



# Echoes of Love and Longing

Master's Recital

Thursday, March 6<sup>th</sup>, 2024 | 8:00pm | Hemmle Recital Hall

Ana Paola Vergara, *Soprano*  
William Averill, *Harpsichord*  
Warner Nuñez, *Piano*

She loves and she confesses too  
Oh, fair Cedaria  
From Rosy Bowers

Henry Purcell  
(1659 - 1695)

Malvina  
  
S'io t'amo

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797 - 1848)  
Teresa Seneke  
(1848 - 1875)

Vier Lieder  
I. Tristan  
II. Sonett  
III. Einsame Nacht  
IV. Die Nacht

Klaus Miehling  
(b. 1963)

## Intermission

L'Orpheline du Tyrol  
La Grande Coquette

Gioacchino Rossini  
(1792 - 1868)

From Op. No. 6  
Why?  
None but the lonely heart  
From Op. 28  
Why did I dream of you?

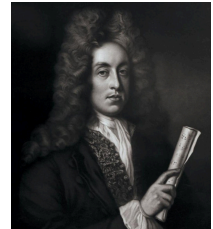
Pyotr Tchaikovsky  
(1840 - 1893)

La Mi Sola  
Del Cabello más sutil  
El Vito

Fernando Obradors  
(1897 - 1945)

## Henry Purcell

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695) was an English composer of the Baroque period that is best known for his opera *Dido and Aeneas*. After composing *Dido and Aeneas* he continued to work for theatres until his death. Nonetheless, Henry Purcell mainly worked for the Church and higher class people. This led him to compose multiple types of music and not just vocal works. His commissions from the higher class show deep admiration from the past, and this can be noticed in the poems and stories he sets music to.



Even though the Baroque period was short in comparison to others, it had very distinctive trends, not just in music but art in general. This movement originated in Italy and it focused on the ornamentation and exaggeration within art in order to evoke strong feelings in people.<sup>1</sup>

During Purcell's lifetime, there was no opera in London, which made him one of the pioneers for the combination of theatre and music, even in his art songs. It is worth mentioning that *From Rosy Flowers* depicts a mad scene within a play called *Don Quixote*, sung by a soprano. It was composed on Purcell's deathbed, and is notoriously famous for being Purcell's last work.<sup>2</sup>

### She loves and she confesses too

Abraham Cowley

She loves and she confesses too,  
There's then at last no more to do;  
The happy work's entirely done,  
Enter the town which thou hast won;  
The fruits of conquest now begin,  
Lo, triumph, enter in.

What's this, ye Gods! What can it be?  
Remains there still an enemy?  
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,  
And would yet capitulate.  
Have I o'ercome all real foes,  
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,  
By what witchcraft wert thou made,  
Thou empty cause of solid harms?  
But I shall find out counter charms,  
Thy airy devilship to remove  
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee  
By the night's obscurity,  
And obscurer secrecy;  
Unlike to ev'ry other spright  
Thou attempt'st not men to affright  
Nor appear'st but in the light.

<sup>1</sup> Victoria and Albert Museum. "The Baroque Style - V&A." Victoria and Albert Museum. Accessed September 30, 2024. <https://www.vam.ac.uk/articles/the-baroque-style?srsId=AfmBOoovRtAFFknU9jyc7zjEqTWeHcnLL8WaC-pUyLD9EI1Z6l7gLasP>.

<sup>2</sup> Austern, Linda P. "Purcell, Et Al., "Don Quixote", Facsim., Ed. C. Price." Notes 44, no. 2 (Dec 01, 1987): 346.

<http://lib-e2.lib.ttu.edu/login?url=https://www.proquest.com/scholarly-journals/purcell-et-al-don-quixote-facsim-ed-c-price/docview/1296776844/se-2>.

**Oh! fair Cedaria**

*Anonymous*

Oh! fair Cedaria, hide those eyes  
That hearts enough have won;  
For whosoever sees them dies,  
And cannot ruin shun.

Such beauty and charms are seen  
United in your face,  
The proudest can't but own you queen  
Of beauty, wit and grace.

Then pity me, who am your slave,  
And grand me a reprieve;  
Unless I may your favour have,  
I can't one moment live.

**From Rosy Bow'rs**

*Thomas d'Urfey*

From rosy bow'rs where sleeps the god of Love,  
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly:  
Teach me in soft, melodious songs to move,  
With tender passion, my heart's darling joy.

Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,  
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing  
Is to be brisk and airy,  
With a step and a bound,  
And a frisk from the ground,  
I will trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing,  
Were three celestial bodies,  
With an air and a face,  
And a shape, and a grace,  
Let me charm like Beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis all in vain,  
Death and despair must end the fatal pain,  
Cold despair, disguis'd, like snow and rain,  
Falls on my breast!

Bleak winds in tempests blow,  
My veins all shiver and my fingers glow,  
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,  
And to a solid lump of ice, my poor fond heart is  
froze.

Or say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself or drown?  
Amongst the foaming billows,  
Increasing all with tears I shed,  
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows,  
Lay down my lovesick head.  
Say, say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself or drown?

No, I'll straight run mad,  
That soon my heart will warm;  
When once the sense is fled,  
Love has no pow'r to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,  
Robes, locks shall thus be tore;  
A thousand deaths I'll die  
Ere thus in vain adore

## Gaetano Donizetti and Teresa Seneke

**Gaetano Donizetti** (1797 – 1848) was an Italian composer from the *bel canto* style best known from his numerous operas in both Italian and French. His music is also known in the opera world as a transitional stage between Rossini and Verdi.

Donizetti composed "Malvina" in 1844 while he was living in Paris. The year after that, he had a heart attack and returned to his homeland, Bergamo, where he died a few years later. "Donizetti died a victim of general paralysis, deprived of willpower, speech, and physical control".

This song, described as a *scena drammatica* (dramatic scene) and was dedicated to Giovannina de Sterlich and later on to a French singer called Ida Bertrand who he met during his time in Paris.<sup>3</sup>



During the mid 1800s, social conditions made it almost impossible for Italian women to make careers as composers. "Women did, however, write and perform an enormous quantity of chamber music, songs, and piano pieces. The quality of these works differs in no way from those written by their male contemporaries, and some of the songs became *best sellers*."

**Teresa Seneke** (1848 – November 1875) was an Italian composer who is best known for her opera *Le Due Amiche* (*The Two Friends*).

In 1871 the song "*S'io t'amo?*" was chosen to inaugurate a new series of a music magazine of the time called *La Palestra Musicale*, the reason for this being Seneké's recent success in opera. Not much is known about Seneké's life, except that she was born in Chieti in Tuscany, and her last name has led some historians to suggest that her family was Jewish. During her short life she composed works for voice, piano, and instrumental ensembles.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Adkins Chiti, Patricia, Francesco Russo, John Glenn Paton, Francesco Morlacchi, Nicola Vaccai, Gioacchino Rossini, Saverio Mercadante, et al. *Italian art songs of the romantic era*. Van Nuys, CA: Alfred Pub, 1994.

<sup>4</sup> Adkins Chiti, Patricia, Francesco Russo, John Glenn Paton, Francesco Morlacchi, Nicola Vaccai, Gioacchino Rossini, Saverio Mercadante, et al. *Italian art songs of the romantic era*. Van Nuys, CA: Alfred Pub, 1994.

**Donizetti**

*Anonymous*

Dal dì che un'altra ti fu più bella,  
La vita io sento da me fuggir.  
Or che Malvina non è più quella,  
Malvina brama solo morir.

Pur la sua voce anco t'implora,  
Non per cercarti l'antico amor,  
Ma per vederti, vederti ancora,  
Pria que la copia l'eterno roorer.

T'affretta adunque, la mote appressa:  
Vieni a vedere chi muor per te.  
Chi per te muore, trafitta e oppressa  
Di duol, di pianto, d'amor, di fé.

Ma non l'ambascia dell'agonia,  
Non della morte l'altro pallor.  
A te diranno, ch'ella moria,  
D'amor, di pianto, e di dolore.

Sol quando fioca, smarrita, errante,  
Più l'orme tue non conterà.  
Sol quando al raggio del tuo sembiante,  
Ogni sua fibra più fremerà.

Quando il mio labbro non più nomarti,  
Né potrà il ciglio seguirti ancora.  
Quando il mio cuore potrà più amarti,  
Avrà la vita compita allora.

Malvina sol vuol vederti ancora...

From the day in which you loved another,  
My life began to cease.  
Now that Malvina is no longer your favorite,  
Malvina wishes only to die

Her voice implores you yet again,  
Not for the return of your love,  
But to see you see you once more,  
Before she descends into eternal horror.

Hurry, her death is near:  
Come and see her who dies for you,  
Who dies abandoned and oppressed  
With sorrow, tears, love and faith.

But when you see her anguish,  
See her pale complexion,  
You will know that she is dying  
Of love, tears and sorrow.

Only when she is fragile, lost and wandering,  
Will she no longer follow your shadow,  
Whenever she sees your likeness,  
She will tremble violently.

When my lips no longer call your name,  
When my eyes see you no longer,  
When my heart stops loving you,  
Then my life will have ended

Malvina only wants to see you once more...

*Translation: Adkins Chiti et al. - Alfred Publishing*

## S'io t'amo?

*Teresa Seneke*

Chieder dovresti all'esule  
Se anela al suol natale;  
Al fior se spera un'aura;  
Se gli'angeli aman Dio.

Ma non dovresti chiedermi  
S'ardo per te d'amore.  
Mel devi in fronte leggere,  
Se non mel poui nel cor.

Un guardo sol confondere,  
Due vite può due cor;  
Può farci eguali agli angeli,  
Un bacio sol d'amor.

Ama! La terra è un carcere  
Se non l'irradia amore.  
Ama! La vita è strazio  
A chi non arde in core.

Se Dio ti diede un'anima  
Se un cor ti diede Iddio,  
Volle calmar gli spasimi  
Dell'alma e del cor mio.

Un guardo sol confondere,  
Due vite può due cor;  
Può farci eguali agli angeli,  
Un bacio sol d'amor.

Ask the exile,  
If he longs for his homeland;  
The flower if she hopes for a breeze,  
If the angels love God.

But you shouldn't ask me  
If I burn with love for you;  
You can read it on my face  
If you can't read it on my heart.

One look can change  
Two lives and two hearts;  
A single kiss,  
Renders us equals to the angles

Love! This life is a prison  
When there is no love.  
Love! Life is a torment  
For those who have no love.

If God gave you a soul,  
If he gave you a heart,  
These were to calm the fear  
In my soul and in my heart

One look can change  
Two lives and two hearts;  
A single kiss,  
Renders us equals to the angles

*Translation: Adkins Chiti et al. - Alfred Publishing*

# Klaus Miehling

Klaus Miehling is a 20th century composer that was born in Stuttgart, Germany in 1963. Dr. Miehling received his Bachelors in early music in 1988 from in 1988 from the *Schola Cantorum Basiliensis* in Basel, Switzerland. Furthermore, he graduated from his doctorate in musicology, art history, and auxiliary sciences of history from the *University of Freiburg im Breisgau* in 1993. Besides being a composer, Klaus Miehling is the author of several books as well as numerous essays, mostly on historical performance practice. To this day, Miehling has composed around 1350 works, both vocal and instrumental. Klaus Miehling cannot offer licenses, because the rights of his works are managed by the SUIA. However, all his compositions may be performed in public.<sup>5</sup>



**August Graf von Platen** (1796 – 1835) was a German poet and dramatist who was best known for his opposition to the Romantic tradition within poetry. Platen focused on aiming at “classical purity of style; and although he was schooled in the Romantic tradition, he opposed its undisciplined flamboyance. The plays that he wrote while he was at Erlangen show a clearness of plot and expression that is foreign to the Romantic style”.<sup>6</sup>

## I. Tristan

*August Graf von Platen*

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen  
Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben  
Wird für keinen Dienst auf Erden taugen  
Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben  
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen!

Ewig währt für ihn der Schmerz Liebe  
Denn ein Tor nur kann auf Erden hoffen,  
Zu genügen einem solchen Triebe  
Wen der Pfeil des Schönen je getroffen  
Ewig währt für ihn der Schmerz der Liebe!

Ach, er möchte wie ein Quell versiechen,  
Jedem Hauch der Luft ein Gift entsaugen  
Und den Tod aus jeder Blume riechen:  
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen  
Ach, er möchte wie ein Quell versiechen!

Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight  
Is already surrendered to death's cold night  
For no Earthly task can they fulfill  
Yet still before death, they tremble with will  
Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight!

Eternal the pain of love takes flight  
For only a fool can hope to find  
a way to satisfy such a yearning mind:  
Whoever the arrow of beauty has struck  
Eternal the pain of love takes flight

Ah! He wishes fade like a spring's gentle flow  
To extract the poison from every breath of air  
And the smell of death from every flower  
Whoever gazes on beauty with their sight  
Ah, he wishes fade like a spring's gentle flow

*Translation: Ana Paola Vergara*

<sup>5</sup> Miehlig, K. "Biography". Klaus Miehlig. Accessed March 1, 2025. <https://klausmiehling.musicaneo.com/>

<sup>6</sup> The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. "August, Graf von Platen." Encyclopedia Britannica, December 1, 2024. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/August-Graf-von-Platen>.

## II. Sonett

*August Graf von Platen*

Was gleißt der Strom  
mit schönbeschämten Wogen  
Da nur Entsetzen lauscht  
Im tiefen Grunde?

Was haucht die Rose süßen Duft vom Munde,  
Da manches Blatt ihr schon im Wind verfliegen?

Was ist mit Gold der Wolke Saum bezogen,  
Da schon Gewitter bringt die nächste Stunde?

So hat mit allem, Schrecklichen im Bunde,  
Natur uns stets durch falschen Reiz belogen.

Doch wer enträtselt erst der Seele Tücken!  
Dein Blick erglüht, der nur Verderben sendet,  
Und ach! Ich wähnte reines Licht zu saugen

Nun fühl' ich wohl, erwachend vom Entzücken,  
Das meine Sinne nur zu sehr verblendet:  
Dein Herz ist schwarz,  
wie deine schwarzen Augen

What glistens the stream  
With beautifully ashamed waves  
Where only horror listens  
In the deep bottom?

What sweet fragrance does the rose breathe from its  
mouth?  
As many a petal has flown away in the wind?

What is covered with gold in the cloud's hem?  
As thunderstorms already bring the next hour?

So with everything, terrible in alliance,  
Nature has always deceived us with false charms.

But who first unravels the soul's secrets!  
Your gaze glows, which sends only ruin,  
And at last, I thought I was sucking pure light

Now I feel well, awakening from rapture,  
That blinds my senses only too much:  
Your heart is black,  
like your black eyes.

*Translation: Ana Paola Vergara*

## III. Einsame Nacht

*August Graf von Platen*

Einsame Nacht umgibt mich,  
Ich höre nur eigene Klagen;  
Selbst die tröstende Leier  
Der Musen verstummt.

Meine Tränen sehen sie fließen,  
Sie trocknen sie nicht;

Ehemals, kummer umdüstert,  
Stahl ich mich in ihren goldnen Schoß  
Aus ihren feuchten, fühlenden Blicken  
sog ich Lebe und neue Hoffnung

Sie ließen mich spielen  
Mit den Blüten kränzen Um ihre Stirn:  
Sie gaben mir süsse Lieder,  
Mir lieb, wenn auch andern nicht.

Wo seid ihr nun, mit eurer tönenden Stimme?  
Macht, sagt man,  
Habt ihr vom Vater geerbt  
über die Gemüter der Menschen,

So lenkt mir ein Herz zu,  
Das mich liebt,  
Das ich liebe.

Lonely night surrounds me,  
I hear only my own lamentations;  
Even the comforting lyre  
Of the muses falls silent.

They see my tears flowing,  
They do not dry them;

Formerly, grief-darkened,  
I steel myself in their golden lap  
From her moist, feeling eyes  
I sucked life and new hope

They let me play  
With the blossoms wreathed around their  
foreheads:  
They gave me sweet songs,  
Dear to me, though not to others.

Where are you now, with your melodious voice?  
Power, they say,  
You have inherited from your father  
Over the minds of men,

So, guide me to a heart ,  
That loves me,  
That I love.

*Translation: Ana Paola Vergara*



## IV. Die Nacht

*August Graf von Platen*

Säuselnde, düstere Freundin, senke wieder,  
Wenn die sonne hinabgestiegen  
Und des Tages Schwüle nicht mehr,  
Den Schleier über Diese Gefilde.

Freundliche, stille Nacht!  
O trockne labend Mir den Schweiß von der Stirne,  
Küsse ihr die Falten weg,  
Verdrängt asu dem Herzen manchen drücken den  
Seufzer

Hart ist des Tages Arbeit,  
Ruhe aber bringt die schweigende Nacht  
Und sanfte Kühlung  
Ihren Fittig über die Erde breitend

Heiter, und friedlich.

Whispering, gloomy friend, descend again,  
When the sun has descended  
And the day's sultriness is no more,  
A veil over these fields.

Friendly, silent night!  
O dry the sweat from my forehead,  
Kiss away the wrinkles,  
Drive out from my heart many a sigh

Hard is the day's work,  
But rest brings the silent night  
And gentle cooling  
Spreading her wings over the earth

Serene and peaceful.

*Translation: Ana Paola Vergara*

# Gioacchino Rossini

Gioacchino Rossini (1792 – 1868) was an Italian composer best known for his operas, particularly his comic opera, of which *The Barber of Seville*, and *Cinderella* (1817), are among the best known. “Rossini broke the traditional form of opera buffa: he embellished his melodies (he was the true creator of *bel canto*, a florid style of singing), animated his ensembles and finales, used unusual rhythms, restored to the orchestra its rightful place, and put the singer at the service of the music.”<sup>7</sup>



*Bel canto*, in Italian beautiful singing, is a lyrical style of operatic singing that uses a full, rich, broad tone and smooth phrasing.<sup>8</sup>

## L'Orpheline du Tyrol

Émilien Pacini

Seule, une pauvre enfant sans parents  
implore le passant en tremblant.  
"Ah voyez mes douleurs et mes pleurs!  
Ma mère dort ailleurs sous les fleurs."

Alone and trembling, a poor child with no parents  
implores passers-by,  
"Oh, see my pain and my tears!  
My mother now sleeps with the flowers."

L'humble enfant orpheline a bien faim  
et pour un peu de pain tend le main.  
"Je chanterai mon vieux refrain:

The humble, starving orphan child  
holds out her hand for a crust.  
"I will sing my old song.

Ah! loin de mon doux Tyrol,  
mon cœur brisé prendra son vol.  
L'écho muet des bois  
n'entendra plus ma triste voix:

Oh, far from my sweet Tyrol,  
my broken heart will fly away.  
The mute echo of the woods  
will ne'er hear again my sad voice.

Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,  
prends pitié, prend pitié de moi!

God, I trust in you,  
have pity, have pity on me.

Ma mère, ton adieu en ce lieu  
m'inspire mon seul vœu au bon Dieu.  
À quinze ans tant souffrir c'est mourir,  
ne peux-tu revenir me bénir?

"Mother, your good-bye here  
inspires my only wish to God.  
At 15, such suffering is death.  
Can't you come back to bless me?

Pourquoi le froid trépas et le glas  
t'ont-ils saisie, hélas, dans mes bras?  
Ton cœur glacé ne m'entend pas:

Why have cold death and its knell  
snatched you from my arms?  
Your icy heart doesn't hear me.

Ah! la douleur et la faim  
à mes tourments vont mettre fin;  
ma mère, je te vois,  
j'entends de loin ta douce voix:

Ah! Pain and hunger  
will put an end to my torments.  
Mother, I can see you,  
I can hear your sweet voice in the distance.

Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,  
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!

God, I trust in you,  
have pity, have pity on me."

Translation: Faith Cormier (Lieder.net)

<sup>7</sup> Caussou, J. "Gioacchino Rossini." Encyclopedia Britannica, January 1, 2025.

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Gioacchino-Rossini>.

<sup>8</sup> The Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica. "bel canto." Encyclopedia Britannica, February 27, 2024.

<https://www.britannica.com/art/bel-canto>.

La Grande Coquette

Émilien Pacini

La perle des coquettes  
Ne fait que des conquêtes  
Dans ses riches toilettes  
Aux Menuets de Cour.

The pearl of the coquettes\*  
conquers all  
In her rich attire  
With the menuets\* at court.

Pour moi tournent les têtes,  
Les coeurs sont pris d'amour,  
Et je crois même qu'un beau jour  
J'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

Heads turn for me,  
Hearts are captured by love,  
And I think one fine day  
I made Pompadour\* tremble!

Dans une belle ivresse  
Plus d'un marquis s'empresse  
À m'offrir sa tendresse...  
Je les dédaigne tous.

In a state of intoxication  
More than one marquis hastened  
To offer me their tenderness...  
I scorn them all.

En vain chacun m'implore,  
Me jure qu'il m'adore à genoux...

In vain each one implores me,  
Swear that they adore me on their knees...

Je veux que l'on m'admire,  
Pour moi que l'on soupire;  
De l'amour que j'inspire,  
De ce brûlant délire  
Moi je ne sais que rire.  
Ma foi! tant pis pour eux!  
Malheur aux amoureux!

I want to be admired,  
To sigh for me;  
From the love I inspire,  
Of this burning delirium  
I only know how to laugh.  
Too bad for them!  
Too bad for these lovers!

La perle des coquettes  
Ne fait que des conquêtes  
Dans ses riches toilettes  
Aux Menuets de Cour.

The pearl of the coquettes\*  
conquers all  
In her rich attire  
With the menuets\* at court.

Pour moi tournent les têtes,  
Les coeurs sont pris d'amour,  
Et je crois même qu'un beau jour  
J'ait fait trembler Pompadour!

Heads turn for me,  
Hearts are captured by love,  
And I think one fine day  
I made Pompadour\* tremble!

A plus d'une rivale  
Je fus souvent fatale;  
Ma grâce triomphale  
A séduit maint galant,

To more than one rival  
I was often fatal;  
My triumphant grace  
Has seduced many a gallant,

Coquette sans égale,  
Qu'on n'aime qu'en tremblant.  
On pleure, on se désole  
Aux pieds de son idole vainement,

Coquette without equal,  
Whom we love only in trembling.  
We weep, we mourn  
At the feet of his idol in vain,

Avec indifférence  
J'aime à voir la souffrance  
D'un coeur sans espérance,  
En proie à la démence  
Implorant ma clémence,  
Mais sans me désarmer...

With indifference  
I like to see the suffering  
Of a heart without hope,  
In the grip of dementia  
Imploring my clemency,  
But without disarming myself...

Non, je ne veux jamais aimer.  
Brillants Seigneurs, muguets de Cour,  
Pour vous jamais d'amour.  
Et si vous me faites la cour,  
N'espérez nul retour.

No, I never want to love.  
Brilliant lords, lilies of the court,  
For you never love.  
And if you court me,  
Expect no return

Translation: Ana Paola Vergara

- **Coquette:** A woman who flirts
- **Menuet:** A slow, graceful dance or piece of music in 3/4 time.
- **Pompadour:** Madame de Pompadour was the mistress of King Louis XV of France.

# Pyotr Tchaikovsky

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840 – 1893) was a Russian composer who nowadays is best known for two of his ballets: *Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker*. Tchaikovsky is known for his tuneful, open-hearted melodies, but mainly for being the blend of western and eastern musical traditions.

In the world of art song, Tchaikovsky is known for setting music to tragic lyrics that evoke a profound emotional response. The pieces featured in today's recital are not the exception to this, and they include the translations of Russian poet **Lev Mey**, alongside a poem of his own. <sup>9</sup>

“Tchaikovsky was unusually adept at communicating loneliness, longing, and existential angst across a wide range of musical forms. But it may also have been a musical manifestation of the pain and anxiety Tchaikovsky himself suffered. Tchaikovsky's homosexuality in no way defined him as an artist or a human being, but given the composer lived and worked at a time when being gay could lead to imprisonment or worse, this aspect of his identity lends richer context to his life and works. Songs such as “*None but the lonely heart*” take on added meaning when viewed through the perspective of someone forced to keep their feelings a secret out of fear”.<sup>10</sup>



## Why?

Henrich Heine (Lev Mey after Heine)

Отчего побледнела весной  
Пышноцветная роза сама?  
Отчего под зелёной травой  
Голубая фиалка нема?

Why in springtime, has the rose in full bloom  
grown pale?  
Why has the blue violet among the blades of  
green grass grown mute?

Отчего так печально звучит  
Песня птички, несясь в небеса?  
Отчего над лугами висит  
Погребальным покровом роса?

Why does the song of the bird, heaven bound,  
sound so sad?  
Why does the dew hang like a funeral pall over  
the meadows?

Отчего в небе солнце с утра  
Холодно и темно, как зимой?  
Отчего и земля вся сыра  
И угрюмей могилы самой?

Why does the morning sun seem as cold and dark  
as winter?  
Why is the whole Earth dark and gloomier than  
the tomb itself?

Отчего я и сам все грустней  
И болезненней день ото дня?  
Отчего, о, скажи мне скорей,  
Ты, покинув, забыла меня?

Why do I myself also grow more mournful and  
sickly day after day?  
Why, oh tell me, please, have you abandoned and  
forgotten me?

Translation: Laurence R. Richter

<sup>9</sup> Poznansky, A. "Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky." Encyclopedia Britannica, February 18, 2025.  
<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Pyotr-Ilyich-Tchaikovsky>.

<sup>10</sup> Hagen, E. "Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky" Kennedy Resources For Educators. Accessed March 1, 2025.  
<https://www.kennedy-center.org/education/resources-for-educators/classroom-resources/media-and-interactives/artists/tchaikovsky-pyotr-ilyich/>

## None but the lonely heart

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (Lev Mey after Goethe)*

Нет, только тот, кто знал  
Свиданья, жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.

Гляжу я вдаль... нет сил,  
Тускнеет око...  
Ах, кто меня любил  
И знал — далёко!

Ах, только тот, кто знал  
Свиданья жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.

Вся грудь горит... кто знал  
Свиданья жажду,  
Поймёт, как я страдал  
И как я стражду.

No, only he who has known the longing again to  
see his beloved  
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer  
still

I gaze into the distance... I am powerless, my  
eyes dim  
Ah, the one who knew and loved me best is far  
away

Ah, only he who has known the longing again to  
see his beloved  
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer  
still  
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer  
still

My heart is a blaze... He who has known the  
longing again to see his beloved,  
Can understand how I have suffered and I suffer  
still

*Translation: Laurence R. Richter*

## Why did I dream of you?

*L. Mey*

Зачем же ты приснилася,  
Красавица далёкая,  
И вспыхнула, что в полыме,  
Подушка одинокая?  
Ох, сгинь ты, сгинь ты, полуночица!

Глаза твои ленивые,  
И пепел кос рассыпчатый,  
И губы горделивые, —  
Всё наяву мне снилось,  
И всё, что грёза вешняя,  
Умчалось, — и на сердце  
Легла потьма кромешная!

Зачем же ты приснилася,  
Красавица далёкая,  
Коль стынет вместе с грёзою  
Полушка одинокая?  
Зачем же, зачем же ты приснилася

Why have you come to me in a dream,  
lovely far away,  
And set my lonely pillow a blaze,  
as if in flames,  
Oh, begone, nocturnal apparition!

Your languorous eyes and your fair hair,  
falling loose  
and your proud lips, everything in the dream was  
as real as life, and then, like a daydream in spring,  
everything banished, and in my heart,  
Lay only pitch blackness!

Why have you come to me in a dream,  
lovely far away,  
Since, along with the dream, my lonely pillow will  
again grow cold,  
Why have you come to me in a dream!

*Translation: Laurence R. Richter*

## Frenando Obradors

Born in Barcelona in 1897, Fernando Obradors' journey as a musician began at an early age. He studied piano with his mother, Julia Obradors, and later continued his education at the Escuela Municipal de Música de Barcelona. Unlike many of his Spanish contemporaries, Obradors did not study in Paris. Instead, he stayed in Spain, which allowed him to remain closely connected to the Spanish musical traditions that would come to define his compositions.

Fernando Obradors' most famous contribution to music lies in his song cycles, particularly the *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, which were published across four volumes. These songs are arrangements of Spanish folk songs, and they are some of the most beloved pieces in the Spanish vocal repertoire. Volume one, in particular, has gained great popularity, often being performed in recitals around the world. The songs in the later volumes, while lesser-known, are equally rich in their treatment of Spanish folk themes, blending traditional melodies with sophisticated classical techniques. Obradors was a master at blending the old and the new—he took traditional Spanish folk melodies and transformed them into works of art that continue to resonate with audiences today.<sup>11</sup>



### La Mi Sola

*Juan Ponce*

La mi sola, Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola,

Yo el cautivo Leriano  
Aunque mucho estoy ufano  
Herido de aquella mano  
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola.

My one and only, Laureola  
My one and only, only, only,  
  
I'm the captive Leriano  
Even though I'm very proud  
I'm wounded by that hand  
Of which in the whole world, there is only one.

My one and only, Laureola  
My one and only, only.

*Translation: Laura Prichard (Lieder.net)*

### Del Cabello más sutil

*Folk Song*

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

Of the softest hair  
which you have in your braid,  
I would make a chain  
so that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,  
little one, I would like to be...  
so that I may kiss you  
each time you take a drink

*Translation: Alice Rogers (Lieder.net)*

<sup>11</sup> Obradors, Fernando J, Casimiro Giralt, and Lluís Capdevila. *S. M. el dollar : opereta en tres actos, libro original*. Publicaciones Ràfols, 1920.

## El Vito

*Anonymous*

Una vieja vale un real  
y una muchacha dos cuartos,  
pero como soy tan pobre  
me voy a lo más barato.

Con el vito, vito, vito,  
con el vito, vito, va.  
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas,  
que me pongo 'colorá'.

An old woman is worth a *real*  
and a young girl two *cuartos*,  
[and] I, you know, I'm so poor  
I'm going for the cheapest.

With the *vito, vito, vito*,  
with the *vito, vito*, it goes.  
Don't you tickle me,  
I'll turn 'red'.

*Translation: Laura Prichard (Lieder.net)*

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