

Voice Faculty Recital

Thursday, September 5, 2024
7:30 pm
All Faiths Chapel, Kansas State University
Songhwa Chae, piano

Dolci cantavi – Caroline Shaw (*1982)
Patricia Thompson, Cheryl Richt, Amy Rosine

El paso de las estrellas – Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
Jesus DeHoyos, baritone

Adieu de l'hôtesse d'arab – Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Patricia Thompson, mezzo-soprano

Summer – Ricky Ian Gordon (*1956)
Cheryl Richt & Amy Rosine

If I...Lori Laitman (*1955)
Amy Rosine, soprano

Will There Really Be a Morning?...Lori Laitman
Cheryl Richt, soprano

The Wings of a Dove – Gwyneth Walker (*1947)
Reg Pittman, tenor

Die Zauberflöte Act I quintet — W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Notes and Translations

The immensely talented musician **Caroline Shaw** (b. 1982), is an American composer of classical music, violinist and singer. In 2013 she was the youngest recipient of the Pulitzer Prize in music for her composition *Partita for 8 Voices*. In 2022 her composition *Narrow Sea* won a Grammy Award for Best Contemporary Classical Composition. *Dolci cantavi* was commissioned and premiered by the trio TENET.

Dolci cantavi

Vago augellin, che per quei rami ombrosi
dolce cantavi a minüir mie pene,
di sentirti al mio cor gran desir viene
per fare in tutto i giorni miei giocosi.

Deh vieni, e teco mena i più famosi
cantor che quella selva in sen ritiene,
ché goderete in queste rive amene,
ed a l'estivo di starete ascosi.

Il boschetto vi attende, e 'l bel giardino là dove in
fra le fronde
e l'onda e l'ora gareggian mormorando a me vicino.

A cantar sorgeremo in sul mattino:
io con le Muse invocarò l'aurora,
e voi col vostro gorgheggiar divini.

Lovely little bird, who, among those shady
branches,
used to sing so sweetly to mitigate my sorrows,
a great desire comes to my heart to hear you again,
to make my days complete in their joy.

Come, and bring with you the most famous singers
that the forest nurtures in its breast,
for you will have the pleasure of these fair waters
and be hidden away from the heat of the summer
day.

The little wood awaits you, and the lovely garden
where, among the leaves, the ripples and the breeze
compete in their murmuring beside me.

We will rise together before sunrise:
I will herald the dawn with the Muses,
and you with your warbling divine

—Francesca Turina Bufalini Contessa di
Stupinigi, 1628

Nicknamed the “Schubert of South America,” **Carlos Guastavino** (1912 – 2000) is lauded for his robust compositional output with over 500 works to his name. He was heavily influenced by Argentine folk music which used simplistic tunes and an innovative style of capturing the nationalism felt within his works. Guastavino was so successful as a composer and performer that he was able to live off his royalties and performing rights. His compositions and talents allowed him to tour Europe, China, and the USSR, also garnering recognition from his home country of Argentina where he earned many awards for his compositions and creative activity.

El paso de las estrellas,
no sé qué penas me anuncia.
No sé qué destino grave
cuando el día se pronuncia.

No tiene gobierno el aire
ni compromisos el viento.
Quien tía de amor mudable
no tiene contentamiento.

Tal vez te vayas mañana
mejor será que no fuera.
Dolor me previene el alba,
siquiera no amane ciera.

The passing of the stars
I don't know what sadness it announces.
I don't know what a serious destiny
when the day announces itself.

The air does not have answer to anyone
nor does the wind make appointments.
Whoever trusts in fickle love
does not have contentment.

Maybe you will leave tomorrow,
it would be better if you did not leave.
Pain comes to me before dawn,
I wish I would not awaken.

Georges Bizet (1838-1875) might have been remembered as one of the greatest French composers of the end of the nineteenth century had it not been for his untimely death at the age of 36 in 1875. Bizet's opera *Carmen* was premiered three months before his death and is still one of the most important operas in the repertory in modern times. **The Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe** is one of the most masterful of the two dozen *mélodies* Bizet published. The song contains the louche sexual promise of the colonies set against a background of monotonous heat and lassitude. The lower pedal enables the vocal line to undulate mesmerically, as if watching (or hearing) a slow belly dance. A composer as different as Francis Poulenc expressed his admiration for this Arab hostess in his *Journal de mes mélodies*: Bizet 'knew how to vary a strophic song in detail. That is often what is missing in Gounod'.

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (1866)

Puisque rien ne t'arrête en cet heureux pays,
Ni l'ombre du palmier,
ni le jaune maïs,
Ni le repos, ni l'abondance,
Ni de voir, à ta voix, battre le jeune sein
De nos soeurs dont les soirs, le tournoyant essaim
Couronne un coteau de sa danse,
Adieu, beau voyager! Hélas adieu!
Oh! que n'es-tu de ceux
Qui donnent pour limite à leurs pieds paresseux
Leur toit de branches ou de toiles!
Qui rêveurs, sans en faire,
écoutant les récits,
Et souhaitent le soir, devant leur porte assis,
De s'en aller dans les étoiles!
Hélas! Adieu! beau voyageur!

The Farewell of the Arab Hostess

Since nothing will keep you in the happy land,
neither the shade of the palm tree,
nor the yellow corn,
neither rest, nor abundance,
nor the sight, at your voice,
of the young beating hearts of our sisters who, at
night,
in a whirling swarm, crown the hillside with their
dance,
farewell, handsome traveller! Alas, farewell!
Oh! if only you were one of those
whose lazy feet are bounded
by their roof of branches!
Who idly dreaming, listen unmoved to talks,
and at eventide, sitting before their door,
wish to be off and away among the stars!
Alas! Farewell! Farewell, handsome traveller!

Si tu l'avais voulu, peut-être une de
nous,
Ô beau jeune homme, eût aimé te servir
à genoux
Dans nos huttes toujours ouvertes;
Elle eût fait, en berçant ton sommeil de
ses chants,
Pour chasser de ton front les mouchérons
méchants,
Un éventail de feuilles vertes.
Si tu ne reviens pas, songe un peu
quelque fois
Aux filles du désert, soeurs à la douce
voix,
Qui dansent pieds nus sur la dune.
Ô beau jeune homme blanc, bel oiseau
passager,
Souviens-toi, souviens-toi, car peut-être,
ô rapide étranger,
Tons souvenir reste à plus d'une!
Hélas! Adieu! Adieu! bel étranger!
Hélas! Adieu! Souviens-toi!
—**Victor Hugo** (1802-1885)

Had you wished it, one of us perhaps
o young man, would have liked to serve
you on bended knee
in our ever open huts;
while lulling your sleep with her songs
she would have made,
to drive the tiresome gnats from your
brow,
a fan of green leaves.
If you do not come back, dream a little
from time to time
of the daughters of the desert, sweet-
voiced sisters,
who dance barefoot on the sandhills,
o handsome white man, fine bird of
passage,
remember, remember, for perhaps
o quickly passing stranger,
your memory remains with more than
one!
Alas! Farewell! Farewell, handsome
stranger! Alas! Remember! Farewell!

Ricky Ian Gordon was born on May 15, 1956, in Oceanside, NY and raised on Long Island. After studying piano, composition, and acting at Carnegie Mellon University, he settled in New York City, where he quickly emerged as a leading writer of vocal music that spans art song, opera, and musical theater. Stephen Holden, writing in the *New York Times* wrote of the work, “If the music of Ricky Ian Gordon had to be defined by a single quality, it would be the bursting effervescence in fusing songs that blithely blur the lines between art song and the high-end Broadway music of Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim...It’s caviar for a world gorging on pizza.” **Summer** is a duet for two women, perhaps sitting on a stoop, both in their own worlds, talking about love, ending, with the end of summer...summer like a ripe fruit in its explicitness, its yearning, its heat...and all that brings these two women together now in their wifehood and motherhood, and perhaps, dissatisfaction.

Summer, will you be there to meet me,
When I am in my white dress,
And I am picking flowers?
Summer, the sun beats at the window.
A lady comes here calling,
And we can talk for hours.
Summer, a child spilling soda,
And slamming shut the screen door,
While mother dries the china.
Summer, the heat is like a curtain,
That willows in the lamplight,
Between the Carolinas.
The baby's always sticky,
And Daddy's always singing,
But Mama forgot how. Ah!
I wish, I wish, I wish it were summer now.

Summer, the nakedness, the linen.
You touched me and I shivered.
The night became an echo.
Summer, a change in the upholstery,
The neighbor with the hose,
The fireflies, the crickets,
And watching Father doze,
My hair upon my neck,
The wicker on the deck,
Oh Summer, remember at the seashore,
The sunlight's blinding shimmer,
And later when we parted?

Summer, I hold you in my pillow.
Summer, the dawn begins to glimmer,

Summer, and I am open hearted.

December is forgotten.

The August breezes sizzle.

No trouble on my brow.

I wish, I wish,

I wish it were Summer now.

Summer, the sand and salty ocean,

Become a sort of potion, but seasons take their bow.

I wish, I wish,

I wish it were Summer now.

If I...

Will There Really be a Morning?

From *Four Dickenson Songs* by American composer **Lori Laitman** (b.1955), composed in 1996 for *Songfest*. The poetry of Emily Dickenson is immensely popular with vocal composers and singers, with texts that are relatable to both audience and singer. The wistful “Will There Really Be A Morning” is first in this set. Laitman composed “If I...” as a gift for her father’s 80th birthday (he lived to be almost 100). Laitman is described by Fanfare Magazine as “one of the most talented and intriguing of living composers.”

If I can stop one Heart from breaking,
I Shall not Live in vain
If I can ease one Life from Aching
Or cool one Pain
Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain

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 Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

The Wings of A Dove (2020) by Gwyneth Walker (b.1947)

The central image of this song is one of the soul rising to Heaven on the wings of a dove. This final voyage leads to *realms of joy, and light and love*. Here there is peace, where one can rest in the arms of loving friends. (Gwyneth Walker) Text by Caroline Goodenough, G. Walker alt.

Had I the wings of a turtle dove,
how I would fly! I'd fly away
to realms of joy and light and love,
in shining portals of the day.

Give me the wings of a turtle dove,
and I would fly on up to my aerie nest.
I'd find the peace of Heaven above,
with loving friends I'd take my rest.
In the arms of friends I'd take my rest.

Though through the weary world I tread,
at morn the Spirit is my friend.
At noon and e'er at last I take my bed,
my prayer shall still to Thee ascend.

Refrain

And on my path I move along
through life's short brilliant, fleeting day.
I carry in my heart a song
until the final sunset ray.

Give me the wings of a turtle dove,
and I would fly on up to my aerie nest.
I'd find the peace of Heaven above,
on wings of song, I'd take my rest.

***Die Zauberflöte* Act I, scene 5 quintet: Hm! Hm! Hm! Hm!**

Die Zauberflöte is an opera in two acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart with a libretto by Emanuel Schikaneder. The allegorical plot is influenced by Schikaneder and Mozart's interest in Freemasonry. The opera was Mozart's last and premiered just two months before his death. "**Hm! Hm! Hm! Hm!**" is a quintet that occurs when Papageno is only able to hum after having a padlock fitted to his mouth as punishment for lying about saving the prince. The quintet is a moralizing scene that conveys the idea that love would flourish if people didn't lie.

PAPAGENO

Hm, hm, hm, hm hm, hm, hm, hm!

TAMINO

The poor man can talk about punishment,
for he has lost his speech.

PAPAGENO

Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm!

TAMINO

I can only pity you,
because I have no power to help.

PAPAGENO

Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, hm!

FIRST LADY

The Queen pardons you,
remits your punishment through me.

PAPAGENO

Now Papageno can chatter again.

SECOND LADY

Yes, chatter! Only do not tell any more lies!

PAPAGENO

I'll never tell another lie. No, no!

THE THREE LADIES

Let this lock be a warning to you!

PAPAGENO

This lock shall be a warning to me!

ALL

For if all liars received
a lock like this on their mouths,
instead of hatred, calumny, and black gall,
love and brotherhood would flourish.

FIRST LADY

O Prince, take this gift from me!
Our sovereign sends it to you.
The magic flute will protect you,
and sustain you in the greatest misfortune.

THE THREE LADIES

By it you may act with all power,

change the passions of men:
the sorrower will be joyful,
the old bachelor fall in love.

ALL

Oh, such a flute is worth more
than gold and crowns,
for through it human happiness
and contentment will be increased.

PAPAGENO

Now, fair wenches,
if I may - I'll take my leave.

THE THREE LADIES

You can certainly take your leave,
but our sovereign intends you
to accompany the Prince without delay
and hasten to Sarastro's fortress.

PAPAGENO

No, thank you very much!
I have heard from you yourselves
that he is like a tiger.
Certainly, with no mercy,
Sarastro would have me plucked and roasted
and fed to the dogs.

THE THREE LADIES

The Prince will protect you, only trust in him!
In return you shall be his servant.

PAPAGENO

The Prince can go to the devil!
My life is dear to me.
In the end, I'll swear,
he'll steal away from me like a thief.

FIRST LADY

Here, take this treasure, it is for you.

PAPAGENO

Well, now! What might be in there?

THE THREE LADIES

In there you'll hear little bells ringing.

PAPAGENO

And can I play them as well?

THE THREE LADIES

Oh, quite certainly! Yes, yes, certainly!

ALL

Silver chimes, magic flutes
are needed for your/our protection.

Farewell, we are going.

Farewell, until we see you again!

All are about to go.

TAMINO

Yet, fair ladies, tell us ...

PAPAGENO

How will I find the castle?

TAMINO, PAPAGENO

How will I find the castle?

THE THREE LADIES

Three boys, young, beautiful, gracious, and wise,
will accompany you on your journey.

They will be your guides,
follow nothing but their advice.

TAMINO, PAPAGENO

Three boys, young, beautiful, gracious, and wise,
will accompany us on our journey.

THE THREE LADIES

They will be your guides,
follow nothing but their advice.

ALL

So farewell, we are going;
farewell, farewell, until we see you again!

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