CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHRIDGE

TWENTYSOMETHING:
AN EVENING OF MUSIC BY COMPOSERS IN THEIR TWENTIES
(THE GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL OF ALYSSA BRODE, SOPRANO)

A graduate project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
For the degree of Master of Music
in Performance

By

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California State University, Northridge
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ABSTRACT

TWENTYSOMETHING:
AN EVENING OF MUSIC BY COMPOSERS IN THEIR TWENTIES
(THE GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL OF ALYSSA BRODE, SOPRANO)

By
Alyssa Brode
Master of Music in Performance

The label “twentysomething” is given to anyone in the age range of twenty to twenty-nine, and its generality and vagueness is intentional. It encompasses a rather broad period of life marked by substantial changes, and not unlike the physical and emotional changes of adolescence, the transitions experienced by a twentysomething are self-defining. A twentysomething is likely to be undergoing a process of self-discovery, finding his own unique identity and using that to carve out his place in the world: a journey I felt profoundly as I, at twenty-six, prepared for my graduate recital. Repertoire was chosen with this in mind, a collection of music born out of this precise, pivotal period in the lives of various composers. These works are therefore connected not by the thematic or musical material but by the stage of life during which they were written, representing the shared experience of self-exploration that is “twentysomething.”
The recital began with a set of four songs composed by a young Gustav Mahler. Mahler was still in his early twenties when he encountered the German folk songs and poems of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy’s Magic Horn). The collection’s texts and thematic content influenced much of Mahler’s output, both in song and symphony, from that point until his death.¹ The opening song of this set, *Starke Einbildungskraft* (Strong Imagination), takes its text from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and tells of young love and lust through a brief conversation. A girl questions her boyfriend’s intentions with her, since he has not fulfilled his promise of “taking” her at the start of summer. Her boyfriend responds that he could not have taken her, as he was in fact with her all along. Prefaced by a playful melody in the piano, the simple and straightforward text is set in short phrases, with a conversational style of repeated notes and mostly stepwise motion. As the boy responds to his girlfriend’s nagging, his exasperation is shown through his repeated text rising continuously.²

Next in the set was *Ablösung im Sommer* (Change in Summer), another of Mahler’s *Wunderhorn* settings. It laments the untimely death of the cuckoo and celebrates the nightingale that will replace it, singing while all other birds are silent. The song opens with a haunting, leaping “cuckoo” motive and continues to feature rhythmic chordal accompaniment and some abrupt phrasing while the fate of the cuckoo is being described. As the focus of the text switches to the nightingale, the accompaniment transitions into a melismatic line and the vocal line becomes more lyrical.³


In *Erinnerung* (Memory), the text by Richard Leander deals with the symbiotic relationship between love and music: each endlessly provokes the other, stirring up memories all the while. One line of the poetry specifically describes being held captive in this cycle, a conflict represented in the music by the pairing of a 3/4 vocal line against triplets in the piano. Many of the singer’s phrases begin and end with a descending second, sometimes minor and sometimes major, reinforcing a constant feeling of yearning. This interval is isolated and echoed in the piano at the song’s end.\(^4\)

*Hans und Grethe* (Hansel and Gretel) is a story of children finding their sweethearts, interspersed with a carefree refrain of “ringel Reih’n” which translates roughly to “ring around the rosy,” reminiscent of childhood games. Though it was not directly taken from the *Wunderhorn* collection, this folksy and playful text by Mahler himself seems to have been inspired by *Wunderhorn’s* content. The music certainly evokes folk songs and dances with its modified strophic structure and frequent use of perfect intervals; descending fourths (on the word “ringel”) open each verse, and excited cries of “Juch-he!” (“high-ho,” or any similar exclamatory nonsense phrase) wrap up the verses with upward octave leaps. These intervals permeate the rest of the song as well.\(^5\)

When Francis Poulenc was in his late twenties, he set out to mock the poetry of Jean Moréas with his song cycle *Airs chantés* (Sung Songs). Despite Poulenc’s intentions of showing his distaste and disrespect for the poetry through musical means, his settings of these four unnamed poems elevated and brought life to the text rather than diminishing


\(^5\) Ibid., 9-11.
it. The four songs of the cycle were embraced by singers both during Poulenc’s lifetime and long after it, an outcome that Poulenc neither foresaw nor appreciated. His mockery would be forever lost on generations of singers who put the text aside to relish in the vocally pleasing and inventive nature of the songs.

The first, *Air romantique* (Romantic Song), is a first-person tale of wandering through a fierce storm with a raven following close behind. As the thunder and wind rage, the narrator grows stronger in the face of the danger. The raven never leaves his side but, like the storm, cannot sway him or break his determination. Poulenc placed continuous arpeggios in the piano to represent the violent storm, dictating “extrêmement animé” (extremely animated). Phrases in the vocal line have many leaps and span wide ranges, adding to the chaotic atmosphere. At the center of the peace is a brief glimmer of calm, with a tuneful piano line transitioning out of the stormy music and into slower, more lyrical phrases before the driving arpeggios of the storm return.

*Air champêtre* (Country Song) is lively and pastoral, well suited to the poetry about spring, love and friendship. Poulenc, who always paid close attention to proper declamation of the French language, showed his utter disdain for Moréas as a poet with his undoubtedly intentional choice to break up a phrase in the middle of a word (“perdu sous la mou, sous la mousse à moitié,” translating to “half-hidden under the moss”). Otherwise, the song is melodic and offers the singer ample opportunity to impress with high notes and fluid phrases. In a stark contrast, *Air grave* (Sad song) lives up to its name, losing the buoyancy of the previous song and offering in its place a very conflicted,

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emotional journey. The text depicts one person’s inner struggle and condemns the negative thoughts and haunting memories that can’t be shut out of his mind. He examines the glory of nature that surrounds him, but this beauty that he treasures only serves as a reminder of his isolation. These complex sentiments are expressed musically with unexpected harmonic shifts, and the culmination of this turmoil is evident when the singer cries out in anguish on a sustained high note.8

The last of the cycle is *Air vif* (Lively song). The shift in the cycle back to a fast tempo is so abrupt and extreme, the mood is almost frantic. The text simultaneously addresses the calmness and the powerful forces of nature. The piece begins in C minor and, like *Air romantique*, features a shift in its mood midway through its duration. Here it changes harmonically as well, not to return to the tonic until after the A section has already begun for a second time. A similar evasion of resolution can be heard at the end of the piece, when the final word “voix” (in “et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix,” meaning “and above their heads, the wind raises its voice”) barely touches on the tonic before veering off in a rhythmic scalar run for four measures, then settling on a sustained C and finally giving the listener the satisfaction of resolution. This is also a prime example of text painting, with this passage embodying the movement of the wind’s “voice.”9

A group of twentieth century works by three separate American composers formed the third set of the recital, beginning with *The Silver Swan* by Ned Rorem. The poetry by Ben Johnson tells the story of a swan at the end of her life, welcoming death with the first and last song she will ever sing. The melismatic, passionate vocal line is

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8 Ibid., 16-22.
9 Ibid., 23-7.
Rorem’s representation of the swan’s song, simultaneously beautiful and tragic. Her glorious climax occurs when she cries “O death, come close my eyes” on a fortissimo high C. The dynamics diminish from there as the swan’s life fades, and the ebb and flow in the rhythm mimic the graceful movement of water.

Next in the set was Pastorale, a piece Aaron Copland composed at the age of twenty. The text, originally in Kafiristan, was translated into English by E. Powys Mathers. It plainly depicts the humble life of two people harvesting and selling crops together, simple activities which are overshadowed in importance by the love that they share. Copland interpreted this poetry in an almost dreamlike fashion with a thin texture and an obscured sense of meter. The sweet lyrics (“since you love me and I love you, the rest matters not”) are set to long, legato phrases, while the ones that relate more to tedium and work (“I will cut grass in the fields” and so on) are lower in the vocal range and declamatory in nature.¹⁰

“So Many People,” from Stephen Sondheim’s musical Saturday Night, is one of the composer’s few songs to express pure romantic love without bitterness or regret. The song’s placement is near the end of Act I, just after the characters Helen and Gene profess their mutual love.¹¹ Acting dually composer and lyricist, Sondheim was able to marry lyrics and melody seamlessly into this unencumbered love song. He used syncopations effectively to accentuate certain words and phrases; the otherwise evenly paced and middle-range vocal line shows the character’s peaceful contentment.¹²


The aria “Steal Me, Sweet Thief” is from Gian Carlo Menotti’s opera *The Old Maid and the Thief*, originally conceived for radio broadcast. Menotti wrote both the score and the libretto for the opera in his late twenties. The plot focuses on an aging woman, Miss Todd, and her housekeeper, Laetitia, who are both so desperate for male companionship in their lives that they welcome Bob into their home, a stranger whom they believe to be a robber and murderer. In the recitative that precedes the aria, Laetitia demonstrates great resentment toward Bob for not expressing any sexual or romantic interest in her. Then, in the aria, she addresses the underlying fear at the root of her anger, as she has seen Miss Todd grow old alone and cannot bear the thought of doing so herself. Menotti musically represented the monotonous activities described by Laetitia in the recitative, setting them to repetitive melodies to express their dullness. The aria that follows features melodic phrases with constantly changing meters, a tactic employed by Menotti to stress the text that he deemed most important.13

The next set in the recital was a collection of four songs by Claude Debussy. Though not a cycle, the *Quatre chansons de jeunesse* (Four Songs of Youth) are grouped together and often performed together. They share certain themes, and they are linked musically by the voice for which they were written: that of Marie-Blanche Vasnier, a coloratura soprano with whom Debussy began a romantic affair when he was still in his teens.14 The “Vasnier Songbook,” a term that encompasses the *Quatre chansons de jeunesse* as well as Debussy’s nine other songs written for his muse, feature high tessituras, showy coloratura and flirtatious charm.15 *Pantomime*, the first of the four

songs, uses Paul Verlaine’s poetry to illustrate a scene with a handful of *commedia dell’arte* characters. The clownish Pierrot indulges in liquor and exquisite food, the good-hearted Cassandre weeps for his disinherited nephew and the mischievous Arlequin plans to kidnap the ingenue Colombine while she innocently dreams. Debussy set the poem so that the bulk of the music is devoted to Colombine’s dreamy fantasy, with rising arpeggios in the piano and non-functional harmonies to paint the scene. A textless page of coloratura at the end captures the colorful mix of characters: a blend of exuberance, tragedy and playfulness.\(^{16}\)

*Clair de lune* (Moonlight) was the second piece in the set. It takes its text from another poem by Verlaine in which a masquerade ball is described, and the musical choice of 3/8 meter brings the dance setting to life. In the extended introduction, Debussy placed high, descending sixteenth-note figures in the right hand of the piano accompaniment to create a mystical atmosphere and sets the figures just after the accented beat to blur the lines between fantasy and reality. The piece starts calmly, with the characters in the poem singing of love and good fortune, but it grows and becomes more driven as the characters are said to doubt their own happiness. By the line “et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune” (“and their song mingles with the moonlight”), the texture of the song has thickened and there is faster movement in the accompaniment, perhaps showcasing the underlying conflict in the characters’ minds. During the phrase immediately following this passage, “au calme clair de lune, triste et beau” (“the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful”), the accompaniment thins once again such that the high A

\(^{15}\) Kimball, *Song: A Guide*, 191

sharp in the vocal line feels suspended in time, offering a chance to revel in the sentiment expressed by Debussy.\footnote{Ibid., 6-9.}

The third song in the set was \textit{Pierrot}, another reference to \textit{commedia dell’arte} with text by Théodore de Banville. Jean Gaspard Deburaau, the actor best known for portraying the character Pierrot, is the focus of the poem; he walks down the street at night, and a young woman smiles at him coyly while the moon hangs ominously above. The accompaniment contains many instances of the same melodic figure, borrowed from the French folk song “Clair de lune.”\footnote{Kimball, \textit{Song: A Guide}, 191} Debussy gave intriguing twists to this familiar tune: setting it in blocked minor harmonies or open octaves, placing it amongst choppy and abrupt chords, and in one case extending it into unsettling downward movement leading toward the singer’s entrance. The resulting effect is suggestive, hinting at Deburaau’s potential seduction of the flirtatious woman.\footnote{Debussy, \textit{Quatre chansons}, 10-2.}

The set closed with \textit{Apparition}, using a evocatively romantic text by Stéphane Mallarmé. At the poem’s core, its narrator is reflecting on memories of his beloved, even going so far as to imagine seeing her before him. Its essence is its vivid symbolism rather than its story, though. The opening of Debussy’s setting shows the narrator looking inward, with slow-moving vocal lines over an angular accompaniment. Throughout the piece, Debussy employed contrasting dynamic markings, differing meters and constantly shifting harmonies to add an overall depth of emotion rather than applying text painting techniques to highlight specific sections of the text.\footnote{Ibid., 13-7.}
“Eccomi in lieta vesta… O quante volte” (“Here I am in festive clothing… Oh, how many times”) is a recitative and aria from I Capuleti ed i Montecchi (The Capulets and the Montagues), an opera based on William Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet with a score by Vincenzo Bellini and a libretto by Felice Romani. This aria takes place in the first act and in it, Giulietta pines for her beloved; though her hand in marriage has been promised to Tebaldo, her heart belongs to Romeo. The recitative begins with a syncopated introduction, implying the foreboding sound of wedding bells, but the entrance of the vocal line is unaccompanied, indicative of the exposed and vulnerable Giulietta. Much of the recitative continues in this fashion, with alternating instrumental and vocal lines, as Giulietta takes in the many aspects of her troubling situation and expresses her fierce emotions in the way of elaborate melismas. When Giulietta’s passion is ignited, as she sings “Ardo… una vampa, un foco tutta mi strugge” (“I burn… a flame, a fire consumes me”) the accompaniment temporarily becomes more driven before the unaccompanied phrases return and trigger her helplessness again. The gravity of Giulietta’s internal conflict is expressed in the aria with a 4/4 vocal line over nearly continuous triplets in the accompaniment.\(^2\)\(^1\)

The recital ended with a duet from Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart’s Die Entführung aus dem Serail (The Abduction from the Seraglio) with a libretto by Christoph Friedrich Bretzner. In “Welch ein geschick... O qual der seele!” Belmonte and Konstanze are being held captive by the enemy of Belmonte’s father and believe themselves to be facing death. Grief-stricken, they both take the blame for causing the other’s tragic fate but ultimately decide that is a beautiful thing to leave the world together. Early in the duet, Belmonte and Konstanze each argue that the fault is their own, and Mozart’s choice to

give them long, entirely separate alternating phrases demonstrates their disagreement. The accompaniment is minimal as they both speak of their guilt, and their phrases are mostly stepwise and syllabic, rendering the music conversational. Mozart divided the piece into sections using different meters, and after the speech-like 4/4 portion is a long andante section in 3/4. This passage features more active accompaniment, as they both become even more adamant about their own culpability, and the two instances of the tuneful “Edle seele” (“Noble soul”) refrain are sung simultaneously to show their agreement that they mean to live for one another. The other vocal phrases in the 3/4 section are increasingly overlapping as the characters’ views fall more in line. The final section, again in 4/4, has Belmonte and Konstanze resolve to die together joyfully. Nearly all of the vocal music in this section is sung together with pleasant and lively accompaniment. The lining up of the phrases and the perfect harmonic marriage of the voices in thirds shows their complete solidarity, and the jubilant high notes and frequent melismas prove that Belmonte and Konstanze have accepted their deaths, not reluctantly but willingly.22

By its conclusion, my graduate recital had showcased a plethora of composers and a range of musical styles and periods. In spite of its stylistic disparity, it retained a sense of unity due to similar personal experiences in the lives of the composers and myself. As each composer was in his twenties and discovering his true self at the time of composition, each chosen piece of music in the recital was a distinctive amalgam of individually self-defining experiences. For me, it was a chance to demonstrate my own experiences.

22 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Die Entführung aus dem Serail (Leipzig: Breitkopg & Härtel, n.d. (ca.1876)), 138-49
unique capabilities and perspective, ever-developing, as they are at this precise point in my life as a musician, a performer and a “twentysomething.”
WORKS CITED


the graduate voice recital of alyssa brode, soprano

twentysomething
an evening of music by composers in their 20s
landon baumgard, piano | wednesday, may 8 at 7:30 pm | cypress recital hall

in partial fulfillment of the master of music degree in voice performance // a student of diane ketchie
Kindly hold applause until the end of each set.

Please refrain from using flash photography.

Alyssa is a recipient of the 2012-2013 Rachel Ketchie Memorial Scholarship.

And if i sing you are my voice,
Starke Einbildungskraft
Ablösung im Sommer
Erinnerung
Hans und Grethe

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Airs chantés
Air romantique
Air champêtre
Air grave
Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

The Silver Swan
Pastorale
So Many People
from *Saturday Night*

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)
Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)
Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

Steal Me, Sweet Thief
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

*intermission*

Quatre chansons de jeunesse
Pantomime
Clair de lune
Pierrot
Apparition

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Eccomi in lieta vesta... O quante volte
from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Welch ein geschick... O qual der seele!
from *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*
with Steve Nolen, tenor

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Starke Einbildungskraft
text by anonymous (from Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Mädchen:
Hast gesagt, du willst mich nehmen,
sobald der Sommer kommt!
Der Sommer ist gekommen,
ja kommen,
du hast mich nicht genommen,
ja nommen!
Geh’, Büble, geh’! Geh’, nehm’ mich! Come on, boy! Take me!
Gelt ja, du nimmst mich noch?

Büble:
Wie soll ich dich denn nehmen,
dieweil ich dich schon hab’?
Und wenn ich halt an dich gedenk’,
so mein’ ich alleweile:
ich wär’ schon bei dir!

Ablösung im Sommer
text by anonymous (from Des Knaben Wunderhorn)

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode gefallen
an einer grünen Weiden,
Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot!
Wer soll uns jetzt den Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei, das soll tun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
[Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
die liebe, süße Nachtigall!]
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh,
wennd andre Vögel schweigen.

[Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall
die wohnt im grünen Hage,
und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist,
dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!]

Erinnerung
text by Richard Leander

Es wecket meine Liebe
die Lieder immer wieder!
Es wecken meine Lieder
die Liebe immer wieder!

Strong Imagination

Girl:
You said that you wanted to take me
as soon as summer came!
The summer has come,
yes come,
But you have not taken me,
not yet!

Won’t you take me yet?

Boy:
How can I take you
when I already have you?
And when I think of you,
it seems to me that all the while,
I was already with you!

Change in Summer

The cuckoo has fallen to its death
on a green willow,
The cuckoo is dead! The cuckoo is dead!
Who will then, for the long summer,
Help us pass the time?

Oh, that should be Mrs. Nightingale!
Sitting on a green branch!
[The small, fine nightingale,
the lovely, sweet nightingale!]
She sings and leaps, is always joyous,
when other birds are silent!

[We await Mrs. Nightingale
who lives in a green grove,
and when the cuckoo meets its end,
then she begins to sing!]

Memory

Again and again my love
awakens my songs!
Again and again my songs
awaken my love!
Die Lippen, die da träumen
von deinen heißen Küssen,
in Sang und Liedesweisen
von dir sie tönen müssen!

Und wollen die Gedanken
der Liebe sich entschlagen,
so kommen meine Lieder
to mir mit Liebesklagen!

So halten mich in Banden
die Beiden immer wieder!
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe!
Die Liebe weckt die Lieder!

Hans und Grethe
text by Gustav Mahler

Ringel, ringel Reih’n!
Wer fröhlich ist,
der schlinge sich ein!
Wer sorgen hat,
der lass’ sie daheim!
Wer ein liebes Liebchen küßt,
Wie glücklich der ist!
Ei, Hänschen, du hast ja kein’s!
So suche dir ein’s!
Ein liebes Liebchen,
das ist was Fein’s.
Juch-he!

Ringel, ringel Reih’n!
Ei, Gretchen,
was stehst denn so allein,
Guckst doch hinüber zum Hänselein?
Und ist doch der Mai so grün?
Und die Lüfte, sie zieh’n!
Ei, sehst doch den dummen Hans
wie er rennet zum Tanz!
Er suchte eine Liebchen, Juch-he!
Er fand’s! Juch-he!
Ringel, ringel Reih’n!

Ring-around-a-rosy!
He who is merry,
let him join in!
He who has cares,
let him leave them at home!
Whoever kisses a dear sweetheart,
how happy is he!
Oh, little Hansel, you have no one!
Then look for someone!
A dear sweetheart
is something special!
High-ho!

Ring-around-a-rosy!
Oh, little Gretel,
why do you stand so alone,
Staring over at dear Hansel?
And isn’t May so green?
And the breezes, they dart around!
Oh, look there at stupid Hans
as he runs to the dance!
He searched for a sweetheart, high-ho!
He found her! High-ho!
Ring-around-a-rosy!
AIRS CHANTÉS

Text by Jean Moréas

Air romantique

J’allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d’orage,
sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas.
Un corbeau ténébreux
escortait mon voyage,
et dans les flaques d’eau
retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l’horizon faisait
courir sa flamme
et l’Aquilon doublait
ses longs gémissements;
mais la tempête était
trop faible pour mon âme,
qui couvrait le tonnerre
avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d’or
du frêne et de l’érable,
l’Automne composait son éclatant butin,
et le corbeau toujours,
d’un vol inexorable,
m’accompagnait sans rien
changer à mon destin.

Air champêtre

Belle source, belle source,
je veux me rappeler sans cesse
qu’un jour, guidé par l’amitié,
ravi, j’ai contemplé ton visage,
ô déesse, perdu sous la mou,
sous la mousse à moitié.
Que n’est-il demeuré,
cet ami que je pleure,
o nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
pour se mêler encore
au souffle qui t’effleure,
et répondre à ton flot caché?

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,
malheureuses pensées!

SUNG SONGS

Romantic Song

I wandered through the countryside
with the stormy wind,
in the pale morning, under low clouds.
A gloomy raven
escorted me on my journey,
and in the puddles
my footsteps echoed.

The lightning on the horizon was
chasing the flames
and Aquilon doubled
his persistent whining;
but the tempest was
too weak for my soul,
which sounded above the thunder
with its pounding.

From the golden
ash and maple,
Autumn comprised its dazzling loot,
and forever the raven,
with an inexorable flight,
accompanied me without
changing my destiny.

Country Song

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
I want to remember forever
that one day, guided by friendship,
enchanted, I saw your face,
oh goddess, half concealed
underneath the moss.
What is it that has remained,
this friend I mourn,
oh nymph, following your cult,
to mingle again
with the breeze that touches you
and to respond to your hidden streams?

Serious Song

Ah! Flee now
miserable thoughts!
O! colère, o! remords!
Souvenirs qui m’avez
les deux tempes pressées
de l’êtreinte des morts.
Sentiers de mousse pleins,
vaporeuses fontaines, grottes profondes,
voix des oiseaux et du vent,
lumières incertaines
des sauvages sous-bois,
insectes, animaux, beauté future,
ne me repousse pas, ô divine nature,
je suis ton suppliant.
Ah! fuyez à présent! Colère, remords! Ah! Flee now! Anger, remose!

Air vif
Le trésor du verger
et le jardin en fête,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois,
éclatent de plaisir,
Hélas, hélas! Et sur leur tête
le vent enflé sa voix.
Mais toi, noble océan
que l’assaut des tourmentes
ne saurait ravager,
certes plus dignement,
 lorsque tu te lamentes,
tu te prends à songer.

Lively Song
The treasure of the orchard
and the festive garden,
the wildflowers, the trees,
burst with pleasure,
Alas, alas! And above their heads
the wind raises his voice.
But you, noble ocean
that the assault of storms
could not ravage,
certainly more dignified,
once you lament,
you lose yourself in dreams.

The Silver Swan
text by anonymous

Pastorale
text translated from Kafiristan by E. Powys Mathers

So Many People
text by Stephen Sondheim

Steal Me, Sweet Thief
libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti
QUATRE CHANSONS DE JEUNESSE

Pantomime
text by Paul Verlaine

Pierrot, qui n’a rien d’un Clitandre, vide un flacon sans plus attendre, et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l’avenue, verse une larme méconnue sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d’Arlequin combine l’enlèvement de Colombine et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise de sentir un cœur dans la brise et d’entendre en son cœur des voix.

Clair de lune
text by Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi que vont charmant masques et bergamasques, jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques! Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur l’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune. Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire à leur 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!

FOUR SONGS OF YOUTH

Pierrot, who is nothing like Clitandre, empties a bottle without concern, and, ever practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue, sheds an concealed tear for his disinherited nephew.

That impertinent Harlequin schemes the abduction of Columbine and whirls around four times.

Colombine dreams, surprised to feel a heart in the breeze and to hear voices in her heart.

Moonlight

text by Paul Verlaine

Your soul is a chosen landscape with charming scenes and rustic dances, playing the lute and dancing, and somewhat sad beneath their fanciful disguises! All of them singing in a minor key of victorious love and fortunate life. They do not seem to believe in their happiness, and their song mingles with the moonlight,

The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful, which sets the birds in the trees dreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, great fountains of water among the marble statues!
**Pierrot**  
*text by Théodore Faullin de Banville*

Le bon Pierrot,  
que la foule contemple,  
ayant fini les noces d’Arlequin,  
suit en songeant  
le boulevard du Temple.  
Une fillette au souple casaquin  
en vain l’agace de son oeil coquin;  
Et cependant, mystérieuse et lisse,  
façant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
la blanche lune, aux cornes de taureau  
jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse  
à son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.

**Apparition**  
*text by Stéphane Mallarmé*

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’azur des corolles.  
C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser;  
ma songerie aimant à me martyriser,  
s’enivrait savamment  
du parfum de tristesse  
que même sans regret  
et sans déboire laisse  
là cueillaison d’un rêve  
au coeur qui l’a cueilli.  
J’errais donc,  
l’œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,  
quand, avec du soleil aux cheveux,  
dans la rue et dans le soir,  
tu m’es en riant apparue  
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.
Eccomi in lieta vesta...

Eccomi in lieta vesta...
Eccomi adorna come vittima all’ara.
O! Almen potessi qual vittima cader dell’ara al piede!
O nuziali tede, abborrite così fatali, siate per me faci ferali.

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

O quante volte, o quante
ti chiedo al ciel piangendo!
Con quale ardor t’attendo,
e 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.

Welch ein Geschick!

Welch ein Geschick! O Qual der Seele!
Hat sich denn alles wider mich verschworen!
Ach, Konstanze! Durch mich bist du verloren!

Welch eine Pein!

Belmonte:

Belmonte:
Welch ein Geschick! O Qual der Seele! What a fate! Oh torment of the soul!
Has everything conspired against me?
Because of me you are lost!

What pain!
Konstanze:
Laß, ach Geliebter,
laß dich das nicht quälen.
Was ist der Tod? Ein Übergang zur Ruh! What is death? The path to rest!
Und dann, an deiner Seite,
ist er Vorgefühl der Seligkeit.

Belmonte:
Engelseele! Welch holde Güte!
Du flößest Trost in mein erschüttert Herz,
du linderst mir den Todesschmerz
und ach, ich reiße dich ins Grab.

Meinetwegen willst du sterben!
Ach, Konstanze! Darf ich’s wagen,
noch die Augen aufzuschlagen?
Ich bereute dir den Tod!

Konstanze:
Belmonte, du stirbst meinetwegen!
Ich nur zog dich ins Verderben,
und ich soll nicht mit dir sterben?
Wonne ist mir dies Gebot!

Beide:
Edle seele, dir zu leben
ist mein Wunsch und all mein Streben;
Ohne dich ist mir’s nur Pein
länger auf der Welt zu sein.

Belmonte:
Ich will alles gerne leiden,

Konstanze:
Ruhig sterb’ ich dann mit Freuden,

Beide:
Weil ich dir zu Seite bin
um dich Geliebte(r)!
Gäb’ ich gern mein Leben hin!
O welche Seligkeit!
Mit dem (der) Geliebten sterben
ist seliges Entzücken.
Mit wonnevollen Blicken
verläßt man da die Welt.

Konstanze:
No, beloved,
don’t let it torment you.
What is death? The path to rest!
And then, at your side,
is the anticipation of eternal bliss.

Belmonte:
Angel’s soul! What a lovely end!
You bring comfort to my shattered heart
and alleviate the pain of death,
and ah, I pull you to the grave!

Because of me you are to die!
Oh, Konstanze! May I dare
yet look upon you?
I am leading you to death!

Konstanze:
Belmonte, you die because of me!
It is I who lured you to your death,
and shall I not die with you?
Grant me this wish!

Both:
Noble soul, to live for you
is my wish and my pursuit;
Without you, for me, it’s just pain
to continue on in this world.

Belmonte:
I will gladly suffer all,

Konstanze:
Quietly I will die with joy,

Both:
Because I am at the side
of my beloved!
I gladly give my life!
Oh, what bliss!
To die with your beloved
is blissful delight.
With radiant glances
we will depart from this world.
professor ketchie
for pushing me forward and being a positive force (technically and mentally)
in my music-making

steve
for being my singing partner tonight
and my life partner always!

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i know you’re here in spirit.

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given me in class, in operas and beyond.