vinteren nød må friste,
At slippe et kor af bække,
Så sangen ham må forskrække,
At jage ham ut af luften
Med idelig blomsterduften,
Jeg giver mit digt til våren!*

The Princess

*The princess sat high up in her arbor,
The lad stood below and played his horn.
"Why do you always play? Stop, boy,
it hinders my thoughts, which want to be free,
now, when the sun goes down."*

*The princess sat high up in her arbor
The lad had stopped playing his horn.
"Why are you silent? Play more, boy,
it lifts my thoughts, which want to be free,
now, when the sun goes down."*

*The princess sat high up in her arbor,
The lad took up and played his horn.
Then she cried in the evening and sighed!
"O tell me, what ails me, my God!"
Now the sun went down.³²*

The First Meeting

*The first meeting's sweetness,
It is like a song in the forest,
It is like a song on the fjord
In the sun's final glow,
It is like a horn in the mountains
The resounding seconds
In which we with nature
Are united in a miracle.³³*

I Give my Poem to the Spring

*I give my poem to the spring,
Although it has not yet been born,
I give my poem to the spring,
Which adds longing to longing.
So the two make a pact:
To entice the sun with cunning,
So the winter must needs be coaxed
To release a chorus of brooks,
So that the song must startle him,
To chase him out of the air
With the incessant aroma of flowers,
I give my poem to the spring!³⁴*

³² Hersey, 217-218.

³³ Jarrett, 44.

³⁴ Ibid, 45-46.

Dulgt Kjærlighed, Op. 39, No. 2

*Han tvær over Bænkene hang,
Hun lystig I Dansen sig svang.
Hun legte, hun lo,
Med en og med to,
Hans hjerte var nær ved at briste,
Men, det var der ingen, som vidste.*

*Hun gik bag ved Laden den Kvæld,
Han kom for at sige Farvel.
Hun kasted sig ned,
Hun græd og hun græd,
Sit Livshåb, det skulde hun miste,
Men, det var ingen, som vidste.*

*Ham tiden faldt frygtelig lang,
Så kom han tilbage engang.
Hun havde det godt,
Hun fred havde fåt,
Hun tænkte på ham I det Sidste;
Men, det var der ingen, som vidste.*

Lok, Op. 61, No. 3

*Kom, bukken til gutten,
Kom, kalven til mor,
Kom, mjauende katten
I snehvide skor,
Kom, andunger gule,
Kom frem ifra skjulet,
Kom, kyllinger små
Som neppe kan gå,
Kom, duerne mine
Med fjærene fine!
Se græsset er vådt;
Men solen gjør godt,
Og tidlig, tidlig er det på sommern,
Men rop på høsten, så kommer'n!*

Unrevealed Love

*He loitered sullenly about the benches,
She pivoted merrily in dancing.
She flirted, she laughed,
With one and the other,
His heart was close to breaking,
But, there was no one who knew.*

*She went back to the barn that evening,
He came to say farewell.
She fell to the ground,
She sobbed and she sobbed,
Her life's dream she would lose,
But, there was no one who knew.*

*For him time passed dreadfully slowly,
Then one day he returned.
She was fine,
She had found peace,
She thought about him at the end;
But, there was no one who knew.³⁵*

Calling the Animals

*Come, billygoat to the boy,
Come, calf to mother,
Come, meowing kitten
In snow-white shoes,
Come, yellow duckling,
Come out from your hideaway,
Come, chickens small
Who can't even walk,
Come, my doves
With feathers so fine!
See, the grass is wet;
But the sun feels good,
And it is early, early in the summer,
But call for the autumn, and it will come!³⁶*

*Grieg composed *Barnlige Sange*, Op. 61 as a group of seven children's songs for the respected Norwegian educator, O.E. Grøndahl.³⁷ Grøndahl was also the husband of celebrated pianist and composer, Agathe Backer Grøndahl. *Barnlige Sange* includes texts by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, Nordahl Rolfsen, Johan Krohn, Petter Dass, and Johan Ludvig Runeberg.

³⁵ Jarrett, 48-49.

³⁶ Ibid, 104.

³⁷ Ibid, 103.

Vinje, Aasmund Olavsson (1818-1870)

Vinje was the son of farmers who would eventually become a lawyer, and later a journalist. He pioneered the use of *landsmål*, today's *nynorsk*, in Norwegian literature. In 1858 he founded a periodical that was written in his version of *landsmål*, which would be instrumental in legitimizing the rural dialect as the official Dano-Norwegian.³⁸

Våren, Op. 33, No. 2

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren at sjå for Våren at røma:

Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var på eg atter såg bløma.

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen at sjå frå Landet at fljota,

Snjoen at bråna og Fossen I Å at fyssa og brjota.

Grasset det grøne eg enno ein Gong fekk skoda med Blomar:

Enno eg høyrde at Vårfuglen song mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Smågiddren enddå meg unntes at sjå på Vårbakken dansa,

Fivrelid at fløksa of sjuka ifrå der Blomar seg kransa.

Alt dette Vårlev eg atter fekk sjå, som siden eg miste.

Men eg er tungsam og spyrgja meg må: tru det er det siste?

Låt det so vera: Eg myket af Vænt I Livet fekk njota;

Meire eg fekk, enn eg havde fortent og Alting må trjota.

Langs ei Å, Op. 33, No. 5

Du Skog! Som bøygjer deg imot

Og kysse denne svarte Å.

Som grever af di Hjarterot

Og ned I Fanget vil deg få,

Lik deg eg mangein munde sjå

Og allerhelst I Livsense Vår,

At han den Håndi hyste på

Som slog hand verste Hjartesar.

Springtime

Once again I have seen winter give way to spring;

The chokecherry tree with flowers upon it I once more have seen blooming.

Once again I have seen the ice floating away from the land,

Snow melting and the waterfall in the river bursting and cascading.

The green grass I once again have beheld full of flowers;

Once again I have heard the spring bird singing toward sun and toward summer.

The shimmering mist again I was allowed to see upon spring's hillside dancing,

Butterflies fluttering and flying away where flowers formed garlands.

All that spring life I once more beheld, which since I have lost.

But I am sad, and must ask myself: do you think it is the last?

Be that as it may: I had much beauty to enjoy in life;

I was given more than I deserved and everything must have an end.³⁹

Alongside a Stream

You woods! that bow down

And kiss this dark stream,

That digs at your heartroot

And wants to pull you down into its lap,

Like you I see many a man,

Mostly in the springtime of life,

Who kissed the little hand

Which struck his worst heart'-wound.⁴⁰

³⁸ Jarrett, 69.

³⁹ Ibid, 72.

⁴⁰ Ibid, 75.

Eit Syn, Op. 33, No. 6

*En Gjente eg såg som sjarde meg fjåg,
Det var, som eg det skulde drøyma.
Eg såg meg so sæl, eg mines det vel:
Eg aldri det kjem til at gløyma.*

*Som naglad eg stod or raudnad som Blod,
Det gjekk for Øjra mit som Lundar;
Eg såg hena der, eg ser hena her,
Eg ser hena best når eg blundar.*

Om Lit og om Lag og Andlidets Drag,

*Og all hennes Venleik og Sæla
Og Augo, som brann, eg segja ei kan:
Eg ser det, men kan inkje mæla.*

*Eg fær det vel sjå, men aldri kan få!
Hvi syna seg for meg hun turvte?
So ljøs og so rein som Soli hun skein,
Men burte og burte og burte!*

Ved Rundarne, Op. 33, No. 9

*No ser eg atter slike Fjell og Dalar,
Som deim eg I min første ungdom såg,
Og sama Vind den heite Panna svalar;
Og Gullet ligg på Snjo, som før det låg.
Det ere it Barnemål, som til meg taler,
Og gjer meg tankefull, men endå fjåg.
Med Ungdomsminne er den Tala blandad:
Det strøymmer på meg, so eg knapt kan anda.*

*Ja, Livet strøymmer på meg, som det strøymde,
Når under Snjo eg såg det grønne Strå.
Eg drøymmer no, som før eg alltid drøymde,
Når slike Fjell eg såg I Lufti blå.
Eg gløymmer Dagsens Strid, som før eg gløymde,
Når eg mot Kveld af Sol eit Glimt fekk sjå.
Eg finner bel eit Hus, som vil meg hysa,
Når Soli heim til Notti vil meg lysa.*

A Vision

*A girl I saw who made me happy,
It was as if I had dreamed it.
I saw myself so blissful, I remember it well:
I will never come to forget it.*

*As if nailed I stood and blushed blood-red,
My ears seemed to hear singing;
I saw her there, I saw her here,
I see her best when I close my eyes.*

*Of her complexion, of her mood, her facial
features,
And all her beauty and happiness,
And eyes that burn, I cannot speak;
I see it, but I cannot speak.*

*I may look, but I can never have it!
Why did she have to appear before me?
As luminous and as pure as the sun she shone,
But vanished and vanished and vanished!*

At Rundarne

*Now I see again such mountains and dales,
As those I in my youngest years did see,
And the same wind cools the hot forehead;
And gold lies upon the snow, as then it lay.
It is a child's voice, which to me speaks,
And makes me thoughtful, but happy.
With youth's memories is the voice blended:
It pours in upon me, so I scarce can breathe.*

*Yes, life pours in upon me, as it poured,
When under snow I beheld the green grass.
I dream now, as before I always dreamed,
When such mountains I saw in the blue air.
I forget the daily strife, as then I forgot it,
When I as evening caught a glimpse of sun.
I'll likely find a house, which will take me in,
As the sun guides me homewards towards the
night.⁴¹*

*Rundarne, present day Rondane, is the name of a mountain range in central Norway. Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* is famously partly set in Rondane.

⁴¹ Jarrett, 78.

Wilhelm Krag (1871-1933)

Krag's novels and poems deal with the culture of his birthplace in the southern coastal part of Norway, which he named "Sørlandet" ("south country"). He revolutionized the literary world at the age of 19 with his poem, *Fandango*.⁴² Its Persian themes mixed with its realism and naturalism was exactly what the reading public desired.⁴³ A year later he published his first book of poems, from which Grieg selected five poems to set to music.⁴⁴ Although Krag continued to write poems, plays, and novels throughout the rest of his life, he sadly never replicated his early success. Krag often uses visual and auditory imagery from nature, especially in order to best express human feelings of despair and isolation.⁴⁵

Moderen synger, Op. 60, No. 2

*Gretchen ligger I kiste
Dybt I den sorte muld.
Gav jeg hende en kyse,
Goret med røden guld.*

*Sænked I sorten kiste
Gretchen så skjær og fin.
La' de kolde små hænder
Over det hvide lin.*

*Ene I natten jeg sidder,
Stormene går over hav,
River alle de blomster
Fra lille Gretchens grav.*

Mens jeg venter, Op. 60, No. 3

Vildgjæss, vildjæss I hvide Flokker, Solskinsvej,

*Æelingen spanker I gule sokker, fine Klær.
Ro, ro, til Fiskeskjær,
lunt det er omring Holmen her,
Sjøen ligger så stille,
Bro, bro brille.*

Løs dit Fuldhår og snør din Kyse, du min Skat,

*Så skal vi danse den lune, lyse Juninat.
Vent, vent, til Sanktehans
Står vort Bryllup med lystig Dans.
Alle Giger skal spille.
Bro, bro brille.*

The Mother Sings

*Gretchen lies in the coffin
Deep in the black soil.
I have her a bonnet,
Lined with rosy gold.*

*Laid in the black coffin
Gretchen looked so delicate and fine.
Her cold, small hands lay
Over the white linen.*

*Alone in the night I sit,
The storms go over the sea,
And break all the flowers
From little Gretchen's grave.⁴⁶*

While I Wait

*Wild geese, wild geese in white flocks, sunny
weather,
Ducklings strut in yellow socks, fine clothes.
Row, row, to the fishing rock,
It is warm around this island,
The sea is lying so calmly,
'Bro, bro brille.'*

*Let down your golden hair and tie your bonnet,
you my treasure.
So shall we dance all the warm, light June night.
Wait, wait, on Saint John's Eve
Will be our wedding, with merry dancing.
All the fiddles will be playing.
'Bro, bro brille.'*

⁴² Jarrett, 95.

⁴³ Ibid, 95.

⁴⁴ Ibid, 95.

⁴⁵ Ibid, 100.

⁴⁶ Hersey, 291.

Vug mig, vug mig du blanke Vove langt og let.

*Snart går min Terne til Dans I Skove
søndagsklædt.*

*Vug, vug I Drøm mig ind,
Hver tar sin, så tar jeg min...
Hør, hvor Gigerne spille!
Bro, bro brille.*

*Rock me, rock me, you shining wave long and
lightly.*

*Soon my maid will dance in the woods in her
Sunday best.*

*Rock, rock me into dream,
Each takes his, so do I take mine...
Listen, how the fiddles are playing!
'Bro, bro brille.'⁴⁷*

*"Bro, bro, brille" are nonsense children's rhyming syllables.⁴⁸

Der skreg en Fugl, Op. 60, No. 4

*Der skreg en Fugl over øde Hav,
Langt fra lande.
Den skreg så sårt I den høstgrå dag,
Flaksed is brudte, afmæktige slag,
Seiled på sorte vinger bort over hav.*

The Bird Cried

*A bird cried there over the desolate sea,
Far from land.
He cried so sadly in the autumn-gray day,
Flapped with broken, impotent strokes,
Sailed on black wings away over the ocean.⁴⁹*

Otto Benzon (1856-1927)

Benzon was a Danish chemist, playwright, and poet, whose texts are primarily remembered outside of Denmark for Grieg's musical settings. Benzon's texts are not known for their literary quality, especially in comparison to those of Ibsen and Bjørnson. However, Grieg was very happy with these songs, thinking he had taken a step forward through his unbeknownst influence of Richard Wagner's chromatic and through-composed compositional style.

Drømme, Op. 69, No. 5

*Mit Alt var du blevet, min dyreste Skat,
Min Sorg og min Glæde ved Dag og ved Nat.
Du fyldte mit Sind og du fængslede min Sans,
Du gød over Livet en Glød og en Glans.*

*Jeg vidste jo godt, at du aldrig blev min,
Men Drømmene kom, hvor du kaldte mig din,
Livsalige Drømme, hvor du var mig nær
Og rødmende robed, du havde mig kær.*

*Ak Drømmenes Eden kun vared saa kort,
Og Virkeligheden mig vækked så hårdt,
Det var ikke mig, som din Kærlighed vandt,
Da Dagningen dæmred og Drømmene svandt.*

Farvel da, I Drømme, som døved min Sorg,

Dreams

*You were everything for me, my dearest treasure,
My pain and my joy in day and in night.
You filled my soul and imprisoned my senses,
You gave my life a glow and a shine.*

*I knew well that you were never mine,
But the dreams came where you called me yours,
Blessed dreams where you were near me
And timidly blushing proved you loved me.*

*Ah, the paradise of the dreams was so short,
And the reality woke me up so brutally,
It was not me who conquered your love
When the day arose and the dream disappeared.*

Farewell then, the dreams, who soothed my pain,

⁴⁷ Jarrett, 98.

⁴⁸ Ibid, 99.

⁴⁹ Ibid, 100.

*Farvel, du min Dronning fra Drømmenes Borg,
Mit strålende Smykke I svindende Kveld,
Min tabte Lykke, Farvel, Farvel!*

Lys Nat, Op. 70, No. 3

*Var det ej nylig, Solen sank
Ned bag Skovene I det Fjerne,
Nylig først, at den blege Stjerne,
Så sit Billed I Bølgen blank?*

*Er der alt Dagens Guld, som gryr?
Glider alt Solens Lavastrømme
Over de bjergebølgede Skyr?
Er det forbi med Nattens Drømme?*

*Neppe kommen 15ras to du bort!
Lyse Nat, hvi er du så kort?*

*Farewell to you my queen of the castle of dreams,
My brilliant jewel in the falling night,
My lost happiness, farewell, farewell!*

Lucent Night

*Was it not just now that the sun sank
Down behind the woods in the distance,
Just now, that the pale star
Beheld its image in the glassy wave?*

*Is that already the gold of day, which dawns?
Are the sun's lava streams already gliding
Over the mountainous billowing clouds?
Have the dreams of the night already passed?*

*No sooner have you come than you go away!
Lucent night, why are you so brief?⁵⁰*

Nordahl Rolfsen, translator (1848-1928)

Rolfsen was a Norwegian educator, journalist, translator, and poet. Grieg set two of Rolfsen's poems within his *Barnlige Sange*, Op. 61. However, Rolfsen is most important for providing the Norwegian translations for Grieg's Opus 48, which was originally a collection of six German poems by six different poets. "En Drøm" was translated from F.M. Bodenstedt's original German poem, "Ein Traum." Rolfsen heard the greatness of Opus 48 and recognized the importance of translating these songs for the benefit of the Norwegian people.

En Drøm, Op. 48, No. 6

*Jag saa en Gang I Drømmesyn
En dejlig Mø saa fin og skær.
Vi sad I Skovens lyse Bryn
Imellem Vaarens unge Trær.*

Og Knoppen 15ras tog Elven sprang.

*Den fjærne landsbys Larm og Lyd
Indtil os I vor Løvsal klang,
hvor vi sad gemt I salig Fryd.*

*Men meget mer end Drømmesyn
Blev Livet selv en dejlig Dag.
Det var I Skovens lyse Bryn
Og under Vaarens letta Tag.*

Og Elven sprang og Knoppen brast

A Dream

*I dreamed once a beautiful dream
A blond maiden loved me,
It was in the green forest glade,
It was in the warm springtime.*

*The buds were sprouting and the forest beck was swollen,
From the village afar rang the sound of voices –
We were completely full of happiness,
Immersed wholly in bliss.*

*And even more lovely than the erstwhile dream,
It happened in reality.
It was in the green forest glade,
It was in the warm springtime.*

The forest beck was swollen, the buds were sprouting,

⁵⁰ Jarrett, 130.

*Og alt var fjærnt, kun du var nær.
Og ved min barm jeg holdt dig fast.
Nu slipper jeg dig aldrig mer!*

*O Mødestund I Skovens Bryn,
Med Vaarens lyse lette Tag!
Der blev min Dag et Drømmesyn.
Der blev min Drøm en dejlig Dag!*

*Voices rang out from the village near.
I held you fast, I held you long.
Nevermore would let you go!*

*O spring-green forest glade,
You live in me throughout all time!
There reality became a dream,
There the dream became reality!⁵¹*

⁵¹ Jarrett, 87.

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RECITAL TWO PROGRAM

Luke Randall, Baritone

Lydia Qiu, Piano

Friday, February 9, 2018

Walgreen Drama Center, Stamps Auditorium

7:30 PM

The House of Life

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Love-Sight
Silent Noon
Love's Minstrels
Heart's Haven
Death in Love
Love's Last Gift

Intermission

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love
In Dreams
The Infinite Shining Heavens
Whither Must I Wander
Bright is the Ring of Words
I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

RECITAL TWO PROGRAM NOTES

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Ralph Vaughan Williams is one of the most important British composers of the twentieth-century. His compositional career spans more than fifty years, and includes operas, ballets, nine symphonies, chamber music, choral music, film scores, works for band, and songs. Although there are no drastic changes in Vaughan Williams' style over the course of his expansive compositional period, he rarely repeats himself or his ideas.⁵²

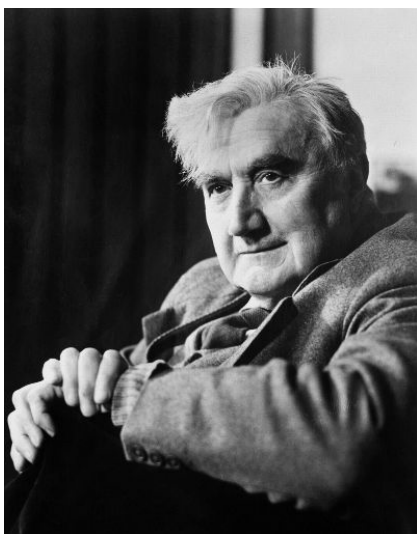


Figure 2.1: Ralph Vaughan Williams

Vaughan Williams was a student of Hubert Parry and Charles Villiers Stanford, and later studied with Max Bruch in Berlin (1897) and Maurice Ravel in Paris (1908). Parry and Stanford's Victorian influence is easily observable in Vaughan Williams' early period. His study with Ravel led to his absorption of the influences of Debussy, Bach, and Handel.⁵³

Vaughan Williams was most influential in reclaiming English folk music from extinction, which ignited the English musical renaissance that started at the end of the nineteenth century and flourished in the twentieth-century.^{54 55} The in-depth research into folk song by Vaughan Williams and his partner, Cecil Sharp, accelerated this renaissance, which in turn influenced a generation of composers who sought to establish a truly British musical style.⁵⁶ According to Sidney Finkelstein, Vaughan Williams would become the "giant of this renaissance."⁵⁷

⁵² Sidney Finkelstein, *Composer and Nation: The Folk Heritage in Music* (New York, NY: International Publishers Co., Inc., 1989), 231.

⁵³ Edited by J. Peter Burkholder, Donald Jay Grout, & Claude V. Palisca, *A History of Western Music* (New York, NY: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2014), 805.

⁵⁴ Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song and Literature*. (Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard Corporation, 2005), 363.

⁵⁵ Burkholder, 804.

⁵⁶ Kimball, 363.

His compositions hearken back to the styles of Thomas Tallis and Henry Purcell through his imitation of English folk tunes and the modal harmonies of sixteenth and seventeenth-century composers.⁵⁸ His exploitation of these ideas lead to his creation of lengthy melodic lines within his modally harmonized compositions. His nationalistic style of composing became especially popular after the end of the Second World War when the nation was rebuilding and in need of glory after such terrible events.⁵⁹

The House of Life and *Songs of Travel* represent his earliest style of composition, which possesses a heavy Victorian influence from Parry and Stanford.⁶⁰ Both sets of songs feature a notable strength of purpose and a sensitive word setting. Vaughan Williams' early period is important because he would never again devote so much time to solo song with piano accompaniment. These two sets of songs are pivotal products of a young Vaughan Williams searching for his compositional voice. *Songs of Travel*'s theme of wandering can also be found in *Toward the Unknown Region*, *A Sea Symphony*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.⁶¹

These cycles were premiered together at Bechstein Hall, today's Wigmore Hall, on December 2nd, 1904. *The House of Life* was sung by contralto, Edith Clegg, and Walter Creighton singing *Songs of Travel*. Pianist, Hamilton Harty, accompanied both sets of songs.

The House of Life

The House of Life: A Cycle of Six Sonnets is developed from pre-Raphaelite poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti's grouping of 101 sonnets under the same name, which were written over a long period of time. Rossetti's sonnets record his love for his dead wife, Elizabeth "Lizzie" Siddal, and his infatuation with Jane Morris, the wife of his friend William Morris.⁶² These sonnets heavily exploit natural imagery in depicting their themes of art, love, and death. The sensuous depiction of the theme of art and love was considered especially obscene for the early twentieth-century.⁶³

Before *The House of Life*, Vaughan Williams utilized Rossetti's sonnets nos. 49-52 in his *Willow Wood* cantata for baritone and orchestra, with an optional chorus of women's voices. The four 'Willow-Wood' sonnets offered little opportunity of contrast with their consistent gloominess, which was never Vaughan Williams' compositional strength.⁶⁴ This was perhaps why Vaughan Williams was more deliberate in his cherry picking of sonnets for his next Rossetti setting.

The House of Life inspired greater compositional exploration from Vaughan Williams, which led to a successful balance of emotional contrast throughout its six sonnet-settings. The work's fluid setting of the vocabulary-rich sonnets marks a

⁵⁷ Finkelstein, 229.

⁵⁸ Burkholder, 805.

⁵⁹ Finkelstein, 234.

⁶⁰ Kimball, 363.

⁶¹ Edited by Byron Adams & Robin Wells, *Vaughan Williams Essays* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate Publishing Company, Inc., 2014), 134.

⁶² Trevor Hold, *Parry to Finzi: Twenty English Song-Composers* (Woodbridge, Suffolk: The Boydell Press, 2002), 105.

⁶³ Hold, 105.

⁶⁴ Ibid.

transitional moment towards musical-impressionism that would continue to define the composer's future works.⁶⁵ Vaughan Williams embraces the fourteen-line sonnet structure, which fall into an octave and sextet. He musically separates the two uneven halves through lengthy interludes, key changes, and many other compositional features.

'Love-Sight' begins with an extensive piano prelude, which previews its conventionally Romantic melodic line.⁶⁶ The motif of oscillating thirds foreshadows Vaughan Williams' use of the same motif within his *Five Mystical Songs*, whereas the largamente phrase on "Death's imperishable wing" is a strong reminder of the composer's *A Sea Symphony*.⁶⁷ 'Love-Sight' ends with a lengthy postlude that once again reminds the listener of the original melodic line.

'Silent Noon,' is the most well known song from *The House of Life*, with its calm evocation of a lazy summer's day with its syncopated accompaniment.⁶⁸ There are echoes of Brahms' E-flat major Intermezzo and his nineteenth-century Romanticism within the middle section of 'Silent Noon.'⁶⁹ It was published in 1903 and performed ahead of the composition of this song cycle; however, it still fits seamlessly within this cycle of six sonnets.⁷⁰

Rossetti's original title for this sonnet was 'Passion and Worship,' which Vaughan Williams renamed 'Love's Minstrels'. The sonnet depicts two lovers being serenaded by rival minstrels: the oboist and the harpist.⁷¹ Similarly to the first song, 'Love's Minstrels' possesses an extensive piano prelude and postlude. It is perhaps the most experimental within the entire set through its extensive use of recitative sections. Whereas other songs look backwards to the nineteenth-century, this third song demonstrates Vaughan Williams' exploration of new compositional territory. While the arpeggios mimic the sound of the harp, its vocal line represents the monody of the oboe.

'Heart's Haven' possesses the sweeping Romanticism that comes directly from the great nineteenth-century composers: Johannes Brahms and Robert Schumann. Contrastingly, 'Death in Love' is a grandiose proclamation, whose declamatory, dotted rhythms echo the fanfare of brass instruments. This heavy use of fanfare makes it one of the most blatant Wagnerian references found in Vaughan Williams.⁷²

The theme in 'Love's Last Gift', shown below, is built around the hymn-tune, 'Sine nomine', which is most familiar as the melody in the hymn, 'For All the Saints.'⁷³ The final song begins and ends with variations on the 'Sine nomine' tune, which Vaughan Williams utilizes throughout his compositions. It is also featured within the eighth song in *Songs of Travel*: 'Bright is the Ring of Words'.

⁶⁵ Michael Kennedy, *The Works of Ralph Vaughan Williams* (London: Oxford University Press, 1980), 78.

⁶⁶ Ibid.

⁶⁷ Ibid.

⁶⁸ Ibid.

⁶⁹ Hold, 106.

⁷⁰ Ibid, 107.

⁷¹ Ibid, 108.

⁷² Ibid, 106.

⁷³ Ibid, 107.

Figure 2.2: Tune from "For All the Saints" (Sine Nomine)



Figure 2.3: Theme of "Love's Last Gift"

Ex. 1.



Figure 2.4: Theme from "Bright is the Ring of Words"
Moderato risoluto



Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,--
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,--
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:--
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: "Behold, this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my strains are to Love's dear ones dear."
Then said I: "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear."

Then said my lady: "Thou art Passion of Love,
And this Love's Worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cowering beneath dark wing that love must chase,--
With still tears showering and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,--
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sovereign counter-charms.

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answering spirits chime one roundelay.

Death in Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the immemorable hour
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new.

But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,--
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, "Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: "The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest-marshal, the year's chief,
Victorious Summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef.

All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while Spring and Summer sang;
But Autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise."

The End

Songs of Travel

Songs of Travel is developed out of the Scottish poet Robert Louis Stevenson's forty-four verses by the same name. From these verses, Vaughan Williams selected nine verses for his song cycle. Vaughan Williams reordered the verses, which create a manipulated linearity from Stevenson's original larger work. The selected verses trace a wandering poet who travels the English countryside, all the while encountering and dealing with life's challenges. He experiences the joys, the struggles, and the trials and tribulations of life, before ultimately coming to terms with the choices that he made. Both Stevenson and Vaughan Williams had a fondness for countryside treks and wandering.⁷⁴

The image of a wanderer is indicative of the part of nineteenth-century Romanticism, which is what drew Vaughan Williams to Stevenson's verses. The wanderer's journey was famously used in Franz Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Die schöne Müllerin*, and Gustav Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. Michael Kennedy calls Vaughan Williams' *Songs of Travel*, "a kind of English *Winterreise* with the wanderer philosophically accepting what life brings to him."⁷⁵ Although the thematic similarities are present, *Songs of Travel* features neither the destructive impulses of *Winterreise*, nor the naivety of *Die schöne Müllerin*. The theme of the wanderer allows *Songs of Travel* to be a more cyclical cycle than *House of Life*, with its greater sense of narrative and linearity.

The development of *Songs of Travel* began in 1901 with Vaughan Williams' composition of 'Whither Must I Wander.' This first setting of Stevenson's verse quickly inspired eight more songs to complete the song-cycle. Vaughan Williams was convinced by his publishers to issue the first eight songs in two separate volumes.⁷⁶ Volume I was published in 1904 and included the 'outdoor,' extravert songs: 'The Vagabond', 'Bright

⁷⁴ Adams, 134.

⁷⁵ Kennedy, 80.

⁷⁶ Hold, 109.

is the Ring of Words', and 'The Roadside Fire'; Volume II was published in 1907 and included the 'indoor,' introvert songs: 'Let Beauty Awake', 'Youth and Love', 'In Dreams', and 'The Infinite Shining Heavens'. It was these first eight songs that were premiered by baritone, Walter Creighton, and pianist, Hamilton Harty, in 1904.

The full completion of *Songs of Travel* did not come until after Ralph Vaughan Williams' death when his widow, Ursula, discovered the cycle's ninth and final song in the composer's manuscripts.⁷⁷ With the addition of 'I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope,' *Songs of Travel* finally achieved its intended narrative, with the final song acting as the epilogue of the song cycle. The final song unites the themes present throughout the cycle. It musically quotes the themes from 'The Vagabond', 'The Vagabond', and 'Bright is the Ring of Words'. With the addition of the ninth song, the complete cycle was finally performed in its entirety in 1960.

'The Vagabond' begins the cycle with purposeful declaration of the character of the wanderer, who possesses a defiant assuredness in his chosen vagabond lifestyle. All he seeks and asks is 'the earth around', 'the heaven above', and 'the road before me.'⁷⁸ Vaughan Williams beautifully evokes the outdoor quality of Stevenson's text, whose themes of nature permeate this first song.

'Let the Beauty Awake' and 'The Roadside Fire' focus on the theme of love. The second song features the wanderer falling in love. It's lush, arpeggiated accompaniment evokes the sound of a harp, which is a similar gesture to the one Vaughan Williams uses in *The House of Life*'s 'Love's Minstrels'. 'The Roadside Fire' shows the wanderer relishing in his beloved, offering to 'make her brooches', and to 'make a palace' fit for the both of them.

'Youth and Love' possesses a delicate accompaniment, which portrays the wanderer's temperate reminiscing of the departing moment from his beloved. Vaughan Williams quotes the opening melodic phrase in 'The Vagabond' before, "He to his nobler fate Fares," and elaborates the main tune of 'The Roadside Fire' at, "Cries but a wayside word to her."⁷⁹ The composer exploits his previously established themes in order to further deepen the theme of reminiscence.

'In Dreams' shows that the wanderer has not forgotten his love, even though he has long left her. Vaughan Williams evokes the wanderer's uneasiness with a highly chromatic vocal line and the accompaniment's wandering tonality.⁸⁰ Cynicism begins to affect the wanderer in 'The Infinite Shining Heavens' as the happiness he seeks seems as out of reach as the stars in the sky above.

'Whither Must I Wander' was composed before the other songs in this cycle. Its strophic construction and style differs from the other songs. The wanderer reminisces about his life before he chose his vagabond lifestyle. Despite the loss of the 'Dear days of old' and the 'Kind folks of old', the third verse shows the wanderer knowing that 'Spring shall come, come again' even though he himself shall 'come again no more.'

'Bright is the Ring of Words' is a reflective ode to the longevity of creativity past the final days of the creator. The wanderer acknowledges his own mortality, whilst also

⁷⁷ Hold, 109.

⁷⁸ Adams, 133.

⁷⁹ Ibid, 134.

⁸⁰ Kimball, 366.

acknowledging the longevity of his creations.⁸¹ Vaughan Williams once again utilizes a variation of the hymn-tune 'For All the Saints' for the songs main melody, as he did in 'Love's Last Gift', the final song in *The House of Life*.

'I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope' brings the entire cycle together through its quotations from the previous eight songs. Quotes from 'The Vagabond', 'Whither Must I Wander', and 'Bright is the Ring of Words' help evoke the wander's ultimate satisfaction with his life's achievement despite the unpredictable path it has taken.

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

⁸¹ Adams, 134.

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth of Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams, unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremembered tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept a while
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

The Infinite Shining Heaven

The infinite shining heavens
Rose and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

Whither Must I Wander

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

The End

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RECITAL THREE PROGRAM

Luke Randall, Baritone
Lydia Qiu, Piano

*Wednesday, April 18, 2018
Britton Recital Hall
6:30 PM*

Widmung	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Liebst du um Schönheit	Clara Wieck-Schumann (1819-1896)
Mein schöner Stern	Robert Schumann
Der Mond kommt still gegangen	Clara Wieck-Schumann
Meine Liebe ist grün	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Phidylé	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Soupir	
Chanson Triste	
Extase	
Le Galop	

Intermission

Notte	Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Stornellatrice	
Invito alla danza	

Saa tag mit hjerte	Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960)
Elämälle	Oskar Merikanto (1868-1924)

Minicabs	William Bolcom (b. 1938)
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1. I Feel Good
2. People Change
3. Those
4. Food Song #1
5. Food Song #2
6. I Will Never Forgive You
7. Songette
8. Not Even a Haiku
9. Maxim #1
10. Maxim #2
11. Anyone
12. Finale: Mystery of the Song?

RECITAL THREE PROGRAM NOTES

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) and Clara Wieck-Schumann (1819-1896)

The marriage of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck is one of the more significant in the history of *Lieder*, and perhaps all of music. Clara was one of the preeminent pianists of her time, as well as a composer and teacher. Robert was one of the foremost



Figure 3.1: Robert Schumann & Clara Wieck-Schumann

composers of the Romantic period, but was actually better known in his day as an influential music critic and one of the founders of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.⁸² Their careers and music are so intertwined that it is virtually impossible to describe one without acknowledging the other.⁸³

In the 1830s, Robert became enamored with Clara, his piano teacher's daughter, who was herself already established as an international piano recitalist and virtuoso.⁸⁴ Nine years her senior, Robert would eventually propose to Clara when she was eighteen. However, Clara's father, Friedrich Wieck, forbade the marriage, which resulted in a lawsuit between him and the couple. Clara and Robert eventually won the lawsuit and were married on September 12th, 1840, one day before Clara's twenty-first birthday.⁸⁵

Inspired by his impending marriage, 1840 became Robert's most prolific year of composition. Until then Robert had almost exclusively written instrumental music, however, he would write so much vocal music in 1840 that it would later be labeled his *Liederjahr* (Year of Songs). The 138 songs composed this year included a large focus around the theme of love.⁸⁶ Such works included the song cycles *Dichterliebe* (A Poet's Love) and *Frauenliebe und -leben* (Woman's Love and Life). Meanwhile, Clara curbed

⁸² Leon Plantinga, *Romantic Music: A History of Musical Style in Nineteenth-Century Europe* (New York, NY: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1984), 223-224.

⁸³ Edited by J. Peter Burkholder, Donald Jay Grout, & Claude V. Palisca, *A History of Western Music* (New York, NY: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2014), 602.

⁸⁴ Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song and Literature*. (Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard Corporation, 2005), 91.

⁸⁵ Burkholder, 602.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*

her heavy touring schedule while married to Robert and raising their eight children born between 1841 and 1854.⁸⁷ Although she did continue to perform, compose, and teach, just to a less consistent degree.

However, Robert's depression caused significant strain to his compositional output and also to their marriage. He had been having spurts of depression his entire life, but they would worsen over the years. In 1854, Robert attempted suicide and was immediately committed to a mental hospital, where he would he would remain until his death in 1856.⁸⁸

Clara ceased composing after Robert's death. She instead turned to promoting and editing her husband's music whilst continuing to maintain a busy concert schedule.⁸⁹

Robert and Clara both composed in a very Romantic style. They frequently included preludes, interludes, and postludes that are relatively lengthy in comparison to their Classical counterparts. They favor a more equal relationship between the singer and the pianist, emphasizing that the piano is not simply accompaniment for the singer. Robert specifically focused on utilizing a single figuration or motif to depict the central emotion or idea of the poetry he set.⁹⁰ They jointly published a volume of their songs in 1841. The collection of songs on poetry by Friedrich Rückert was titled *Liebesfrühling*, which is designated as Robert's Opus 37 and Clara's Opus 12.⁹¹

Robert's "Widmung" was written as part of his *Myrthen*, Opus 25, which was intended as a wedding present for Clara months before their wedding. The song is an exclamatory declaration the love and completion one finds in their soul mate, which Robert certainly felt towards his soon to be bride. Similarly, Clara wrote "Liebst du um Schönheit" during their first year of marriage. It was one of Clara's contributions to *Liebesfrühling*, their combined volume of songs. Heavily self-deprecating, the song's narrator stresses that if you seek to love for beauty, youth, or treasure, do not love me. But if you seek to love for love, then love her for eternity.

"Mein schöner Stern" belongs to Robert's short set of songs entitled *Minnespiel*, Opus 101, which were composed in 1849. This song was composed during a particularly dark period in Schumann's life. This song's prayer-like setting and theme of helplessness are eerily evocative of Robert's struggles between his love for Clara and his mental illness. Finally, Clara's "Der Mond kommt still gegangen" was once again written during their early years of marriage. It once again deals with the theme of love, but highlights the desire and love one maintains even from afar.

⁸⁷ Burkholder, 603.

⁸⁸ Plantinga, 246.

⁸⁹ Burkholder, 603.

⁹⁰ Ibid, 602.

⁹¹ Kimball, 92.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', O du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

- Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

- Friedrich Rückert

Mein schöner Stern

Mein schöner Stern! Ich bitte dich,
O lasse du dein heitres Licht
Nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
Mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern! Ich bitte dich,
Nicht senk' herab zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch hier unten siehst,
Heb' auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
Mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

- Friedrich Rückert

Dedication

You are my soul, you are my heart,
You my joy and my sorrow,
You are the world in which I live,
You are the heaven into which I soar,
You are the grave in which I have
Buried my sorrow for ever!

You are rest, you are peace,
You were given to me by heaven.
Your love alone gives me a sense of worth,
Your gaze has transfigured me,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!⁹²

If You Love for Beauty's Sake

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
With her golden hair.

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring
That is young every year.

If you love for wealth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many clear pearls.

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever,
As I shall love you too forever.

My Beautiful Star

My beautiful star! I beg you,
O let your serene light
Not be dimmed through the mist in me,
Rather, help that the mist in me,
My beautiful star, to be transfigured!

My beautiful star! I beg you,
Do not descend to earth yourself,
Because you see me still down here,
Rather raise me up to heaven,
My beautiful star, where you already are!

⁹² Beaumont Glass, *Schumann's Complete Song Texts* (Mt. Morris, NY: Leyerle Publications, 2002), 13.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus.

- Emanuel Geibel

The moon rises silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow,
Then falls in beauty and splendor
The weary earth to sleep.

And float upon the breezes
From many faithful minds
Many thousand loving thoughts
Over those who slumber.

And down in the valley, there twinkles
The window of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Johannes Brahms was a great composer of the Romantic period, who similarly to Clara, made his living playing and conducting concerts. His instrumental repertoire was vast in genre and included concertos, four symphonies, three string quartets, three piano sonatas, and twenty-one other chamber works.⁹³ His vocal works were no less varied in genre throughout his more than two hundred songs, choral works, and his largest vocal work: *Ein deutsches Requiem*.⁹⁴

Robert and Clara Schumann were huge proponents of Brahms and helped launch his career by securing him a publisher. They maintained their close relationship throughout their respective careers. Brahms actually helped take care of the Schumann family while Clara returned to her performance career after Robert's attempted suicide in 1854.⁹⁵ Brahms would eventually develop an exceedingly close relationship with Clara, especially after Robert's death. Brahms' lifelong bachelorhood and his devotion to Clara gave cause for much speculation as to how close their relationship actually was.

"Meine Liebe ist grün" is a ideal example of a Brahmsian composition. The music is enrapturing and takes center stage, whereas the poetry seems less considered and awkwardly set. Brahms often worked with lesser-known poets, to which Felix Schumann, son of Robert and Clara, fits the bill. However, Brahms was also Felix's godfather and



Figure 3.2: Johannes Brahms

⁹³ Burkholder, 725.

⁹⁴ Ibid.

⁹⁵ Ibid.

grew close to him during his care for the Schumann family.⁹⁶ This song belongs to Brahms' *Junge Lieder*, Opus 63, which focus around the themes of youth and love.

Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch,
und mein Lieb ist schön wie die Sonne,
die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Scwingen der Nachtigall,
und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
und jachzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

- Felix Schumann

My Love is Green

My love is green like the lilac bush,
And my beloved is beautiful like the sun,
It shines right down onto the lilac bush
And fills it with fragrance and with bliss.

My soul has the wings of a nightingale,
And swings in blossoming lilac,
And exults and sings, drunk with fragrance,
Many love-intoxicated songs.⁹⁷

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Henri Duparc was a perfectionist composer whose compositional output only includes sixteen *mélodies* and one duet. This limited output of *mélodies* was fully composed within a period of seventeen years. Duparc's self-criticism lead him to destroy many songs, refusing to let them be published or heard by the public.⁹⁸ Despite his limited output, his songs are considered treasures within the entire French *mélodies* repertoire.



Figure 3.3: Henri Duparc

Due to his constant revision of his music, Duparc's *mélodies* possess a technical maturity from the very first song.⁹⁹ His songs encompass broad melodic lines and complex piano accompaniments, which often make Duparc's songs feel orchestral in quality.¹⁰⁰ All were originally written for high voice, with the exception of "Au pays où se fait la guerre" and "Testament," which were written in the medium key, and "La vague et la cloche," which was written for low voice.

At the time of his death in 1933, Duparc had been compositionally silent for forty-eight years.

"Phidylé" evokes a beautiful scene of a man in the countryside with his beloved. The man continuously tells his beloved, "Repose, O Phidylé" (Rest, oh Phidylé). The poet, Leconte de Lisle, perfectly expresses the intensity of controlled passion, which is wonderfully enhanced by Duparc's voluptuous musical texture.¹⁰¹ Despite Duparc's omission of six verses of Lisle's text, "Phidylé" is still one of his longest *mélodies*.

⁹⁶ Kimball, 108.

⁹⁷ Glass, 153.

⁹⁸ Kimball, 173.

⁹⁹ Sydney Northcote, *The Songs of Henri Duparc* (London: Dennis Dobson LTD, 1949), 75.

¹⁰⁰ Kimball, 174.

¹⁰¹ Northcote, 105.

“Soupir” is exceedingly intimate and tender in both text and composition. This poem was selected from Sully Prudhomme’s *Les Solitudes* (1869) and speaks to the impassioned love people keep even once their loved one is gone. Duparc dedicated this song to his mother.

The next two *mélodies* feature the poetry of Jean Lahor. “Chanson Triste” portrays someone whose sadness will only be cured in the kisses and adoration of their lover. It is Duparc’s first *mélodie*, and is dedicated to his brother-in-law, M. Leon MacSwiney, who himself was an amateur singer.¹⁰² It features a large vocal range, long legato vocal lines, and an orchestral piano accompaniment. The limitless chromaticism throughout “Extase” is a tribute to the compositional style of Richard’s Wagner and his opera *Tristan und Isolde*. The harmonically complex piano accompaniment dominates the entire piece, while the singer only sings six lines. This piece is exceedingly short in comparison to Duparc’s other *mélodies*.

“Le Galop” possesses a graphic pace and strength that is reminiscent of Franz Schubert’s “Der Erlkönig.”¹⁰³ In fact, both compositions focus around the events surrounding an epic experience while horse riding. The accompaniment is dominated by the same reoccurring piano figure, which contrasts the singer’s expansive declamatory melody.¹⁰⁴ Overall, this is one of the most operatic and plotline based songs written by Duparc.

Phidylé

L’herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais
peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Midi sur les feuillages rayonne et t’invite au
sommeil!
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule au detour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s’incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l’aile la colline,

Cherchent l’ombre des églantiers.

Mais quand l’Astre incline sur sa courbe éclatante,

Verra ses ardeurs s’apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser,
Me récompensent de l’attente!

- Leconte de Lisle

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping under the fresh
poplars,
On the slopes by the mossy springs,
Which in the flowery meadows arise in a thousand
rills,
To be lost under dark thickets.

Rest, ô Phidylé!

The midday sun on the leaves is shining and invites
you to sleep!
In the clover and the thyme, alone, in full sunlight
The hovering bees sing;

A warm fragrance haunts the winding paths,
The red flower of the cornfield droops,
And the birds, grazing the hill with the wing,
Seek the shade of the sweet briar.

But when the sun, sinking lower on its resplendent
orbit,
Finds its fire abated,
Let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss,
Reward me for my waiting!¹⁰⁵

¹⁰² Northcote, 77.

¹⁰³ Ibid, 85.

¹⁰⁴ Ibid.

¹⁰⁵ Pierre Bernac, *The Interpretation of French Song* (London: Kahn & Averill, 1997), 73-74.

Soupir

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer!
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

- Sully Prudhomme

Chanson Triste

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées,
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous.

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai...

- Jean Lahor

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

Mort exquise, mort parfumée

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
Never to speak her name aloud,
But, faithful, ever to wait for her,
Ever to love her.

To open my arms, and weary of waiting,
To close them on a void!
Yet still, always to stretch them towards her,
Ever to love her.

Ah! to be able only to stretch them towards her
And to be consumed in tears,
Yet ever to shed these tears,
Ever to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
Never to speak her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender,
Ever to love her.¹⁰⁶

Sorrowful Song

In your heart moonlight sleeps,
Gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape from the stress of life
I will drown myself in your radiance.

I will forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving peacefulness of your arms.

You will take my aching head
Oh! Sometimes upon your knee,
And will relate a ballad
That seems to speak of ourselves.

And in your eyes full of sorrows,
In your eyes then I will drink
So deeply of kisses and of tenderness
That, perhaps, I shall be healed...¹⁰⁷

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep sweet as death...

Exquisite death, death perfumed

¹⁰⁶ Bernac, 68-69.

¹⁰⁷ Ibid, 61-62.

Du soufflé de la bien-aimée...

Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

- Jean Lahor

Le Galop

Agite, bon cheval, ta crinière fuyante,
Que l'air autour de nous se remplisse de voix,
Que j'entende craquer sous ta corne bruyante

Le gravier des ruisseaux et les débris des bois.

Aux vapeurs de tes flancs mêle ta chaude haleine,

Aux éclairs de tes pieds, ton écume et ton sang.

Cours comme on voit un aigle, en effleurant la
plaine,
Fouetter l'herbe d'un vol sonore et frémissant.

Allons! Les jeunes gens à la nage, à la nage,
Crie à ses cavaliers le vieux chef de tribu,
Et les fils du desert respirent le pillage,
Et les chevaux sont fous du grand air qu'ils ont bu.

Nage ainsi dans l'espace, ô mon cheval rapide,
Abreuve-moi d'air pur, baigne-moi dans le vent,

L'étrier bat ton ventre, et j'ai lâché la bride.

Mon corps te touche à peine, il vole en te suivant.

Brise tout, le buisson, la barrière ou la branche;
Torrents, fossés, talus, franchis tout d'un seul bond.

Cours, cours, je rêve et sur toi, les yeux clos, je me
penche,

Emporte, emporte-moi dans l'inconnu profond!
- Sully Prudhomme

By the breath of the beloved...

On your pale breast my heart sleeps
A sleep sweet as death...¹⁰⁸

The Gallop

Good steed, flourish your flying mane,
That the air about us may be filled with voices,
That I may hear crackle beneath your sounding
hoof,

The gravel of streams and the debris of the woods.

Your hot breath mingles with the vapors from your
flanks,

The sparks of your feet mingle with your sweat and
your blood.

Run, as one sees an eagle in skimming the plains,

Whip the grass in sonorous trembling flight.

Come! Young people, swim! Swim!
Cries the old tribal chief to his horseman,
And the sons of the desert breath pillage,
And the horses are crazed with the marvelous air
they have drunk.

Swim thus in space, o my swift mount,
Quench my thirst with pure air, bathe me in the
wind.

The stirrup strikes against your belly, and I have
loosened the bridle.

My body hardly touches you, it flies in following
you.

Break down everything, bush, barrier or branch,
Torrents, ditches, embankments, surmount all with a
single leap,

Run, run, I dream, I bend over you with closed eyes,

Transport me, transport me into the deep
unknown!¹⁰⁹

- Intermission -

¹⁰⁸ Bernac, 63.

¹⁰⁹ Northcote, 84.

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Ottorino Respighi was an Italian composer who was heavily influenced and inspired by the early music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. He was a student of Russian composer, Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov. Although he is perhaps most famously known for his symphonic tone poems *I pini di Roma* and *Le fontane di Roma*, he is also the author of a large number of vocal works.

Respighi was very inspired by the voice, especially with his wife, Elsa Olivieri-Sangiaco, being both a singer and composer herself. Respighi wrote over sixty songs, which were mostly composed between 1906 and 1933.¹¹⁰ He also wrote many chamber vocal works and choral works, and was comfortable writing with both Italian and French lyrics.¹¹¹

“Notte” is a wonderful example of Respighi’s more impressionistic and mature style of composition.¹¹² It’s long legato phrases heighten the ethereal atmosphere Respighi creates surrounding the evocative imagery of Ada Negri’s poem.

Respighi’s “Stornellatrice” is composed like a recitative, which gives the song the improvisatory feeling of spontaneity necessary for the true seventeenth *stornello*. A *stornello* is a type of Italian rhyming poetry or folk song similar to a madrigal. Each line of poetry should typically include eleven syllables, as they do here in Carlo Zangarini’s poem.

“Invito all danza” is a flirtatious song whose narrator exploits nautical imagery in an attempt to invite his beloved to a dance. The rising and descending vocal lines dramatically mimic the movements of the sea. Although this song is far less impressionistic than Respighi’s other works, it demonstrates his ability to create great compositional settings and narratives within his music.



Figure 3.4: Ottorino Respighi

¹¹⁰ Kimball, 437.

¹¹¹ Ibid.

¹¹² Ibid, 438.

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico
Profumato di rosa
La carezza de l'ombra
Posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido
Trema.

La luttosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie
Smorte?

Forse perché una pioggia
Di soavi rugiade
Entro i socchiusi petali
Cade

Su l'ascolte miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie
Mute

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime
Piange.

- Ada Negri

Stornellatrice

Che mi giova cantar: "Fior di betulla:
Vorrei tu fossi il sole ed io la stella,
E andar pel cielo e non pensare a nulla!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: nulla?

Che me vale cantar: "Fiore dei fiori:
Tu sei l'amore mio d'oggi e di ieri;
Tu sei l'amore mio che mai non muori!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: muori?

- Carlo Zangarini

Night

In the fantastic garden
perfumed with roses,
the caress of shadow
rests.

It has a thought and a pulse yet
is supremely quiet.
The air, as if fluttering,
trembles.

Does the mournful darkness
a story of death
tell to the pale gardenias?

Perhaps it is because a shower
of gentle dew
falls and enters the half-closed petals

On the hidden sorrows
and on lost desires,
on mute dreams and fears is silent.

Upon the fleeting joys
that are shattered by delusion,
the night her tears weeps.¹¹³

The Singer of Stornello

What is the good of singing: "Flower of silver birch:
I wish you were the sun and I the moon,
Flying through the sky and thinking of nothing!"
When the echo answers me: nothing?

What is the value of singing: "Flower of flowers:
You are my love for today and for yesterday;
You are my love that will never die!"
When the echo answers me: die?¹¹⁴

¹¹³ Jonathan Retzlaff, *Exploring Art Song Lyrics* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), 54.

Invito alla danza

Madonna, d'un braccio soave
Ch'io cinga l'orgoglio dell'anca:
Voi siete d'amore la nave,
La vela, madonna, vi manca:
Io sono la vela a vogare
Intorno pel cerulo mare.

Voi siete la mobile fusta
Che il mar della musica sfiora:
Io sono la vela robusta
Che il viaggio dirige e rincora;
La nave risale, discende,
La vela ammaina distende.

Volete che l'onda si svolga
In suon di gavotta gentile?
Volete che il valzer disciolga
La larga sua corsa febrile?
Io faccio l'inchino di rito,
Madonna, e alla danza v'invito.

Invitation to the Dance

Lady, with a gentle arm
I clasp with pride your waist:
You are the ship of love;
The sail, my lady, you lack:
I am the sail that can move you
Across the blue sea.

You are the lively boat
Which the sea with music brushes:
I am the robust sail
That directs and encourages the journey;
The ship rises, descend,
The sail furls, opens.

Would you have the wave change itself
Into the sound of the gentle gavotte?
Would you have the waltz release
The extent of its feverish race?
I make the bow of custom,
My lady, and to the dance I invite you.¹¹⁵

- Carlo Zangarini

Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960)



Figure 3.5: Hugo Alfvén

Swedish composer Hugo Alfvén began his musical career as a violinist in the opera orchestra of Stockholm.¹¹⁶ He would go on to become one of the great Swedish composers and choral conductors of the late Romantic period. As a conductor, he conducted the Siljan Choir in the region of Dalarna for more than fifty years.¹¹⁷ As a composer, he drew heavily on folk songs and themes throughout his music.¹¹⁸ Outside of song, his compositions included five symphonies, ballets, many chamber music pieces, and rhapsodies.¹¹⁹ His songs were popularized by the great Swedish tenor, Jussi Björling, who regularly included them on his international recitals.¹²⁰

“Saa tag mit Hjerte”, from Danish female poet Tove Ditlevsen, was composed in two versions: one for voice and

¹¹⁴ Retzlaff, 55-56.

¹¹⁵ Ibid, 53-54.

¹¹⁶ Anna Hersey, *Scandinavian Song: A Guide to Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Repertoire and Diction* (Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 2016), 93.

¹¹⁷ Ibid, 93.

¹¹⁸ Kimball, 489.

¹¹⁹ Ibid.

¹²⁰ Ibid.

orchestra and one for voice and piano.¹²¹ Alfvén’s popular and folk-like melody perfectly captures the vulnerability of love, whereas the piano accompaniment is understated but fully supportive of the voice.¹²² This song’s depth through simplicity is what makes this “Saa tag mit Hjerte” one of the great treasures of Scandinavian song.

Saa tag mit Hjerte

Saa tag mit Hjerte i dine Hænder,
Men tag det varsomt og tag det blidt,
Det røde Hjerte nu er det dit.

Det slaar saa roligt, det slaar saa dæmpet,
For det har elsket og det har lidt,
Nu er det stille nu er det dit.

Og det kan saares og det kan segne,
Og det kan glemme og glemme tit,
Men glemmer aldrig at det er dit.

Det var saa staerkt of saa stolt, mit Hjerte,
Det sov og drømte i Lyst og Leg,
Nu kan det Knuses men kun af dig.

So take my heart

So take my heart in your hands,
But take it gently and take it softly,
This crimson heart is now yours.

It beats so slowly, its beat is subdued,
Because it has loved and suffered,
Now it is quiet, not it is yours.

And it can be wounded, and it can collapse,
And it can forgive and forget,
But never forget that it is yours.

It was so strong and proud, my heart,
It slept and dreamt in pleasure and play,
Now it can be crushed, but only by you.¹²³

- Tove Ditlevsen

Oskar Merikanto (1868-1924)

During his lifetime, Oskar Merikanto was incredibly popular throughout his native Finland. Unlike fellow Finn, Jean Sibelius, Merikanto was better able to bridge the divide between the concert and the public audiences. He was an organist, pianist, teacher, music critic, conductor, and composer.¹²⁴ Written in 1899, Merikanto’s *Pohjan neiti* was the first opera in Finnish. He was one of the first composers to utilize Finnish poetry in his 150 songs and larger vocal compositions. His son, Aarre, would himself become a successful composer and teacher.

“Elämälle” is one of Merikanto’s most popular songs. The text, written by ophthalmologist and poet Ernst V. Knape, was translated into Finnish from its original Swedish poem, “Hell dig, liv!” Its grandiose accompaniment and theatrical text give this song nationalistic and inspirational qualities, which ultimately makes it incredibly attractive for both the singer and the audience.



Figure 3.6: Oskar Merikanto

¹²¹ Hersey, 128.

¹²² Ibid.

¹²³ Hersey, 318.

¹²⁴ Holman, 208.

Elämälle

Terve valtias valon ja yön!
Sä elon ja kuolon
korkea kuningas,
täyttävä työn.

Ei voitaa voi sua suuringkaan,
sinun virtes valtava kaikuu
yli kuohuvan veen,
yli yöllisen maan.

Terve, kalman kaamea vuo,
täyttymys elämän tään,
mykkä myös tuonelan mahti,
sammunut, syttyvä tuike tuo!

Uus sukukunta, uudempi usko
nousevi nuorena vanhan taa.
Aamun enne on illan rusko.
Kuololta elämä kasvun saa.

Terve, valtias valkeuden, yön!
sä elon ja kuolon
korkea kuningas,
täyttävä työn.

To Life

Hail to thee, Lord of Darkness and Light!
Thou mighty majesty
Of Life and Death,
Supreme accomplisher!

The very greatest cannot conquer thee,
Thy powerful hymn rings out
Over the waters,
Over the twilit earth.

Hail to thee, dismal stream of Death,
Fulfillment of this life,
Mute power of the Underworld,
Extinguished, kindling flame!

A new generation, a newer faith
Will rise fresh behind the old.
Sunset heralds the coming of mornings.
In Death itself is the growth of life.

Hail to thee, Lord of Darkness and Light!
Thou mighty majesty
Of Life and Death,
Supreme accomplisher!

- Ernst V. Knape

William Bolcom (b. 1938)

Please do not read notes during performance of Minicabs



Figure 3.7: Joan Morris & William Bolcom

William Bolcom is one of the preeminent American composers and educators of our time. Having studied with great composers such as Darius Milhaud and Olivier Messiaen, his vast catalogue of works includes operas, symphonies, chamber pieces, theater works and many concerti for a variety of instruments.¹²⁵ He was awarded the 1982 Pulitzer Prize for his *12 New Etudes for Piano*, and his massive setting of William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* won four Grammy Awards in 2005. He was also on faculty at the University of Michigan from 1973 until his retirement in 2008.

His contribution to vocal music is highly inspired through his work with his wife, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, and frequent collaborations with author-lyricist, Arnold Weinstein. Some of Bolcom's

most famous compositions are his four volumes of *Cabaret Songs*, which he composed for his wife with words by Weinstein. Bolcom's unique settings are highly dramatic and evocative of the cabaret style of performing. In discussing this collection, Arnold Weinstein wrote, "The scene is the piano, the cast is the singer."¹²⁶

Bolcom's *Minicabs: Minicabaret Songs* are written in the same cabaret style as his *Cabaret Songs*, but in miniature form. Bolcom includes this note in the beginning of the score:

"NOTE: Inspired in part by Carrie Jacobs Bond's *Half-Minute Songs*, these "minicabs" – mini-cabaret songs – are fashioned from sometimes one-line sketches in Arnold Weinstein's papers, at other times certain phrases that had been successfully kited from show to opera to play without ever previously finding homes."¹²⁷

These twelve miniatures are filled with immense wit, charm, and piquancy. However, they are so short that you must pay attention to the singer, so stop reading and enjoy this fast-paced journey through William Bolcom's *Minicabs*.

Please do not read notes during performance of Minicabs

¹²⁵ Kimball, 320.

¹²⁶ Ibid, 321.

¹²⁷ William Bolcom & Arnold Weinstein, *Minicabs: Minicabaret Songs* (Edward B. Marks Music Company, 2010).

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