

## Program Notes

Singers, never forget your collaborative artists are highly skilled musicians who should not be taken for granted.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was an influential composer and music critic from the Romantic period. Although he perhaps best known for his *Lieder* and solo piano compositions, he originally felt as though vocal music was “inferior” to instrumental music, which was written in a letter to a friend in 1839. Interestingly, this letter was penned the year prior to his *Liederjahr* or “song year.” In 1840, Schumann composed over 140 songs including his infamous song cycles *Dichterliebe*, *Frauenliebe und Leben* and two settings of *Liederkreis*.

*Liederkreis* (Song Cycle), Op. 39, was the second song cycle of the same name Schumann composed. It contains twelve poems by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857) from a collection entitled *Intermezzo*. Themes of the Romantic period include nature, mortality, and spirituality, which are reflected in Eichendorff’s poetry. The first song in the cycle, “**In der Fremde**,” uses an arpeggiated accompaniment figure to establish a melancholy atmosphere to reflect the text. “**Waldesgespräch**” is one of the longest songs in the cycle. In contrast to the first selection, it is louder and bolder. There are two narrators in this song: a wanderer and Lorelei, a siren. Schumann used two different accompaniment figures to represent the characters. The wanderer’s music employs “hunting horn” motifs or dotted rhythms whereas Lorelei’s music is characterized by an arpeggiated figure. “**Schöne Fremde**” contains the same nature imagery as the other songs, but with a more agitated accompaniment figure that is balanced by a legato vocal line. “**In der Fremde**” was originally the only movement with this title because Schumann originally began the cycle with “Der frohe Wandersmann.” The eighth movement differs from the first by more than just poetry. The broken accompaniment figure and bouncing vocal line help convey a sense of anxiety and dread that is found to be warranted by the last line of the song.

The first ten years of Schumann’s compositional career were almost entirely devoted to piano music. *Faschingsschwank aus Wien* (Carnival scenes of Vienna) is a solo piano work consisting of five movements that vaguely resemble the movements of a piano sonata. It is the second Carnival-themed piano work composed by Schumann with the first being *Carnaval*, which was composed between 1834 and 1835. The third movement, **Scherzino**, incorporates a rhythmic motif that is passed between treble and bass clefs as if two characters are interacting with one another. The fourth movement, **Intermezzo**, includes an impassioned arpeggiated accompaniment figure similar to the first “In der Fremde” in *Liederkreis*. The melody in the right hand searches for a harmonic resolution that is not found until the end of the movement.

## **In der Fremde**

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

## **Waldesgespräch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,  
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steh mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei. -

"Du kennst mich wohl - von hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald."

## **Schöne Fremde**

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund  
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen

## **In a foreign country**

From the direction of home, behind the red flashes of lightning  
There come clouds,  
But Father and Mother are long dead;  
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,  
When I too shall rest, and over me  
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,  
And no one here shall know me anymore.

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## **Conversation in the wood**

It is already late, it is already cold;  
Why do you ride alone through the wood?  
The wood is vast and you are alone,  
You fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;  
My heart has broken for pain.  
The forest hair strays here and there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady,  
So wondrously fair the young form;  
Now I recognize you – God stand by me!  
You are the witch Lorelei.

"You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs  
my castle gazes down into the Rhine.  
It is already late, it is already cold -  
you shall never again leave this wood."

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## **Beautiful foreign country**

The treetops rustle and shiver  
As if at this hour  
About the half-sunken walls  
The old gods are making their rounds.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,

In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,  
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die Ferne  
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück!

### **In der Fremde**

Ich hör die Bächlein rauschen  
Im Walde her und hin,  
Im Walde in dem Rauschen  
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Als wollten sie was sagen  
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondeschimmer fliegen,  
Als sah ich unter mir  
Das Schloß im Thale liegen,  
Und ist doch so weit von hier!  
Als müßte in dem Garten  
Voll Rosen weiß und roth,  
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,  
Und ist doch lange tot.

In secretly darkening splendor,  
What do you say so murmuringly, as if in a dream,  
To me, fantastic night?

The stars glitter down on me  
With glowing, loving gazes,  
And the distance speaks tipsily,  
It seems, of great future happiness.

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### **In a foreign country**

I hear the brooklets rushing  
Here and there in the wood.  
In the wood, amidst the rushing,  
I know not where I am.

The nightingales sing  
Here in the solitude,  
As if they wanted to speak  
Of fine old times.

The moonbeams dart  
And I seem to see below me  
A castle lying in the valley –  
Yet it is so far from here!  
It seems as if, in the garden  
Full of roses white and red,  
My sweetheart were waiting for me –  
Yet she is long since dead.

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Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849) was a Polish composer and pianist of the Romantic period who helped expand the abilities of the piano with his compositions and performances. He began piano lessons at six years old, and composed his first works at seven. His earliest surviving manuscript is a polonaise from 1821. In 1826, he began studying with Józef Elsner at the Warsaw Conservatory. Elsner published a treatise on setting the Polish language to music, and he supported Chopin's song compositions. Though Chopin composed songs throughout his compositional career, nineteen are collected as Op. 74, which were mostly published posthumously.

Many of Chopin's songs are strophic. One example is **Hulanka (A Binge)**, which was composed in 1830. The rhythmic character resembles a *mazurka*, a Polish folk dance in triple meter with accents on the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> beats and using dotted rhythms. The text depicts a bacchanal,

which is captured by Chopin's dance-like vocal line and quick tempo. This song, among five others, was also transcribed as a piano solo by Franz Liszt in *Six Chants polonais*, S. 480. **Prez z moich oczu (Get Out of My Sight)**, composed in 1827, uses dotted rhythms and a minor key to accent the speaker's anger towards their former lover. The music abandons shifts to a legato vocal line in a major key to reflect the nostalgia the speaker experiences. **Wojak (The Solider)**, composed in 1831, follows the pattern of a *ballad*. It is a narrative text set to rhyming verses. Though Chopin's verse structure differs slightly from a traditional ballad, it follows a predictable quatrain of alternating eight syllable verses and five syllable verses, which tell a narrative about a soldier and his horse.

Chopin composed a set of twenty-four preludes for piano covering all major and minor keys, which were collected in Op. 28. They were composed between 1835 and 1839 and were commissioned by piano-maker and publisher Camille Pleyel, and were modeled after J. S. Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*. Chopin arranged the preludes according to the circle of fifths and each major key being followed by its relative minor. Although preludes tend to resemble introductory pieces, Chopin's compositions were miniature works that contained their own emotion or idea. **Prelude in G major (No. 3)** uses a ostinato sixteenth-note figure in the left hand, which is accentuated by the octaves played in both hands in the final four bars. **Prelude in B-flat minor (No. 16)** was given the nickname "Hades" by famed conductor and pianist Hans von Bülow. It is often considered the most technically difficult of the twenty-four preludes due to the continuous sixteenth notes in the right hand played at "Presto con fuoco" or "very fast with fire."

## Hulanka

Szynkareczko, szafareczko,  
 Bój się Boga, stój!  
 Tam się śmiejesz,  
 A tu lejesz  
 Miód na kaftan mój!

Nie daruję, wycaluję!  
 Jakie oczko, brew!  
 Nóżki małe,  
 Ząbki białe,  
 Hej! Spali mnie krew!

Cóż tak bracie wciąż dumacie?  
 Bierz tam smutki czart!  
 Pełno nędzy  
 Ot, pij prędeż,  
 Świat tendiablą wart!

Pijane nogi zbłądaą z drogi,  
 Cóż wielki srom?  
 Krzykiem żony  
 Rozbudzony

## A Binge

Little barmaid, little servant  
 Stop for fear of God!  
 There you're laughing,  
 But here you're spilling  
 Meade on my coat!

I shan't forgive, I'll smother you with kisses!  
 What cute eyes and brows!  
 The dainty feet,  
 The white teeth,  
 Hey! My blood is on fire!

Brother, why always so pensive?  
 Go to hell, sorrows!  
 Destitution everywhere  
 Well, drink faster,  
 The world is worth nothing!

Drunk legs will wander off the road,  
 What's the big shame (in that)?  
 By wife's screams  
 Awakened

Trafisz gdzie twój dom.

You'll find your way home.

Pij, lub kijem się probijem!  
Biegnij dziewczę w czas,  
By pogodzić,  
Nie zaszkodzić,  
Oblej miodem nas!

Drink, or we'll have a fight!  
Hurry, girl, quick,  
So we make up,  
Not, fight,  
Pour meade on us!

*Translation by Urszula Tempska (used with permission)*

### **Precz z moich oczu**

### **Get Out of My Sight**

Precz z moich oczu!  
Posłucham odrazu!  
Precz z mego serca!  
I serce posłucha.  
Prec z mej pamięci!  
Nie! Tego rozkazu  
Moja i twoja pamięć nie posłucha.

Get out of my sight!  
I shall obey immediately!  
Get out of my heart!  
And the heart shall obey!  
Get out of my memory!  
No! This command  
My memory and yours shall not obey.

Jak cień tym dłuższy  
Gdy padnie z daleka,  
Tym szerzej koło żałobne roztoczy,  
Tak moja postać, im dalej ucieka,  
Tym grubszym kirem  
Twą pamięć pomroczy.

As a shadow is longer  
When thrown from a far,  
Making its mournful circle ever wider,  
So my silhouette, the farther it escapes.  
The deeper (will be) the mourning  
Obscuring your memory.

No każdym miejscu  
I o każdej dobie,  
Gdziem z tobą płakał,  
Gdziem się z tobą bawił,  
Wszędzie i zawsze będ ja przy tobie,  
Bom wszędzie  
Cząstkę mej duszy zostawił.

In every place  
And at every hour,  
Where I cried with you,  
Where I played with you,  
Everywhere and always I shall be by you,  
Because everywhere  
I left a piece of my soul.

*Translation by Urszula Tempska (used with permission)*

### **Wojak**

### **The Solider**

Rzy mój gniady, ziemię grzebie,  
Puście, czas już, czas!  
Ciebie, ojcze, matko, ciebie,  
Siostry, żegnam was!

My bay is neighing, pawing the ground,  
Let us go, the time has come, it's time!  
You, mother and father, and you,  
Sisters, I bid you farewell!

Z wiatrem, z wiatrem! Niech drżą wrogі,  
Krwawy stóczy mój!  
Raźni, zdrowi wrócim z drogi,  
Z wiatrem, koniu mój!

With the wind, with the wind! May enemies tremble,  
We'll fight a bloody battle!  
Spry, healthy, we shall come back from the road,  
With the wind, my steed!

Tak, tak, dobrze! Na zawody!  
Jeśli polec mam!  
Samtu, koniu, do zagrody,  
Wolny wróć tu sam!

Yes, yes, good! Let's race!  
If I am to perish!  
You horse, alone to this farm,  
Return free here, alone!

Słyszę jeszcze sióstr wołanie,  
Zwróć się koniu, stój!  
Nie chcesz? Lećże, niech się stanie!  
Leć na krwawy bój!

I still hear my sister's calling  
Turn back, horse, halt!  
Don't want to? So fly, be it so!  
Fly to the bloody battle!

*Translation by Urszula Tempska (used with permission)*

Although he rejected the term, Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was a French Impressionist composer who helped establish new uses of harmony in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He was admitted to the Conservatoire de Paris at age ten, and was a student there for eleven years. He studied piano, solfège, organ, and composition. Debussy composed eighty-seven *melodies*, which were marked with incredible detail. He set the poetry of his contemporaries, particularly Paul Verlaine and Stéphane Mallarmé.

Debussy worked as a pianist for Marie Moreau-Sainti's singing class. He was captivated with her student, Marie Vasnier, and dedicated twenty-seven songs to her. One of Debussy's earliest songs is **Nuit d'étoiles (Night of stars)**, which was published in 1880 and dedicated to Vasnier. The song exemplifies Debussy's exceptional treatment of poetry and music. The use of rolled chords and staccato resemble a twinkling of stars throughout the piece. He alternates between a lullaby-like tempo and *animato* to create feelings of contentment and passion. **Beau soir (Beautiful evening)** is another of Debussy's early songs. He begins the song with a triplet pattern in the accompaniment followed by a vocal line that moves primarily by step, which creates a sense of the steady river and a breeze. As the passion of the text increases, he thickens the accompaniment texture by adding a duple rhythm played against a triplet. **Mandoline (Mandolin)** was composed in 1882. Debussy was the first composer to set this popular poem to music. The accompaniment mimics the strumming of a mandolin. The poem includes popular literary characters: Tircis and Damis are shepherds whereas Aminte and Clitandre are from Italian comic opera. The vocal line captures the liveliness of a *Fête galante* painting, which depicts a ball or masquerade being held outdoors. The poem comes from collection of poems by Paul Verlaine titled *Fêtes galantes*.

Debussy composed two books of *Préludes*, which contain twelve piano pieces each. The first book was composed between 1909 and 1910, and the second book was composed between 1911 and 1913. Each piece is a self-contained work capturing a particular emotion or character. **Les collines d'Anacapri (The hills of Anacapri)** was composed in 1909 and is intended to musically capture the nature of the town Anacapri, on the island of Capri, though it is unsure whether Debussy ever visited the area. The time signature is marked as 12/8=2/4, indicating a oscillation between compound and duple meters. There are imitations of bells and an Italian folk dance, the *tarantella*, throughout the piece. **Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest (What the west wind saw)** was composed in late 1909 and early 1910. The title was inspired by Hans Christian Anderson's "The Garden of Paradise," which includes the character Zephyr, the wind from the west. It is considered to be the arc of the first book of *Préludes*, with its tumultuous and virtuosic

setting. **Les fées sont d'exquises danseuses (Fairies are exquisite dancers)** uses various combinations of sixteenth notes, thirty-second notes, and trills, to capture a shimmering and mythical quality that portrays the idea of fairies dancing.

### **Nuit d'étoiles**

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire  
Je rêve aux amour défunts.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire  
Je rêve aux amour défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire  
Je rêve aux amour défunts.

### **Beau soir**

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des  
choses

### **Night of stars**

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
Beneath your breezes and your scents,  
A sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy  
comes bursting in the depth of my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
Beneath your breezes and your scents,  
A sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of dead loves.

I see again at our fountain  
Your gaze, blue as the sky;  
This rose, it is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
Beneath your breezes and your scents,  
A sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of dead loves.

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### **Beautiful evening**

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,  
And a slight shiver runs through fields of wheat,  
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up from all  
things

Et monter vers le cœur trouble;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette  
onde:

Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

### **Mandoline**

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses,  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie,  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

And ascends toward the troubled heart;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the world  
While one is young and the evening is fair,  
For we are on our way just as this wave is:

It is going to the sea, -- and we, to the grave!

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### **Mandolin**

The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas  
And there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis who, for many a  
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

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Ben Moore (b. 1960) is a New York-based composer who primarily writes for the voice. His music includes art song, opera, musical theater, cabaret, chamber music, and choral music. At the bequest of Deborah Voigt, Moore composed his first comedic song, *Wagner Roles*, in 2001. She premiered it in a recital at Carnegie Hall in 2004. He has since composed ten comedy songs, seven of which are purchasable on his website. **Content to Be Behind Me** was another such song composed for Deborah Voigt. Like Moore's other comedy songs, he uses musical borrowing techniques to elevate the humor. He paraphrases Schubert's *Die Forelle* in which the pianist reluctantly accompanies the singer. As tensions grow between pianist and singer, Moore interjects two instances of Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto in the middle of the singer's performance of Schubert's *Lied*. Towards the end, he quotes a page of material from the concerto before returning to the original theme. At the end of the song, the singer recognizes the talent of the pianist and gives them deserved praise.