Three Dissertation Performances of Vocal Repertoire

by

David Weigel

A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Musical Arts
(Music: Performance)
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Doctoral Committee:

Associate Professor Stephen Lusmann, Chair
Professor Joel Howell
Professor Carmen Pelton
Professor Logan Skelton
Professor Stephen West

David Weigel

dweigel@umich.edu

ORCID iD: 0000-0002-3156-4760

DEDICATION

To my brother, Eric Weigel, in loving memory.

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ABSTRACT

One operatic role and two vocal recitals were performed in lieu of a written dissertation.

The operatic role (Figaro in W.A. Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*) and two recitals strove to demonstrate mastery and proficiency of a wide variety of styles and languages within classical vocal literature. The necessities of the performance of the role of Figaro demonstrated knowledge of the Classical operatic style, refined vocal technique, carefully crafted dramatic intension and stagecraft, and proficiency in Italian. The first recital focused on a variety of languages (German, French, and English) and musical styles: Romantic German *Lieder*; 20th century French *mélodie*; 20th century British art song, and a German Baroque aria. The second recital, of songs in German and English, furthered the exploration of vocal styles: Classical German *Lieder*; late Romantic German *Lieder*; 20th century British art song, and American musical theatre.

March 22nd and 24th, 2018 in Lydia Mendelssohn Theater. Conducted by Chelsea Gallo. Directed by Grant Preisser. W.A. Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*. Role performed: Figaro.

December 16, 2018 at 11:30 AM, in Britton Recital Hall. Bernard Tan, piano. Hugo Wolf *Eichendorff Lieder*: "Der Musikant," "Nachtzauber," "Verschwiegene Liebe," "Das Ständchen;" Jacques Ibert *Chansons de Don Quichotte*: "Chanson du départ," "Chanson à Dulcinée," "Chanson du Duc," "Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte;" George Butterworth *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*: "Loveliest of trees," "When I was one-and-twenty," "Look not in my eyes," "Think no more, lad," "The lads in their hundreds," "Is my team ploughing?;" J.S. Bach *Matthäus-Passion*: "Am Abend, da es kühle war … Mache dich, mein Herze, rein."

April 14, 2019 at 2:30 PM, in the Faber Piano Institute Recital Hall. Lydia Qiu, piano. Ludwig van Beethoven *An die ferne Geliebte*: "Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend," "Wo die Berge so blau," "Leichte Segler in den Höhen," "Diese Wolken in den Höhen," "Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au," "Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder;" George Butterworth *Bredon Hill and other songs*: "Bredon Hill," "Oh fair enough are sky and plain," "When the lad for longing sighs," "On the idle hill of summer," "With rue my heart is laden;" Arnold Schoenberg *Zwei Gesänge für eine Baritonstimme und Klavier*: "Dank," "Abschied;" Jerry Bock *Fiddler on the Roof*: "If I Were a Rich Man."

OPERATIC ROLE IN LIEU OF RECITAL:

Figaro in W.A. Mozart and Lorenzo Da Ponte's *Le nozze di Figaro*

Figaro as "Everyman" – A Character Analysis

Whenever I think of *Le nozze di Figaro*, this thought always runs through my mind: why is it not called *Le nozze di Susanna* or, at the very least, *Le nozze di Figaro e Susanna*? Aside from the obvious – Pierre Beaumarchais's play was entitled *Le Mariage de Figaro* – you would think that it is because Figaro is the main character and has the most stage time. However, and any soprano will remind you of this, Susanna has the most stage time; in fact, it is one of the largest pre-Wagner roles in opera. Likewise, it could be argued that Leporello, who sings as much as the Don, would then deserve a share of the title in *Don Giovanni*. But, the entirety of the plot of that opera revolves around the Don, his choices, and the consequences of such choices, granting him the title role.

Returning to *Le nozze di Figaro*, most of the plot is focused on Susanna and her relationships with Figaro, the Count, and the Countess. It is possible to attribute a sexist slant to the title; the world of classical music, and the whole in general, at this time was almost entirely dominated by men. But, Mozart utilized female names in his previous operas: *Bastien und Bastienne* features both the female and male lead, and both *La finta semplice* and *La finta giardiniera* are named for the female characters. I will focus on what Figaro represents in *Le*

nozze di Figaro – he is the embodiment of the "everyman" and serves as the audience surrogate for the opera, allowing us to witness the opera through his eyes. It is because of this important role that Figaro gains the prestige of the title character.

Le nozze di Figaro, like most *opere buffe* of its time, incorporates elements of *Commedia dell'arte* into its characters, scenarios, and plot devices. Figaro is based on the character *Arlecchino*, or Harlequin in English. Harlequin, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, is a stock character who is a "faithful valet" or servant and is typically lacking in money but claiming noble birth – all of which describes Figaro. His primary love interest is *Colombina* (Susanna's archetype), which the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* describes as a "saucy and adroit servant girl." She is quick-witted and sharp-tongued, often at the expense of Harlequin. Harlequin, in a comedic and not too vicious way, commonly works to undermine the high-class characters around him, especially *Pantalone*: an old fool, whom Dr. Bartolo embodies. All of these aspects of *Commedia dell'arte* Lorenzo Da Ponte, librettist for *Le nozze di Figaro*, and Mozart integrates into the story and music of their opera.

The choice, by Beaumarchais and subsequently reinforced by Mozart and Da Ponte, to make Figaro a Harlequin archetype supports Figaro's role as the "everyman." He is, essentially, a working man who is looking for comfort and companionship. He would be immediately identifiable, understandable, and sympathetic to the increasingly humanistic audience of the Enlightenment; and Figaro's persona continues to be relatable to this day.

Mozart's music expands and further defines Beaumarchais' and Da Ponte's Figaro. His music is light and often popular. In this first aria, "Se vuol ballare," Figaro sings of playing his own tune on guitar, meaning he will take matters into his own hands regarding the Count's

nefarious plans. Mozart chooses to set Figaro's words as a simple guitar song with an ABA form, accompanied by pizzicato, guitar-like strings, as seen in Figure 1.1.

Figure 1.1 Excerpt from No. 3, "Se vuol ballare" from *Le nozze di Figaro*[1]:



Like much of Mozart's Enlightenment music, "Se vuol ballare" is accessible and would resonate with modern audiences as music they could sing or, at the very least, to which they could relax and enjoy. This is in stark contrast to Figaro's antagonists in the opera: the Count and Bartolo. Their music is pompous and recalls the style of *opera seria*, with running orchestral scales, vocal ornaments, accompanied recitatives, and less popular melodies. Mozart is specifically identifying the classes of his characters through musical terms; Figaro is presented as a plainspoken common man and the Count and Bartolo as arrogant and deceitful aristocrats.

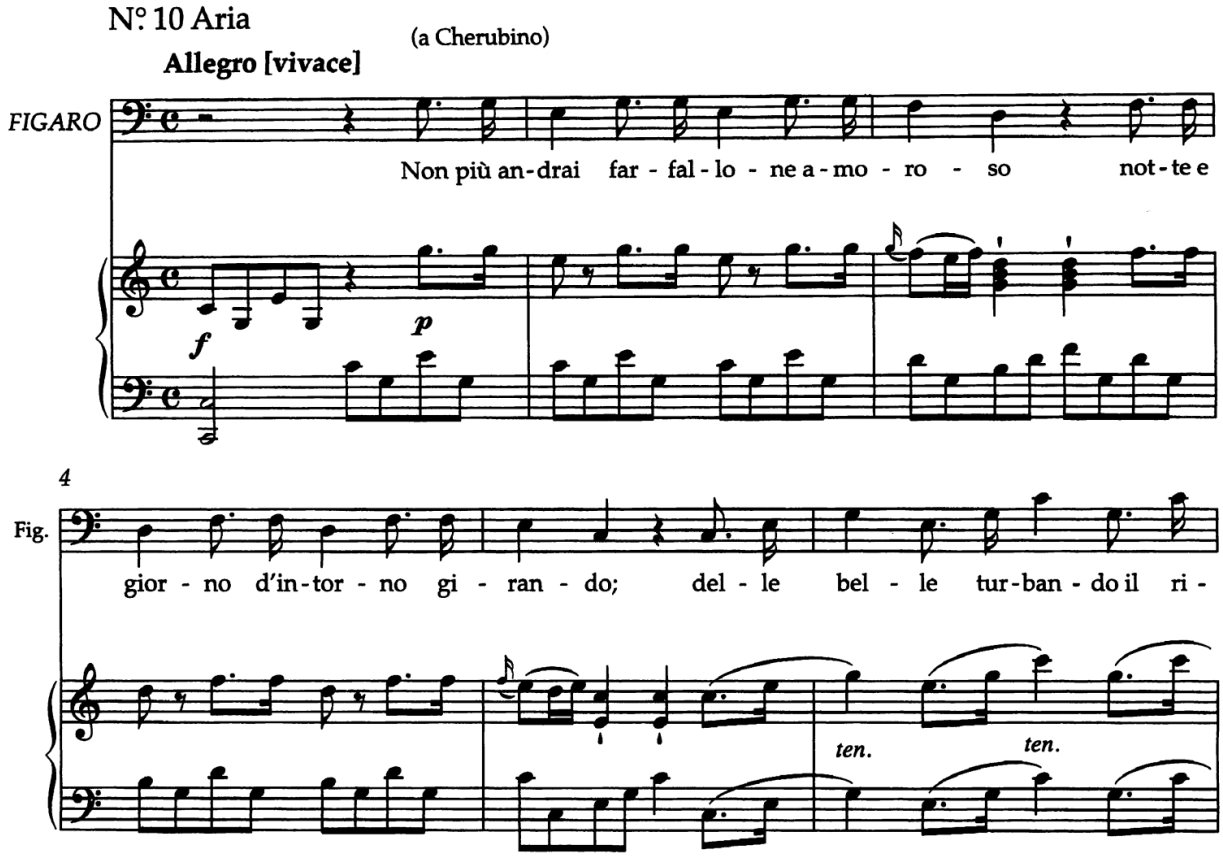
Figaro's second aria, "Non più andrai," went beyond the impression of "Se vuol ballare" as popular song, and became a well known song in its own right. "Non più andrai" had a memorable melody (see Figure 1.2) presented in a marching rondo form. The tune was so popular that Mozart quoted the music in his next opera, *Don Giovanni*, in the Act II Finale,

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[1] All musical excerpts will be taken from the Bärenreiter Vocal Score, no. 4565a.
Mozart, W.A. *Le Nozze Di Figaro, KV 492*. Kassel, Germany: Bärenreiter-Verlag, 2001.

where Leporello says, with a wink and a nod, "*Questa poi la conosco pur troppo*" or "I know this piece only too well."[2]

Figure 1.2 Excerpt from No. 10, "Non più andrai" from *Le nozze di Figaro*:



It is only when Figaro sings his third aria in Act IV, "Aprite un po' quegli occhi," that his music becomes more complex and has an accompanied recit. But this is at Figaro's climax in the opera and the audience understands his character by this point. Mozart allows Figaro to become more introspective and emotional as he sings his biting critique of women.

Before exploring the character of *Le nozze di Figaro*'s Figaro and his role as the audience surrogate, it is important to look back to Figaro's character in *Le Barbier de Séville*,

[2] This line constitutes an inside joke for the audience at the premiere of *Don Giovanni*, which took place in Prague. The original Leporello, Felice Ponziani, had also sung Figaro in Prague the year before. "Non più andrai" was a huge hit in Prague, and the audience was treated to Ponziani reprising a bit of the popular aria.

Beaumarchais's play telling the story of Figaro before the events of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Figaro, acting as a Jack-of-all-trades factotum in Seville, helps Count Almaviva rescue Rosine from the guardianship of, and eventual marriage with, Doctor Bartholo. Figaro proves to be more clever and resourceful than anyone else in the play; he leads the comic plot forward to Almaviva and Rosine's wedding, making a fool of Bartholo in the process. In the time between *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Figaro has entered the employ of the Count, and has met and fallen in love with Susanna. He is comfortable and content, which is where we meet him at the beginning of *Le nozze di Figaro*. I will focus on four specific events in the opera that best display Figaro's part as audience surrogate: the beginning of the opera as Susanna explains the Count's plan, the Act 2 finale when Figaro must learn about and process everything that has transpired, the revelation of Figaro's origin in the Act 3 sextet, and the end of the opera when he witnesses Susanna's mock attempt at the Count's seduction.

The opera opens with a pleasant, domestic duet between Figaro and Susanna. Figaro is sizing up the room to find a space for their marriage bed. Susanna is focused on her wedding bonnet or veil. They both speak at each other, not really hearing one another. In other words, a typical, nonchalant interaction between the two of them. Like Figaro, the audience is calmed by the charming music Mozart has provided. As Figaro, who is completely unaware of the Count's true intensions, begins to explain that the room is theirs, Susanna provides the necessary exposition to understand the real scenario: the Count has lulled Figaro into a false sense of security and has positioned Susanna as close as possible to himself in order to seduce her. Both Figaro and the audience learn this at the same time. The once peaceful scene is interrupted with confusion, jealously, and apprehension. As Susanna leaves, the Figaro of old awakens. As he

sings his first aria, “Se vuol ballare,” the audience witnesses anger and cunning replacing the complacency with which the opera began.

Following the Countess’ aria that begins Act 2, Figaro interrupts the Countess and Susanna in order to explain his plan. In a reversal of roles from Act 1, Figaro now explains to Susannah, and the audience, what is to be done. This involves more *Commedia dell’Arte* plot devices, such as cross-dressing and mistaken identities. Figaro will send Cherubino, disguised as Susanna, to a rendezvous with the Count that night. Additionally, Figaro will send the Count an anonymous note suggesting that the Countess is having an affair with another man, to add salt to the wound. The Count’s treachery will then be exposed to all.

Much like Figaro, the audience has seen the events of the first act and is able to formulate its own thoughts as to what has happened. Figaro, as the audience surrogate, now steps in to provide commentary and exposition as to what must happen next. The audience shares Figaro’s joy as the Countess and Susanna approve of the plan. However, as Figaro’s plan unravels, first seen by the audience and then experienced by Figaro, all are witness to a turning point in the plot.

As Act 2 proceeds, the audience first sees the downfall of Figaro’s plan. Cherubino, after telling the Countess and Susanna that the Count forgot to put his seal on the commission, is almost discovered by the Count and jumps out a window to escape. The Count is furious and suspicious of the Countess and Susanna’s actions and the women almost have him calmed down when Figaro enters. Figaro is again cocky and tries to start the wedding ceremony, but he is unaware of what has already happened. Just as the audience previously learned of the twists and turns of events, Figaro must, too, be filled in. Figaro stubbornly denies writing the anonymous

letter to the Count detailing the Countess' alleged affair. As he does so, the Countess and Susanna try to reveal quietly that the plan has changed. Figaro, who in this moment hates the Count, eventually submits and admits to his role. The confused Count soon runs out of questions and as victory seems inevitable, chaos ensues.

To the surprise of everyone onstage and in the audience, the drunken gardener Antonio bursts in. Figaro must now think quickly and adapt as new information is thrown at him. We learn that Antonio saw Cherubino jump from the window, so Figaro says it was he who jumped, adding a pretend limp to confirm his claim. Antonio presents the commission to the Count and, with the assistance of the women, Figaro worms his way into an explanation for that as well – Cherubino left it with Figaro because the commission lacked the seal. Figaro processes the events of the opera just as the audience does, slowly catching up to the viewers. Figaro, Susanna, the Countess, and the audience again feel victorious before their plan is officially foiled by the entrance of Marcellina, Basilio, and Bartolo. They solidify the Count's position by formally requesting a hearing regarding Figaro's debt to Marcellina. Angry and despondent, Figaro must accept his fate as the act ends.

This leads us to the sextet in the middle of Act 3. The court case requested by Marcellina has just ended and, as Figaro enters, Don Curzio reveals his verdict: Figaro must immediately pay Marcellina or marry her. Hope now seems lost and Figaro begins to improvise. In proper Harlequin form, he claims that he is of noble birth and cannot marry without his parents' consent. The Count, Marcellina, Bartolo, and Curzio laugh at him, demanding proof of his birth. As a last resort, Figaro shows a birthmark on his arm. To the shock of Figaro, the audience, and everyone else on stage, Marcellina exclaims that Figaro is her, and Bartolo's, long lost son. This huge

revelation changes the tide of the entire opera. Figaro, obviously freed from his marriage to his mother, can now marry Susanna. Act 3 draws to a close as Figaro happily marries Susanna. Unbeknownst to Figaro, his happiness is only temporary and he is in store for another twist. However, the audience is one step ahead of Figaro. They saw the Countess and Susanna, in the duet "Sull'aria," make their plans to switch places to expose the Count. The audience will now watch Figaro witness and process the events of the final act before coming to the denouement.

In Act 4, Figaro slowly begins to put the pieces of the puzzle together. His suspicions grow and culminate in his aria "Aprite un po' quegli occhi." As mentioned earlier, this aria differs from his previous two in that it begins with an accompanied recitative. Typically, accompanied recits are reserved for aristocratic characters in dramatic moments. Mozart follows this tradition, giving both the Count and Countess accompanied recits in the opera. Even though Figaro's noble birth was revealed earlier, the reason for his accompanied recit is purely dramatic. Figaro is overcome with jealousy and grief. He wrongfully believes that Susanna has betrayed him and is now pursuing the Count. Figaro bemoans the pain Susanna has caused him, so much so that he, for the first and only time in the opera, breaks the fourth wall and communicates directly with the audience. As the aria proper begins, he tells the men in the audience to open their eyes and see what women truly are: thorny roses, cunning vixens, and masters of deceit. As his sarcastic and biting rant continues, Figaro's pain becomes more and more palpable, so much so that Mozart has him repeat the text before the horns in the orchestra mock him as a cuckold. This aria solidifies Figaro's relationship with the audience; it is the only time that a character directly interacts with the people in the "real" world.

Following his aria, Susanna returns, dressed as the Countess. She is aware of Figaro's presence and decides he must learn a lesson for his jealousy. As she sings her aria, "Deh vieni, non tardar," Figaro assumes another unique position in the opera: this time as a literal audience member. Trying to hide from Susanna, Figaro listens to her song of love, thinking that it is directed towards the Count. Though the audience is a step ahead of Figaro and is aware that Susanna is true to him, Figaro and the audience are one and the same at this moment. They are both silent observers who are listening and processing the music and words.

A tortured Figaro eventually, in the Act 4 finale, confronts Susanna. After putting up a fight, she reveals that she is faithful to him and is only trying to trick the Count. As Figaro discovers the truth, the mood of the opera returns to playful joy then moves swiftly to the Count's downfall. As it is a comic opera, the Countess forgives the Count and the entire cast reflects on the lessons learned during this eventful day. All is well.

Figaro, though he does not have the most stage time, is the glue that holds *Le nozze di Figaro* together. Susanna may be the pivotal character that drives most of the plot, but it is Figaro's perception of and reaction to the plot that becomes the focal point of the opera. Because of his Harlequin archetype, Figaro is immediately accessible as a character. Though his life experiences are heightened in this dramatic medium, Figaro's life is relatable – he is an average man dealing with personal, relationship, and work problems. Figaro provides a grounded, realistic character, an everyman, who filters the events of the opera through his own eyes, giving the audience a vision into his world and earning him the honor of being the title character.

RECITAL ONE PROGRAM

David Weigel, Bass-baritone

Bernard Tan, Piano
Lauren Decker, Contralto
Sunday, December 16, 2018
Moore Building, Britton Recital Hall
11:30 AM

From ***Eichendorff Lieder*** — Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
- Der Musikant
- Nachtzauber
- Verschwiegene Liebe
- Das Ständchen

Chansons de Don Quichotte — Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)
- Chanson du départ
- Chanson à Dulcinée
- Chanson du Duc
- Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Intermission

Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad — George Butterworth (1885-1916)
- Loveliest of trees
- When I was one-and-twenty
- Look not in my eyes
- Think no more, lad
- The lads in their hundreds
- Is my team ploughing?

"Epiphany" and **"A Little Priest"**[3] — Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
from ***Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street***
Lauren Decker, Contralto

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[3] "Epiphany" and "A Little Priest" were replaced on the day of the recital by:
"Am Abend, da es kühle war … Mache dich, mein Herze, rein." — J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
from ***Matthäus-Passion***

RECITAL ONE PROGRAM NOTES

Austrian composer **Hugo Wolf** (March 13, 1860 - February 22, 1903) is considered by many to be one of the greatest and most sophisticated composers of German *Lieder*. Wolf has been called the "Wagner of the *Lied*," not only because of his admiration for the great German composer of operas, but because he incorporated the musical style of Wagner – complex chromaticism, declamatory vocal exclamation, and expressive sense of drama – into the miniature form of song. Wolf's songs, through their highly refined sense of style and intellectual concentration, display the perfect synthesis of poetry and music. Wolf referred to his songs as "poems for voice and piano," stressing the importance he put on the fusion of text and music. Unlike Wagner, who wrote his own *libretti* (texts for operas), Wolf chose to use the vast collection of German lyric poetry written during the 18th and 19th centuries. He had at his disposal the poems of Goethe, Mörike, and Eichendorff, whose poems he would set in large collections of songs. Along with the operas of Wagner, Wolf studied the *Lieder* of his predecessors, especially Schubert, Schumann, and Loewe. All these influences put Wolf in the right place at the right time for his highly expressive and innovative songs.

Sadly, though his approximately 250 songs are well-celebrated today, Wolf struggled for recognition during his all too short life. As the result of depression that would inhibit his creativity, Wolf's compositional output was limited to an incredibly brief span. Most of his songs were composed between 1888 and 1891, including the Mörike, Goethe, and Eichendorff collections, the *Spanisches Liederbuch*, and half of the *Italienisches Liederbuch*. Following this Schumann-like manic compositional period, Wolf fell into a deep depression, compounded by the effects of syphilis. He composed nothing for several years. During this time, his songs began to gain notoriety, but he remained consumed by his depression. Eventually, Wolf was hospitalized due to mental instability in 1897 and again in 1903; he died during his second hospitalization.

Joseph von Eichendorff (March 10, 1788 - November 26, 1857) was a Prussian poet, novelist, playwright, and critic. He is one of the great German romantic poets; his texts were set by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Strauss, and Wolf. His poems are often lyrical and folk-like, directly influenced by the folk poems of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Wolf's twenty settings of Eichendorff's texts are generally bright and cheerful compared to the more ambitious Mörike songs or the psychologically intense Goethe songs. To match Eichendorff's more folk-like poems, Wolf's songs incorporate strophic settings (highly unusual for Wolf) and a more light-hearted tone.

Der Musikant

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

The Musician

I love a wandering life;
I live any way I can.
I might worry about it,
but that sort of thing doesn't suit me.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draußen in die Saiten reiß ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

I know beautiful old songs,
out in the cold, barefoot;
outdoors I pluck the strings,
but I don't know where I'll rest at night.

Many a beauty makes eyes at me,
as if to say I please her,
if only I amounted to something,
and weren't such a poor good-for-nothing.

May God send you a man
well provided with house and home!
If we two were to be together,
I would forget how to sing.

Nachtzauber

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
nach den stillen Waldesseen,
wo die Marmorbilder stehen
in der schönen Einsamkeit?
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
weckend die uralten Lieder,
steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.

Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen
in dem mondbeglänzten Grund
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
junge Glieder blühendsprossen,
weiße Arme, roter Mund,
und die Nachtigallen schlagen
und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
von versunk'nen schönen Tagen –
komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Night Magic

Do you not hear the spring running
between the stones and flowers far
toward the quiet wood lakes,
where the marble statues stand
in fine solitude?
From the mountains, gently
awakening ancient songs,
the wondrous night descends
and the earth gleams again
as you often see in a dream.

Do you know the flower that blooms
in the moonlit land,
from whose buds, half-open,
young limbs bloom with
white arms and red mouth?
And the nightingale sings,
and all around, a lament is raised;
alas, wounded fatally by love,
by lovely days now gone forever –
come, o come to the silent land!

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein—
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Secret Love

Over the treetops and the fields of grain,
in the moonlight—
who could guess them,
who holds them in check?
Thoughts are in motion,
the night is silent,
thoughts are free.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen—
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

May only one guess
who is thinking of her,
in the rustling of the grove
when no one else is awake.
As the clouds that soar—
my love is silent,
and lovely as the night.

Das Ständchen

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

The Serenade

Over the roofs between pale
clouds, the moon gazes across;
a student there in the street
is singing at his beloved's door.

And the fountains murmur again
through the still loneliness,
as do the woods, from the mountain down,
just as in the good old times.

So in my young days,
would I often on summer nights
also play my lute here
and invent many merry songs.

But from her silent threshold
they have carried my love away to rest.
And you, happy fellow,
sing, sing ever on!

A younger contemporary of Maurice Ravel, **Jacques Ibert** (August 15, 1890 - February 5, 1962) was a Parisian composer who displayed an eclectic style in his works. A talented young composer, Ibert won the Paris Conservatory's *Prix de Rome* (also won by such notable composers as Massenet and Debussy) despite his studies being interrupted by service in World War I. As Ibert's musical style matured, he refused to ally himself to any musical school or style, maintaining that "all systems are valid." He composed in older classical styles and also wrote pieces that are more modern and impressionistic. His music was always descriptive and often tinged with humor. His vocal writing is largely confined to operas, but his famous *Chansons de Don Quichotte* are often performed today.

Perhaps the fame of Ibert's *Chansons de Don Quichotte* can be attributed to the better known Don Quixote songs by Ravel, *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, and the bizarre circumstances that brought us both sets. Film director Georg Pabst had made plans to produce a film about Don Quixote and the celebrated Russian bass Feodor Chaliapin was engaged to perform the title role. Pabst wanted to commission a set of songs that Chaliapin could sing. Ibert was asked to compose four songs for the film. However, unbeknownst to Ibert, four other composers – Marcel Delannoy, Manuel de Falla, Darius Milhaud, and Ravel – were also secretly commissioned. When the dishonest competition was eventually revealed, Ibert was selected as

the winner. This caused a scandal; Ravel, who submitted his songs late, even considered bringing a lawsuit against Pabst. Ibert was horribly embarrassed as he was a devoted admirer of Ravel. Fortunately, the two were able to remain friends following the incident.

Ibert's *Chansons de Don Quichotte* are four settings of sixteenth century French poems, the first by Pierre de Ronsard and the remaining three by Alexandre Arnoux. The songs are distinctively Spanish in flavor, with frequent use of guitar-like figures, asymmetrical metric schemes, and free, seemingly improvisatory vocalism. Reflecting Ibert's experience in composing music for the stage, the songs capture the story and the spirit of Don Quixote, who is the first-person voice of all four songs.

Chanson du départ

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,

Est un rempart, un fort contre vice,
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,

Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul chevalier, tant soit aventureux,
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

The song of Don Quixote's parting

This new castle, this new edifice,
Enriched with marble and porphyry,
That Love built to guard his empire,
To which all heaven has lent its skill,

Is a rampart, a stronghold against evil,
Where Mistress Virtue can take refuge,
Whom the eye observes and the spirit admires,
Compelling hearts to pay her homage.

This castle is fashioned in such a way
That no one can approach its gate,
Unless he is descended from great Kings,

With victory, valor, and love.
No knight, however bold,
Without such merit, can enter here.

Chanson à Dulcinée

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, Amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Étoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Song to Dulcinea

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
In fountains and clouds,
In every dawn and every flower.

Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeying,
Her breath is brought me on the breeze,
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue.

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre homage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

The Duke's song

I wish now to praise the Lady of my dreams,
Who lifts me above this squalid age.
Her diamond heart is devoid of deceit,
The rose grows dim beside her cheeks.

For her I've embarked on great adventures:
Princesses in thrall I've freed with my arm,
I've vanquished sorcerers, confounded perjurers,
And compelled the universe to pay her homage.

Lady, for whom I travel this earth alone,
Who is not deceived by false pretenses,
Against any rash knight I shall uphold
Your peerless beauty and perfection.

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Ne pleure pas Sancho. Ne pleure pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort. Il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une ile heureuse où tout est pur et sans mensonges,
Dans l'ile enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.
Dans l'ile désirée, O mon ami Sancho!

Les livres sont brûlés. Et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué. Il suffit d'un pour que je vive.
Fantôme dans la vie. Et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

Song of Don Quixote's death

Weep not, Sancho. Weep not, good fellow.
Your master is not dead. He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy isle where all is pure and truthful,
On this isle that he has finally found where you shall also come one day,
On this longed-for isle. Oh Sancho, my friend.

Books have been burnt to a heap of ashes.
If all those books have caused my death, It will take but one to make me live.
A phantom in life. And real in death.
Such is the strange fate of poor Don Quixote.

Though his total compositional output is relatively small, **George Butterworth** (July 12, 1885 - August 5, 1916) showed much promise and epitomized the British song style in his music. During his musical studies in Oxford, Butterworth befriended Ralph Vaughan Williams and Cecil Sharp. Together, they would travel the English countryside collecting folk songs; Butterworth collected over 450 songs himself. Like Vaughan Williams, Butterworth was strongly influenced by English folk music. Both composers imbued their respective compositions with natural lyricism and a tendency towards simple expression. However, this does not mean that Butterworth's music is merely simple; his songs are carefully crafted and meticulous. Butterworth rarely incorporated existing folk songs into his songs, opting to create his own folk-like melodies. Additionally, there are subtle hints of harmonic and motivic influences of Wagner and Debussy in Butterworth's songs, further moving his music beyond the notion of simplicity.

Of all his compositions, Butterworth's two song cycles set to A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, composed in 1911 and 1912, are among his most celebrated. Housman's poetry is, on the surface, folk-like in its directness. The texts are honest in their clear expressions of joy,

and also pessimism and tragedy. Many describe young men going off to war only to die, and these subjects seemed to speak directly to Butterworth. These texts seem to foreshadow to Butterworth's own death in World War I. In 1914, he enlisted in the British army, and was killed in France in 1916. Unintentionally, Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad* is one of the most autobiographical song cycles in the repertoire.

Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

The lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
   There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
   And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
   And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
   And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
   The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
   And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
   And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
   The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

American composer and lyricist **Stephen Sondheim** (born March 22, 1930) has received an Academy Award, eight Tony Awards, eight Grammy Awards, a Pulitzer Prize, and a Laurence Olivier Award for his decades of work in musical theatre. He wrote the lyrics and music for many of his most famous musicals, including *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, and wrote the lyrics for Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* and Jule Styne's *Gypsy*. Having begun his musical studies with none other than Oscar Hammerstein, Sondheim is often described

as the greatest lyricist in theatre. Sondheim studied composition with Milton Babbitt. Though his music never breaks with tonality as Babbitt's did, Sondheim incorporates frequent dissonances and chromaticism in his angular, contrapuntal, and intricate music.

Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street opened on Broadway on March 1, 1979 and closed on June 29, 1980 after 557 performances and 19 previews. The production won eight Tony Awards in 1979, including Best Musical and Best Original Score. *Sweeney* is one of Sondheim's more ambitious and complex scores, drawing comparisons to Ravel and Prokofiev in style. The character of Sweeney Todd is not a simple, devilish character. Instead, Sondheim focuses on the emotional and psychological depths of Sweeney's obsessions, painting him as both a villain and a victim.

At the end of Act I, Sweeney tries to kill the evil judge Turpin, who falsely charged and exiled Sweeney, kidnapped and raped his wife Lucy, and has kept Sweeney's daughter Johanna confined in his house as his ward. The attempted murder is interrupted by the young sailor Anthony and Turpin escapes. Sweeney explodes into a rage-filled number where he declares that all people deserve to die – the rich to be punished for their corruption, and the poor to be relieved of their misery ("Epiphany"). Following Sweeney's violent song, Mrs. Lovett has her own epiphany concerning what to do with all the corpses Sweeney promises to make ("A Little Priest").

RECITAL TWO PROGRAM

David Weigel, Bass-baritone

Lydia Qiu, Piano
Sunday, April 14, 2019
Faber Piano Institute, Recital Hall
2:30 PM

***An die ferne Geliebte*, op. 98** — Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
- Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
- Wo die Berge so blau
- Leichte Segler in den Höhen
- Diese Wolken in den Höhen
- Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
- Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Bredon Hill and other songs — George Butterworth (1885-1916)
- Bredon Hill
- Oh fair enough are sky and plain
- When the lad for longing sighs
- On the idle hill of summer
- With rue my heart is laden

Intermission

***Zwei Gesänge für eine Baritonstimme und Klavier*, op. 1** — Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)
- Dank
- Abschied

"If I Were a Rich Man" — Jerry Bock (1928-2010)
from ***Fiddler on the Roof***

RECITAL TWO PROGRAM NOTES

In 1816, the year *An die ferne Geliebte*, op. 98 was written, **Ludwig van Beethoven** (December 1770 - March 26, 1827) experienced a period of great personal and artistic struggle. After the death of his brother Kaspar the previous year, Beethoven was involved in a lengthy custodial battle with his sister-in-law Johanna for his nephew Karl. He was, by 1816, completely deaf and dealt with many recurring illnesses. His musical output was clearly affected; he had written few compositions of importance since the Eighth Symphony of 1812. It was during this difficult time that Beethoven wrote his most important contribution to art song: *An die ferne Geliebte* (*To the distant beloved*).

As a song composer, Beethoven is seen as a traditionalist. Though he would incorporate some experimentation in his songs, as he would in most of his work, Beethoven's songs are more congruent with the 18th century Classical idiom than with the 19th century Romantic style. Like Haydn, most of Beethoven's compositions are short folk-like songs while some are expanded into small scenes and/or arias. However, even with these limitations, Beethoven's creative genius is apparent, particularly in *An die ferne Geliebte*. Notably, the six songs are through-composed, with the piano linking each song together through interludes and modulations. This method creates what Beethoven called a *"Liederkreis*" or "circle of songs." Additionally, Beethoven completes his *Liederkreis* by recalling music from the first song in the last, completing a thematic, musical circle. It is worth mentioning that linking movements together and quoting music from earlier movements is a revolutionary musical trait of Beethoven's instrumental compositions. All but the final song are strophic, though Beethoven utilizes theme and variation to keep the music organic and subtly ever-changing.

Aloys Jeitteles (June 20, 1794 - April 16, 1858), a young medical student and friend of Beethoven, wrote the poems for *An die ferne Geliebte*. His poems tell the story of a forlorn lover thinking of his departed beloved. They are thematically linked but do not tell a continuous story, as do the poems set by Schubert in his cycles *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*. The poems are not overtly dramatic, but rather muted and introspective. Appropriately, the heroism of Beethoven's middle period is missing from these songs. Beethoven's settings are reflective and simply expressive, though never self-pitying. There is always brightness to the songs, suggesting yearning rather than suffering. Though Beethoven's music looks forward to the Romantic song cycle, the lack of dramatic storytelling often leads musicologists to withhold the designation of song cycle from *An die ferne Geliebte*.

1.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend	I sit on the hill, gazing
In das blaue Nebelland,	Into the blue expanse of sky,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,	Searching the far-off mists to see,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.	Where I can find you, my beloved.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,	Far from you have I been parted,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal	Mountain and vale separate us,
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,	Dividing us and our peace,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.	Our happiness and our pain.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweichet
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichet
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Ah, you cannot see my gaze,
That hastens so passionately to you.
Nor the sighs I squander
On the void that parts us now.

Is there nothing more that can reach you,
Nothing to bear my love's message to you?
I want to sing, to sing songs,
Which remind you of my pain!

Because before love's lament
Every mile and every hour vanishes,
And a loving heart attains
What a loving heart has consecrated!

2.

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein, wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual
Wo im Gestein still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Where the blue mountains
Rise from the lowering skies
Peering at where the sunsets,
Where the clouds spread,
There would I like to be!

There in that quiet vale
Which silences pain and woe.
Where in rocky spaces softly sleep the primroses,
And sweeps so gently the wind,
There would I like to be!

My love's longing
Draws me to the shadowy wood'
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing would ever tempt me from here,
If I could faithfully stay by your side
Forever by your side!

3.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Graceful sailor of the heights,
And you, tiny, narrow brooklet,
Should my little love spy you
Greet her for me a thousand times.

Look, you clouds, at her,
As she goes wandering through the quiet vale,
Let my image greet her
In your airy, heavenly place.

Should she linger near the bushes,
Which now are yellow and bare,
Tell her what has befallen me,
Tell her, little bird, of my suffering!

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Silent breezes, flutter
To my heart's beloved,
My sighs which sink
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my love's entreaty,
Let her, tiny, narrow brooklet,
See clearly in your ripples,
My numberless tears, my numberless tears!

4.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Holdin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

These clouds on the heights,
These birds in merry passage
Will see you, my beauty.
Take me with you in your flight!

These breezes will playfully caress
Your cheek and breast,
Toying with your silken locks.
If I could but share this pleasure!

Toward you, my love, every little hill
Every little brook busily hastens.
When your face is mirrored there,
Then flow back without delay!

5.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem Brautbett hierher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom
The breezes waft so gently and so mildly.
The murmuring brooks flow by.

The swallow who returns to her home in the eaves,
She builds her bridal bower industriously,
So love may dwell there.

Flitting from here to there,
She busily brings soft lining to her bridal bed,
Much warm material for the little ones.

Now the couple lives together faithfully,
What winter has divided, now May rejoins,
Lovers he knows to reunite.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom,
The breezes waft so gently, so mildly,
But I cannot stray from here.

While all who are in love are joined by spring,
Only our love knows no springtime
And tears are our only reward.

6.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,	Take my songs,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,	The songs I sang you, my love,
Singe sie dann abends wieder	And sing them nightly on the lute
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.	With sweetest tone!
Wenn das Dämmrungsrot dann zieht	When the twilight wanes
Nach dem stillen blauen See,	On the still blue lake,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet	And the last sun's rays sink
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;	Beyond the mountain tops.
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,	And you sing, what I have sung
Was mir aus der vollen Brust	from deep within my heart
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklungen,	What has sprung artlessly from me,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:	Only conscious of longing:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet	Then before these songs fades,
Was geschieden uns so weit,	What has divided us so long and far,
Und ein liebend Herz erreichet	And a loving heart attains
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.	what a loving heart has consecrated.

Though his total compositional output is relatively small, **George Butterworth** (July 12, 1885 - August 5, 1916) showed much promise and epitomized the British song style in his music. During his musical studies in Oxford, Butterworth befriended Ralph Vaughan Williams and Cecil Sharp. Together, they would travel the English countryside collecting folk songs; Butterworth collected over 450 songs himself. Like Vaughan Williams, Butterworth was strongly influenced by English folk music. Both composers imbued their respective compositions with natural lyricism and a tendency towards simple expression. However, this does not mean that Butterworth's music is merely simple; his songs are carefully crafted and meticulous. Butterworth rarely incorporated existing folk songs into his songs, opting to create his own folk-like melodies. Additionally, there are subtle hints of harmonic and motivic influences of Wagner and Debussy, particularly noticeable in "On the idle hill of summer," in Butterworth's songs, further moving his music beyond the notion of simplicity.

Bredon Hill and other songs from 1912 is Butterworth's second setting of songs from A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. Though the first set, titled *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, are more well known, *Bredon Hill and other songs* is more complex and varied. "Bredon Hill" is the longest song of all the Housman settings and, through its breadth and continuous modulations, most clearly evokes the expansive countryside. The aforementioned "On the idle hill of summer" – full of dissonances, motivic development, and word painting – is among the most complex songs Butterworth composed. Butterworth's two groups of Houseman songs are considered on par with some of Schubert's songs and one could legitimately speak of them as "English Lieder." Butterworth's premature death at the age of thirty-one in in World War I deprived England of one of its most promising young composers, which makes his few songs all the more precious.

Bredon Hill

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away;
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people." –
O noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

Oh fair enough are sky and plain

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
    But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
    That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
    The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
    And oh that I were there.

These are the thoughts I often think
    As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
    To strip and dive and drown;

But in the golden-sanded brooks
    And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
    And wishes he were I.

When the lad for longing sighs

When the lad for longing sighs,
    Mute and dull of cheer and pale,
If at death's own door he lies,
    Maiden, you can heal his ail.

Lovers' ills are all to buy:
    The wan look, the hollow tone,
The hung head, the sunken eye,
    You can have them for your own.

Buy them, buy them: eve and morn
    Lovers' ills are all to sell,
Then you can lie down forlorn;
    But the lover will be well.

On the idle hill of summer

On the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder,
On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow:
Woman bore me, I will rise.

With rue my heart is laden

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Vienna born composer **Arnold Schoenberg** (September 13, 1874 - July 13, 1951) is best known for the creation and development of the Twelve-Tone Technique of the Second Viennese School. He is also known for striking fear into the minds of any current second year theory student. Schoenberg was a composer of late Romantic music before he began composing freely atonal music starting around 1908 and serialized music beginning in the 1920s. He was largely self-taught as a musician, with his only formal teacher being his friend and future brother-in-law Alexander von Zemlinsky. Zemlinsky helped to solidify Schoenberg's early music in the late Romantic style. Schoenberg took an inclusive approach to Romanticism in his early music, openly drawing from the seemingly antithetical styles of the "classicist" Brahms and the "progressive" Wagner. From Brahms, Schoenberg learned formal and harmonic clarity as well as the concept of "developing variation" – a technique coined by Schoenberg describing the compositional method of stating a theme and then continually taking it through the process of variation and development in the piece. From Wagner, Schoenberg drew upon his bold use of chromaticism and dissonance and the Wagnerian approach to thematic, declaratory motivic identity.

Schoenberg's *Two Songs for Baritone and Piano*, op. 1, settings of two poems from Schoenberg's friend **Karl Michael von Levetow** (1871-1945), had a rocky start to its existence. Early versions of the songs, premiered in December 1900, were met with hostility and laughter. Schoenberg later claimed that it was the start of a scandal that "never ceased." Schoenberg would later revise the two songs in 1903 and publish them as opus 1. This time, the songs were properly appreciated and considered a success. Though these songs are now viewed as early works before Schoenberg changed the musical landscape with his revolutionary atonal techniques, characteristic musical elements of Schoenberg's mature compositions are still found: concentrated expressivity, rhythmic freedom, harmonic tension, and richness of invention.

Dank

Großes hast du mir gegeben in jenen Hochstunden,
Die für uns bestehen im Zeitlosen.
Großes hast du mir gegeben: ich danke dir!

Schönheit schenkten wir uns im stets Wachsenden,
Was ich mir vorbehielt im Raumlosen.
Schönheit schenkten wir uns: ich danke dir!

Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das Gewaltigste,
Schufst mir das Niegeahnte: den schönen Schmerz!
Tief in die Seele bohrtest du mir
Ein finsteres Schwertweh.
Dumpf nächtig trennend
Und dennoch hell winterlich leuchtend.

Schön! dreifach schön! denn von dir kam es ja!
Ungewollt schufst du mir noch das Gewaltigste,
Schufst mir das Niegeahnte: ich danke dir!

Gratitude

You have given me greatness in those exalted hours
That exist for us in timelessness.
You have given me greatness: I thank you!

We gave each other ever-growing beauty
Which I reserved for myself in boundless space.
We gave each other beauty: I thank you!

Inadvertently you created for me the mightiest thing,
You created for me the unthinkable: beautiful pain!
Deep into my soul you plunged
A sharp pain.
Dividing us in gloomy night,
Yet shining with wintry brightness.

Beautiful! Thrice beautiful! For it came from you!
Inadvertently you created for me the mightiest thing,
You created for me the unthinkable: I thank you!

Abschied

Aus den Trümmern einer hohen Schönheit
Laß mich bauen einen tiefen Schmerz.
Weinen laß mich aus den tiefsten Schmerzen
Eine Träne, wie nur Männer weinen.
Und dann geh!

Und nimm noch ein Gedenken heißer Liebe,
Freudig dir geschenkt;
Ewig mein bleibt, was du mir gelassen;
Meiner Wehmut sternloses Dunkel.
Und dann geh!

Und laß mich stumm erstarren;
Du zieh fürder deine helle Bahn,
Stern der Sterne! frage nicht nach Leichen!

Sieh', mir naht der hehr'ste Göttertröster,
Meine selbstgebor'ne Urgewalt.
Tief in mir die alte Nacht der Nächte
Weitet sich zur großen Weltumnachtung.
Der Alleinheit schwere Trümmer,
Schmerzen wachsen, wachsen zur Unendlichkeit.

Sieh! Ich selber werde Nacht und Schönheit.
Allumfassend unbegrenztes Weh!
Ziehe weiter, heller Stern der Sterne.
Unerkannt, wie meine große Liebe;

Dunkel schweigend, wie die großen Schmerzen,
Wo du wendest, wo du siegend leuchtest,
Stets umwogt dich meine große Nacht!

Parting

From the ruins of a exalted beauty
Let me build a deep sorrow.
Let me weep from the deepest pains
A tear, as only men cry.
And then go!

And take then a memory of passionate love,
Happily given;
What you left me remains forever mine;
My pain, starless darkness.
And then go!

And let me silently go numb;
Continue further your shining course
Star of stars! Do not ask for corpses!

See, I draw nigh to God's noble solace,
My self-born primal power.
Deep in me the ancient night of nights
Grows to such world-engulfing oblivion.
The total solitude of utter ruin,
Anguish waxes, swells to eternity.

See! I myself become night and beauty.
Encompassing every unbridled pain!
Journey on, shining star of stars.
Unrecognized, like my great love;

Darkly silent, like my great pain,
Wherever you turn, wherever you shine victorious,
My vast night always surges around you!

American composer **Jerry Bock** (November 23, 1928 - November 3, 2010) and lyricist **Sheldon Harnick** (born April 30, 1924) collaborated on many award-winning Broadway musicals from the late 1950s to 1970s. Together they composed *Fiorello!* (1959), *Man in the Moon* (1963), *She Loves Me* (1963), *Never Too Late* (1962), and *The Madwoman of Central Park West* (1979). Most famous though, is their musical *Fiddler on the Roof*, which opened on Broadway in 1964.

From its opening *Fiddler on the Roof* was highly acclaimed by critics and extraordinarily popular among audiences. For ten years it held the record for longest-running Broadway musical, and remains the seventeenth longest-running Broadway show in history. The production won nine Tony awards, including Best Musical, Score, Book, Direction, and Choreography. Since its opening in 1964 there have been five Broadway revivals and a highly successful film adaptation in 1971.

Fiddler on the Roof is based on a series of stories by Sholem Aleichem's series of stories on *Tevye and his Daughters.* Tevye, a milkman in 1900s Russia, believes that the traditions of his faith are what hold the poor village together. Early in the show when Tevye is on the brink of eviction, he considers how he could shower his family with gifts and have more time to spend in the synagogue if he were wealthy. He bemoans his lowly place in the community as a milkman and imagines what esteem he might enjoy with great wealth. Inspired by Hasidic folk song and musically written in klezmer style, the song is heavily idiomatic of traditional Jewish culture.