

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHRIDGE

Graduate Voice Recital

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For the degree of Master of Music in Music, Performance

by
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ABSTRACT

Graduate Voice Recital

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The culmination of my Masters of Music degree program specializing in Vocal Performance will consist of a ninety-minute vocal recital exploring a wide range of repertoire for mezzo-soprano. The first half will feature Robert Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben* song cycle, written in 1840, for voice and piano. Translating to *Woman's Love and Life*, the cycle is based on eight poems written in 1830 by Adelbert von Chamisso. Throughout the eight songs, the audience is transported through the various stages of a great love from the female perspective. The text displays the emotional journey of a woman experiencing her first love, from the thrill of commitment and marriage, to pregnancy and childbirth, to the devastation of her great love's death. Please refer to Appendix B for the complete translation of Chamisso's text.

Other works featured in the first half of the program are two arias from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* ("Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio" and "Voi che sapete che cosa è amor"), both written for the role of Cherubino, and "Ombre pallide io so mi udite" from Handel's *Alcina*, sung by Alcina.

The second half features American composer Jake Heggie's song cycle, *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations of Love*, written in 2002 for mezzo-soprano, flute, and piano. Sister Helen Prejean's text is set by Heggie in four songs and challenges the traditional meaning of spirituality by exposing the protagonist's inner thoughts about the expected norms and traditions of Catholic religious propriety and custom. When questioned by Heggie about her personal meaning of spirituality, Sister Helen replied that "at one point in her life she'd had to throw away all the 'stuff' she'd been told she needs, the 'stuff' she'd been told she *must* have, *must* pursue, *must* obtain. She went to the deepest waters of her being, and it was there she found the core of her spirituality: the deepest desire of her heart."¹ Heggie's contemporary setting pushes tonal and rhythmic boundaries by drifting in and out of tonal centers and meters, and the relationship between the flute and the voice creates a dialogue resembling that of an inner and outer protagonist voice. Other pieces in the second half include "Faites-lui mes aveux" from Gounod's *Faust*, and art songs by American composers Samuel Barber and Ricky Ian Gordon.

¹ Jake Heggie, "Program Note" in *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love*, composed by Jake Heggie (San Francisco: Bent Pen Music, Inc, 2002), i.

Section 1: Two of Cherubino's Arias from *The Marriage of Figaro* by W.A. Mozart

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 – 1791) was undoubtedly one of the most prodigious and influential composers in Western art music, and of his 20 operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*) was one of his most famous and successful. With its first performance at the Burgtheater in Vienna on May 1st, 1786, Mozart premiered his *opera buffa* to overwhelming support and enthusiasm. Michael Kelly, the Irish tenor who played the first Basilio and Don Curzio, remarked:

At the end of the opera, I thought the audience would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart; almost every piece was encored, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue an order on the second representation, that no piece of music should be encored. Never was any thing more complete, than the triumph of Mozart, and his “Nozze di Figaro,” to which numerous overflowing audiences bore witness.²

Lorenzo da Ponte (1749 – 1838) wrote the libretto for *Figaro* in 1785-86, which is based on the second comedic play in a trilogy by Pierre Beaumarchais (1732 – 1799). It is one of 3 librettos written by da Ponte for Mozart (the other two being *Cosi fan Tutte* and *Don Giovanni*, both overwhelming successes). Da Ponte's varied and extraordinary life includes an output of 28 opera librettos by 11 different composers. He was born Emanuele Conegliano to Jewish parents, but his mother died when he was 5 years old. When he was 15, his father converted the family to Roman Catholicism in order to remarry, and Emanuele Conegliano became Lorenzo da Ponte. He went to seminary school and became an ordained priest at 24 years old, after which he moved to Venice. But his lifestyle did not reflect his position's expected piety, having had a mistress with whom he had two children. He was also charged and convicted of living in and organizing

² Michael Kelly quoted in Tim Carter, *W.A. Mozart: Le nozze di Figaro* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 123-124.

entertainment in a brothel, and his punishment was banishment from Venice for fifteen years. He eventually found employment as a librettist at the Italian Theatre in Vienna, where he met and worked for W.A. Mozart, Antonio Salieri, and Vicente Martin y Soler. His nine productive years in Venice came to an end with the death of Emperor Joseph II in 1790, and the new Emperor Leopold did not renew support for the librettist. Da Ponte's plans to relocate to France with the aim of working at the court of Queen Marie Antoinette were derailed by political upheaval, as the king and queen had just been arrested, and a brief and failed attempt at life in London resulted in da Ponte's move to New York City. He became the first Italian language professor at Columbia College and introduced opera to the city with the first US production of *Don Giovanni*. Da Ponte also established one of the first American opera houses (the Italian Opera House), although the company had to be sold after three years, and first two buildings were destroyed by fire. This building was the predecessor to the New York Academy of Music and the New York Metropolitan Opera. His ninety years of life concluded a fascinating and colorful history of an important musical figure in the traditions of Western music and art.

The circumstances surrounding da Ponte's decision at Mozart's request to adapt Beaumarchais' second play, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, into an *opera buffa* libretto were somewhat complicated. The Emperor Joseph II had just recently banned Beaumarchais' *Figaro* from being performed in Vienna due to political content deemed unsuitable for a "well-mannered audience." As a solution, da Ponte decided to write the libretto in secret and wait for the right opportunity to present it to the emperor or the theater directors. When that time came and the Emperor questioned da Ponte about the offending content, da Ponte replied:

...having written a *dramma per musica* and not a comedy, I have had to omit many scenes and shorten numerous others, and I have omitted and shortened

anything that could offend the sensibility and decency of a spectacle at which His Sovereign Majesty presides.³

Da Ponte removed some of the politically inflammatory dialogue, including “Figaro’s mockery of politics and his criticisms of the nobility,”⁴ from Beaumarchais’ play, and the creation of *Figaro* proceeded.

A continuation of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which premiered four years earlier in 1782, *Figaro* takes place at the palace of Count Almaviva in Spain, on the wedding day of two servants, Figaro (head of the servant staff) and Susanna (the Countess Rosina’s maid). Count Almaviva is attempting to exercise his *droit du seigneur* – the right of a nobleman to sleep with a female servant, especially on her wedding night – with Susanna, but Rosina, Susanna, and Figaro make every effort to thwart his advances, and in the end, Susanna and Figaro are able to be married. Cherubino, Count Almaviva’s male page, contributes the supporting role of a lovesick teenager who adds to the comedic antics with his effusive infatuations and womanly disguises used in the scheming against the Count. Cherubino is a “pants role,” a term in which a female performer plays that of a male character. The soprano range of his character lends itself well to the boyish and innocent comedy centered around his newly-discovered obsession with the female gender. The comedy is amplified when Cherubino is disguised as a woman, making him a woman-playing a boy-dressed like a woman. Tim Carter suggests that Beaumarchais’ original play depicts uncertainty with regards to the “precise nature of the Countess’ attraction for the page – is he a substitute son or a potential lover? – and the ambiguity is heightened still further by having the boy played by a young woman.”⁵ The Countess’ sexual attraction to Cherubino

³ Lorenzo da Ponte, *Memorie, Volume 1* (Bari, Italy: Gius. Laterza & Figli, 1918), 111, quoted in Carter, 36.

⁴ Carter, 37.

⁵ Ibid, 46-47.

was removed by da Ponte, but the fact that Cherubino in Beaumarchais' play was also played by a woman must have influenced Mozart's decision to write the role for a female soprano.

"Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio" is Cherubino's aria sung to Susanna, confessing the new emotions and desires he now feels for women, especially the Countess Rosina. His boyish innocence is portrayed in the breathless, panting style of singing displayed in this aria, as it takes effort for him to express all his bridled emotion and angst. "Voi che sapete" is actually a love song/canzonetta that Cherubino has written for women (not one in particular, but to all women in general), which he performs for Susanna and the Countess at their behest. The melody is simple, singable, and perfectly apt for youthful love. The two arias share certain similarities, as pointed out by Wye Jamison Allanbrook – "their closely related key signatures ("Non so più" in E-flat major, "Voi che sapete" in B-flat), their duple meters, and the prominence in them both of winds and horns."⁶ But the most important similarity, he states, is their purpose as sung poems articulating with meaningful words rather than dance rhythms articulating with meaningful gestures. Cherubino is a newly lovesick boy discovering his own feelings of lust, love, and sexuality. Mozart ingeniously writes poetic musical settings for Cherubino that illustrate his innocent yet passionately fervent feelings about women.

⁶ Wye Jamison Allanbrook, *Rhythmic Gesture in Mozart* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), 84.

Section 2: *Frauenliebe und Leben*, Op. 42 by Robert Schumann

Robert Schumann, born in 1810 in what is now central Germany, was a pillar of creative contribution to the Romantic era of music. His Lieder were especially important to the art song genre, of which most of them were published in cycles. *Frauenliebe und Leben* is an eight-song cycle composed in 1840, based on the poems written ten years earlier by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838). In fact, 1840 was considered Schumann’s “year of song” in which he also composed *Liederkreis*, *Myrthen*, and *Dichterliebe*. It was also a very monumentally victorious year for Schumann in his own love life, as the legal battles with the father of his beloved Clara came to a conclusion and he was able to marry her on September 12th, 1840. Clara’s father, Friedrich Wieck, had refused to allow the marriage after Clara accepted Robert’s proposal three years earlier, but Robert sued Friedrich and won the right to marry Clara in that eventful year of 1840. As a dedication and celebration of “his deep love for and long-awaited marriage to Clara,...Chamisso’s poetic description of the different stages of love and marriage in the life of a woman proved to be the perfect vehicle.”⁷ This triumph of love in his life fueled his creative output in his great “year of song.”

Adelbert von Chamisso supplied the poetry for Schumann’s celebratory cycle. Born Louis Charles Adélaïde de Chamisso de Boncourt in 1781, the French-born poet ended up in Berlin at the age of eight or nine after his family fled France. German literature refers to him as Adelbert von Chamisso. He maintained a love for both his birthplace and its language and that of Prussia, and even translated some famous French literature into German, having mastered both

⁷ Mary Margaret Andrew, “Schumann’s ‘Frauenliebe und -Leben’: A Feminist Dilemma?” *Journal of Singing: The Official Journal of the National Association of Teachers of Singing* 54, no. 1 (September 1997), 7.

languages.⁸ The nine poems Chamisso wrote for *Frauen-Liebe und Leben* (changed by Schumann to *Frauenliebe* and of which only the first eight poems were used) uniquely take the first-person perspective of a women throughout her life's love story. For the full texts and translations, see Appendix B. They can be summarized as follows:

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen (“Since first seeing him”): The first sight of the man who will end up being the center of her universe renders all else futile, such as her sisters' games. She can't think of anything else, and for the first time she feels the womanly pain of lovesickness.
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen (“He, the most wonderful of all”): She excitedly describes the boundless virtues of the man with whom she has fallen in love, and she graciously laments her certainty that he will choose a woman of equal stature and quality to him, to which choice she will be happy, even though her heart may break.
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben (“I cannot grasp it, believe it”): To her amazement and bewilderment, he has chosen her for the subject of his affection and love! She thinks it must be a dream, for how can this possibly be? But his words of “I am yours forever” elate her immensely.
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger (“You ring, on my finger”): Her engagement ring brings deep joy almost worthy of worship. She describes how devoted and admiring she is of her husband-to-be, and how she will be “transfigured” in his light.
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (“Help me, my sisters”): Her wedding day has arrived, and she summons the help of her friends and sisters to assist in the preparations. While they braid

⁸ Elaine Brody and Robert A. Fowkes, *The German Lied and Its Poetry* (New York: New York University Press, 1971), 127.

her hair and help with her dress, she continues to shower her betrothed with adoration and praise, even though she also feels a tinge of sadness at leaving their sisterly company.

6. Süsser Freund, du blickest (“Sweet friend, you look”): Speaking to her husband in this poem, her knowledge that she is pregnant with their child brings tears of joy to her eyes, and she questions his understanding of those tears.
7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust (“On my heart, at my breast”): She proclaims her immense delight and happiness at being a mother, and she even expresses pity for the man she has previously worshipped with adoration because he cannot know the depth of “a mother’s bliss.”
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan (“Now you have caused me my first pain”): A drastic departure in mood and sentiment than all the previous songs in the cycle, this final song reaches into the depth of despair of our protagonist, as she angrily berates her beloved for abandoning her with his death. Her words end with resignation and withdrawal, and the long piano postlude returns to the first song’s theme, bringing the cycle to an emotional, reminiscent conclusion.

The key structure of Schumann’s cycle is as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
B _b	E _b	C-	E _b	B _b	G / C / G	D	D- / B _b
I	IV	ii	IV	I	VI / II / VI	III	iii / I

It is interesting to note that a move to the V chord never occurs. As would be expected, the songs in minor keys correspond to the poems with the most urgent or despairing subject matter (3 and 8). Brody and Fowkes point out the characteristic features of “Schumann’s preference for a relatively independent vocal line, either cushioned by a thick-textured accompanimental figure or

supported by full-bodied chords, and a piano postlude that typically concludes each song.”⁹

There also exists an equal number of through-composed and modified strophic form settings.

Also of note are the various subjects to whom the woman is singing. In songs 1-3, she expresses an inner reflection, seemingly singing to herself. Song 4 is addressed to her engagement ring, Song 5 to her sisters, Song 6 to her husband, Song 7 to her child, and Song 8 to her deceased husband. This constant shift in audience adds interest and intrigue to the cycle’s storyline.

Although the historical context of Chamisso’s poetry reflects a time when women had a much different (arguably inferior) standing than today’s, the sentiments of love, devotion, and humility for one’s chosen beloved as seen through our female protagonist’s perspective are beautifully and deeply represented in Schumann’s setting of *Frauenliebe und Leben*.

⁹ Ibid, 139.

Section 3: “Ombre pallide io so mi udite” from *Alcina* by George Frideric Handel

George Frideric Handel (1685 – 1759) composed his opera *Alcina* in 1735 during the span of about eight weeks. It was a staggering compositional feat fueled by an intense atmosphere of competition among opera companies in London at the time. Handel managed to write thirty entire operas between the years of 1720 and 1741. In 1733 and 1734 almost all of Handel’s singers and eventually his theater manager defected to Opera of the Nobility, and Handel had to find enough talent to fill the void. He did retain Anna Strada, for whom Handel would write the role of Alcina,¹⁰ and “he tailored his music carefully to the singers in his service.”¹¹ The librettist for *Alcina* is unknown, but it is based upon *L’isola di Alcina*, by Riccardo Broschi (1698 – 1756).

Alcina is an enchanting sorceress, and she takes the knight Ruggiero, whom she has come to love, captive on her island. Bradamante, Ruggiero’s beloved, attempts to find and rescue him disguised as her brother, along with Melisso, Ruggiero’s tutor. Love interests collide and identities are mistaken as the drama unfolds. Bradamante eventually manages to wake Ruggiero from the charms of Alcina and her seemingly idyllic island, which turns out to be a barren desert. Alcina’s powers are lost in the end and her love denied.

“Ombre pallide” is a cry of desperate desire for Ruggiero’s love, in which Alcina beseeches the spirits to help her keep him on her island against his will. But the spirits deny her request for help, and “her inability to communicate with the furies marks the turning point of the opera’s plot – taking the spirits’ refusal to obey her summons as evidence that she has lost her

¹⁰ Ellen T. Harris, “Handel: ‘A necromancer in the midst of his own enchantments,’ ” *University of Toronto Quarterly* 72, no. 4 (Fall 2003), 833.

¹¹ *Ibid*, 837.

magical abilities, she throws away her wand, and is rendered powerless throughout the remainder of the opera.”¹² Nathan Link argues that this failure on the part of Alcina to communicate with the spirits might be due to a lack of “appropriate ‘language’ needed to reach them,”¹³ as represented by Handel’s choice not to include such features as interjected recitative, obbligato doubling, or recognizable dance meters that would make the aria “phenomenal.” And yet, the minor da capo aria is a powerful display of soprano coloratura that must have displayed Anna Strada’s dexterity and range in an impressive manner, helping to contribute to the success of *Alcina* at such a competitive time of Italian opera in London.

¹² Nathan Link, “Story and Representation in Handel’s Operas” (PhD diss., Yale University, 2006), 154.

¹³ Ibid, 154.

Section 4: “Faites-lui mes aveux” from *Faust* by Charles Gounod

God created three beautiful things: music, flowers and women.
These are what I have always written about. – Charles Gounod¹⁴

A more appropriate quote could not be found to describe the second half of my recital’s opening aria, “Faites-lui mes aveux” from *Faust* by Charles Gounod (1818 – 1893). Lying between the French operatic styles of opéra comique and grand opera, *Faust* became the most famous lyric opera, with its emphasis on melody above all. Despite the pressure from famous divas of the time to provide flashy and bombastic musical roles for them to show off their talent, Gounod stayed true to his intention of communicating simple, beautiful melodies reminiscent of the Mozart-era galant style to pull at the audience’s heart strings. The Metropolitan Opera in New York even chose *Faust* as their first opera when they opened in 1883.

First performed in 1869 (in its full recitative form, as opposed to the first opéra comique version with spoken dialogue staged in 1859), the libretto by Jules Barbier (1825 – 1901) is based on the folklore tale of Faust as originally written by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 – 1832), although the evolution of text from Goethe to Barbier is complicated. Goethe’s original *Faust* (Parts 1 and 2 published in the early 19th century) was translated into French by Gérard de Nerval (1808 – 1855) in 1827, which was written into a stage play in 1850 by Michel Carré (1821 – 1872), who lightened the tone from Goethe’s original text. Jules Barbier utilized Carré’s play as the basis for his five-act opera libretto, which Gounod would set, although Barbier also made some storyline and tone changes to Carré’s version, especially the concentration of the story on Marguerite rather than Faust.¹⁵

¹⁴ Charles Gounod quoted in Mary Dibbern, *Faust/Roméo et Juliette: A Performance Guide* (Hillsdale: Pendragon Press, 2006), xi.

¹⁵ Dibbern, xvi-xx.

A story of deals with the devil, the main character Faust, an aging scholar who believes his loveless life has been wasted on his studies, twice stops short of suicide by poison at the sound of a choir. His frustration and cries for devilish help procure Méphistophélès, who trades his earthly help for Faust's help in Hell, at the temptation of a vision of Marguerite. Faust's poison becomes a youth tonic, and he is made into a young, handsome man. In Act II, Marguerite's brother, Valentin, and his friend Wagner are singing with other villagers and soldiers about departing soon for war. Valentin entrusts the care of his sister to his young friend, Siébel (another “pants role”), who eventually falls in love with Marguerite. At the beginning of Act III, Siébel sings “Faites-lui mes aveux,” where he gathers flowers outside Marguerite's residence to present to her, but they wither due to a curse placed by Méphistophélès. He finds a solution, however, in dipping his hands in holy water, and the flowers revive. The A sections of the ABA form are used for Siébel to triumphantly and joyfully profess his deep love for Marguerite. The B section features recitative sections depicting the action of the flowers wilting, the hands dipped in the holy water, and the flowers reviving.

Melodic word painting is used by Gounod to emphasize the drama. The melodic C-Major A sections are contrasted by Siébel's recitative outlining a G Diminished chord when he exclaims that “the wizard that God damns has brought me bad luck!”¹⁶ Moments later a C7 chord is outlined at the notion that perhaps dipping his fingers in sacred water might help, followed by a short, angelic F-Major chorale envisioning the wonderful Marguerite. The A-section accompaniment of fast eighth-notes also creates an energetic background appropriate for a boyish, youthful declaration of love. Music, flowers, and women are indeed the themes in this stirring Gounod aria.

¹⁶ Dibbern, 38.

Section 5: Two American Art Songs by Ricky Ian Gordon and Samuel Barber

Two American composers, Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956) and Samuel Barber (1910 – 1981), and two American poets, Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886) and James Agee (1909 – 1955), supply the creative content for the two American art songs performed in the second half of my graduate recital: “Will There Really Be a Morning?” by Ricky Ian Gordon and Emily Dickinson, and “Sure on This Shining Night” by Samuel Barber and James Agee. Both reside in the key of B-flat major with moderately slow tempi, but a closer look at these two unique compositions will highlight their individual brilliance.

Ricky Ian Gordon is an American composer born in Oceanside, NY in 1956 and raised in Long Island, NY. His studies in piano, composition, and acting took place at Carnegie Mellon University, and New York City has been his longtime residence. A composer of opera, art song, and musical theatre, Gordon’s compositions straddle the stylistic characteristics of each, revealing him as “both a crossover artist and a musical chameleon, a composer comfortable both with mixing styles and staying within the bounds of a genre.”¹⁷ “Will There Really Be A Morning?”, written in 1983, is no exception. The accompaniment and melody feature major 7th and 9th tonalities, hinting at jazz and musical theatre harmonic stylings. The 24-measure form heavily features a motif of six eighth notes starting on beat 2, which is transposed and modified at almost every entrance. This repeated motif creates a very singable, memorable melody, which is beautifully supported by the lush, legato piano accompaniment.

This melodic setting perfectly contributes to the constant questioning in Emily Dickinson’s 1859 poem, which is the source of the lyric (see Appendix C for the complete song

¹⁷ Keith Ward, “Ricky Ian Gordon. Piano Music of Ricky Ian Gordon. John Nauman, piano. Blue Griffin Recording CD BGR223, 2011,” *Journal of the Society for American Music* 6, no. 3 (August 2012), 396.

text). The protagonist gives the impression of desperately seeking knowledge of the outside world by asking those with the seemingly most adventurous lifestyles (“scholars,” “sailors,” “wisemen from the skies”) where one might find evidence of sunshine in the form of a morning or a day. One might interpret this as a search for God or the meaning of life itself. But however Emily originally meant the lyric, Ricky Ian Gordon gives the vocalist a musical setting aptly fit for questioning and exploring life’s unknown possibilities.

The lyrics for “Sure on this shining night,” set by Samuel Barber in 1938, were taken from James Agee’s poem “Description of Elysium,” originally published in a 1934 poetry collection called *Permit Me Voyage*. (See Appendix C for the complete song lyric). James Agee, a Tennessee-born 20th century novelist, journalist, screenwriter, film critic, and poet, achieved an impressive amount of success and literary output before an early death at the age of 46 due to excessive alcohol and tobacco use. His references to stars, the heavens, and nature echo Romantic literary characteristics. The poet Robert Fitzgerald noted that “the religious sense of life is at the heart of all of Agee’s work; the sense that we do live in a ... very mysterious universe, that human life is constantly under the shadow of death. These overpowering convictions stand behind everything that he did.”¹⁸ Agee frequently uses alliteration throughout the lyric (i.e. “sure...shining...shadows”, “healed...health...high...holds...hearts”, “weep...wonder...wand’ring”). This device creates ample opportunity for a vocalist to savor the poetry and inject meaning and emphasis into its lines.

Samuel Barber’s “Sure on this shining night” is one of the most frequently performed songs in American vocal literature.¹⁹ Author Barbara Heyman suggests this might be due to

¹⁸ Agee, directed by Ross Spears (1980; New York City, NY: James Agee Film Project), videocassette quoted in Andrew Adams, “ ‘Sure on this Shining Night’: The Biography of a Song,” *Journal of Singing – The Official Journal of the National Association of Teachers of Singing* 62, no. 3 (January 2006): 260.

¹⁹ Adams, 259.

Barber's setting being "modeled on the songs of Schumann and Brahms: this is suggested not only in the long, lyrical melodic line and by the two-voice canon – where first the voice leads, then the piano – but more specifically in similarities between Barber's pulsating chordal-style accompaniment and that of Schumann's *Ich grolle nicht* or *Liebestreu*."²⁰ The juxtaposition of the left hand eight notes in the piano accompaniment and the melodic, legato phrasing of the vocal lines creates a mysteriously beautiful tension. The unexpected entrances of the lyric lines and meter changes further contribute to an intriguing tapestry of melody that keeps the listener guessing at what comes next and echoes Agee's enigmatic themes of the stars and the great unknown.

²⁰ Barbara B. Heyman, *Samuel Barber: The Composer and his Music* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1992), 202.

Section 6: *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love* by Jake Heggie

American composer Jake Heggie (b. 1961) garnered much acclaim and success with his operas, especially *Dead Man Walking*, which premiered October 7th, 2000, but his songs and song cycles are highly valuable contributions to the contemporary art song genre. *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love*, written and premiered in 2002 in Vail, CO at the Bravo! Vail Valley Music Festival, explores themes of social justice through the lens of Sister Helen Prejean, whose written meditations supply the text for the four-movement cycle written for mezzo-soprano, flute, and piano.

Born in 1961 in West Palm Beach, Florida, Heggie was musically influenced from an early age by his father, who was an amateur saxophonist. Tragically, his father committed suicide ten days before Jake turned 11 years old, deeply affecting the Heggie family, who eventually settled in California when Jake was 16. His musical studies took him to Paris after high school and then UCLA to study piano and composition with Johana Harris, a women with whom he developed a deep connection and eventually married, despite their 49-year age difference. Her succubence to cancer 13 years later, in addition to a muscular condition affecting his ability to play piano added more layers of loss and grief to Heggie's life, and he disposed of all his early compositions, wishing to avoid being painfully reminded of his earlier dreams.

By this time, Jake had held several music-related Public Relations and Marketing positions and was currently employed by the San Francisco Opera, where he met Frederica von Stade, who was a muse of sorts for Heggie to turn back to composing. He gifted her three folk songs, which she embraced and expressed interest in becoming his "enthusiastic champion,

spreading the word of his skill to other famous performers.”²¹ His first major commission, *Dead Man Walking*, was for the San Francisco Opera company, and the text was based on the memoir of Sister Helen Prejean, titled *Dead Man Walking: An Eyewitness Account of the Death Penalty in the United States*. Sister Helen would become a major spiritual influence and close friend of Heggie’s, and it is four of her meditations that comprise the texts to *The Deepest Desire*, a four-song cycle set by Heggie for mezzo-soprano, flute, and piano.

The subject matter and text of *The Deepest Desire* reflect the strong convictions of humanitarian empathy championed by Sister Helen. After hearing a speech given by sociologist Sister Marie Augusta Neal calling for action to help the poor and fight for social justice, “for the first time, Sister Helen was aware of an inner voice calling her to fight for those who could not fight for themselves. The poor could no longer be held at arm’s length, but instead were welcomed into her heart and her life.”²² The complete text to *The Deepest Desire* can be found in Appendix D.

Setting an evocative and ethereal mood from the opening Prelude, the role of the flute in the cycle seems to represent a calling to this inner truth and desire strongly felt by Sister Helen - that the most urgent and meaningful need for her spiritual guidance and effort was coming from places like prison cells and death chambers. The solo flute passages, especially the opening Prelude, establish an inner voice of reflection and direction, to which the text replies and comments. The texture of flute, voice, and piano present a trio of independent voices intermingling and melding periodically throughout. Heggie establishes a three-note melodic

²¹ Rebecca Choate Beasley, “The Influence of Sister Helen Prejean on the Life and Work of Jake Heggie as Seen in the Song Cycle *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love*” (D.M.A diss., University of North Texas, 2008) 12, <https://www.proquest.com/docview/304538301?parentSessionId=QBVYwq9ViCdZv8HNFnOFHp4gyn8tkNhGEgZb6b0L8o8%3D&pq-origsite=primo&accountid=7285>.

²² Beasley, 16.

motif in the flute in the opening Prelude: a descending major third followed by an ascending minor third.²³ Extended flute techniques also feature often throughout the cycle, including pitch bending, growling, and overblowing – all effective devices for portraying an inner dialogue of dilemma and contemplation.

Heggie's musical setting for these meditations maintains, at its core, the primary goal of serving the text. Frequent meter and tempo changes and fermatas bow to the will of the phrase, making for a challenging read. Joyce DiDonato, who premiered the orchestral arrangement of the cycle, had this to say about Heggie's relationship between music and text:

Every single marking that he makes, every accent, every melodic rise or fall of the line is derived *directly* from the text...He spends so much time contemplating each phrase, each sentence, and is never satisfied if someone is just ‘singing’ the words – he wants someone to get into the marrow of the words, to live with them, to decide what they mean to them as an individual, and then to sing it with all their heart.²⁴

The first song, “The Call” – “More is Required” – “Love,” present Sister Helen’s dilemma and realization that the standard protocol for “serving God” was not sufficient and that there was more work to be done. It questions the status quo of spiritual servitude and also offers an alternative definition of love as the “pure energy of God” (see Appendix D).

The second song, “I Catch on Fire,” is a quick, humorous recounting of a schoolteacher nun literally catching on fire during class, to the bemusement and astonishment of the 25 young Catholic school onlookers. Syncopated rhythms, jazz harmonies and a walking quarter-note piano bassline fuel the story with a bluesy character that accelerates to that of a runaway train during the climax of the story. Her conclusion that “now, years later when I pray, I catch on fire” ends the song with an ironic, subtle rebellion against the Catholic institution by embracing the comedic image of the fiery nun in her prayers.

²³ Heggie, i.

²⁴ Joyce DiDonato, email message to Rebecca Choate Beasley, 5 April 2008.

The third song, “The Deepest Desire,” features Sister Helen’s true calling of justice and desire to help the poor and less fortunate souls of the world. This text most closely reminds us of her *Dead Man Walking* memoir, in which she is a spiritual advisor to death row inmates. The repeated cries of “Come home!” at the end of the song are a deep and powerful display of conviction that these dark corners of society are where God wants her spiritual work to be done.

The conclusion of the cycle, “Primary Colors,” presents the tranquil, meditative state of Sister Helen as she continues to serve God in the way in which she has been led. The harmonic stasis of B-flat major occupies most of the song, and the flute echoes and winds around the vocal melody in an imitative symbiosis, signaling an end to the inner turmoil and dilemma that has previously occupied the relationship of the two melodic entities thus far.

Jake Heggie has contributed a great gift to the art song genre with *The Deepest Desire*: *Four Meditations on Love*, and it is my hope that it shall continue to gain in recognition and performance frequency.

Conclusion

The musical selections chosen for this vocal recital share the importance of a musical setting that serves, highlights, and supports the text above all. Cherubino's effusive arias are declarations of poetry, and Mozart chooses galant-style melodies that emphasize the words flowing from the boy's new, romantic sensibilities. Schumann specifically chose Chamisso's poetry to rejoice in his ability to finally marry the love of his life, Clara, and Chamisso's poems are elevated in effect and passion by Schumann's setting. Alcina's fiery and fierce indignation towards Ruggiero's rejection and her inability to conjure the spirits' aid in keeping him captive is pronounced by Handel's treatment of the text and his choices in text repetition and emphasis. Gounod also highlights the libretto of *Faust* in his style of lyric opera with word painting and simple melodies that clarify and accentuate the text. The two American composers Ricky Ian Gordon and Samuel Barber contribute to the art song genre with settings of evocative American poetry that appropriately show off the craftsmanship of Emily Dickinson and James Agee. And finally, the composing style of Jake Heggie treats the rhythm of the spoken phrase with utmost priority. Frequent tempo and meter changes exist to serve the text, and Sister Helen Prejean's words are the beneficiaries.

It is joy to have the opportunity to prepare a recital full of such expressive, superb poetry and text, and the joy is compounded by the talent of these great composers, whose placement of those words on the highest pedestals produces musical creations of the highest caliber.

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Appendix A: Program

California State University, Northridge

Mike Curb College of Arts, Media, and Communication

Department of Music

Present

Katie Hampton, Mezzo-Soprano

in her Master of Music Recital*

A student of Diane Ketchie-Saar

Accompanied by Victoria Simonian

Marcos Ramirez, Flute (*The Deepest Desire*)

Thursday, April 28th, 2022, 4:30 PM

California State University, Northridge
Music Recital Hall
18111 Nordhoff Street
Northridge, CA 91330

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

PROGRAM

From *The Marriage of Figaro* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756 – 1791)

“Voi che sapete”
“Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio”

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42 Robert Schumann
(1810 – 1856)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süsser Freund, du blickest
7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

“Ombre pallide io so mi udite” George Frideric Handel
from *Alcina*
(1685 – 1759)

- INTERMISSION -

“Faites-lui mes aveux” Charles Gounod
from *Faust*
(1818 – 1893)

Will There Really be a Morning? Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)
Sure on This Shining Night Samuel Barber
(1910 – 1981)

The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

- Prelude: The Call
1. More is Required
 - 1a. Love
 2. I Catch on Fire
 3. The Deepest Desire
 4. Primary Colors

Appendix B: Translations

“Voi che sapete” from *The Marriage of Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

English Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind²⁵

“Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio” from *The Marriage of Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,
Or di foco ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitare.

Solo ai nomi d'amor di diletto,
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,
Or di foco ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitare.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti

I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman changes my color [makes me blush]
Every woman makes my heart beat faster.

At the mere mention of love, of delight,
I become disturbed, my heartbeat changes,
I try to speak of love
[I feel] A desire which I cannot explain.

I no longer know what I am or what I do,
One minute I'm on fire, the next I'm frozen,
Every woman changes my color [makes me blush]
Every woman makes my heart beat faster.

I speak of love awake
I speak of love in my dreams,
To the water, the shadows, the mountains,

²⁵ Naomi Gurt Lind, “Voi che sapete,” The Aria Database, published April 21, 1997, <http://www.aria-database.com/search.php?individualAria=222>.

Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de' vani accenti
Portano via con se.

E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me!

To the flowers, the grass, the fountains,
To the echoes, the air, the winds,
That the sound of vain accents [speech] is
carried away with itself.

And if nobody listens,
I speak of love to myself!

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte
English Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind²⁶

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42 by Robert Schumann

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind;
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,

He, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,

²⁶ Naomi Gurt Lind, "Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio," The Aria Database, published April 21, 1997, <http://www.aria-database.com/search.php?individualAria=221>.

Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I cannot grasp it, believe it

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
‘I am yours forever,’
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

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

You ring on my finger

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,

Help me, my sisters

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility

Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses,
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet friend, you look

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

On my heart, at my breast

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan Now you have caused me my first pain

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schlafst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlorne Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso
English Translation by Richard Stokes²⁷

²⁷ Richard Stokes, *The Book of Lieder* (London: Faber & Faber, 2005).

“Ombre pallide, lo so mi udite” from *Alcina* by George Frideric Handel

Ombre pallide, lo so, mi udite.
D'intorno errate, e vi celate.
Sorde da me. Perché? Perché?

Fugge il mio bene; voi lo fermate
Deh! Per pietatè,
Se in questa verga, ch'ora disprezzo,
E voglio frangere, forza non è.

You hear, I know, false airy Forms,
And wander here to me condeal'd;
But why is your Observance now with-held?

My lover proves to me unkind
And flies; his Flight, for Pity, stay.
If in this Rod no Pow'- I find
When now most wanted, let it hence away.

Text by Antonio Fanzaglia

English Translation from T. Wood's 1736 libretto²⁸

“Faites-lui mes aveux” from *Faust* by Charles Gounod

Faites-lui mes aveux, portez me voeux!
Fleurs écloses près d'elle,
Dites-lui qu'elle est belle,
Que mon coeur, nuit et jour,
Languit d'amour!
Faites- lui mes aveux, portez me voeux!
Révélez à son âme
Le secret de ma flamme,
Qu'il s'exhale avec vous
Parfums plus doux!

Fanée! hélas!
ce sorcier que Dieu damne
M' a porté malheur!
Je ne puis, sans qu'elle fane,
Toucher une fleur.
Si je trempais mes doigts
Dans l'eau bénite!
C'est là que chaque soir
Vient prier Marguerite!
Voyons maintenant! Voyons vite!
Elles se fanent? Non!
Satan, je ris de toi!
C'est en vous que j'ai foi,
Parlez pour moi!
Qu'elle puisse connaître

Make her my confession; carry my wishes!
Blooming flowers near her,
Tell her that she is beautiful,
That my heart, night and day,
Languishes with love!
Make her my confession; carry my wishes!
Reveal to her soul
The secret of my flame,
So it exhales with you
Perfumes more sweet!

Wilted! Alas!
The sorcerer whom God damns
Has brought me bad luck!
I can't, without it's withering
Touch a flower.
If I dip my fingers
Into holy water!
It's there that each evening
Marguerite comes to pray!
Let's see now! Let's see quickly!
Do they wilt? No!
Satan, I laugh at you!
It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!
May she know

²⁸ Mr. Savage, George Frideric Handel, Signora Strada, Gioachino Conti, Rosa Negri, Maria Negri, Mr. Beard, and Mr. Reinhold, *Alcina: an Opera; as it is Perform'd at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden*, monographic (London: T. Wood, 1736), from Library of Congress, *Alcina. Libretto. Libretto. English & Italian*, <https://www.loc.gov/item/2010665356/> (accessed March 31, 2022).

L'émoi qu'elle a fait naître,
Et dont mon coeur troublé
N'a point parlé!
C'est en vous que j'ai foi,
Parlez pour moi!
Si l'amour l'éffarouche
Que la fleur sur sa bouche
Sache au moins déposer
Un doux baiser!
Un baiser, un doux baiser!

The emotion which she has caused to be born,
And of which my troubled heart
Has scarcely spoken!
It is in you that I have faith,
Speak for me!
If love alarms her
May the flower on her mouth
Try at least to deposit
A sweet kiss!
A kiss, a sweet kiss!

Text by
English Translation by Lea Frey²⁹

²⁹ Lea Frey, "Faites-lui mes aveux, Siebel's aria from Faust" The Aria Database, accessed March 31, 2022, <http://www.aria-database.com/search.php?individualAria=221>.

Appendix C: American Art Song Texts

“Will There Really Be a Morning”

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon

Text by Emily Dickinson

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?
Does it come from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

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

“Sure on This Shining Night”

Music by Samuel Barber

Text by James Agee

Sure on this shining night
Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wand’ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Appendix D: *The Deepest Desire: Four Meditations on Love* Texts

Music by Jake Heggie
Text by Sister Helen Prejean

1. More is Required

More is required than being swept along –
All the currents pulling me
Easy and wide in a long, slow drift –
Without rudder, floating backwards, now to the side.
What can one person do against a sucking tide?
I coil like a bow;
I gather like a fist;
I forge like a rudder
And I lean into the wide, slow drift.
I tack and veer by God’s pure will.
I raise my voice against the silence.
My voice alone. Until a chorus joins.

1A. Love

Love is the pure energy of God: pray for it ardently.
Be grateful when it comes into your life: give of it generously.
Lavish it on others: even the undeserving ones.
Cultivate friendship with care: it is the best love of all.

2. I Catch on Fire

Long black dress to my toes – Flowing black sleeves and veil.
A walking bolt of black material..
Fourth grade religion class – Teaching full force:
The Gospel according to ...
Lit candle.
Fifty little eyes wide. Twenty-five voices shout:
“Sister! Sister! You’re on fire!”
Flames shooting. Hands beating.
Silence. Breathing.
Children, this teaches us always to be careful with fire.
Now, years later, when I pray
I catch on fire. Amen.”

3. The Deepest Desire

I thought I knew my heart's desire:
To love God. To be with God in heaven.
A bud unfolding; A dutiful and prayerful nun
I pleased God, I thought,
By being obedient.
It made me feel holy.

But getting to heaven takes a long time.
And dwelling far below was a Voice, calling:
“Lose yourself!”
“Lose yourself upon the deeper currents!”

Then I heard cries from the heart of the city.
“Is there life before death?”
I saw. I heard. I followed.
I made my way to prison cells.
I made my way to death chambers.
I saw. I heard. I followed.
I witnessed.

A desire for justice woke in me.
A fierce desire that will not let go.
The deepest desire.
The deepest desire of my heart.
“Come home!”
“Come home!”
“Come home!”

4. Primary Colors

I live my life in primary colors.
I let praise and blame fall where they may.
I hold my soul in equanimity
And leave the fruits of my labors to God.
At night, when I pray, I catch on fire;
And when I put my head on the pillow,
I fall instantly to sleep.