

ZEHAVAL GAL - *"You have got to discover you, what you do, and trust it."* ~ Barbara Streisand. When I read this, I thought it perfectly described the past six years of our journey together. You have never given up on me or the process of building my voice. I am thankful every day for the empowerment and trust I have finally found from discovering my voice with you. Thank you for being relentless and never settling for less than the very best. You are a true inspiration, and I cannot wait for what the future holds. Thank you from the bottom of my heart! **GRAEME BURGAN**—*"I think it is in collaboration that the nature of art is revealed."* ~ Steve Lacy. Graeme, you have been more than just an accompanist these past two years. I think "Life Coach" better describes what you have meant to me! Thank you for your constant patience and willingness to "think outside of the box." I hope we'll have many more chances to collaborate and perform together! **MOM, KARA & KYLE** - As Princess Diana once said, *"Family is the most important thing in the world."* No matter what life has thrown at us, we have continued to grow strong and handle it together. Mom, thank you so much for always giving so selflessly, no matter what life brings. I love you guys more than you'll ever know. **GRANMARY** - *"A Garden of Love grows in a Grandmother's heart."* ~ Anonymous. I know that your first granddaughter has been away for the past six years, but my heart still misses "Home James." Thank you so much for coming today and always being so supportive of everything I do! I love you, Granmary! **GODMOTHER MARTI** - *"When I am Laid in Earth"* ~ Dido's aria from *"Dido and Aeneas"* by Henry Purcell. "Dido and Aeneas" was the first opera CD you ever gave me! It changed my life! Thank you so much for encouraging my singing from a very young age and always being the one who understood that this is what I wanted to do with my life! It means so much that you came today! **DR. J.J. PENNA** - *"Genius... is the capacity to see ten things where the ordinary man sees one."* ~ Ezra Pound. I'm in constant awe of your brilliance, which is why I can never speak coherently when I'm around you! Thank you for always inspiring me to strive for the most pleasing vowel, the most beautiful sound, and the best intention on EVERY single word! I've been so blessed to work with you the past four years! **ELIZABETH THOMPSON** - *"Appreciation is a wonderful thing: It makes what is excellent in others belong to us as well."* ~ Voltaire. Thank you so much for stepping in and taking on the enormous challenge of creating the sound of "8 cellos" in your playing! You are a fabulous musician, and I hope we can work together again! **MARCIO** - *"Trerê, meu passariinho do Sertão do Cariri..."* I'm so fortunate to have been able to coach the Portuguese with you! Thank you so much for being so gracious with your time and helping me bring this music to life! **LANCE** - *"Lemons, Lemons, Lemons!"* Here's to the start of a lifelong friendship! You have been so wonderful this year, and I can't thank you enough for being patient with me and really being persistent about me mastering this recital! I think you are the only person I know who could sing the accompaniment to every song I am doing, just to help me memorize text! You will always have a friend in me! **ALYSSA BRODE** - *"The world is but a canvas to the imagination."* ~ Henry David Thoreau. Alyssa, you are one of the most multi-talented people I know! You're great with computers, have a killer voice, and if that's already not enough, make the most stunning designs. I'm so appreciative for all of the hard work you have done in making these posters and programs. They are beautiful! **72 CLEARVIEW PLUS CHRIS & LUIS** - *"Never gonna bring MEEEE down... woah!"* Bad Girls Club has nothing on this house! In all seriousness, I have loved living with you guys and know that I couldn't have asked for better roommates. Family dinners, movie nights, Apples to Apples, singing at the top of our lungs, sending Erika into the Ivy in her onesie, and my personal favorite, making INFOMERCIALS at 1 am. I am so thankful you all are in my life...in the simplest of terms, "Thanks for putting up with me!" **OIT FAMILY** - *"Uh-oh...Katie's Facebook stalking again!"* If I had a nickel for every time I heard that! Thank you guys for being willing to teach the technologically impaired. I came into this position like a fish out of water, but you guys have done everything possible to keep me swimming. In actuality, I feel like I've learned so much, and I'm not so afraid anymore about equipment with tons of wires coming out of it! There's no doubt I'll miss this job after I graduate! **LAURAH ZEEK** - *"A friend is one who believes in you when you have ceased to believe in yourself."* ~ Anonymous. I truly am one of the luckiest people in the world to count you as my friend. You have always been there for me even though we only see each other three times a year! Thank you for never giving up on our friendship even if it takes me a while to respond to texts or call you back! My family is so lucky to have you, Laurah! **THE ZEHAVAL GAL STUDIO** - *"Never forget, Go to Paris!"* I have enjoyed watching each and every one of you grow these past few years. You all have been given an enormous talent, and I am certain that we have been blessed with Ms. Gal's incredible patience and fabulous ears! Don't ever give up! Things worth having in life never come easy and take work! Good luck in all that you do! **TO ALL OF MY FRIENDS** - It's hard to think that in a few weeks my six years at this school will soon come to an end. Every one of you has made an incredible difference in my life, and I'm thankful every day for my path having brought me to this school!

The Graduate Voice Recital of

Katie Gornick
soprano

featuring
Graeme Burgan
piano

with
Elizabeth Thompson
cello

April 17, 2010 . 2:30 pm . Bristol Chapel

Kindly silence all cell phones.

Please hold all applause until the end of each set as indicated.

Katie is a candidate for the
Master of Music in Voice Pedagogy and Performance degree
and a student of Zehava Gal.

Cover and program design by Alyssa Brode

pays tribute to his native country in the “Dansa” or “Martelo” written in 1945. The complex percussive-like rhythms and highly agitated, energetic text puts one in the mind of an authentic Brazilian song. As seen in the “Cantilena,” the text is reminiscent of an “old verse,” one that may have been passed down from generation to generation. The excitement lies in the singer’s ability to articulate the consonants and adhere to Villa-Lobos’ meticulous rhythms.

Aria (Cantilena)

text by Ruth V. Corrêa

Tarde, uma nuvem rósea
lenta e transparente,
sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
em anseios d’alma para ficar bela,
grita ao céu e a terra,
toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes
queixumes,
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora,
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!

Dansa (Martelo)

text by Mancel Bandiera

Irerê, meu passarihnho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irerê, meu companheiro, Cadê viola?
Cadê meu bem? Cadê Maria?
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantadô!
Ah! Sem a viola em que catava o seu amô,
Ah! Seu assobio é tua flauta de irerê.
Que tua flauta do Sertão
quando assobia,
Ah! A gente sofre sem querê!
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do sertão,
Ah! Como ãa brisa amolecendo o coração!

Irerê, Sol ta teu canto!
Canta mais! Canta mais!
Pra a lembrá o Cariri!

Canta, cambaxira!
Canta, juriti! Canta Irerê!
Canta, canta sofrê,
Pa ta ti va! Bem te vi!
Maria acorda que é dia.
Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do sertão!
Bem te vi! Eh! Sabiá!
La! Lia! Lia! Lia!...
Eh! Sabiá da mata cantadô!
Lia! Lia! Lia! Lia!
Eh! Sabiá da mata sofredô!
O vosso canto vem do fundo do sertão
como uma brisa amolecendo o coração.

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing,
rosy and lustrous,
o’er the spacious heav’n with loveliness laden!
From the boundless deep the moon arises wondrous,
glorifying the evening like a beauteous maiden.
Now she adorns herself in half unconscious duty,
eager; anxious that we recognize her beauty,
while sky and earth, yea, all nature with
applause salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad and
mournful complaining;
Now appears on the sea in a silver reflection...
Moonlight softly waking the soul and constraining hearts,
To cruel tears and bitter dejection!

Irerê, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
Irerê, my loved companion, my singing sweetheart?
Where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
Ah! Without his lute on song of gladness can he bring.
Ah! His whistle shrill must be his flute for Irerê.
But yours the flute that once in forest wilds
was sounding,
Ah! With its message of grief and woe!
Ah! your song came forth from the depths of forest wilds,
Ah! like summer winds that comfort ev’ry mournful heart!

Irerê, Sing and enchant me!
Sing once more! Sing once more!
Bring me songs of Cariri!

Sing, my lovely songbird!
Sing your song again! Sing, my Irerê!
Sing of pain and sorrow,
As the birds of morning wake!
Maria in the dawning.
Sing with all your voices,
Birds of the woods and the wilds!
Sing your songs! Ye forest birds!
La! Lia! Lia! Lia!...
Ye nestlings of the singing forest wilds!
Lia! Lia! Lia! Lia!
Ye nestlings of the mournful forest wilds!
Oh, yours the song that comes from depths of forest wilds
like summer winds that comfort ev’ry mournful heart.

I send my heart up to thee
text by Robert Browning

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part.

The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice’ streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling place.

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS

“I compose in the folk-style. I utilize thematic idioms in my own way and subject them to my own development. An artist must select and transmit the material given to him by his people.” This quote from Brazilian composer Heitor Villa- Lobos (1887-1959) couldn’t hold more truth or validity for this extremely inspiring and inventive composer. Villa-Lobos’ musical style can be compared to a sponge. He soaks in the diversity and influences of a multitude of different countries and their cultures to form a new musical style that is original and distinct to him. Villa-Lobos has said, “It is only nature and humanity that can lead an artist to the truth... I study the history, the country, the speech, the customs, the background of the people. I have always done this, and it is from these sources, spiritual as well as practical, that I have drawn my art.”

Villa-Lobos had an untraditional musical upbringing. He was largely self-taught and only received a short period of classical training from the National Institute of Music in Rio de Janeiro. Fortunately, he did not fall into the common practice of other beginning composers who learned from imitating and copying; rather he traveled Brazil and took note of the different indigenous musical genres within his native country. During the 1920’s he traveled to Europe (particularly Paris) and heard the music of Claude Debussy. This combination of European influence with his own Brazilian music solidified him as a leading composer and, more importantly, as someone who could bring Brazil’s music to the forefront. He has often been called the “leader of the Brazil Nationalistic Musical Movement.” *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* was written for soprano and eight cellos with text by Ruth V. Corr  a and Mancel Bandeira. This work is also part of the larger work that includes nine suites. Villa-Lobos had a deep admiration for the composer Johann Sebastian Bach, hence the dedication in the title of this work. He has said Bach is “a universal and rich folkloristic source deeply rooted in the folk music of every country in the world.”

In the first “Aria” or “Cantilena” written in 1938, the constant change in meter from 3/4 to 3/2 to 4/4 gives a sense that bar lines are non-existent while the syncopation and chromaticism bring a truly authentic Brazilian sound to this music. The text is full of visuals about nature and vivid depictions of what happens when the world is asleep but the soul cannot find peace. There is also the idea of this woman truly being free and appreciated only when night falls. The sky, the heavens, the waters, and the stars all recognize her beauty and gifts; however, this is not her life when dawn breaks. Villa-Lobos writes an accompaniment to support the “chant-like recitative” of the narrator. The vocal line descends on a chromatic scale which leads to a burst of emotional passion, only to return to the chant. After the lament has finished, the narrator returns with the verse of humming again with slight rhythmic alterations from the first verse. Villa-Lobos

The Graduate Voice Recital of
KATIE GORNICK,
soprano

with Graeme Burgan, piano

Ich schwebe, Op.48, No.2
Morgen!, Op.27, No. 4
Befreit, Op.39, No.4

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Extase
Lamento
Le Manoir de Rosemonde

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

from *Idomeneo*
D’Oreste, d’Ajace

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

INTERMISSION

Three Browning Songs
The year’s at the spring
Ah, Love, but a day!
I send my heart up to thee

Amy Marcy Cheney Beach
(1867-1944)

from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*
featuring Elizabeth Thompson, cello
Aria (Cantilena)
Dansa (Martelo)

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

Saturday, April 17th at 2:30 pm in Bristol Chapel

Program Notes & Translations

RICHARD STRAUSS

Richard Georg Strauss was born June 11, 1864 in Munich, Germany. His father, Herr Franz Strauss, was one of the most famous horn players in Europe, holding a distinguished position with the court orchestra at Munich. Therefore it's no surprise that young Strauss had an excellent musical upbringing. Richard started taking his first music lessons at the age of four and composed his very first piece at the age of six. It is known that his father kept his musical training formal and focused on the "old masters." Strauss felt that without an understanding, appreciation and mastery of the formal concepts and techniques of classical writing, one would never be able to appreciate the writings of a composer like Richard Wagner. What makes Strauss stand apart from other distinguished lied composers—such as Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf—is his truly unique style of writing, with the constant notion of keeping the orchestra in mind, even if the lieder are only ever intended for piano and voice.

The song "Ich Schwebe," No. 2 from Op. 48, was written in Berlin in 1900 and has since been called "the frothiest little love-song Strauss ever wrote." Although many of Strauss' lieder are written for orchestra in addition to piano reductions, "Ich Schwebe" was only composed for voice and piano. The texture of this song is very open, as if the speaker is truly soaring across the sky. Most of Strauss' accompaniment is written in sixths which, combined with his lilting 3/4 rhythm, only further enhances Henckell's text of "floating on angel's wings." For a number of scholars, "Morgen" (Op. 27, No. 4)—one of Strauss' first lieder compositions—is considered one of his greatest masterpieces. Strauss completed "Morgen" when he was just twenty eight years old, and the song was part of a wedding gift to his wife Pauline de Anha. The piano edition, written in September 1894, remains a staple in vocal literature as does September 1897's orchestral version. The poem addresses two lovers' hope that morning will see them close united, lost to the world in each other's eyes. The beauty of this piece lies in the simplicity of Strauss' vocal and accompaniment writing. The song is written in the key of G Major with a tempo of 4/4 and a marking of *Langsam, sehr getragen*. It is the marriage of Strauss' compositional writing and John Henry MacKay's simple yet heartfelt text which makes this work so stunning. The final song by Richard Strauss in this set is "Befreit" (Op. 39, No. 4), written in 1898 and later orchestrated in 1933. Richard Dehmel's sincere and genuine text, about the complete devotion between a couple which eventually frees their suffering, struck a chord with me: a relationship that will soon be severed by death, but a bond that will remain eternal.

Sources:

Alan Jefferson, *The Lieder of Richard Strauss* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1971).
Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature* (Milwaukee: Hal Leonard, 2005).
Daniel Gregory Mason, "A Study of Strauss," *Musical Quarterly* 2, no. 2 (April 1916).
Richard Stokes, *The Book of Lieder: The Original Texts of over 1000 Songs* (London: Faber and Faber Limited, 2005).

Ich schwebe

text by Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen.
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuss.
In meinen Ohren hör ich's klingen
wie der Geliebten Scheidegruss.

I float as if on angel's wings.
My feet barely touch the ground.
I hear a sound in my ears
like the farewell of my beloved.

rhythms and progressive harmonies puts one in the mind of a song heavily influenced by German and European song tradition. Although the text is simple, it is heartfelt and full of deep meaning. Amy Beach certainly proves in "Ah, Love, but a day" that she is more than capable of providing a dramatic, emotionally charged atmosphere to serve the purpose of Browning's meaningful text. The third and final song in the cycle is "I send my heart up to thee." Once again, Beach manages to build beautiful arching phrases that sweep the listener up into the drama of the poem. To enhance these cascading vocal lines, Beach writes the piece in a swinging 9/8 with a marking of *Andante con affetto*. She also manages to keep strong rhythmic intensity by constantly changing rhythms between duple and triplet patterns. Although Browning's text is simple and straightforward ("I send my heart up to thee, all my heart, in this my singing..."), Amy Beach truly captures feelings within her music that cannot be expressed with just words alone, leaving the listener genuinely fulfilled. With *Three Browning Songs*, we are reminded of why Beach remains one of America's best loved composers of song.

Sources:

Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature* (Milwaukee: Hal Leonard, 2005).
----- ed. *Women Composers: A Heritage of Song* (Milwaukee: Hal Leonard, 2004).
"Robert Browning," From The Academy of American Poets.

The year's at the spring

text by Robert Browning

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, but a day!

text by Robert Browning

Ah, Love, but a day!
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged,
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt though change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?

Her character in the opera *Idomeneo* is one of intense high energy. There is an incredible amount of power and passion in all of her actions. One of the last scenes of the opera is Elettra’s final aria “D’Oreste d’Ajace.” Originally, Mozart made the decision to cut three arias from Act Three—this being one of them—to bring the opera closer to the ideals of tragédie lyrique. Elettra has not gotten what she wants: the love of Idamante. In her crazed state she sings about how wretched her life is and how she can feel the serpents (“cerastes”) in her heart.

Sources:
John Elliot Gardiner, "Reappraising Mozart's Operas in the 1990's. The Case of Idomeneo," Musical Times 131, no. 1768 (June 1990).
Daniel Heartz, Mozart's Operas (Berkley, CA: University of California Press, 1990).
----- "The Genesis of Mozart's 'Idomeneo,'" Musical Quarterly 55, no. 1 (January 1969).
Wolfgang A. Mozart, Idomeneo, in The Libretti of Mozart's Completed Operas, by Nico Castel, comp., ed., and trans. Nico Castel (New York: Leyerle Publications, 1998).
Sophocles, Electra, ed. Nicholas Rudall and Bernard Sahlins, trans. Nicholas Rudall (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, Inc, 1993)
Dorothy Willner, "The Oedipus Complex, Antigone, and Electra: The Woman as Hero and Victim," American Anthropologist 84, no. 1 (March 1982).

D’Oreste, d’Ajace

text by Giambattista Varesco

D’Oreste, d’Ajace ho in seno i tormenti, d’Aletto la face già morte mi da. Squarciatemi il core, ceraste, serpenti, o un ferro il dolore in me finirà.	In my breast I feel the torments of Orestes and Ajax, the torch of Alecto already causes my death. Tear out my heart, horned serpent, snakes, or with a sword I shall end my sorrow.
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AMY MARCY CHENEY BEACH

Amy Marcy Cheney Beach (1867-1944) has been called the “dean of American women composers.” She was the first American woman able to establish a successful career in art music during a time when even the thought of this was unthinkable. Men were considered the ideal composers of music with any type of “substance;” however, Ms. Beach managed to break out of this stereotype. At the time of her death, she had composed more than 300 musical works, including a piano concerto, a symphony, a one-act opera, numerous piano pieces, choral works, chamber music and well over 100 songs. To her credit, Beach was also an incredible business woman. At the age of eighteen she married Dr. Henry Harris Aubrey Beach, a doctor twenty five years her senior. This relationship secured a place for her within the elite and leading circles of the day. Her status within society granted her access to the best performing halls, leading singers of the day and contact with other well-known composers. She is an inspiration for any woman wanting to pursue a career in the field of music.

It was with my admiration of Ms. Beach that I came across her song cycle *Three Browning Songs, Op. 44*, all with text written by the poet Robert Browning (1812-1889). Through the years, these songs have been considered among her most popular work and have even been reconceived as a duet for soprano and alto, a choral arrangement and even an edition for voice and violin obbligato. The first song in this cycle is “The year’s at the spring.” Beach is said to have composed this song while sitting on the train, the repetitive accompaniment inspired by the persistent “pitter patter” of the train wheels. Often when sung as a cycle, this song is placed last; however, I will be opening with it. Browning captures the excitement and energy of the world seen at the break of dawn. The constant change of meter and use of triplets maintains excitement throughout. The second song in Beach’s cycle is “Ah, Love, but a day.” If Beach’s musical style in this song evokes another composer’s, it is certainly Richard Strauss. The long, sweeping vocal phrases combined with the intricate

Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
das spricht so zage, zart und rein;
leicht lullt die nachgeklung’ne Wiese
in wonneschweren Traum mich ein.

Mein schimmernd’ Aug’, indess mich füllen
die süssesten der Melodien,
sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen,
mein lächelnd Lieb vorüberziehn.

Morgen

text by John Henry MacKay

Und Morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteige.
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen.

Befreit

text by Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen, leise, leise.
Wirst du lächeln, und wie zur Reise,
Geb’ ich dir Blick un Kuss zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet.
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet,
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen,
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenkest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben, O Glück!
Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen’s Beide;

Wir hapben einander befreit vom Leide,
so gab’ ich dich der Welt zuruck.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum Erscheinen,
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen,
O Glück!

HENRI DUPARC

It would be hard for one to deny the supreme brilliance that is apparent in an Henri Duparc song. In the span of his long lifetime, 1848-1933, only a mere 16 songs, one symphonic poem, an orchestral nocturne and a three-part motet were ever published. Researchers have discovered that Duparc suffered from a nervous disorder which resulted in fifty years of artistic silence. However, one has to wonder what could have possibly been created if he had been active during those dormant years.

Although Henri Duparc was highly critical of himself and destroyed most everything

It sounds so sweet, so soft and gentle,
it speaks so shy, tender and clear;
the echo of its melody lulls me
to sleep in an enraptured dream.

My gleaming eye, (while I am filled
with the sweetest of melodies)
sees, without disguise of robes and veils,
my smiling love pass by.

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I will follow,
it shall again unite us, happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
we will quietly and slowly descend.
Speechless, we shall look into each other’s eyes.
and upon us will descend this muted
silence of happiness.

Freed

You will not weep, softly, softly.
You will smile and, as if before a journey,
I will respond with a glance and a kiss.
Our lovely four walls, you gave them life.
I’ve made them for you into a whole world,
oh happiness!

Then you will warmly clasp my hand,
and surrender to me your soul,
Will leave me with our children.
You gave me all your life,
I will give it back to them, oh happiness!
It will be very soon, we both know it;

We have freed each other from pain,
and so I gave you back to the world.
Henceforth you will come to me only in dreams,
to bless me and to cry with me,
oh happiness!

he composed, the effect and contribution he had concerning the *mélodie* is undeniable. “Extase”—written in 1878 as a tribute to Wagner’s *Tristan und Isolde*—has been coined “a Wagnerian nocturne” by Pierre Bernac. It is now recognized as one of the standards in French *mélodie* repertoire due to its rich French sentiment and style. Much of the song, with text by the poet Jean Lahor, lacks a clear tonality (typical of Duparc); a real tonal center only becomes apparent a few measures from the end. The pedal tone in the bass and the absence of any emotional outbursts give this song a quiet, calm sort of ecstasy, one of repose and fulfillment. “Lamento,” composed in 1883 with text by Théophile Gautier, has also been set by another famous French composer, Hector Berlioz, in his song cycle *Le Nuits d’été*. Berlioz’s *mélodie* (entitled “Au cimetière”) includes an extra stanza that Duparc decided to leave out in “Lamento.” Gautier’s text describes a white tomb surrounded by yew trees; in the branches of one of the trees, a pale dove sings its song of sorrow. An examination of the poem in greater depth reveals an allusion to a fear of being forgotten after death. Duparc manages to perfectly capture the atmosphere and meaning of Gautier’s text in this song. With a simple block chord accompaniment and an eerie chromatic vocal line, the speaker has the full command to recite this dark and frightening text. The poetry of “La Manoir de Rosamonde,” by Robert de Bonnières, evokes certain questions and intrigue. Upon first reading the text for this piece, I questioned who or what was the blue manor of Rosamonde. Scholars have determined that Bonnières could be referencing legends concerning two different Rosamondes. The first legend refers to the wife of a Lombard king who may have lived around the time of 570 A.D. The second tale of the Rosamonde concerns the mistress of King Henry II of England. Their romance inspired many tales, including that of a labyrinth though which the King had to find his way to reach her. Since the text is somewhat abstract, the singer has room to decide for himself which story he chooses to believe.

Sources:
Henri Duparc, *11 Songs for Voice and Piano*, ed. Sergius Kagen (New York: International Music Company, 1952).
Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature* (Milwaukee: Hal Leonard, 2005).
Barbara Meister, *Nineteenth-Century French Song: Faure, Chausson, Duparc, and Debussy* (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1980).
Sydney Northcote, *The Songs of Henri Duparc* (London: Dennis Dobson Ltd., 1949).

Extase

text by Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pale mon coeur dort
d’un sommeil doux comme la mort...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
du soufflé de la bien-aimée...
Sur ton sein pale mon coeur dort
d’un sommeil doux comme la mort...

Lamento

text by Théophile Gautier

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe
où flotte avec un son plaintif
l’ombre d’un if?
Sur l’if une pâle colombe,
triste et seule au soleil couchant,
chante son chant.
On dirait que l’âme éveillée
pleure sous terre à l’unison
de la chanson,
et du malheur d’être oubliée
se plaint dans un roucoulement,

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
in a slumber sweet like death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed
by the breath of my beloved...
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
in a slumber sweet like death...

Lament

Do you know the white tomb
where with a plaintive sound floats
the shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
sad and alone in the setting sun,
sings its song,
One would say that the awakened soul
weeps under the earth in unison
with the song,
and of the misfortunes of having been forgotten
complaints, cooing

bien doucement.
Ah! Jamais plus près de la tombe
je n’irai, quand descend le soir
au manteau noir,
écouter la pâle colombe
chanter, sur la branche de l’if,
son chant plaintif!

Le Manoir de Rosamonde

text by Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace
comme un chien l’amour m’a mordu...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...
Prends un cheval de bonne race,
pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
fondrière ou sentier perdu,
si la course ne te harasse!
En passant par où j’ai passé,
tu verras que seul et blessé
j’ai parcouru ce triste monde.
Et qu’ainsi je m’en fus mourir
bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
le bleu manoir de rosamonde.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

What I found most intriguing about my experience with Mozart’s character “Elettra” was the realization that the psychological issues and turmoil of the story Electra still have relevance and truth 2,500 years later. The feelings of torment, suffering and revenge will always be emotions people can understand. It is for this reason that the story of Electra has remained a staple in classic literature as well as an extraordinary role for the opera stage!

Her name has been translated as “the unmarried” or “without wedlock.” As she appears in works by Aeschylus and Euripides, as well as by Sophocles, she is the grieving mature virgin daughter of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek expedition against Troy. On his return from Troy, Agamemnon was murdered by Clytemnestra, his wife and by Aegisthus, Clytemnestra’s lover and Agamemnon’s paternal cousin and mortal enemy. Years later, Electra aids Orestes (Agamemnon’s son) in avenging their father by slaying Aegisthus. Urged on by Electra, Orestes also slays Clytemnestra. Electra may be vengeful in the stories written by the playwrights; however, she is a victim above anything else, abused and mistreated. One is to believe that she has been forced into her current nature because of the people in her life.

Mozart’s librettist Giambattista Varesco shows her in a different light than the ancient Greek playwrights. In his adaptation, one almost sees Elettra as selfish, focused only on her passion for her love interest Idamante. It is easy to see a one-dimensional character instead of a woman who has suffered unimaginable torture. Varesco and Mozart do not portray Elettra dressed in rags, filthy and unwashed as originally written by the Greek playwrights. Instead she is shown more true to what she really is: the daughter of a King, wearing clothes fit for her royal stance in life.

very softly.
Oh! Never more near the tomb
shall I go, when evening descends
with its dark mantle,
to hear the pale dove
sing, on the branch of the yew-tree,
its plaintive song!

The blue manor of Rosamund

With its sudden and voracious teeth,
like a dog love has bitten me...
If you follow my blood that was shed,
you could easily find my trail...
Take a horse of good breed,
go and follow my arduous road,
through pitfalls and lost trails,
if the chase will not make you weary!
Passing where I have passed,
you will see that alone and wounded
I travelled over this sorrowful world.
And thus I wrought my own death
far, far away, without discovering
the blue manor of Rosamund.