Program Notes

**Aurore, Op. 39, No.1**  
*Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)*  
Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles  
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel  
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,  
trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.  
Du jardin de mon cœur qu'un rêve lent enivre,  
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,  
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre,  
appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.  
Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,  
Éxilé du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté  
Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,  
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.  

**Le papillon et la fleur, Op. 1, No.1**  
*Poetry by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)*  
La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:  
Ne fuis pas!  
Vois comme nos destins sont différents, Je reste  
Tu t’en vas!  
Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes,  
Et loin d’eux,  
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l’on dit que nous sommes  
Fleurs tous deux!  
Mais hélas, l’air t’emporte et la terre m’enchaîne,  
Sort cruel!  
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine,  
Dans le ciel!  
Mais non, tu vas trop loin, parmi des fleurs sans nombre,  
Vous fuyez!  
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre  
À mes pieds!  
Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu t’en vas encore  
Luire ailleurs!  
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore  
Toute en pleurs!  
Ah! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,  
Ô mon roi,  
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes  
Comme à toi!

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**Dawn**  
*Translation by Peter Low*  
The stars fly away from the gardens of night  
like golden bees attracted by invisible honey;  
and dawn in the distance, stretching her clear canvas,  
weaves with silver threads the blue cloak of the sky.  
My desires fly off at morning's approach  
out of the dream-drunk garden of my heart  
like a wafting swarm summoned to the red-tinged horizon  
by a chant that is plaintive, eternal and far.  
They fly to your feet, stars expelled from on high,  
exiled from the golden sky in which your beauty blossoms;  
and, seeking uncharted roads to travel to where you are,  
they mingle their dying light with the awakening day.

**The butterfly and the flower**  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*  
The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly:  
Do not flee!  
See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I,  
You fly away!  
Yet we love each other, we live without men  
And far from them,  
And we are so alike, it is said that both of us  
Are flowers!  
But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast.  
Cruel fate!  
I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath  
In the sky!  
But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers  
You fly away,  
While I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle  
Round my feet.  
You fly away, then return; then take flight again  
To shimmer elsewhere.  
And so you always find me at each dawn  
Bathed in tears!  
Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days,  
O my king,  
Take root like me, or give me wings  
Like yours!
Les roses d’Ispahan, Op. 54, No.4  
*Poetry by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)*

Les roses d’Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l’orangier,  
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,  
Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l’eau vive et d’une voix plus douce.  
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l’oranger,  
Mieux que l’oiseau qui chante au bord d’un nid de mousse.

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger  
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce  
Il n’est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,  
Ni de céleste arome aux roses dans leur mousse.

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,  
Revienne vers mon cœur d’une aile prompte et douce.  
Et qu’il parfume encor les fleurs de l’oranger,  
Les roses d’Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse.

The Roses of Isfahan  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,  
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom  
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less sweet,  
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter  
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,  
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,  
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest …

O Leilah, ever since on light wings  
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,  
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,  
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses …

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,  
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,  
To scent again the orange blossom,  
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

Fleur jetée, Op. 39, No.2  
*Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)*

Emporte ma folie  
Au gré du vent,  
Fleur en chantant cueillie  
Et jetée en rêvant  
Emporte ma folie  
Au gré du vent.

Comme la fleur fauchée,  
Périt l’amour  
La main qui t’a touchée  
Fuit ma main sans retour,  
Comme la fleur fauchée,  
Périt l’amour

Que le vent qui te sèche,  
Ô pauvre fleur,  
Tout à l’heure si fraîche  
Et demain sans couleur,  
Que le vent qui te sèche,  
Sèche mon cœur.

Discarded Flower  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Bear away my folly  
At the whim of the wind,  
Flower, plucked while singing  
And discarded while dreaming.  
Bear away my folly  
At the whim of the wind!

Like a scythed flower  
Love perishes.  
The hand that touched you  
Shuns my hand for ever.  
Like a scythed flower  
Love perishes!

May the wind that withers you,  
O poor flower,  
So fresh just now  
But tomorrow faded,  
May the wind that withers you,  
Wither my heart!
Gabriel Fauré was a French composer who revolutionized the genre of French art songs throughout his career. Fauré’s music can be categorized into three compositional periods: early style 1860-1865, middle style 1880-1904, and late style 1906-1922. His early style is similar to that of early French art songs, utilizing strophic form, but it sets the foundation for his later more complex pieces. The first song he composed was Le papillon et la fleur in 1865. As you will hear, it demonstrates “tuneful sentimentality”, while hinting at the complexity that would define his later style. His middle style is characterized by having more musically complex textures, a broader more expressive emotional scope, increased use of modality, and subtle harmonics. His songs Aurore, Les Roses d’Ispahan, and Fleur jetée were all written during this period. He was inspired by the poetry that came out of the Parnassian school of poets, this is where he got the text for Aurore and Les Roses d’Ispahan. His compositions are full of emotion and he achieves this through artful text setting. Les Roses d’Ispahan notably has beautifully rich harmonics and textures in the accompaniment part. By the end of his life, he was going deaf, so unlike the other compositional periods, his late style is written in the midrange of the voice since he could not hear the extremes of the range. His late style is much more “complex and introspective”, with sparse textures and tonal ambiguity. In his later life, Fauré became a director of the Paris Conservatoire and pushed the boundaries of French art music for the better.

How sweet the answer (The Wren)
Poetry by Thomas Moore (1478-1535)
How sweet the answer Echo makes To music at night;
When, rous’d by the lute or horn, she wakes, And far away, o’er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far, And far more sweet,
Than e’er beneath the moonlight’s star, Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

’Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere, And only then
The sigh, that’s breath’d for one to hear, Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath’d back again.

The last rose of summer (Groves of Barney)
Poetry by Thomas Moore (1478-1535)
’Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow’r of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o’the bed
Where thy mates of the garden Lie senseless and dead.
So soon may I follow, When friendships decay,
And from love’s shining circle The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither’d, And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone?

At the mid hour of night (Molly, my Dear)
Poetry by Thomas Moore (1478-1535)
At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lonely vale we lov’d when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember’d even in the sky.

Then I’ll sing the wild song, which once ’twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro’ the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! ’tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

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2 Ibid.
3 Ibid.
4 Ibid.
5 Ibid.
6 Ibid.
7 Ibid.
8 Ibid.
9 Ibid.
Benjamin Britten was the most “distinguished and significant” British composer of the 20th century. He wrote a variety of music including concertos, piano pieces, chamber music, symphonic and choral works; but his operas are noted as his most important contribution to the genre of the century. However, his vocal music became popular because it was primarily new arrangements of British and French folk songs. Although he was popular for British and French folk songs, How sweet the answer, The last rose of summer, and At the mid hour of night are all traditional Irish folk songs. Throughout his music, Britten is very skillful at text setting, although he himself would not say that his music is text-oriented, but rather “a conscious attempt to capture in music the essence of the poem the poet had created in verse.”

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Mi chiamano Mimi
Si. Mi chiamano Mimi
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve:
A tela o a seta
ricamo in casa e fuori.
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago
far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose
che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavere,
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia.
Lei m'intende?

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They call me Mimi
Yes. They call me Mimi,
but my real name is Lucia.
My story is short.
I embroider satin
and silk at home and elsewhere.
I'm peaceful and happy,
and my pass time is
making lilies and roses.
I like the things
that are so sweetly charming,
that talk about love, about springtime,
that talk about dreams and about wonders,
those things which are called poetry.
Do you understand me?

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Mi chiamano Mimi.
il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta,
là in una bianca cameretta;
guardo sui tetti e in Cielo.
Ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio…
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
il primo sole è mio!

Germoglia in un vaso una rosa…
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentil il profumo d’un fiore!
Ma i fior che io faccio, ahimé!
i fior ch’io faccio, ahimé
non hanno odore!
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina che la viene
fuori d’ora a importunare.

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They call me Mimi,
why? I don't know.
Alone, I take
lunch on my own.
I don't always go to mass,
but I pray enough to the Lord.
I live alone, quite alone,
there in a little white room,
looking at the rooftops in the sky,
but when the thaw comes
the first sun is mine,
April's first kiss is mine,
the first sun is mine.

A rose blooms in a vase,
leaf by leaf I breathe it,
the scent of a flower is so soft.
But the flowers I make, alas,
the flowers I make, alas,
have no scent.
I can't tell any more about me.
I am your neighbor who came
to bother you at the wrong time.

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11 Ibid.
12 Ibid.
13 Ibid.
Giacomo Puccini, a very famous Italian composer, studied music at the Milan Conservatory with Antonio Bazzini and Amilcare Ponchielli. He is most known for his incredible operas including Tosca (1900), Madama Butterfly (1904), Turandot (1926), and La Bohème (1896)—the opera from which this piece comes. The opera La Bohème has been so influential, that the Broadway musical Rent was based on its story. La Bohème is a great love story between a young poet, Rodolfo, and his neighbor, a seamstress, Mimí. The story is set in Paris in the 1830s, during the tuberculosis epidemic. This aria comes from the scene in which the audience is first introduced to Mimí. She and her neighbors are all very poor and she goes to Rodolfo’s to ask for help lighting her candle. While there, she feels very ill and faints due to her tuberculosis. Rodolfo helps her regain consciousness, but she then realizes that she has lost her key. While they are both looking for it, Rodolfo ends up finding the key before her and slips it into his pocket without saying anything so that he can continue talking to her. In this aria, Mimí sings about her life alone embroidering flowers and watching the sunrise. Although she is very poor and knows she will soon die, she has such an inspiring joy for living. Mimí and Rodolfo fall in love, but unfortunately, by the end of the opera, Mimí’s illness worsens and she dies while reminiscing with Rodolfo about their first days of love.

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Du meines Herzens Krönelein Op. 21, No.2

Poetry by Felix Dahn (1834-1912)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,  
du bist von lautrem Golde,  
Wenn andere daneben sein,  
dann bist du noch viel holde.  
Die andern tun so gern gescheit,  
du bist gar sanft und stille,  
dass jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,  
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.  
Die andern suchen Lieb und Gunst  
mit tausend falschen Worten,  
du ohne Mund und Augen-Kunst  
bist wert an allen Orten.  
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,  
sie weiss nichts von ihrer Blüte,  
doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,  
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

Der Nachtgang Op. 29, No.3

Poetry by Felix Dahn (1834-1912)

Wir gingen durch die stille, milde Nacht,  
dein Arm in meinem,  
dein Auge in meinem.  
Der Mond goss silbernem Licht  
über dein Angesicht,  
wie auf Goldgrund ruhte dein schönes Haupt.  
Und du erschienst mir wie eine Heilige,  
mild, mild und gross, und seelenüßervoll,  
heilig und rein, wie die liebe Sonne.  
Und in die Augen schwoll mir ein warmer  
Drang wie Tränenahnung.  
Fester fasst' ich dich  
und küsse,  
küsse dich ganz leise.  
Meine Seele weinte.

You, my heart’s crown

Translation by Emily Ezust

You, my heart's crown,  
you are made of sheer gold.  
When others are beside you,  
then you are only more beautiful.  
The others like to be so clever,  
but you are so gentle and quiet:  
that you delight every heart is your good luck,  
not your active intent.  
The others search for love and goodwill  
with a thousand false words,  
but you, without an artful tongue or eye,  
are considered worthy in every place.  
You are like a rose in the forest,  
you know nothing of your own bloom,  
but everyone who passes by  
rejoices in his mind to see you.

Strolling at night

Translation by Emily Ezust

We walked through the silent, mild night,  
your arm in mine,  
your eyes in mine.  
The moon poured silver light  
upon your face,  
as though gold rested on your fair head.  
And you appeared to me an angel,  
mild, mild and great and overflowing with soul,  
holy and pure like the dear sun.  
And in my eyes swelled urgent warmth,  
as of threatening tears.  
I held you tighter  
and kissed you,  
kissed you very softly.  
My soul wept.

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15 Ibid.

16 La Bohème, Metropolitan Opera, https://www.metopera.org/discover/synopses/la-boheme/
Ich trage meine Minne Op. 32, No.1  
*Poetry by Karl Friedrich Henckell (1864-1929)*

Ich trage meine Minne  
vor Wonne stumm,  
im Herzen und im Sinne  
mit mir herum.  
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,  
du liebes Kind,  
das freut mich alle Tage,  
die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,  
kohlschwarz die Nacht,  
hell leuchtet meiner Liebe  
goldsonnige Pracht.  
Und läg auch die Welt in Sünden,  
so tut mir’s weh,  
die arge muss erblinden  
vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

Seitdem dein Aug’ in meines schaute,  
und Liebe, wie vom Himmel her,  
aus ihm auf mich herniedertaute,  
was böte mir die Erde mehr?

Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,  
und von des Herzens stillem Glück  
ward übervoll mein ganzes Leben  
durch jenen einen Augenblick.

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I bear my love  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

I bear my love  
In silent bliss  
About with me  
In heart and mind.  
Yes, that I have found you,  
Sweet child,  
Will cheer me all  
My allotted days.

Though the sky be dim,  
And the night pitch-black,  
My love shines brightly  
In golden splendour.  
And though the world lies and sins,  
And it hurts to see it so—  
The bad world must be blinded  
By your snowy innocence.

Ever since your eyes  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Since your eyes gazed into mine  
And love, as from heaven,  
Descended on me like the dew,  
What more can earth offer me?

It has given to me its best,  
And with my heart’s silent joy,  
My whole life overflowed  
In that single moment.
Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz,
es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring,
Kling klang schlug ihm das Herz!
Oh Wiesen, oh Felder,
wie seid ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler,
wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
da goldene Sonne in Himmeshöh’n!
Kling klang schlug ihm das Herz.

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

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

Richard Strauss was a German composer. Notably, he is the most publicized composer of the early 20th century, composing over 100 lieder. His wife, Pauline de Ahna, was a talented soprano who inspired the vocal lines for most of his lieder. Many of these pieces were composed for voice and piano, but they were later arranged to be played by full orchestras. His music is known for its “colorful orchestration” and his ability to “transform the orchestra into a giant virtuoso ensemble.” In addition to all the lieder, his greatest contribution to vocal music was his operas. Most of his music was written between 1899-1901, when he wrote six song collections with about thirty-one songs each. All of the songs you will hear today were written during this period. The music during this period is characterized by “passionate lyricism and richly-textured accompaniments.” Although his music has beautiful lyricism, Strauss was very adamant that the music must come first. He is quoted to have said: “Where there is music, it must carry all before it; it must not come after the poetry.”

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18 Ibid.
19 Ibid.
20 Ibid.
21 Ibid.
22 Ibid.
23 Ibid.
24 Ibid.
¿Con qué la lavaré?
*Poet unknown*
¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré?
que vivo mal penada.
lávame yo cuitada,
con penas y dolores.

**Vos me matásteis**
*Poet unknown*
Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
ví moza vírgen,
Niña en cabello,
vos me matásteis,
Niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.

¿De dónde venís, amore?
*Poet unknown*
¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo.
Ah
Bien sé yo de dónde.

**De los álamos vengo, madre.**
*Poet unknown*
De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver como los menea el aire.

De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga.

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With what shall I wash?
*Translation by Paul Archer*
With what shall I wash
the skin on my face?
With what shall I wash
as a fallen woman?
Respectable women wash
in lemon water;
full of woes, I wash
in anguish and pain.

**You have slain me**
*Translation by Michael P. Rosewall*
You have slain me,
Maid with hair unbound,
You have killed me.
On the banks of a river
I espied a handsome lass virgin,
Maid with hair unbound,
You have slain me,
Maid with hair unbound,
You have killed me.

**Where hast thou been, my love?**
*Translation by Richard Stokes*
Where hast thou been, my love?
I know well where.
Where hast thou been, my friend?
Were I a witness
ah!
I know well where!

**I come from the poplars, mother.**
*Translation by Richard Stokes*
I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

From the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my sweet love.

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**Joaquín Rodrigo** was a Spanish composer, who went blind at age three due to the diphtheria epidemic.\(^\text{25}\) Although he is a Spanish composer, Rodrigo studied music in Paris for several years.\(^\text{26}\) While in Paris he became acquainted with other Spanish composers living there such as Falla, Turina, Albéniz, and Granados, and they encouraged him to incorporate Spanish nationalistic elements into his music.\(^\text{27}\) Elements such as Spanish folk material, dance rhythms, guitar-like piano accompaniment, and lyric plaintive melodies can all be heard in his song set *Cuatro madrigals amatorios*.\(^\text{28}\) These four songs are arrangements of well-known Spanish songs from the sixteenth century, pulling additional inspiration from Miguel de Fuenllana.\(^\text{29}\) These songs play with the relationship between the vocal line and the accompaniment. Throughout the set, he uses canonic imitations, repeats small phrases, and imitates rhythms between the voice and piano.\(^\text{30}\) These techniques allow a variety of emotions to shine through the work.

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\(^{26}\) Ibid.

\(^{27}\) Ibid.

\(^{28}\) Ibid.

\(^{29}\) Ibid.

\(^{30}\) Ibid.