



# Olivia Donnel

*soprano*

*with*

**Amanda Sabelhaus, piano**



*Graduate Recital*

Saturday April 22, 2023

Varner Recital Hall

## *Program*

<b>Le temps des roses</b>	<b>Charles -François Gounod</b> (1818-1893)
<b>Les roses d'Ispahan</b>	<b>Gabriel Faurè</b> (1845-1924)
<b>Fleurs</b>	<b>Francis Poulenc</b> (1899-1963)
<b>Toutes les fleurs</b>	<b>Emmanuel Chabrier</b> (1841-1894)
<b>Mit einer Wasserlilie</b>	<b>Edvard Grieg</b> (1843-1907)
<b>Mit einer primula veris</b>	
<b>Die verschwiegene Nachtigall</b>	
<b>Letzter Frühling</b>	
<b>L'esule</b>	<b>Giuseppe Verdi</b> (1813-1901)

## *Intermission*

<b>Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia</b>	<b>Jake Heggie</b> (b.1961)
<b>Ophelia's Song</b>	
<b>Women Have Loved Before</b>	
<b>Not in a Silver Casket</b>	
<b>Spring</b>	
<b>Tríptico, Op. 45</b>	<b>Joaquín Turina</b> (1882-1949)
<b>Farruca</b>	
<b>Cantilena</b>	
<b>Madrigal</b>	

# Program Notes

By: *Olivia Donnel*



## Charles-François Gounod (1818-1893)

The son of painter François Louis Gounod and pianist Victoire Lemachois, Gounod, was born June 17, 1818 in Paris, France. Though he is most known for his operas *Faust* (1859) and *Roméo et Juliette* (1867), Gounod's prolific compositional output also includes two symphonies, twenty-three masses, and over a hundred art songs. Maurice Ravel crowned him "the true founder of the *mélodie* in France," a title often assigned to Fauré. Gounod's musical contributions went on to influence the works of a breadth of composers from Fauré to Massenet.

Gounod's music has a distinct melodic charm and displays his talent for creative vocal writing. In Gounod's *Les temps des roses*, the piano and voice are composed in a duet, gently passing the melodic line back and forth. The piano begins with flourishing excitement, showcasing the primary melody in the right hand of the accompaniment. The vocal melody playfully continues the thematic story and gently glides above the lush piano line. Gounod's proclivity for full orchestration can be heard in the actively arpeggiated accompaniment throughout the song.

### Le temps des roses! (1886)

Chantons, voici les temps des roses!  
Voici la saison des amours!  
Mai nous ramène les beaux jours  
Et mille autres charmantes choses  
Qui ne peuvent durer toujours!  
Chantons, voici le temps des roses!

Rions! voici le temps des roses!  
Avec les belles sous les bois,  
Allons courir comme autrefois.  
Au doux parfum des fleurs mi-closes  
Mêlons nos rires et nos voix!  
Rions! voici le temps des roses!

Aimons! voici le temps des roses!  
La beauté s'éveille au printemps!  
Et tous les cœurs sont palpitants,  
Et tous les cœurs sont palpitants.  
Pendant ces rapides instants  
Aimons, car c'est le temps des roses!

Original Text:  
Claude Loron (Camille Roy)

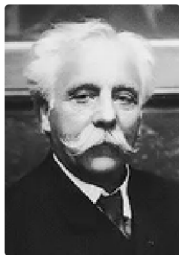
### The time of roses!

Let us sing! This is the time of roses!  
This is the season of love!  
May brings back the beautiful days  
And a thousand other charming things  
That cannot last forever!  
Let us sing, this is the time of roses!

Let us laugh! This is the time of roses!  
Let us, like we used to,  
Run with our fair maidens in the woods.  
Let us mingle our laughter and our voices  
With the sweet perfume of half-closed flowers!  
Let us laugh! This is the time of roses!

Let us love! This is the time of roses!  
Beauty awakes in the spring!  
And every heart races,  
And every heart races.  
During these swiftly fleeting moments,  
Let us love, for this is the time of roses!

English Translation:  
Richard Stokes



## Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

One of the foremost French composers of his generation, Gabriel Fauré was born the youngest of six in Pamiers, Ariège, in the south of France. He was an accomplished organist, pianist, and composer, and became a significant influence on composers of the 20th-century. He was an active teacher whose students included Nadia Boulanger, Alfredo Casella and Maurice Ravel. Fauré is often referred to as the “master of French mélodie” and his works reside comfortably within popular classical repertoire. Aaron Copland viewed Fauré's early song output as heavily

influenced by Gounod and showing little representation of Fauré himself. It wasn't until Fauré's middle compositional period that Copland felt the music reflected a personal style. Copland insisted "Les Berceaux", "Les roses d'Ispahan", and "Clair de Lune" were the first mature examples of the real Fauré, saying they are “so beautiful, so perfect, that they have even penetrated to America.”

In Fauré's "Les roses d'Ispahan", a repeated rhythmic line is present in the accompaniment. There is little break or alteration as the line propels the principal melody. With restraint and artistry, Fauré colors the harmony with seductive dissonance and uses the organic flow of the text to guide the ebbing accompaniment. Though his use of harmonic and melodic style pushed the boundaries of his time, Fauré chose to balance his songs with subtle and repetitive rhythmic motives. His use of discreet syncopations is like that of Brahms, by whom he was significantly influenced.

### Les roses d'Ispahan (1884)

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger  
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 arôme 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!

Original Text:  
Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

### The roses of Isfahan

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 wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,  
Than the singing bird  
in 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!

English Translation:  
Richard Stokes



## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Born in Paris, France in 1899, Francis Poulenc was the youngest and only son of Émelie and Jenny Poulenc. His mother was a trained pianist and encouraged his musical education. He was influenced at a young age by compositions of Debussy, Schubert, and Stravinsky, among others. His compositional output is extensive, particularly in art song. Poulenc was heavily influenced by Chabrier, as evidenced in his thoughtful and effortless melodic lines.

Pianist and conductor Yvonne Gouverné said, “With Poulenc, the melodic line matches the text so well that it seems in some way to complete it. Nobody has better crafted a phrase than Poulenc, highlighting the color of the words.” Poulenc’s respect for text can be observed in his song “Fleurs”. Through masterful and simplistic reflection of emotional harmony and use of exquisite melody, Poulenc allows the poetry to speak for itself, creating musical phrases perfectly in line with the text. The accompaniment remains powerfully simplistic as the melody, suspended delicately above, is highlighted with heart-wrenching harmonic dissonance.

### Fleurs (1939)

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,  
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d’un pas,  
Qui t’apportait ces fleurs l’hiver  
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?  
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées  
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée  
Un cœur enrubbanné de plaintes  
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

Original Text: Louise de Vilmorin

### Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers from a step’s parentheses,  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Sprinkled with the sea’s sand?  
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves  
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth  
A moan-beribboned heart  
Burns with its sacred images.

English Translation: Richard Stokes



## Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Born in Ambert, France, Emmanuel Chabrier was the only son of Jean Chabrier and Marie-Anne-Evelina. He began piano lessons at the age of six and despite family pressures to pursue a career in law, chose a life of music. He went on to become the father of French modernism.

*“Ah! Chabrier, I love him as one loves a father! An indulgent father, always merry, his pockets full of tasty tit-bits. Chabrier’s music is a treasure-house you could never exhaust. I just could not do without it.”* – Francis Poulenc

Chabrier is among the first important composers to work with French folk songs. His music frequently featured irregular rhythms and repeated figures in the accompaniment. He had a gift for melody and honed his skill in Parisian cafés. He developed a sophisticated Parisian style that molded twentieth-century composers like Francis Poulenc. Chabrier regarded his collection of work as a spiritual necessity rather than a financial asset. He also built extensive friendships with Impressionist artists Manet, Monet, Renoir, and Cézanne, and left behind a rich collection of art.

## Toutes les fleurs (1890)

Toutes les fleurs, certes, je les adore!  
Les pâles lys aux saluts langoureux,  
Les lys fluets dont le satin se dore,  
Dans leur calice, d'ors poudreux!

Et les bleuets bleus dont l'azur décore  
Les blés onduleux,  
Et les liserons qu'entr'ouvre l'aurore  
De ses doigts frileux ...

Mais surtout, surtout, je suis amoureux,  
Cependant que de folles gloses  
S'emplissent les jardins heureux,  
Des lilas lilas et des roses roses!

Toutes les fleurs, certes, je les adore!  
Les cyclamens aux fragiles bouquets,  
Les mimosas dont le buisson se dore,  
Et les chers jasmins si coquets,

Et les doux genêts dont la brise odore,  
Et les fins muguetts, les muguetts d'argent,  
Si frais quand l'aurore  
Mouille les bosquets.

Mais surtout, surtout, je suis amoureux,  
Cependant que de folles gloses  
S'emplissent les jardins heureux,  
Des lilas lilas et des roses roses!

Toutes les fleurs, certes, je les adore!  
Toutes les fleurs dont fleurit ta beauté,  
Les clairs soucis dont la lumière dore  
Tes cheveux aux blondeurs de thé,

L'iris velouté ui te prête encore  
Sa gracilité,  
Et l'œillet qui met ta joue et l'aurore  
En rivalité!

Mais surtout, surtout, je suis amoureux,  
Dans tes chères lèvres décloses  
Et dans les cernes de tes yeux,  
Des lilas lilas et des roses roses!

Original Text: Edmond Rostand

## All the flowers

All the flowers — of course I adore them!  
Pale lilies with languid bows,  
Slender lilies with gold-tinged satin  
In calyxes of powdered gold!

Blue cornflowers whose blueness beautifies  
The waving corn,  
And morning glory half-opened  
By cold-fingered dawn ...

But most of all I'm in love,  
Though wild rumor  
Fills the happy gardens,  
With the lilac lilac and the rose-colored rose!

All the flowers — of course I adore them!  
Cyclamen in fragile clusters,  
Mimosa that gilds the thickets,  
And dear coquettish jasmine

And sweet broom that scents the breeze,  
Pretty, silver lilies-of-the-valley,  
So fresh when dawn  
Bedews the groves.

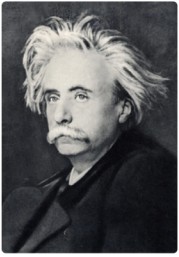
But most of all I'm in love,  
Though wild rumor  
Fills the happy gardens,  
With the lilac lilac and the rose-colored rose!

All the flowers — of course I adore them!  
All the flowers with which your beauty blooms,  
The bright marigold whose golden light  
Bathes your hair the color of tea,

The velvety iris which lends you  
Her slender form,  
And the pinks that cause your cheeks  
To vie with the dawn!

But most of all I'm in love —  
In your dear lips in bloom  
And your round eyes —  
With the lilac lilac and the rose-colored rose!

English Translation: Richard Stokes



## Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Born in Bergen Norway to Alexander Grieg and Gesine Hagerup on June 15, 1843, Edvard Grieg is widely considered one of the foremost Romantic era composers. His dedication to the preservation of Norwegian folk music had a lasting impact on Norwegian Nationalism. Spirited folk rhythms are found across all genres of his work, while his harmonies are heavily influenced by the late Romantic era.

Grieg gained inspiration from all elements of “folk life” – including folklore and nature. Mythical creatures and personified naturalistic elements often appear in the accompaniment and text of his art songs. "Mit einer Wasserlilie" features a “water sprite” (nøkk in the original Norwegian text) waiting under the lilies for unsuspecting daydreamers. The agitated accompaniment acts as the water current with a changing harmonic texture that is reflective of the text. Grieg’s folksy simplicity is on full display in "Mit einer primula veris". His message: there is nothing more lovely than the first Mayflower. Grieg combines this textual message with a unison setting of the vocal line and accompaniment, imitating a children’s folk song. A nightingale’s song can be heard in both the accompaniment and vocal line of "Die verschwiegene Nachtigall" while the sun’s rays break through the clouds on the final ascending line of "Letzter Frühling". Grieg’s connection to nature ran so deeply that he even kept a precious frog figurine in his pocket and would rub it for good luck.

*“Face to face with nature I stood in silent reverence and awe as if before God himself.”*  
– Edvard Grieg

### Mit einer Wasserlilie (1876)

Sieh, Marie, was ich bringe,  
Blume, mit der weissen Schwinge  
Auf des stromes stillen Wogen  
Kam sie träumerisch gezogen.

Wenn sie deinen Busen schmückte  
Kehrte heimwärts, die Beglückte;  
Denn auf stillen Wellenthronen  
Ruhete selig ihre Krone.

Hüte dich am Strom zu träumen,  
Furchtbar können Fluthen schäumen,  
Neck ist still als wenn er schlief,  
Lilien spielen ob der Tiefe.

Gleich der See dein Busen klar ist,  
Wo ein jeder Traum Gefahr ist,  
Lilien spielen ob der Tiefe,  
Neck ist still, als wenn er schlief.

Original Text:  
Henrik Ibsen

### With a Waterlily

Look, Marie, at what I bring;  
The flower with its white wings.  
Floating in the gentle current  
Dreamily it swam in springtime.

Will you take it home  
And pin it to your breast, Marie?  
Behind its petals then would hide  
A deep and calm wave.

Child, be wary of the current in the pond,  
It’s dangerous to dream there!  
The water sprite only pretends he is sleeping;  
Lilies play above.

Your bosom is clear like the lake,  
But every dream is dangerous,  
Lilies play above,  
The water sprite only pretends he is sleeping.

English Translation:  
William Jewson

## Mit einer primula veris (1876)

Mag dir, du zartes Frühlingskind,  
Dies erste Blümchen frommen.  
Empfang es gern, verschmäh' nicht,  
Weil später Rosen kommen.

Wohl köstlich ist die Sommerzeit,  
Der Herbst erquickt das Herz,  
Der Lenz doch ist der Wonnigste  
Mit Liebeslust und Scherz.

Für uns, o holde Maid, erglüht  
des Frühlings Morgensonne;  
So nimm' die Blum' und gib dafür  
dein Herz mit seiner Wonne.

German Translation:

Wilhelm Henzen

Original Norwegian Text:

John Olaf Paulsen

## With a Mayflower

You mild spring, beautiful child,  
Take the first spring plum,  
and cast it not aside, because you know  
that summer's roses come.

Alas, bright and beautiful is summer's light  
and rich is life's harvest,  
but spring is lovelier  
with the pleasure and caprice of love.

And you and I, my slender maiden,  
are we not flushed with the spring?  
So take my flower  
and give back your young heart's sweetness.

English Translation:

Paul Hindemith

## Die vieschwiegene Nachtigall (1884) The Nightingale's Secret

Unter der Linden, an der Haide,  
Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,  
Da mögt ihr finden, wie wir beide  
Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.  
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,  
Tandaradei!  
Sang im Thal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen zu der Aue,  
Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.  
Ich ward empfangen,  
Als hehre Fraue, daß ich noch immer selig bin.  
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?  
Tandaradei!  
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,  
Wüßt' es Einer,  
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.  
Wie mich der Gute  
Herzte, Keiner  
Erfahre das, als er und ich.  
Und ein kleines Vögelein,  
Tandaradei!  
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

Original Text:

Karl Joseph Simrock

Under the lindens on the heath  
at the spot where I sat with my boyfriend  
you might discover how he and I  
squashed the flowers and the grass.  
From the woods came a sweet sound -  
"Tandaradei!"  
The nightingale sings in the valley.

I came to the meadow;  
my sweetheart had arrived before me.  
He greeted me as a noble lady  
(I'm still very happy about that).  
Did he offer me kisses?  
"Tandaradei!"  
See how red my lips are!

If anyone found out (God forbid!)  
what happened as I lay there,  
I would be deeply ashamed.  
May nobody know  
how the young man embraced me  
except him and me -  
and a little bird -  
"Tandaradei!"  
who will certainly keep a secret.

English Translation:

Richard Stokes



## Letzter Frühling (1881)

Ja, noch einmal ist das Wunder geschehn,  
das Glück mit beschieden,  
wieder in all seiner Wonne zu sehn  
den Frühling hienieden!

Durfte noch einmal beseliget schaun  
den Winter zertauen,  
lieblich die Seen und die Ströme erblaun,  
ergrünen die Auen.

Hören noch einmal, des Morgens erwacht,  
Schalmeien erklingen,  
einmal noch hören, entschlummernd zur Nacht,  
die Nachtigall singen.

Schöner, als jemals zuvor ich es sah,  
bedünkt mich das Blühen,  
schön, wie die Sonne dem Untergang nah  
im letzten Erglühn.

Düfte der Blumen, sie hauchen so süß,  
so lind wehn die Lüfte,  
gleich als ob fernher ihr Atem schon grüß  
von jenseits der Grüfte.

Wandle, als träte mein zagender Schritt  
nicht irdische Matten,  
zöge im Fluge der Wolken schon mit,  
ein seliger Schatten.

German Translation:  
Hans Schmidt

Original Norwegian Text:  
Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

## Last Spring

Yes, the miracle has happened once more,  
The luck I am destined with,  
To see again in all its bliss  
The springtime here below!

I once again look happily  
On the melting winter,  
How lovely the lakes and rivers blue,  
How green the meadows.

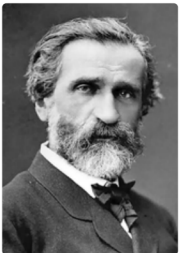
Listen again, awaking in the Morning,  
Shawms sound,  
Listen again, falling asleep at night,  
The nightingale sings.

More beautiful than I've ever seen before,  
Bewitched by the blooming,  
Beautiful as the sun is about to set  
In its final glow.

Scents of the flowers, they breathe so sweetly,  
The air blows so gently,  
As if far away her breaths greeted you  
From beyond the tomb.

I walk as if my hesitant steps do not  
Tread on Earthly mats  
But fly already with the clouds,  
As a happy shadow.

English Translation:  
Olivia Donnel



## Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Giuseppe Verdi was born the first child of Carlo Giuseppe Verdi and Luigia Uttini in October of 1813. Verdi began private lessons in Latin and Italian at the age of four, organ lessons at the age of six, and by the age of eight was the official paid organist for his local church. Verdi, along with Wagner, dominated the opera scene during the 19th century. His operas *Rigoletto*, *Il trovatore*, and *La traviata* still appear frequently as season highlights for many opera companies around the world.

In Verdi's "L'esule", the text describes a scene in nature from the perspective of a person exiled far from home. Recalling the beauty of the native landscape, the aching desire for home causes the forlorn character to plead for death: only in death can they return home. Verdi uses text painting in the vocal line and accompaniment to highlight this dramatic poetry. A gentle descending octave leap falls like moonlight on the hills while a triplet figure in the piano shimmers like the rippling surface of a lake. Dotted rhythms mimic palpitations of joy and ascending rapturous phrases send our heroine's spirit off to their homeland.

## L'esule (1839)

Vedi! la bianca luna  
Splende sui colli;  
La notturna brezza  
Scorre leggera ad increspare il vago  
Grembo del queto lago.  
Perché, perché sol io  
Nell'ora più tranquilla e più soave  
Muto e pensoso mi starò? Qui tutto  
È gioia; il ciel, la terra  
Di natura sorridono all'incanto.  
L'esule solo è condannato al pianto.

Ed io pure fra l'aure native  
Palpitava d'ignoto piacer.  
Oh, del tempo felice ancor vive  
La memoria nel caldo pensier.  
Corsi lande, deserti, foreste,  
Vidi luoghi olezzanti di fior;  
M'aggrirai fra le danze e le feste,  
Ma compagno ebbi sempre il dolor.

Or che mi resta?  
Togliere alla vita  
Quella forza che misero mi fa.  
Deh, vieni, vieni, o morte, a chi t'invita  
E l'alma ai primi gaudi tornerà.

Oh, che allor le patrie sponde  
Non saranno a me vietate;  
Fra quell'aure, su quell'onde  
Nudo spirito volerò;  
Bacerò le guance amate  
Della cara genitrice  
Ed il pianto all'infelice  
Non veduto tergerò.

Original Text:  
Temistocle Solera

## The Exile

Look! The white moon  
shines on the hills  
The night breeze  
flows lightly to ruffle  
the charming womb of the peaceful lake.  
Why, why in this hour  
so tranquil and sweet  
Am I alone mute and thoughtful? Here all  
is joy; The sky, the earth,  
all nature smiles at the enchantment.  
Only the exile is condemned to weep.

And within my native air I also  
Throbbled with hidden joy.  
Oh, the memory of those happy times  
Lives again in my ardent thoughts.  
I race through grasslands, deserts, forests,  
I observe scenes fragrant with flowers;  
I wander through the dances and the festivals,  
But pain was always my companion.

Now, what is left for me?  
Take away from my life  
This force that makes me suffer.  
Oh come, come death, I invite you  
And my soul will return to its original delight!

Oh, then my native shore  
will not be barred to me!  
In that air, on those waves  
my bared soul will fly;  
I will kiss the beloved cheek  
of my dear parents  
And my sad tears  
will be wiped away.

English Translation:  
Melissa Malde

# *Intermission*





## Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Jake Heggie is an American composer native to Columbus, Ohio. He is best known for his operas and art songs. Heggie's *Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia* is a set of four poems selected to represent the life of Ophelia. Heggie uses his own poetry alongside that of Edna St. Vincent Millay to breathe new life into the character of Ophelia. Millay was considered a subversive figure with questionable morality for her time, quite the contrast to the naïve and loyal Ophelia from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Heggie uses the sonnets of Millay to connect with Shakespeare's

sonnets, as well as using these poems bound by strict compositional rules as symbolism for the strict societal rules of the 1600s. He also chose not to set Ophelia's mad scene as many Western composers often do, but rather selected sonnets that loosely mirror Ophelia's archetypes.

The texts of the poems represent the different sides of Ophelia: the innocent maiden, the temptress and villain, the heroine, and death and rebirth. Heggie placed the poems in an order that formally and textually suggests Ophelia's struggles, and set them to music highlighting not only the text itself, but also the various archetypes that Ophelia has come to represent. Heggie uses several compositional techniques to connect the text of these poems to the character archetypes. The most notable of these is the use of extreme and sudden shifts of mood through quick changes in tempo and dynamic. Heggie also utilizes recurring motifs, text painting, obscurity of meter, and ambiguous harmonies to provide emotional context for the text.

## Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia (1999)

### Ophelia's Song

The hills are green, my dear one,  
and blossoms are filling the air.  
The spring is arisen  
and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I'll lay me  
and dream of the open air.  
The spring is arisen  
and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.  
Pine for a chalice of gold.  
I have a dear one and he is mine.  
Thicker than water. Water so cold.

In this flowery field I'll lay me  
and dream of the open air.  
The spring is arisen  
and I am a prisoner there.

Text: Jake Heggie

### Women Have Loved Before

Women have loved before as I love now;  
At least, in lively chronicles of the past—  
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow  
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast  
Much to their cost invaded—here and there,  
Hunting the amorous line, skimming the rest,  
I find some woman bearing as I bear  
Love like a burning city in the breast.  
I think however that of all alive  
I only in such utter, ancient way  
Do suffer love; in me alone survive  
The unregenerate passions of a day  
When treacherous queens,  
with death upon the tread,  
Heedless and willful,  
took their knights to bed.

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay

## Not in a Silver Casket

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls  
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,  
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls  
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;  
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring  
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—  
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring  
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:  
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,  
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,  
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat  
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,  
I bring you, calling out as children do:  
"Look what I have!—And these are all for you."

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay

## Spring

To what purpose, April, do you return again?  
Beauty is not enough.  
You can no longer quiet me with the redness  
Of little leaves opening stickily.  
I know what I know.  
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe  
The spikes of the crocus.  
The smell of the earth is good.  
It is apparent that there is no death.  
But what does that signify?  
Not only under ground are the brains of men  
Eaten by maggots.  
Life in itself is nothing,  
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.  
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,  
April comes like an idiot,  
babbling and strewing flowers.

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay





## Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Joaquín Turina was born in Seville, Spain on December 9, 1882. Due to his impressive improvisational skills on an accordion that he had been gifted at the age of four, Turina was labeled a child prodigy. He began piano lessons with Enrique Rodriguez and studied harmony and counterpoint with Evarista Garcia Torres at the age of twelve. He studied composition with French composer and teacher Vincent d'Indy at the Schola Cantorum de Paris. While there, he also studied piano under Moritz Moszkowski. Turina became friends with Manuel de Falla, Maurice Ravel, and Claude Debussy, all of whom became significant influences in his compositional process. Turina's compositions are heavily influenced by the traditional Andalusian music of his region. His music is often described as rapturous and exultant.

The first song in Turina's *Tríptico* is a setting of three Ramón de Campoamor poems. Titled after a popular form of flamenco music, the texts of *Farruca* explore the passionate emotions of love while the accompaniment mimics the fast turns and intense footwork of flamenco performers. In contrast, the second movement, "Cantilena", features narrative poetry by Ángel de Saavedra. Turina accompanies the text with stunning cantilenas in the vocal line. The accompaniment utilizes repeated rhythmic material, providing a stage for the vocal melody. The vocalist and pianist explore the extremes of their respective ranges multiple times throughout the piece. "Cantilena" ends with a *crescendo molto* and chords spanning three octaves in a rapture-esque fashion. "Madrigal", also featuring text by Ángel de Saavedra, takes influence from the Renaissance and early Baroque period. Originating in Italy, the madrigal rapidly spread across Europe in the mid-sixteenth century. While following the Italian tradition of through-composition, Turina pays homage to Spanish madrigal composer Mateo Flecha by repeating the opening stanza of text (ABCA form).

## Tríptico, Op. 45 (1927)

### Farruca

Está tu imágen, que admiro,  
Tan pegada á mi deseo,  
Que si al espejo me miro,  
En vez de verme, te veo.

No vengas, falso contento,  
Llamando á mi corazón,  
Púés traes en la ilusión  
Envuelto el remordimiento.

Marcho á la luz de la luna  
De su sombra tan en pos,  
Que no hacen más sombra que una,  
Siendo nuestros cuerpos dos.

Original Text:  
Ramón de Campoamor

Your image which I admire  
is so fixed to my desire  
that if I look in the mirror  
instead of seeing myself, I see you.

Do not come, false happiness,  
calling to my heart,  
since you bring remorse  
wrapped in illusion.

I go by the light of the moon  
in pursuit of her shadow,  
because, [though] our bodies are two,  
they do not make more than one shadow.

English Translation:  
Garrett Medlock

## II. Cantilena

Por un alegre prado  
De flores esmaltado,  
Y de una clara fuente  
Con la dulce corriente  
De aljófares regado;  
Mí dueño idolatrado  
Iba cogiendo flores  
Más bella y más lozana  
Que ninfa de Diana.  
Los risueños amores  
En torno la cercaban,  
Y en su falda jugaban.

Y en tanto que ella hermosa  
Ora un clavel cogia,  
Ora una linda rosa,  
Ora un tierno jacinto;  
Más flores producía  
Aquel fresco recinto  
Orgullosa y ufano:  
Pues al punto otras tantas,  
Como tronchó la mano  
De mi dueño tirano,  
Brotaron á sus plantas.

Original Text:  
Ángel de Saavedra

## III. Madrigal

Tus ojos, ojos no son,  
niña, sino dos navajas  
con que destrozas y rajas  
el más duro corazón.

Y tu boca celestial  
no es boca, es un vaso lleno  
de hechizos y de veneno,  
entre perlas y coral.

Por experiencia lo sé,  
vi tus ojos y al instante  
con un hierro penetrante  
roto mi pecho encontré.

Tu suave voz me encantó  
bebí tu sonrisa y luego  
de ardiente ponzoña el fuego  
por mis venas circuló.

Original Text:  
Ángel de Saavedra

Through a cheerful meadow  
Of enameled flowers,  
And a clear spring,  
The gentle current  
Sprinkled with pearls;  
There my beloved went  
Picking flowers  
More beautiful and more fresh  
Than a nymph of Diana.  
The laughing sprites  
Danced around her  
And on her lap they played.

And while she, so beautiful,  
Picked a carnation,  
Picked a rose,  
Picked a sweet hyacinth,  
More flowers were produced  
In that fresh space  
Beautiful and proud.  
Because many of them,  
Like cutting off the hand  
of my tyrannical owner,  
quickly sprouted from their base.

English Translation:  
Olivia Donnel

Your eyes, they are not eyes,  
girl, but two knives  
With which you destroy and pierce  
The hardest of hearts.

And your celestial mouth,  
It is not a mouth, it is a full cup  
Of spells and poison,  
Between pearls and coral.

From experience I know,  
I saw your eyes and at that moment,  
With penetrating iron,  
I found my chest open.

Your sweet voice enchanted me,  
I drank your smile  
and the burning fire of venom  
flowed through my veins.

