

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947) was a Venezuelan-French composer and conductor known for his 100 *mélodies* or French art songs. “**À Chloris**” was written by Hahn in 1916 and is based on the poem written by Théophile De Viau. It evokes elements of traditional Baroque pastoral song. The piano rolls breath-taking chords as the voice weaves through the accompaniment. The music begins in a cheery lovestruck key as the speaker confesses their love before shifting into a minor B section as they dispute that not even death could stop them before returning to the happiness represented in the major mode.

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
 Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
 Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
 Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
 Que la mort serait importune
 De venir changer ma fortune
 A la félicité des cieux!
 Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
 Ne touche point ma fantaisie
 Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
 (And I'm told you love me dearly),
 I do not believe that even kings
 Can match the happiness I know.
 Even death would be powerless
 To alter my fortune
 With the promise of heavenly bliss!
 All that they say of ambrosia
 Does not stir my imagination
 Like the favour of your eyes!
 (Translation by Richard Stokes)

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was a French composer well remembered for his deconstruction of Western notions of harmony due to Eastern influence, such as the use of whole tone and pentatonic scales. “**Romance: L’âme évaporée**” or “the evaporated soul,” is first in a pair of melodies for voice and piano adeptly entitled *Deux Romances*, though the melody can be substituted by other musical instruments ranging from flute to double bass. While the intervals of the melody piece seem complicated, the voice soars ethereally through the accompaniment. The speaker is contemplative, wondering of the lingering scent of their lover on their soul as it were fragrant flowers.

L’âme évaporée et souffrante,
 L’âme douce, l’âme odorante
 Des lis divins que j’ai cueillis
 Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
 Où donc les vents l’ont-ils chassée,
 Cette âme adorable des lis?

The spent and suffering soul,
 The sweet soul, the soul steeped
 In the divine lilies I gathered
 In the garden of your thoughts,
 Where have the winds dispersed it,
 This adorable lilies’ soul?

N’est-il plus un parfum qui reste
 De la suavité céleste
 Des jours où tu m’enveloppais
 D’une vapeur surnaturelle,
 Faite d’espoir, d’amour fidèle,
 De béatitude et de paix?

Does not a single scent remain
 Of the heavenly softness
 Of the days when you enclosed me
 In a supernatural mist,
 Made of hope, of faithful love,
 Of bliss and of peace?

(Translation by Richard Stokes)

The famed opera *Carmen* by Georges Bizet (1838–1875), which debuted at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, France a mere three months before his death, received harsh criticism at first, but has since become a cornerstone of the operatic canon. An adaptation of a novella with the same name by Prosper Mérimée (1803–1870), the opera follows the titular leading lady Carmen,

a gorgeous free-spirited Romani woman in Seville, Spain, who captures the hearts of all who fall to her charms. In Act 2, Carmen, known to flirt and toy with men at her leisure, becomes intrigued by the debonair and proud Escamillo, a bullfighter or “Toreador”, whose own charms entrance the surrounding crowd to join him cheering as he offers his exploits in the arena. **“Votre toast je peux vous le rendre,”** more commonly referred to as “The Toreador Aria,” has earned its place with its famous melody still played in movies, advertisements, television, and indie horror video games.

<p>Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre, Senor, senors car avec les soldats Oui, les Toreros, peuvent s'entendre; Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs, Ils ont les combats! Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fete! Le cirque est plein du haut en bas; Les spectateurs, perdant la tete, Les spectateurs s'interpellent a grand fracas! Apostrophes, cris et tapage Pousses jusques a la fureur! Car c'est la fete du courage! C'est la fete des gens de co Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! ah! Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador! Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant Qu'un oeil noir te regarde, Et que l'amour t'attend, Toreador, L'amour t'attend!</p> <p>Tout d'un coup, on fait silence... Ah! que se passe-t-il? Plus de cris, c'est l'instant! Plus de cris, c'est l'instant! le taureau s'elance En bondissant hors du Toril! Il s'elance! Il entre, Il frappe! un cheval roule, Entraînant un Picador, Ah! bravo! Toro! Hurle la foule! Le taureau va, il vient, il vient et frappe encore! En secouant ses banderilles, Plein de fureur, il court! Le cirque est plein de sang! On se sauve, on franchit les grilles! C'et ton tour maintenant! allons! En garde! allons! allons! Ah! Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador! Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,</p>	<p>Your toast, gentlemen, I offer back to you, for soldiers and toreadors can understand one another; their pleasure lies in fighting! The arena is full, it's the of festival the arena is full from top to bottom. The spectators are going wild, they shout at each other in a large uproar! Heckling, shouts and racket pushed to fury! Because it's the festival of people with strong hearts! Come then! On guard! Come then! Ah! Toreador, on guard! And dream well, yes dream while fighting That a dark eye is watching and love awaits you. Toreador, love awaits you!</p> <p>All of a sudden, they become silent ... Ah! What is happening? No more cries, the moment has arrived! The bull leaps, charging out of the bull pen! It charges, it enters, it strikes! A horse rolls, dragging down a Picardor, Ah Bravo! Bull! Shouts the crowd! The bulls runs off ... he returns and strikes again! While shaking its banderillas, Full of fury, it runs! The arena is full of blood! They save themselves by jumping over the railings!</p>
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<p>Et que l'amour t'attend, Toreador, L'amour t'attend! Toreador, Toreador, L'amour t'attend!</p>	<p>It's your turn now! Come on then! Come then! Ah! Toreador, on guard! And dream well, yes, dream while fighting That a dark eye is watching you, and that love awaits you, Toreador, love awaits you! (Translation from IPA Source)</p>
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Giovanni Bononcini (1670–1747) was an Italian composer from Modena during the Baroque period. “**Non Posso disperar**,” or translated literally “Nor must I now despair,” is one of the arias Bononcini added to the operatic drama *Eraclea*, by opera composer Alessandro Scarlatti (1660–1725) and first performed in 1700. The story follows Eraclea and her two daughters, Decio and Marcello, who are among the women kidnapped from their tribe, the Sabines, by early Romans, who had a shortage of women. Following the poetic idea of “You have told me that you do not love me, but I cannot give you up now,” the song gives voice to King Romulus of Rome, who pines for the love of the Sabine noblewoman, Eraclea, and wishes for her to return his affections despite being his prisoner. This arietta is compiled among the 25 *Italian Art Songs and Arias*, a collection of standardized voice literature that all classical vocalists either begin with or eventually pull repertoire from.

Non posso disperar, sei troppo cara al cor:	I cannot despair,
il solo sperare	For you are too dear to my heart.
d'aver a gioire	The only hope of happiness for me
m'è un dolce languire,	Is a sweet suffering;
m'è un caro dolor.	Is a dear pain.
	(Translation by Richard Guyton)

Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936) was an eclectic Italian composer known for setting grandiose atmospheres in his works, and the “Mists”, or rather “**Nebbie**”, is no exception as it is full of ghastly and macabre imagery. Originally set for solo voice and piano in 1906, Respighi would later accompany this haunting melody with an orchestra. The voice floats ominously in F# minor scales both ascending and descending, occasionally leaping octaves to add emphasis to the text, such as “How cold am I! I am alone.” The speaker is lost alone in a dark field laden with mist with only menacing crows above his head as company, as he wanders further into the darkness and becomes consumed by loneliness. The piece is largely block chords with stepwise movement supported by thunderous octaves in the left hand of the piano.

<p>Soffro, lontan lontano Le nebbie sonnolente Salgono dal tacente Piano.</p>	<p>I suffer. Far, far away the sleeping mists rise from the silent plain. Shrilling cawing, the crows, trusting their black wings</p>
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<p>Alto gracchiando, i corvi, Fidati all'ali nere, Traversan le brughiere Torvi. Dell'aere ai morsi crudi Gli addolorati tronchi Offron, pregando, i brochi nudi. Come ho freddo! Son sola; Pel grigio ciel sospinto Un gemito destinto Vola; E mi ripete: Vieni; È buia la vallata. O triste, o disamata Vieni! Vieni!</p>	<p>cross the heath grimly. To the raw weathering of the air the sorrowful tree trunks offer, praying, their bare branches. How cold am I! I am alone; driven through the gray sky a wail of extinction flies; And repeats to me: come, the valley is dark. Oh sad, oh unloved one, Come! Come! (Translation by Thomas Gregg)</p>
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“Se vuol ballere” from *Le nozze di Figaro* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) is a prolific Austrian composer of the Classical Era in Europe whose original repertoire ranges from iconic melodies such as “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star” to sacred music such as his *Requiem in D minor* and famous operas such as *Le nozze di Figaro*, or “The Marriage of Figaro.” This work is a comic opera in four-acts that premiered in Vienna, Austria in 1786. The opera is an adaption of French author Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais’s play of the same name, which itself is a sequel of his other play *Le Barber de Seville*. This aria occurs early in Act One, immediately after the cunning servant Figaro is told by his fiancée, the clever maid Susanna, of Count Almaviva’s plot to seduce Susanna before their wedding night. As Susanna is called away to attend to the Countess, Figaro stews and prepares his plan to enact his revenge on his master in his aria.

<p>Bravo, signor padrone! Ora incomincio a capir il mistero... e a veder schietto tutto il vostro progetto: a Londra è vero? Voi ministro, io corriero, e la Susanna ... secreta ambasciatrice. Non sarà, non sarà. Figaro il dice. Se vuol ballare Signor Contino, il chitarrino le suonerò. Se vuol venire nella mia scuola la capriola le insegnerò. Saprò... ma piano, meglio ogni arcano dissimulando scoprir potrò! L'arte schermendo, l'arte adoprando, di qua pungendo, di là scherzando, tutte le macchine rovescerò. Se vuol ballare Signor Contino, il chitarrino le suonerò.</p>	<p>Bravo, Mister Master! Now I begin to understand the mystery... and to see plainly all of your plan: to London, is it true? You minister, I courier, and my Susanna... secret ambassadress! It will not be, it will not be. So says Figaro! If you want to dance, Mr. Little Count, I will play my tiny guitar. If you want to come to my school, I will teach the cabriole. I will know how... but easy, if I pretend not to know what is going on I will be better to discover your secrets. The art of circumventing, the art of adapting, and here stinging, and there playing, all your plans I'll overturn.</p>
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	If you want to dance, Mr. Little Count, I will play my tiny guitar.
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(Translation from IPA Source, adaptation of translation by Richard Guyton)

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) is a renowned Austrian composer of the Romantic Era best known for his collection of *Lieder*, or German art song, and chamber music. “**Frühlingsglaube**,” which translates to “Spring Faith,” shapes imagery of pastoral scenes and the wondrous beauty of nature. It was composed during a time when Schubert was composing song and sonatas at a breakneck pace despite dealing with intense illness, hospitalization, and bouts of depression. The song was dedicated to Justine von Bruchmann, sister of Schubert’s friend Franz von Bruchmann. The long legato lines help illustrate the flow of nature as the speaker comes to terms with a change in their feelings. The *Lied* is also strophic, where the melody and harmony of the piece repeats with only slight changes to accommodate the new text of the second verse.

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

(Translation by Richard Wigmore)

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) is an Austrian composer of what some consider the Post-Romantic period who valued the poetry of *Lieder* above all else and expressed the poetry through all parts of his art songs. This makes the slight hauntingly “**Verborgeneheit**” with its paucity of text a gorgeous and expressive art of Wolf’s catalogue. This piece is the twelfth *Lied* from *Mörike Lieder*, a collection of fifty-three settings of text by Eduard Mörike. Much of the compilation is filled with deeply moving and passionate emotions with a dark and macabre subtext. The speaker pleads to the surrounding universe to let their emotions be theirs alone. Suddenly a spark of hope lights his soul before once again becoming engulfed by depression and angst.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein! Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben, Lasst dies Herz alleine haben Seine Wonne, seine Pein!	Let, O world, O let me be! Do not tempt with gifts of love, Let this heart keep to itself Its rapture, its pain!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht, Es ist unbekanntes Wehe; Immerdar durch Tränen sehe	I do not know why I grieve, it is unknown sorrow; Always through a veil of tears

<p>Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.</p> <p>Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst, Und die helle Freude zücket Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket Wonniglich in meiner Brust.</p> <p>Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein! Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben, Lasst dies Herz alleine haben Seine Wonne, seine Pein!</p>	<p>I see the sun's beloved light.</p> <p>Often, I am lost in thought, And bright joy flashes Through the oppressive gloom, bringing rapture to my breast.</p> <p>Let, O world, O let me be! Do not tempt with gifts of love, Let this heart keep to itself Its rapture, its pain! (Translation by Richard Stokes)</p>
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Roger Quilter (1877–1953) was an English composer born in Brighton and well known for his compositions *A Children's Overture* and the opera *Julia*. “**Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind**” is the third and final song of his *Three Shakespeare Songs*, composed in 1905 and Quilter's first and most popular settings of William Shakespeare's (1564–1616) text. It is the only one to have text from *As You Like It* instead of *Twelfth Night*. The play focuses on Rosalind, daughter of the exiled Duke Senior, and her cousin and close friend Celia, as they run away to live in the forest disguised as shepherd boys. There they meet Orlando, Rosalind's love interest, and shenanigans typical of Shakespeare such as feuding families and dramatic irony ensue. The poetry is from Act II, Scene VII, where a minor character named Lord Amiens sings for Duke Senior's royal court in the Forest of Arden, expressing the idea that even the chilling bite of winter wind can not compare to the pain of an untrue lover or friend; that “most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.”

Samuel Barber (1910–1981) is a famed 20th Century American composer with works that span across multiple genres of music. “**Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose**” is a haunting piece from the perspective of a dead man who has just eaten his funeral corsage. The dead man cries out for his lost life and for mercy from a higher power as he leaves the mortal plane. The poetry comes from a set of macabre German poems by Gottfried Keller and translated by James Joyce. Barber's compositional style frames the lyrics with the music to truly elevate the meaning of the text.

Alan Menken (b. 1949) is an American composer from New Rochelle, New York, and is best known for his compositions for the Walt Disney Company. His first major Broadway success was then the musical *Little Shop of Horrors*, yet he continued to compose for the Disney animated films such as *The Little Mermaid*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and *Beauty and the Beast*, as well providing additional songs for their stage adaptations. “**If I Can't Love Her**” is the Act 1 closing of *Beauty and the Beast*. It was composed and added for the Broadway version for the Beast to sing after he lashes out and scares away Belle for entering the forbidden West Wing. As Belle flees from the castle, Beast resigns himself to forever remain a monster should he be unable to find true love. Starting low and methodical, the piece moves forward as the Beast's thoughts and fears pour out of him until reaching the climatic conclusion that if he cannot learn to love he will die a husk of a monster.

The musical *Natasha, Pierre, and the Great Comet of 1812*, with lyrics and music by Dave Malloy (b. 1976), is an “electropop opera” adaptation of chapters from *War and Peace* by Leo Tolstoy. It premiered off-Broadway in 2012 and later on Broadway in 2016. “**Dust and Ashes**” was added to the Broadway production. The song is set towards the end of Act 1 and sung by the character Count Pierre Bezukhov, following a duel with the illicit lover of his wife, whom Pierre shares a loveless marriage. Shifting from quiet contemplation, to spiraling through scales, to a barroom stomp and back again, Pierre (debuted on Broadway by Josh Groban) performs a singing monologue that contemplates whether or not he fulfilled the meaning of life. He feels doubtful as he has wasted his years hiding in his studies and drowning his miseries with liquor. As he slowly comes out of shock, his lyrics become elaborate and desperate to change the path of life he is currently on.

“**So You Want to Write a Fugue?**” by Canadian composer and concert pianist Glenn Gould (1932–1982) was composed for four voices and accompanied by either string quartet or piano. Glenn was highly praised for his interpretation of Baroque and early Classical keyboard music, particularly the works of Johann Sebastian Bach and his beloved fugue. A fugue is an imitative polyphonic compositional genre popular during the Baroque period with two or more voices built with a main musical idea called a subject and explored through further sections known as exposition and development, and finally returning to the first idea. This satirical work is meant to personify the different ‘voices’ in this fugue as they discuss the difficulties of writing a fugue. The interludes when the vocalists are silent have musical quotes from the works of Beethoven, Wagner, and Bach himself. Gould, as both composer and lyricist, expertly explores the joys of breaking and adhering to the rules of the fugue in a cheeky tone.

So you want to write a fugue?
You’ve got the urge to write a fugue
You’ve got the nerve to write a fugue
So go ahead and write a fugue that we can sing
Pay no heed to what we’ve told you
Just forget all that we’ve told you
And the theory that you’ve read
For the only way to write one
Is just to plunge right in and write one
So just forget the rules and write one
Have a try, yes, try to write a fugue
So just ignore the rules and try
And the fun of it will get you
And the joy if it will fetch you
It’s a pleasure that is bound to satisfy
So why not have a try?
You’ll decide that John Sebastian
Must have been a very personable guy.

But never be clever for the sake of being clever
For a cannon in inversion is a dangerous
diversion
And a bit of augmentation is a serious
temptation
While a stretto diminution is an obvious solution
Never be clever for the sake of being clever
For the sake of showing off
It’s rather awesome, isn’t it?
And when you finish writing it
I think you’ll find a great joy in it (hope so)
Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained they say
But still it is very hard to start
Well, let us try, right now? (Yes, why not?)
We’re going to write a fugue
We’re going to write a good one
We’re going to write a fugue right now!