

Thank you, my dear family!

Thank you to all my *family*, near and far, for all your care and support through the many ups and downs of my life and music. Thank you for believing in me, even when I didn't believe in myself. Thank you for always lighting my way through the darkest, scariest of nights with your kindness and understanding—your smiles, hugs, and, the occasional, “snap out of it!”

Thank you, my dear *family* at CSUN and in the central coast with whom I've had the privilege of pursuing this “wild” dream of music all these years. A special thank you to my dear artist friends sharing the stage with me today and my beloved voice teachers—Diane Ketchie, Victoria Hart, Jacalyn Kreitzer, and Cassandra Tarantino—for their gentle guidance and loving care.

And, a heartfelt thank you to these beautiful souls who also light my way:
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I couldn't have made it this far without you all!
From the bottom of my heart, thank you. I'm finally earning a music degree!
A Master of Music in Vocal Performance!
Thank you. :)



Ji Yun Choe is a recipient of:

CSUN Voice Area General Scholarship – 2017

Opera Guild of Southern California Scholarship – 2018

Rachel & Moyer Ketchie Memorial Scholarship – 2018

California State University, Northridge
Mike Curb College of Arts, Media, and Communication
Department of Music

presents

Ji Yun Choe

Soprano

In her Master of Music Recital*

With *Helen Wu*, pianist

and *guest artists*

From the studio of *Diane Ketchie*

Saturday, March 9, 2019

4:30PM – 6PM

Cypress Recital Hall

*In partial fulfillment of the Master of Music degree
in Voice Performance

PROGRAM

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2 Richard Strauss
Breit über mein Haupt Op. 19 No. 2 (1864-1949)
Schlagende Herzen Op. 29 No. 2
Ich schwebe Op. 48 No. 2

Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse..... Claude Debussy
Pantomime (1862-1918)
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

L'amerò, sarò costante Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from *Il Re Pastore* (1775) (1756-1791)

Kevin Breeding, violin

- INTERMISSION -

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen Franz Schubert
(Shepherd on the Rock) (1797-1828)

Demetrio Escobar, clarinet

The Silver Swan Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)
Will There Really be a Morning? Richard Hundley
(1931-2018)
The Serpent Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

Eccomi in lieta vesta... Oh! quante volte Vincenzo Bellini
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* (1830) (1801-1835)

Luna Choi, violin
Jeong-ah Moon, violin
Kevin Breeding, viola
Thomas Lovasz, cello
Isaac Green, bass

SING-ALONG PLAY-ALONG FINALE

Libiamo ne' lieti calici (Brindisi)..... Giuseppe Verdi
from *La Traviata* (1853) (1813-1901)

Kailin Chen, tenor
Andy Leggett, countertenor
String Quintet
AUDIENCE join in!

- RECEPTION -
Conference room 101



***NOTE TO AUDIENCE:**

This recital is being recorded.

Please silence all devices and
hold applause to the end of each set.

Thank you for your cooperation, support, and fun!

PROGRAM NOTES

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) composed over 200 songs for voice and piano or orchestra over the span of a long prolific career as musician, conductor, and composer. Many of these German lieder (and opera roles) were written with his beloved wife, Pauline de Ahna, in mind. The aloof Strauss met the tempestuous and eccentric Pauline during the summer of 1887 and married her shortly after she threw a piano score over his head at a rehearsal of Strauss' first opera *Guntram* in 1894. Strauss described his muse as "very complex, very feminine, a little perverse, a little coquettish, never like herself, at every minute different from how she had been a moment before" and remarked to friends, "my wife is often extremely harsh, but, you know, I need that." Pauline at the age of eighty told a friend, "I would still scratch the eyes out of any hussy who was after my Richard." Theirs was a testament to opposites attract. Richard preceded Pauline in death by only eight months, after 55 years of a tumultuous but happy marriage.

"**Ständchen**" ("Serenade"), Opus 17, No. 2, is the second song in the collection *Sechs Lieder* (Six Songs), which are all settings of poems by Adolph Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894). Composed around 1886, Strauss was serving as the court music director in Meiningen and moving to Munich to work as the Court Opera's third conductor during this time. Despite its immense popularity, "Ständchen" always embarrassed Strauss. Could the reason have been simply the sensual subject matter of a moonlight tryst? The tryst that Strauss so arousingly depicts in the constant expectant sixteenth-note arpeggios in F-sharp major tonality, the key of magic and dreaminess in Strauss' system of tonal symbolism? Or, perhaps, it was more about Strauss' customary insertion of an extra measure, the repetition of measure 81 with the sustained high note on the word "hoch" ("brightly"), essentially extending the "climax" by three extra beats? Mind you, Strauss was a young man in his early twenties when composing this song. The formidable out-spoken Pauline had not yet entered his life and dreams.

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise mein Kind, um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.

Open up, open up, but quietly my child, so that no one from slumber awakens.

Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.

Hardly murmurs the brook, hardly trembles in the wind a leaf on the bushes and hedges.

D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt, nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Therefore, softly, my maiden, that nothing stirs, only quietly the hand on the door lock laid.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sach um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,

With steps, like steps of elves so gently, in order to hop over the

Flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.

flowers, fly lightly out into the moonlit night, to me in the garden slip out.

Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

All around slumber the flowers by the rippling brook, and spread fragrance in their sleep, only love is awake.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmt's geheimnisvoll unter den Lidenbäumen, die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll von uns'ren Küssen träumen, und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht, hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Sit down, here it grows dark, mysteriously under the linden trees, the nightingale over our heads shall of our kisses dream, and the rose, when it in the morning awakes, brightly shall glow from the joyous trembling of this night.

"**Breit' über mein Haupt**" ("Spread over my head"), Opus 19 No. 2, is the second of six songs set to poems from *Lotusblätter* (Lotus Leaves) by Adolph Friedrich von Schack, the same poet for "Ständchen." Composed in 1888, the song is dedicated to soprano Emilie Herzog of the Munich Opera whom Strauss asked to provide voice lessons to his then student and future wife, Pauline de Ahna.

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar, Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht, Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Spread over my head your black hair, incline to me you face, then streams into the soul so bright and clear into me your eyes' light.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht, Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz, Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht, Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

I want not from above the sun's splendor, nor the stars shining wreath, I want only your night curls, and your radiance glance.

"**Schlagende Herzen**" ("Beating Hearts"), Opus 29, No. 2, was composed in 1895, shortly after his marriage to Pauline da Ahna on September 10, 1894. This German lied in brilliant G major tells of a boy with a gold ring on his finger and many flowers in hand joyously rushing to his beloved, reveling in nature's beauty and the "spring wind" blowing in his heart propelling him to her. "Kling klang" beats in his heart. All the while, a maiden standing between meadows and fields eagerly awaits her beloved whom she sees rushing towards her from afar. "Kling klang" beats in her heart. The beating heart motif, "kling klang" is repeated numerous times throughout the song. "Schlagende Herzen" is the

second of three songs based on poems by Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910), a poet and journalist who studied law and oriental languages and founded the first literary cabaret venue in Germany called the Überbrettl.

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging;
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz,
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz!
“Oh Wiesen, oh Felder, wie seid ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du goldene Sonne in Himmelshöhn!”
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Over meadows and fields, a boy walked;
 Kling klang, beat in his heart;
 Gleamed on the finger a gold ring,
 Kling klang, beat in his heart!
 “Oh meadows, oh fields, how are you beautiful!
 Oh hills, oh valleys how beautiful!
 How are you good, how are you beautiful,
 You golden sun in heaven’s heights!”
 Kling klang, beat in his heart.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit;
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.
“Über Wiesen und Felder weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und Wälder weht Frühlingswind,
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind!”
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Swiftly hurried the boy with joyous step,
 Kling klang, beat in his heart.
 Took many bright flowers with him;
 Kling klang, beat in his heart.
 “Over meadows and fields blows spring wind,
 Over hills and woods blows spring wind,
 In the heart within me blows spring wind,
 It drives me to you softly, gently.”
 Kling klang, beat in his heart.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädels stand,
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz,
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.
“Über Wiesen und Felder,
Über Berge und Wälder,
Zu mir, zu mir schnell kommt er her!
O wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon wär!”
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.

Between meadows and fields a maiden stood,
 Kling klang, beat in her heart,
 The hand held over her eyes to see,
 Kling klang, beat in her heart.
 “Over meadows and fields,
 over hills and woods,
 To me, to me quickly he comes!
 O if only he were with me, with me already!”
 Kling klang, beat in her heart.

“**Ich schwebe**” (“I float”), Opus 48, No. 2, composed in 1900, speaks of earthy youthful love with its harmony dominated by sixths and a lilting waltz rhythm that hints the recently-departed Johann Strauss (1825-1899) of Vienna or a lullaby. Richard Strauss was enjoying family life at the time with his beloved wife Pauline and three-year-old son Franz Alexander (April 12, 1897), nicknamed “Bubi.” Opus 48 is a collection of five songs, the first song set to poems by Otto Bierbaum and the rest by Karl Henckell, who was involved in the socialist movement censoring art and literature against the excesses of sentimental romanticism. Strauss did not orchestrate “Ich schwebe” when he arranged three other songs from the set in 1918.

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen
die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
in meinen Ohren hör’ ich’s klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.

I float as if upon angel wings,
 my foot barely touches the earth,
 in my ears I hear it sounding,
 my beloved’s parting words.

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
leicht lullt die nachgeklung’ne Weise
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

It sounds so lovely, gentle and soft,
 that speaks so timidly, tenderly and purely,
 softly lulls the echoing melody
 in a pleasure-filled dream me to sleep.

Mein schimmernd’ Aug’ indess mich füllen
die süßesten der Melodien,
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
mein lächelnd’ Lieb’ vorüberziehn.

My shimmering eye while I am filled
 with these sweetest of melodies,
 sees without folds, without coverings,
 my smiling love pass by.



Claude Debussy (1862-1918) composed many of his early songs with a specific soprano voice in mind, that of the “*fée mélodieuse*” (melodious fairy) Madame Marie-Blanche Vasnier, an older married woman taking private voice lessons with Victorine Moreau-Sainti in Paris whose pianist was the impressionable young man by the name of Claude Debussy. Madame Vasnier was the love and muse of Debussy’s youth, to whom he dedicated over twenty songs including the four songs gathered posthumously in *Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse*. Composed between 1881 and 1884, in his early twenties, these four songs contain pointed narratives that are more consistent in style with post-romanticism and pre-impressionism than the “fantasy of the senses” style of his later impressionist works. The fluid suggestive metaphorical lyrics are the words of symbolist poets Paul Verlaine, Théodore de Banville, and Stéphane Mallarmé. Debussy set nearly a third of all his songs with Paul Verlaine’s poems, including the first two songs of *Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse*, “Pantomime” and “Clair de lune.”

“**Pantomime**” introduces the latest reincarnation of four stock characters of the 17th-century *commedia dell’arte* in short vignettes narrated by the singer and tied together by the piano that seem to take on the character of a comical unwitting observer strategically trying to sneak pass. The sad naïve clown, Pierrot, is seen first, numbed by drink and callously eating a meal. Next, the tightwad gouty old man, Cassandre, is found alone on a street crying in secret for having disinherited his nephew. Then, the nimble resourceful servant, Harlequin, is caught excitedly dancing having devised a plan to abduct Pierrot’s love, Colombine. And lastly, the astute flirtatious servant, Colombine, is seen lost in thought, dreaming, upon her heart’s sudden awakening expressed in the concluding series of “Ah.” The piano postlude sounds as whimsical as the prelude: Did the piano character escape unnoticed?

Pierrot qui n’a rien d’un Clitandre
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre
Et, pratique, entame un paté

Pierrot who is nothing like a Clitandre
 Empties a flask without further ado
 And, practical, cuts into a paté

Cassandre, au fond de l’avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
 Sheds an unseen tear
 For his disinherited nephew

Ce faquin d’Arlequin combine
L’enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois

That scoundrel Harlequin
 Plots the abduction of Colombine
 And twirls around four times

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d’entendre en son coeur des voix
Ah

Colombine dreams, surprised
 To feel a heart in the breeze
 And to hear in her heart voices
 Ah

“**Clair de lune**” is one of several settings by composers of Verlaine’s popular poem of the same title. Verlaine’s sensual poem likens a soul to music and dance of fanciful masked balls and folksy Bergamo (Italy) mingling by the calm moonlight causing “tall slim” fountains “to sob with ecstasy among the marble statues.” The sexual imagery is not lost on Debussy in his three settings: two for voice and piano, this song being his first, and his famous piano suite, *Suite bergamasque*, with its third movement in Db major also titled “Clair de lune.”

Votre âme est un paysage choisi que
vont charmants masques et
bergamasques, jouant du luth et
dansant, et quasi tristes sous leurs
déguisements fantasques.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
 charmed by masques and
 bergamasques, playing on the lute and
 dancing, and almost sad beneath their
 fanciful disguises.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
l’amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune, ils n’ont pas l’air de croire
à loer bonheur et leur chanson se
mêle au clair de lune,

au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres, et sangloter d’extase les jets
d’eau, les grands jets d’eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

While singing in a minor mode of love the conqueror and of life opportune, they seem to disbelieve their happiness and their song mingles with the moonlight,

with the calm light of the moon, sad and beautiful, that causes birds to dream in trees, and fountains to sob with ecstasy, the tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

“**Pierrot**” composed in 1881 is Debussy’s first setting of Théodore de Banville’s poem by the same title. In this brisk darkly-humorous song, the sad-clown stock character of the 17th-century *commedia dell’arte*, Pierrot, returns in a narrated vignette tracing his contemplative walk along the Boulevard of Temple in Paris after just having performed at Harlequin’s wedding to Columbine, Pierrot’s love interest. A street girl entices Pierrot with her teasing eye in vain while the moon above with evil intentions casts light upon her dear friend, Jean Gaspard Debureau, the mime famous for his portrayal of Pierrot. At the height of his fame, Debureau the mime was inseparable from Pierrot the character that made him famous, but the two couldn’t have been more different. One fateful day, Debureau swung his cane in rage at a boy who called him Pierrot, killing the boy. The menacing undertone in the piano accompaniment overlaid with a taunting recurring theme based on a popular children’s tune, “Au clair de la lune” (“By the light of the moon”), seem to reference that infamous incident. In the 18th-century French folk tune, by moonlight, Likeable Lubin asks his friend Pierrot for a pen (or lamp) who directs him to knock on the lady neighbor’s door, which he does, and the door shut itself on them. Debussy’s “Pierrot” ends with two sets of melismas on “ah.” What could they mean?

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule
contemple, ayant fini les noces
d’Arlequin, suit en songeant le
boulevard du Temple.

The good Pierrot, at whom the crowd gazes, having finished the wedding of Harlequin, dreamily follows the boulevard of Temple.

Une fillette au souple casaquin
en vain l’agace de son oeil coquin;
et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
la blanche lune aux cornes de
taureaux jette un regard de son oeil
en coulisse à son ami Jean Gaspard
Deburau. Ah. Ah.

A girl with a loosely flowing blouse in vain provokes him with her teasing eye; and meanwhile, mysterious and smooth, making of him her most dear delight, the white moon with the horns of a bull casts a glance with her eye, sidelong, to her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau. Ah. Ah.

“**Apparition**” is Debussy’s 1884 setting of a poem by Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898), the same poet whose words inspired Debussy to compose his revolutionary orchestral tone poem, *Prélude à l’après-midi d’un faune* (*Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*). “Apparition” is a first-person narrative of the narrator dreamily recalling the blessed day of his and his beloved’s first kiss and the appearance before him, on the cobblestone streets one evening, of the fairy of his youth. The piano accompaniment paints the ethereal, passionate tone of the scene in its rippling high arpeggios, juxtaposed duple and compound rhythms, rich textures, soft reiterated chords, and resonant open-fifths that ascend into the heavens.

La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes de blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azure des corolles.

The moon grew sad. Some seraphim in tears dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of the misty flowers, drew from dying violets some white sobs gliding over the azure of the corollas.

C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.

Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser s’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse la cueillaison d’un Rêve au coeur qui l’a cueilli.

My dreaming fond of tormenting me, became knowingly drunk on the perfume of sadness that, even without regret and bitter aftertaste, the harvest of dreams leaves in the reaper’s heart.

J’errais donc, l’oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.

I wandered thus, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones.

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue,

When with the sun on your hair, in the street and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me,

et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.

and I thought I saw the fairy with a hat of light who had once across the beautiful slumbers of my spoiled childhood passed, letting always from her half-closed hands, white bouquets of perfumed stars to snow.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) composed the opera seria *Il Re Pastore* (*The Shepherd King*) in 1775 for a visit to Salzburg of Archduke Maximilian Francis of Austria, the youngest son of Empress Maria Theresa. It premiered on April 23 at the Palace of the Archbishop Count Heironymus von Colloredo. Mozart made a few substantial changes to the 1751 libretto by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782) for his two-act opera, partially based on the performance he and his father saw of Felice Giardini’s three-act setting of the libretto.

“**L’amerò sarò costante**” from Act II of Mozart’s *Il Re Pastore* is a passionate declaration of love and devotion in the form of a duet between a soprano castrato, Aminta, and a solo violin content to support without intruding upon the vocal line. Aminta is a shepherd in love with shepherdess Elisa. King Alessandro of Macedonia has overthrown Stratone, the tyrant of Sidon. Agenore, a nobleman finds Aminta and informs him that he is the rightful heir to Sidon, his father having been deposed by Stratone when Aminta was a baby. Brought to King Alessandro by Agenore, Aminta is advised to marry Stratone’s daughter, Tamiri, to ascend the throne as royal duties supersede love. Aminta is distraught along with his beloved Elisa and Agenore who wishes to marry Tamiri himself. Tamiri declares her love for Agenore and begs for mercy from King Alessandro. Elisa also begs King Alessandro to return Aminta to her, to which Aminta declares to the king his love for and devotion to Elisa with the aria “L’amerò, sarò costante” (“I will love her, I will be constant”). Moved by their pleas and displays of love, King Alessandro consents to the marriages of Tamiri to Agenore and Elisa to Aminta and Aminta is crowned the new king of Sidon.

*L’amerò, sarò costante:
fido sposo, e fido amante,
sol per lei sospirerò.*

I will love her, I will be constant:
faithful husband, and faithful lover,
only for her will I sigh.

*In sì caro, e dolce oggetto
la mia gioia, il mio diletto,
la mia pace io troverò.*

In so dear, and sweet a creature
my joy, my delight,
my peace will I find.



Franz Schubert (1797-1828) is a Viennese composer at the crossroad of the Classical and Romantic periods, who studied under Antonio Salieri (1750-1825), and left behind a vast collection of over 600 secular vocal works (mostly lieder), nine symphonies, piano and chamber music, sacred music, operas, and incidental music. Schubert is most noted for the melodies and harmonies in his lieder (songs) and chamber music. In March 1828, Schubert gave the only concert in his career to showcase his own compositions; it was financially successful and received critical acclaim. However, Schubert died eight months later from typhoid fever or possibly syphilis. He was only 31.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (The Shepherd on the Rock) D. 965, is a lied for voice, clarinet, and piano written for his friend he never met in person, Pauline Anna Milder-Hauptmann, upon her request for a showpiece that expresses a wide range of emotions. Anna Milder was an internationally-acclaimed operatic soprano who premiered the title role of Beethoven's *Leonore* in 1805 and its reincarnation, *Fidelio*, in 1814. Joseph Haydn described her voice as "like a house" and Schubert said of it, "her voice is the best, her trills are the worst." Perhaps that explains the virtuosic closing section of *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* being an *allegretto* instead of an *allegro*. The seven verses of Schubert's lied are by Willhelm Müller (1794-1824) and Wilhelmina von Chézy (1783-1856), or possibly Karl August Varnhagen von Ense (1785-1858). Grouped into three sections, this chamber work begins with a lonely shepherd on a mountain listening to the echos reverberating from far below, then despair and loneliness overtakes him as he bemoans his separation from his beloved far away, but then hope returns at the realization that spring will come and with it, his beloved. Composed in October 1828, *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* is the last lied or work Schubert penned.

*Wenn auf dem höchsten fels ich steh',
in's tiefe Tal herniedersch',
und singe:* When upon the highest rock I stand,
into the deep valley down I look,
and sing:

*Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
der Klüfte.* Far out of the deep dark valley
soars upward the echo
from the ravines.

*Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wieder klingt
von unten.* The farther my voice penetrates,
the clearer it sounds back to me
from below.

*Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.* My sweetheart lives so far from me,
therefore long I so ardently for her
over there.

*In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
mir ist die Freude hin,* In deep grief I am consumed,
for me, the joy is gone,

*auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
ich hier so einsam bin.* hope on earth from me retreats,
I, here, so lonely am.

*So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,
so sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
mit wunderbarer Macht.* So longingly sounded in the woods the
song, so longingly it sounded through
the night, the hearts toward heaven it
draws with wondrous power.

*Der Frühling will kommen,
der Frühling, meine Freud,
nun mach' ich mich fertig
zum Wandern bereit.* The springtime will come,
the springtime, my joy,
now make myself ready
for the journey prepared.



Ned Rorem (born October 23, 1923) is one of the most prolific composers of American art songs with over 500 songs to his credit thus far. In fact, Rorem is one of the most prolific composers of our time with numerous symphonies, piano concertos, choral pieces, chamber works, operas, and other theatrical music to his name, in addition to his vast art songs. The Pulitzer Prize for Music in 1976 was awarded to Rorem for his suite *Air Music: Ten Etudes of Orchestra*. Rorem is also a notable diarist with several published diaries including his first, *The Paris Dairy of Ned Rorem* (1966), having received critical acclaim.

“**The Silver Swan**” is a new text setting of a famous madrigal composed by Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625). The poet is uncertain, though sometimes accredited to Gibbons or his patron Sir Christopher Hatton (1581-1618). Regardless of who wrote it, the endearing poem beautifully and succinctly depicts the legend of a mute swan that sings as she dies. Rorem wrote in one of his published art song collections, “Whatever the music may now be worth, I flatter myself that the choice of their poetry is quite high class.”

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Ah—
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more;

Farewell, all joys;
O, death, come close mine eyes;
O death, O, O, Farewell, all joys;
O, death, come close my eyes, come close my eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

Richard Hundley (1931-2018) composed over 50 art songs and song cycles for voice and piano noted for their balanced lyrical lines that are gracious to singers and inseparable from the accompaniment, and for their harmonies with open spacings that sound distinctly American. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and raised from age seven years by his paternal grandmother, Anna Susan Campbell, in Covington, Kentucky, Hundley studied piano with Hungarian pedagogue and former assistant to Belà Bartok, Ilona Voorm, at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. He made his concert solo premiere in Mozart Piano Concertos with the Northern Kentucky Symphony Orchestra when fourteen years old and with the Cincinnati Symphony at age sixteen. Later, he studied composition with Israel Citkowitz at the Manhattan School of Music for a year, until forced to withdraw due to financial difficulties. In 1960, Hundley joined the Metropolitan Opera's chorus as a tenor where he showed his compositions to several notable singers who performed them in their recitals including soprano Anna Moffo at the height of her fame. Favorable reviews garnered interest by music publishers. He left the Met in 1964 to focus on composing as it was "hard to have dead men's music ringing in my ears." He further studied composition under William Flanagan and spent two summers as a fellow at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire. He was also good friends with composer and critic, Virgil Thomson.

In 1967, Hundley became the pianist for the voice studio of *bel canto* soprano, Zinka Milanov. Hundley is quoted to have said, "Zinka Milanov often told me that her singing had given her supreme joy in life. My relationship with this great singer gave me one of the deepest inspirations of my (Hundley's emphasis) life." Hundley also said his primary goal is to musically reveal, "how I feel about the words. A song is like a short story, and from the first notes played by the piano I am telling the listener how I feel about the text." In 1987, the Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition designated Hundley as one of only two standard American composers for vocalists. Hundley set texts of many twentieth century poets including the novelist and poet James Purdy (1914-2009) for many years. But, "Will There Really be a Morning?" is not one of them.

"**Will There Really be a Morning?**" is Hundley's 1987 setting of the words of American poet, Emily Dickinson (1830-1866), a recluse who often wore white and rarely left her home in Amherst, Massachusetts. The whimsical nature to many of her poems often contrasts her frequent preoccupation with the subject of death. No one really knows if death applies to this poem, but her use of capitalizations and punctuations, unusual for her time, directs the reader to look deeper into the beautiful imagery.

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011) is an American composer of "operas and songs that balance unabashed lyricism and careful craftsmanship" at a time when experimentation in atonality, minimalism, and postmodernism was in vogue. A child prodigy on the piano, he studied under notable pianists Gunnar Johansen and Egon Petri at the University of Wisconsin and later with Darius Milhaud at Mills College in California. But, a chance invitation to study composition under Gian Carl Menotti at Curtis Institute of Music changed Hoiby's musical course and introduced Hoiby to opera. Hoiby composed many works for solo piano, chamber ensemble, and orchestra, but is best known for his vocal works, which were championed by prominent singers. Hoiby set to music Theodore Roethke's poem, "The Serpent," in 1979 specifically for soprano Leontyne Price who sang his songs in recitals for over thirty years. Mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade sang "The Serpent" at her Carnegie Hall farewell recital with Hoiby on the piano in 2010, the year prior to his passing.

"**The Serpent**" tells of a serpent who loves to sing and the birds' futile attempts to make him stop singing. Irregular compound meter synchronized to the natural inflections of the words is used throughout. The vocal line undulates mirroring the slithering movements of a snake while the perpetual eighth notes in the piano evoke the birds' emotional and physical states.

There was a serpent who had to sing.
There was. There was.
He simply gave up Serpentine.
Because. Because...

He didn't like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a Soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.

And so, of course, he had to Sing,
And Sing he did, like Anything! Ah...

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it

They sent, —you always send—to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do *not* like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
that practically split the Top of his Throat.

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off to the End of Next Week.



Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) is an acclaimed Italian opera composer of the *bel canto* era noted for his "gift of creating vocal melodies at once pure in style and sensuous in expression." Nicknamed the "Swan of Catania," Bellini composed eleven operas including two revisions of his earlier operas (common practice at the time). His *Norma*, *La sonnambula*, *I puritani*, and *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* continue to be performed in today's opera houses. Bellini died at the height of his career of a chronic intestinal ailment with dysentery-like symptoms. He was only 33.

"**Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! quante volte**" is Giulietta's romanza from Act 1 Scene 2 of Bellini's 1830 opera, *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*. While the opera "borrowed" most of its music from Bellini's unsuccessful opera, *Zaira* (1829), Giulietta's romanza borrows from his first opera, *Adelson e Salvini* (1825). All three operas were settings of librettos by Felice Romani (1788-1865). In this version of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* story from an Italian source, Giulietta is in her room dressed in her wedding gown, lamenting her forced marriage to Tebaldo and longing for her beloved Romeo.

*Eccomi in lieta vesta... Eccomi
adorna... come vittima all'ara.
Oh! almen potessi qual vittima cader
dell'ara al piede!*

Here I am in festive clothing... Here I
am adorned... like a victim for the
altar. Oh! if only I could like a victim
fall before the altar's feet!

*O nuziali tede, abborrite così, così
fatali, siate, ah! siate per me faci
ferali.*

*Ardo.. una vampa, un foco tutta mi
strugge. Un refrigerio ai venti io
chiedo invano.
Ove sei tu, Romeo? In qual terra
t'aggiri?
Dove, dove inviarti, dove... i miei
sospiri?*

*Oh! quante volte, oh! quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
é inganno il mio desir!*

*Raggio del tuo sembiante,
ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:
ah! l'aura che spira intorno
mi sembra un tuo sospir.*

O nuptial torches, hated so, so fateful,
will be, ah! will be for me the flames
of death.

I burn... a blaze, a fire all of me it
consumes. A comfort from the winds I
call for in vain.
Where are you, Romeo? In what land
do you wander?
Where, where shall I send you,
where... my sighs?

Oh! how many times, oh! how often
for you I beg of heaven in tears!
With what passion I await you,
it's in vain, my desire!

The light of your face, ah!
is to me the brilliance of morning:
ah! the air that swirls around
to me resembles one of your sighs.



Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) is a renown Italian opera composer who came into prominence as *bel canto* style was waning after Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini. Verdi is noted for his skillful crafting of melodies and use of theatrical effects to whittle away at the rigid *bel canto* conventions that sacrificed drama to show off the singers. Verdi composed over 25 operas, many of which continue to be popular today including *Rigoletto*, *Il trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Un ballo in maschera*, *Don Carlo*, *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*. By no means an opera, *Messa da Requiem* (Verdi's Requiem), composed in 1874, is also considered to be one of Verdi's masterpieces.

"**Libiamo ne' lieti calici**" is a famous duet with chorus from the first act of *La Traviata* (*The Fallen Woman*), Verdi's opera set to a libretto by Francesco Maria Piave (1810-1876). It is a *brindisi*, a lively drinking song, initiated by Alfredo Germont, a young man in love with Violetta Valéry, the hostess of the late-night party who joins in the singing along with the guests. Violetta is celebrating her recovery from illness, but the coughing fit after the revelry suggests otherwise.

La Traviata premiered on March 6, 1853 at the Teatro La Fenice in Venice to boos and jeers. The audience disapproved of the singing by baritone Felice

Varesi and tenor Lodovico Graziani and the casting of acclaimed soprano Fanny Salvini-Donatelli in the lead role of Violetta. To them, Fanny seemed too old and overweight to be believable as a young woman dying of consumption. The next day, Verdi wrote in a letter to his friend Emanuele Muzio this famous quote: "*La Traviata* last night a failure. Was the fault mine or the singers'?" Time will tell." A second performance a year later of a revised *La Traviata* at the Teatro San Benedetto was a great success. *La Traviata* continues to garner applause in performances today.

Alfredo:
Libiamo ne' lieti calici che la bellezza infiora; e la fuggevol ora s'inebri a voluttà.

Libiam ne' dolci fremiti che suscita l'amore, poiché quell'occhio al core onnipotente va.

Libiamo, amore, amor fra i calici più caldi baci avrà.

Chorus:
Ah! libiam, amor fra calici più caldi baci avrà.

Violetta:
Tra voi saprò dividere il tempo mio giocondo; tutto è follia nel mondo ciò che non è piacer.

Godiam, fugace e rapido è il gaudio dell'amore; è un fior che nasce e muore, né più si può goder.

Godiam c'invita un fervido accento lusinghier.

All:
Ah! godiamo la tazza la tazza e il cantico la notte abbella e il riso, in questo in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo dì.

Violetta:
La vita é nel tripudio...

Alfredo:
Let us drink from happy goblets that beauty decorates; and for this brief hour be intoxicated with pleasure.

Let us drink to the sweet trembling that arouses love, since that eye to the heart omnipotently goes.

Let us drink, love, for love among the goblets bring more passionate kisses.

Chorus:
Ah! Let us drink, for love among the goblets bring more passionate kisses.

Violetta:
Among you I will divide my time of joy; all is folly in the world that is not pleasure.

Let us drink, fleeting and rapid is the joy of love; it is a flower that is born and dies, no longer can it be enjoyed.

Let us enjoy ourselves for a fervent enticing word invites us.

All:
Ah! let us enjoy the cup the cup and the song, the night pleasure and the laughter, in this in this paradise, may the new day discover us.

Violetta:
Life is in the rejoicing...

Alfredo:
Quando non s'ami ancora...

Violetta:
Nol dite a chi l'ignora.

Alfredo:
È il mio destin così...

Violetta & Alfredo:
Ah! godiam la tazza la tazza e il cantico la notte abbella e il riso, in questo in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo dì.

Chorus:
Ah sì, godiamo, godiamo, godiamo, la tazza e il cantico la notte abbellà e il riso, godiamo, godiamo, godiamo, in questo paradiso ne scopra, ne scopra il nuovo dì, ne scopra il nuovo il nuovo dì, ne scopra il nuovo il nuovo dì, sì ne scopra, ne scopra il nuovo dì!

Alfredo:
When one has not loved yet...

Violetta:
Do not speak to one ignorant of it.

Alfredo:
It is my destiny, thus...

Violetta & Alfredo:
Let us enjoy the cup the cup and the song, the night pleasure and the laughter, in this in this paradise, may the new day discover us.

Chorus:
Ah yes, let us enjoy, enjoy, enjoy, the cup and the song, the night pleasure and the laughter, let us enjoy ourselves, enjoy, enjoy, in this paradise may it discover us, discover us, the new day discover us the new the new day, discover us the new the new day, yes, may the new day discover us!

