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Junior Vocal Recital - Maria Sausen and Ana Bakken

St. Norbert College Music Department

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Junior Vocal Recital

Maria Sausen, soprano

Barb Hinnendael, accompanist

&

Ana Bakken, soprano

Connor Klavekoske, accompanist

Friday, March 31, 2017

4:00 p.m.

Birder Hall

~Program~

Das Veilchen.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Si dolce è'l tormento.....Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Maria Sausen, soprano

“Lusinghe più care” from the opera *Alessandro*.....George Friderick Handel (1685-1759)
“Rend’ il sereno al ciglio” from the opera *Sosarme*.....George Friderick Handel (1685-1759)
Ana Bakken, soprano

“Una voce poco fa from the opera” *Il Barbiere Di Sivi*.....Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Maria Sausen, soprano

Noche serena.....Arr. by Edward Kilyeni (1884-1968)
Après un rêve (*from The Tuscan*).....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Ständchen.....Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Ana Bakken, soprano

“Mein Herr Marqui”s from the opera *Die Fledermaus*.....Johann Strauss (1825-1899)
Mandoline.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Maria Sausen, soprano

Heavenly Grass.....Paul Bowles (1910-1999)
To A Wild Rose.....Edward MacDowell (1860-1908)
Ana Bakken, soprano

“V. The Crucifixion” from *Hermit Songs*Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
“III. St. Ita’s Vision” from *Hermit Songs*Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Maria Sausen, soprano

“Fair Robin I Love” from the opera *Tartuffe*.....Kirke Mechem (1925-)
“Everybody Loves Louis” from the musical *Sunday in the Park with George*...Stephen Sondheim
(1930-)
Ana Bakken, soprano

Duo de fleurs from the opera *Lakmé*.....Leo Delibes (1836-1891)
Maria Sausen, soprano
Ana Bakken, soprano

This recital of Maria Sausen is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Performance. Maria is from the studio of Dr. Yi-Lan Niu.

The recital of Ana Bakken is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Performance. Ana is from the studio of Dr. Sarah Parks.

~Program Notes~

Das Veilchen

Mozart was a prolific and influential composer of the Classic period who is credited for more than 600 works in genres ranging from symphonic, chamber, operatic, and choral music. “Das Veilchen” is one of Mozart’s most well known songs, made famous by its superb synthesis of music and poetry. This piece is through-composed.

The song is operatic in nature, illustrating a miniature drama. Both the voice and piano showcase a dramatic scene unfolding: they musically depict the tripping gate of the shepherdess, the flowing lines of the violet, and the imprudent trampling of the small flower. Mozart’s keen theatrical sense is most apparent in the passage that expresses the death of the violet, “Es sank, und starb, und freut’ sich noch,” in which the vocal line descends in recitative, and then smoothly transitions to the rapid conclusion

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein’ junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn
Daher, daher, Die Wiese her, und sang.

“Ach!” denkt das Veilchen,
wär ich nur die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt

Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt,
Ach nur, ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.

Es sank und starb und freut’ sich noch:
“Und sterb’ ich denn, so sterb’ ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.”

Das arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

The Violet

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
Lowly, humble, and unknown;
It was a dear little violet.
There came a young shepherdess
With a light step and a merry spirit
Along, along, along the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I only were
The most beautiful flower in nature,
Ah, only for a little while,
Until the darling had picked me

And pressed me to her bosom until I became faint,
Ah only, ah only a quarter of an hour long!

Alas! but alas! the maiden came
And paid no heed to the little violet,
She trampled the poor violet.

It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:
“And if I must die, yet I die
Through her, through her,
Yet I die at her feet.”

The poor violet!
It was a dear sweet violet!

*Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation: Sharon Krieb*

Si dolce é’l tormento

Monteverdi is an important transitional composer between the Renaissance and the Baroque periods. While works such as his madrigals exemplify Renaissance polyphony, his form, melody, and use of the basso continuo technique, or the form of musical accompaniment using a keyboard and bass instrument, are indicative of the Baroque Period. Monteverdi was the first

great composer of opera, and his *L'Orfeo*, is the earliest surviving opera still regularly performed. Monteverdi's setting of Carlo Milanuzzi's text is a solo madrigal expresses in strophic form. The work expresses a wide range of emotion, further intensified by rapid ornamentation, customary for Baroque solo works such as this.

Si dolce è'l tormento

Si dolce è'l tormento
Ch'in seno mi sta,
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi furezza
Et manchi pietà:
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè.
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me.
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè
Tra doglia infinita,
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.

Per foco e per gelo,
riposo non hò;
Nel porto del cielo
riposo avrò.
Se colpo mortale
con rigido strale
Il cor m'impiegò,
cangiando mia sorte
Col dardo di morte
il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non sentì,
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì.
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì,

Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

So sweet is the torment

So sweet is the torment
that I have in my heart,
that I live happily
for cruel beauty.
Pride grows,
and pity is missing
in the beauty of heaven:
and my faith will always be
like a rock
against the wave of pride.
Deceitful hope
comes to me in vain.
Joy and peace
do not descend on me.
And the cruel one that I adore
does not give me the consolation
of gentle pity.
My faith will live
amongst the infinite pain
and betrayed hope.

For fire and ice,
I have no rest;
in the entrance of heaven
I will have rest.
If a mortal blow
that is carried by a sharp arrow
hurts my heart,
and changes my destiny
with the dart of death,
I will take care of my heart.

If the flame of love
that was never felt,
that rigid heart
that has ravished mine.
If the cruel beauty,
that captivated my soul,
denies me pity,

for me one day.
it could be that she will painfully repent,
and languishingly sigh.

Lusinghe più care

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) wrote nearly a thousand arias that appear in his operas, oratorios, and cantatas. He had a skillful understanding of the voice, which aided in the popularity of his pieces in recital repertory and voice studios. “Lusinghe più care” is from the opera *Alessandro*, the ninth opera that Handel composed for the Royal Academy of Music, which is titled after Alexander the Great. This piece is decorated with many melismas and ornaments, as it was designed to display the singer’s range and agility.

Lusinghe più care

D’Amor veri dardi,
Vezzose volate
Sul labbro ne i guardi,
E tutta involate
D’altrui libertà.
Gelosi sospetti,
Diletti con pene,
Frà gioie e tormenti,
Momenti di spene,
Voi l’armi sarete
Di vaga beltà.

Sweetest flattery,

You fly about prettily,
There on the lips,
In the glances,
And you steal completely
One’s freedom.
Jealous suspicions,
Painful delights,
Between joy and sorrow
There are moments of hope,
You are the weapon
Of transient happiness.

Text by: Paolo Antonio Rolli

Translation by: Ana Bakken

Rend’ il sereno al ciglio

“Rend’ il sereno al ciglio” was written in 1732 for the King’s Theatre in Haymarket, London. This aria shows the character of Rossane’s love for her mother and the desire to reassure her that honor that will be given to her son after the war is over. It is written in da capo form (ABA) with repetition in text and melody to enhance the lamentation and hopeful return to peace.

Rend’ il sereno al ciglio (Sosarme, 1732)

RECIT.
Rasserena, o Madre, il mesto ciglio!
Oggi de tuoi terminerà lo sdegno;
Si, placata dal Ciel, l’ira del figlio;
Avrà fine la guerra, e pace il regno!
E l’Oracolo del Cielo;
E che si tema, mentre t’esorta
A serenare il Cielo?

ARIA:

Rend’ il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più!
Temer d’alcun periglio,
Oggi come puoi tu?

George Frideric Handel

Cheers, O Mother, the sad eye!
Today your end of the indignation;
Yes, it subsided from heaven, the wrath of
your son;
He will end the war and there will be peace
from above!
And the oracle of Heaven;
Which exhorts you, if you fear,
Pray to the heavens.

Let calm be restored to your brow,
Mother, weep no more!
How can you fear
Any danger now?

Translation by: Ana Bakken

Text by: Antonio Salvi

Una Voce Poco Fa

Rossini was one of the most prolific Italian composers of Romantic Opera, while he also composed sacred music, chamber music, and piano pieces.

“Una voce poco fa” is from *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (The Barber of Seville), one of Rossini’s most popular comic operas. Although, this opera had a disastrous premier, its second showing was a great success. In her cavatina, “Una voce poco Fa,” the character Rosina expresses her determination to marry Lindoro, although she is being forced to marry Bartolo once she is of age. When Bartolo hears this, he insists on having a marriage contract drawn up immediately. Fiagro, the local barber and self-styled “factotum” to the city, warns Rosina and promises to take a note from her to Lindoro.

Una Voce Poco Fa

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l’ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s’accheterà
e contenta io resterò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov’è il mio debole
sarò una vipera e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar.

A Voice Just Now

A voice has just
echoed here into my heart
my heart is already wounded
and it was Lindoro who shot.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I’ve sworn it, I’ll win.
The tutor will refuse,
I’ll sharpen my mind.
Finally he’ll accept,
and happy I’ll rest.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I’ve sworn it, I’ll win.
I’m gentle, respectful,
I’m obedient, sweet, loving;
I let be ruled, I let be guided.
But if they touch where my weak spot is
I’ll be a viper and a hundred traps
before giving up I’ll make them fall.

*Libretto: Cesare Sterbini
Translation: Gabriel Huaroc*

Noche serena

Edward Kilyeni (1884-1968) is a Hungarian-born composer, arranger and violinist. He was also one of George Gershwin’s teachers, specializing in harmony. In the United States during his later years, he worked a lot with local theatres, both creating and arranging music. “Noche Serena” is a piece written in a modified strophic form that is well suited to the structure of the poem. Each distinct section highlights the tranquil thoughts of nature at night.

Noche serena

Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca paloma del alba luz:
Noche serena de primavera,
Blanca azucena esa eres tú.
Y al haber yo llegado aquí,
Todo lleno de embeleso,

Serene night of spring,
White dove of dawn’s light,
Serene night of spring,
White lily, that you are.
And upon my arrival here,
Completely full of delight,

Recibe ese tierno beso,
Que te mando, para ti.
Campo en invierno,
Flor marchitada,
Noche sin luna,
Negro, turbión.
Flor sin aroma,
Marchitada,
Arbol tronchado,
Eso soy yo.

Receive this tender kiss
That I send for you.
Field in winter,
Withered flower,
Night without moonlight,
Dark, turbulent.
Flower without aroma,
Withered,
Tree fallen,
That am I.

*Mexican Folk Song
Translation by: Ana Bakken*

Après un Rêve

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was a composer who perfected the *mélodie*, the late romantic French art song, as a true art song form. His pieces express a broad range of emotion with delicate detail. The entirety of his works divides into three compositional periods, his early, middle and late styles. “Après un rêve” falls within Fauré’s early compositional style period. This piece challenges a singer’s breath support and phrasing. The accompaniment provides a pulsing rhythm, which contrasts with the flowing line of voice.

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et
sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par
l’aurore;
Tu m’appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m’enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr’ouvraient leurs
nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues,
Hélas! Hélas! Triste réveil des songes.
Je t’appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes
mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

After a Dream

In a sleep that charmed your image
I was dreaming a dream of love and
passion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and
sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit by the dawn;
You called me and I left the earth
To flee with you to the light,
The heavens have opened to us their
secrets,
Splendors unknown, divine glimpses of
glory,
Alas! Alas! Sad awakening of dreams
I call you, O night, for your fantasy to come
back to me,
Come back, come back, radiant,
Come back, O mysterious night!

*Text by: Romain Bussine
Translation by: Ana Bakken*

Ständchen

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was a very popular composer of the nineteenth century. His works are characterized by strictness and freedom in form, line, texture and rhythm. The development of his music is what stood out most rather than the text that was being performed. “Ständchen” is the first of five songs in Brahms’s Op. 106, published in 1889. With a light and charming mood, the three delightful verses are a serenade to a beautiful slumbering woman. The performer sings to the accompaniment of instruments such as a zither, flute and/or violin.

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut’;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer im Schatten
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt’; und Geig’; und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei
Singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
und lispelt: vergiss nicht mein!

Serenade

The moon stands over the mountain,
So right for lovers;
In the garden, a fountain trickles,
Otherwise silence is far and wide.
Next to the wall in the shade
There three students stand,
With violin and flute and zither,
And sing and play
Sing and play.
The sounds sneaks up to the most beautiful
Sighs into her dreams,
She sees her blond lover
And whispers: “Forget me not!”

Text by: Franz Theodor Kugler

Translation by: Ana Bakken

Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss II was an Austrian composer of the 19th century who was made famous for his light music, particularly dance music and operettas. Known as the “The Waltz King” he was responsible for the popularity of the waltz in Vienna. Strauss surpassed his father, Johann Strauss the Elder, in both popularity and productivity. Strauss’s operetta, *Die Fledermaus*, premiered on April of 1874 at the Theater an der Wein in Veinna, and has been a part of their repertoire ever since.

The light-hearted story of *Die Fledermaus* tells of the revenge taken by Dr. Falke on Gabriel von Eisenstein for playing a practical joke on him. “Mein Herr Marquis” is also known as “Adel’s Laughing Song.” In the opera, Adele, a chambermaid snuck off to the Prince’s Ball, telling her chambermaid, Einstein’s wife, that she had just received a letter regarding her Aunt’s poor health. At the ball, Eisenstein is introduced to Adele, but is confused as to who she really is because of her striking resemblance to his maid. Throughout the entire song, Adele laughs at Einstein for his foolishness in thinking she could be a lowly chambermaid.

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie Sie
Sollt’ besser das versteh’n,
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich
Die Leute anzuseh’n!

Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zu fein, ah,

My Dear Marquis

My dear marquis, a man like you
Should better understand that,
Therefore, I advise you to look more
Closely at people!

This hand is surely far too fine, ah,

Dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein, ah.
Die Sprache, die ich führe
Die Taille, die Tournüre,

This foot so dainty and small, ah.
The manner of speaking which I have,
My waist, my bustle,

Dergleichen finden Sie
Bei einer Zofe nie!
Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

These would never be found
On a lady's maid!
You really must admit,
This mistake was very comical!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,
Ist die Sache, hahaha.
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!
Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!

Yes, very comical, hahaha,
Is this matter, hahaha.
So pardon me, hahaha,
If I laugh, ha ha ha!
You are very comical, Marquis!

Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil
Beschenkte mich Natur:
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon genügend spricht,
So sehn Sie die Figur!

With this profile in Grecian style
Being a gift of nature;
If this face doesn't say enough,
Just look at my figure!

Schau'n durch die Lorgnette Sie dann, ah,
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,

Just look through your lorgnette, ah
At this outfit, ah
It seems to me that love
Has clouded your eyes,

Der schönen Zofe Bild
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!
Nun sehen Sie sie überall,
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!

The image of your chambermaid
Has quite filled your heart!
Now you see her everywhere,
This is truly a very comic situation!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha
Ist die Sache, hahaha
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind Sie!

Yes very comical, hahaha
Is this matter, hahaha,
So pardon me, hahaha,
You are very comical, Marquis!

*Libretto: Karl Haffner and Richard Genée
Translation: Lea F. Frey*

Mandoline

Fauré was one of the famous composers of French *mélodie* in the Romantic period. In his 100 *mélodies*, or French art songs, Fauré composed an impressive variety of songs that express a broader range of emotion than earlier melodies. Fauré's elegant and rational approach deals with sentiment rather than literal translation, which is a unique French characteristic. Fauré's songs contain so much invention and stylistic variety, so much that scholars have broken his life into three compositional periods, each with distinguishing traits.

During a visit to Venice, Fauré found inspiration for five "Venetian" songs on Verlaine texts, entitled *Cinq mélodies de Venise* (Five Venetian Songs). These songs were written in Fauré's middle period, characterized by increasing musical complexity and texture. Although the set has no overall tonal plan, there are stylistic and mood based factors that group the songs together. Fauré uses "Mandoline" to begin his cycle with a bright nimble mood with sprightly rhythms and

repeated chords. The accompaniment in “Mandoline” contains graceful figures that suggest the sounds of a mandolin.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses

Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait] 1 maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen

Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Text: Paul Verlaine

Translation: Nicolas Gounin

Heavenly Grass

Paul Bowles (1910-1999) was known for his prolific writing more than his compositional contributions. He wrote mostly for plays, films, ballet, orchestra, piano, chamber ensembles and opera. He preferred smaller, intimate pieces to big and showy music. “Heavenly Grass” is a beautiful, short song with a melancholy and almost haunting sound. It resonates homesickness, but in a greater sense. The poem, by Tennessee Williams, presents a longing to be somewhere else in the world, but it is not in the realm of possibilities.

My feet took a walk in heavenly grass.
All day while the sky shone clear as glass.
My feet took a walk in heavenly grass,
All night while the lonesome stars rolled past.
Then my feet come down to walk on earth,
And my mother cried when she give me birth.
Now my feet walk far and my feet walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly grass.

Text by: Tennessee Williams

To a Wild Rose

Edward MacDowell (1860-1908) was an American composer and pianist of the late Romantic period. He is most known for his piano concertos, especially his second. MacDowell was a piano teacher and studied at Columbia University. "To A Wild Rose" is one of MacDowell's most famous short pieces, which was the first in his *Ten Woodland Sketches, Op. 51*. This set includes Native American themes and MacDowell made sure to include references to roses because he had such a love for them. The beautiful poem that speaks about the serenity of the world, and particularly of nature.

Come, oh, songs! come, oh, dreams!
Soft the gates of day close,
Sleep, my birds, sleep, streams!
Sleep, my wild rose!

Pool and bud, hill and deep,
You who wore my robes, sleep!
Droop, East! die, West!
Let my land rest.

Woods, I woke your boughs!
Hills, I woke your elf-throngs!
Land, All thy hopes and woes
Rang from me in songs!

Come, oh, songs! come, oh, dreams!
In our house is deep rest,
Through the pines gleams, gleams,
Bright the gold West,

There the flutes shall cry,
There the viols weep,
Laugh, my dreams, and sigh!
Sing, and vigil keep,
Awake, wild rose.

Text by: Hermann Hagedorn

The Crucifixion

Barber was the most frequently performed American composer of his generation, from 1941 to the mid 1960's. He enjoyed early fame and enduring acclaim as a composer, and he lived to see almost all of his music recorded. Barber's songs have a recognizable lyric grace, with his songs being romantic and sophisticated in concept. Barber felt that the poem was of primary importance to his songs.

"The Crucifixion" is from Barber's song cycle *Hermit Songs*. For this cycle, Barber chose ten anonymous poems written by Irish monks and scholars, dating from the eighth to the thirteenth

centuries. In order to accommodate the rhythmic irregularities of the poetry, Barber omits meter signatures, which further allows the singer to project the text flexibly. His use of appoggiaturas and grace notes in the piano are ornaments that recall the sound of an old Irish harp, while a medieval effect is strengthened by the use of open fourths and fifths.

The Crucifixion's involvement of stark fourths and fifths also evoke the intense emotion of the crucifixion. A motive in the high register of the piano features a grace note, "bird-like" motive that is featured throughout the song.

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

Text: Based on anonymous Irish poetry

St. Ita's Vision

This tender lullaby is also from Barber's song cycle *Hermit Songs*. It features a declamatory recitative that precedes the lullaby, making it a miniature scena. In this piece, St. Ita imagines that she is nursing the Christ Child; it is a moment of religious elation blended with human desires. The accompanying triplet figures provide a rocking effect.

St. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord" said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.

Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast"

Text: based on anonymous Irish poetry

Fair Robin I love

Kirke Mechem (1925-) is a 91-year old American composer. He is often referred to as the “Dean of American Choral Composers.” Mechem was originally an English major at Stanford University, but discovered a love for composition and switched to a music major his junior year. “Fair Robin I Love” is from the opera *Tartuffe*, which is the first opera that Mechem composed and seemingly his most popular. It now has over 400 performances in six countries. This aria is performed by Dorine, who is the maid of Mariane.

Listen, Mariane,
Here’s an old song about that kind of man,
And what to do when he’s away,
It’s your lesson for today.

Fair Robin I love and hourly I die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
He’s fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as he.
Fa la la la, fa la la...

We neither believe what either can say;
And neither believing, we neither betray.
‘Tis civil to swear and say things, of course;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.
La la la...

When present we love, when absent agree:
I think not of Robin, nor Robin of me.
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part or so easily joined.
Fa la la la, la, la...

Everybody Loves Louis

Stephen Sondheim (1930-) is an American composer and lyricist who has made large contributions to the musical theatre world for more than half a century. Some of his popular musicals include *Sweeny Todd*, *Into the Woods* and *A Little Night Music*. He has won eight Tony Awards, which is more than any other composer, eight Grammy Awards and a Pulitzer Prize to name a few of his accomplishments. “Everybody Loves Louis” is from the musical *Sunday in the Park with George*. In this song, Dot, a quirky model and George’s ex-lover, is expressing her feelings for the two different men. She points out pros and cons of both, and comes face to face with some hard truths. In the end, she reaches her emotional conclusion.

Everybody Loves Louis

Hello, George...	I know you’re near, George.
Where did you go, George?	I caught your eyes, George.

I want your ear, George.
 I've a surprise, George...
 Everybody loves Louis,
 Louis' simple and kind.
 Everybody loves Louis,
 Louis' lovable
 Seems we never know, do we,
 Who we're going to find?
 And Louis the baker is not what I had in
 mind.
 But...
 Louis' really an artist
 Louis' cakes are an art.
 Louis isn't the smartest-
 Louis' popular.
 Everybody loves Louis,
 Louis bakes from the heart...
 The bread, George.
 I mean the bread, George.
 And then in bed, George...
 I mean he kneads me-
 I mean like dough, George...
 Hello, George...
 Louis' always so pleasant,
 Louis' always so fair.
 Louis makes you feel present,
 Louis' generous.
 That's the thing about Louis
 Louis always is "there."
 Louis' thoughts are not hard to follow,

Louis' art is not hard to swallow.
 Not that Louis' perfection-
 That's what makes him ideal.
 Hardly anything worth objection
 Louis drinks a bit,
 Louis blinks a bit.
 Louis makes a connection,
 That's the thing that you feel...
 We lose things.
 And then we choose things.
 And there are Louis's
 And there are Georges-
 Well, Louis's
 And George.
 But George has George,
 And I need-
 Someone-
 Louis-
 Everybody loves Louis,
 Him as well as his cakes.
 Everybody loves Louis,
 Me included, George.
 Not afraid to be gooey,
 Louis sells what he makes.
 Everybody gets along him.
 That's the trouble, nothing's wrong with
 him.
 Louis has to bake his way,
 George can only bake his...
 Louis it is.

Duo des fleurs

Delibes was a French composer from the Romantic period who specialized in ballets, operas, and other works for the stage. One of his most famous operas, *Lakmé*, is a French opera in three acts which features the famous "Flower Duet" at the beginning of the first act. There are many elements of exoticism in the musical score, especially surfacing at points of prayer, incantations, and dances. In *Lakmé*, the daughter of a Brahmin high priest, Lakmé and her servant, Mallika, walk to the river to gather flowers and to bath. Two British officers, Frederic and Gerald, are on a picnic with two British women by the same river. Lakmé is intrigued with Gerald, and they fall in love, only to be met with opposition from family and ultimately, tragedy.

Duo des fleurs

LAKME

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
 Jettent déjà leur ombre
 Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule,
 calme et sombre,

The flower duet

Come, Mallika, the creepers are in flower
 They already cast their shadows
 On the sacred river which flows,
 calmly and serenely,

Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

MALLIKA

Oh! maîtresse,
C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire
dans le coeur toujours fermé de Lakmé!

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante,
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,

Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucement glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

LAKME

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul
à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

MALLIKA

Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Dome made of jasmine,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

They have awakened by the song birds!

Oh! mistress,
This is the time when your face smiles,
The time when I can read
Lakmé secrets hidden in her heart!

Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Call us together.
Ah! let us float along
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
o the lovely birds sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

Under the dome of white jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
On the bank covered with flowers,
Laughing through the morning,

Let us descend together.
Gently floating
on its charming swells
On the river's current:
On the shining waves
One hand reaches out to,
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
o the lovely birds sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

But, I do not know subtle fear,
Enfolds me,
When my father goes alone
to that cursed town;
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

For the god Ganessa protects him,
Let us venture to the joyous pool
The swans with wings of white are happy,
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

LAKME

Oui, près des cygnes
aux ailles de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Yes, near the swans,
with wings of white
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

LAKME

Dôme épais le jasmin,
A la rose s'assemble,
Rive en fleurs frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
Le courant fuyant:
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,
Où l'oiseau chante,
L'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

Dome made of jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
Both in flower, a fresh morning,
Call us together.
Ah! let us float along
On the river's current:
On the shining waves,
Our hands reach out to
The flowering bank,
Where the birds sing,
o the lovely birds sing.
Dome of white jasmine,
Calling us together!

MALLIKA

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin
A la rose s'assemble,
Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,
Viens, descendons ensemble.
DouceMENT glissons
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant:
Où la source dort
Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! descendons ensemble!

Under the dome of white jasmine,
Entwined with the rose together,
On the bank covered with flowers,
Laughing through the morning,
Let us descend together.
Gently floating
on its charming swells
On the river's current:
On the shining waves
One hand reaches out to,
Reaching for the bank,
Where spring sleeps
And the birds, the birds sing.
Under the dome of jasmine,
Under the white jasmine,
Ah! calling us together

LAKME & MALLIKA

Ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah!

*Libretto: Edmond Gondinet and Philippe Gille
Translation: Bob Frone*

St. Norbert College Music Department Events
Spring 2017

April

- 2 Charlie DeVillers, Senior Tuba Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 7 Carly VanLaarhoven & Marcel La Fountain, Jr. Recital, Birder Hall, 6:00 p.m.*
- 8 Yi-Lan Niu, Faculty Voice Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 9 Bell Choir Concert, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 11 Chamber Music Concert, Birder Hall, 7:30 p.m.*
- 13 Instrumental Jazz Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 21 Hannah Knutson & Megan O'Neil, Jr. Recital, Birder Hall, 4:00 p.m.*
- 21 Spring Band Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 22 Studio Voice Recital, Birder Hall, 4:00 p.m.*
- 23 Lizzie Tesch, Sr. Saxophone Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 23 Charlie DeVillers, Sr. String Bass Recital, Birder Hall, 4:00 p.m.*
- 25 Fresh Ink Concert, Birder Hall, 7:30 p.m.*
- 27 Angel Tzu Nung Lin Guest Artist Piano Recital, Birder Hall, 7:30 p.m.*
- 28 Connor Klavekoske & Emily Brewer, Jr. Piano & Alto Saxophone Recital, 4:00 p.m.*
- 28 Spring Choral Concert, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.
- 29 Jessica Kust, Sr. Piano Recital, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*
- 30 Nick Carncoos, Merit Recital, Birder Hall, 1:00 p.m.*

May

- 2 Honor's Recital, Birder Hall, 7:30 p.m.*
- 7 Marshall Moss Choral Sing, Birder Hall, 2:00 p.m.*

June

- 12-16 Summer Band Camp, Walter Theatre, 7:30 p.m.*

*Free Admission

***Special Ticket Pricing

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