



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Sophie Gwaldo, mezzo-soprano

Edward Newman, pianist

Friday October 23rd, 2026

PepsiCo Recital Hall, 8:30pm

Program

“Smanie implacabili”

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

From *Così fan tutte*

“O del mio amato ben”

Stefano Donaudy (1880-1941)

Trois Mélodies

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

“Porquoi?”

“Le Sourire”

“La Fiancée perdue”

Brief pause

“At the Well”

Richard Hageman (1881-1966)

“May Night”

“Do not go, my love”

When I am Laid in Earth (Dido’s Lament)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

From *Dido and Aeneas*

“Heilieges Leid”

Luise Greger (1862-1944)

“Der blinde Sänger”

“Kindesträume”

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the BM in vocal performance. Ms. Gwaldo is a student of Prof. Twyla Robinson. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.

Program Notes

“Smanie implacabili”

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Così fan tutte (1790)

W.A. Mozart is regarded as one of the foremost operatic composers of the Classical era. Despite his short life, he composed over 800 works including 23 operas. He began composing as at only five years old in Salzburg, Austria. In 1781 he settled in Vienna where he stayed for the rest of his life and composed his most prolific works. Mozart was highly influenced by Baroque masters such as J.S. Bach and G.F. Handel. Overall, Mozart's style can be described as charmingly melodic and expertly constructed in terms of harmony and form. He was an expert in drama and composed operas that are still often performed today. Mozart's operas are beloved for their timeless relatability and large ensemble casts. By expanding the amount of non-chorus characters, Mozart was able to write trios, quartets, and quintets into his operas, increasing the musical excitement.

Così fan tutte is one of the three Mozart operas with libretti by Lorenzo Da Ponte. Besides *Così*, Da Ponte provided the text for *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. *Così* is an opera buffa (comic opera) featuring the theme of “fiancée swapping” which has been a common comic trope since the works of Shakespeare and Boccaccio. *Così fan tutte* or in English, “so are all women” is the story of two sisters (Fiordiligi and Dorabella) whose husbands (Guglielmo and Ferrando) fake their departure and return disguised as Albanians aimed at wooing the others' wife in order to test their faithfulness. Dorabella's aria, *Smanie implacabili* comes in the first act just after the husbands “depart” to war.

Ah, scostati! Paventa il tristo effetto
D'un disperato affetto:
Chiudi quelle finestre... Odio la luce,
Odio l'aria che spiro... odio me stessa,
Chi schernisce il mio duol, chi mi consola.
Deh, fuggi per pietà, lasciami sola!

Smanie implacabili
Che m'agitte,
Entro quest'anima
Più non cessate
Fin che l'angoscia
Mi fa morir.

Esempio misero
D'amor funesto
Darò all'Eumenidi,
Se viva resto,

Ah leave me! Flee the dread effect
Of a distracted love!
Close those windows; I hate the light,
I hate the air I breathe, I hate myself.
Who mocks at my grief? Who consoles me?
Ah fly; leave me alone, for pity's sake!

Implacable pangs
Which torment me,
Inside my soul
Which do not stop
Until the anguish
Brings me death

A miserable example
Of fatal love
I will give all to Eumenides
If I remain alive
With the horrible sounds

Col suono orribile
De' miei sospir.

Text by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Of my sighs

Translation by Sophie Gwaldo

“At the Well” (1919)

Richard Hageman (1881-1966)

“Do not go, my love” (1917)

“May Night” (1917)

Richard Hageman was born in Leeuwarden, Netherlands in 1881. He was a lifelong vocal accompanist, vocal coach, and operatic conductor. After studying music at the Amsterdam New Music Institute and Brussels Conservatory, he worked as a vocal coach at the Nederlandse Opera. He travelled the United States accompanying French singer Yvette Guilbert in 1906. Soon after, he began conducting the Metropolitan Opera (1908-1922). Around this time, he began his art song compositions for the voice including well-known selections such as “Do not go, my love.” He was very active in the musical scene in New York City and many of his art songs are published with a dedication to various popular singers. His catalogue includes many art songs, film scores, and one opera (*Caponsacchi*, 1932).¹

The songs of Richard Hageman are extremely colorful in their presentation of the text. He often uses metrical changes and chromaticism to playfully represent the images of the text. All three of the presented songs by Hageman are set to the English translations of poems by Rabindranath Tagore, a Bengali writer of poetry, nonfiction, and philosophy. He is known to be one of the foremost thinkers of the Indian cultural renaissance in the late 19th and early 20th century alongside figures such as Mohandas Ghandi. Tagore was also a musician. He set many of his poems to music that he would perform himself. All three texts presented come from Tagore’s 1913 poetry collection “The Gardener”.

Hageman’s setting of “At the Well” perfectly displays the cheeky nature of the poem with a brisk five-eight meter that keeps the listener on their toes. There are many explicit moments of text painting in the accompaniment, most notably the dripping of water as the buckets splash during the “B” section. “At the Well” is attributed to American soprano Amparito Farrar who was active in New York City at the same time as Hageman.

“May Night” is characteristic to Hageman due to its tricky chromaticism and excellent use of text painting. The setting reflects the confusion and misty passion of the speaker who is running through the forest in search of an evasive goal. “May Night” is attributed to Oscar Seagle, renowned baritone with numerous popular recordings. He founded the Seagle Music Colony (now the Seagle Festival) as a summer music academy in the Adirondacks which continues to be one of the foremost summer programs in the United States.

“Do not go my love” is by far Hageman’s most popular song and the most popular rendition of Tagore’s poem of the same name. The song features a foreword-moving syncopated left hand that supports the unrest of the poem. The language is simply beautiful and matched by Hageman’s careful handling of the vocal melody. “Do not go my love” is attributed to American tenor George Hamlin who was an active operatic performer across the United States before teaching in New York in the 1920’s.

“At the Well”

When the two sisters go to fetch
water, they come to this spot and
they smile.

They must be aware of somebody
who stands behind the trees when-
ever they go to fetch water.

The two sisters whisper to each
other when they pass this spot.
They must have guessed the secret
of that somebody who stands behind
the trees whenever they go to
fetch water.

Their pitchers lurch suddenly, and
water spills when they reach this
spot.

They must have found out that
somebody's heart is beating who
stands behind the trees whenever
they go to fetch water.

The two sisters glance at each other
when they come to this spot, and they
smile.

There is a laughter in their swift-
stepping feet, which makes confusion
in somebody's mind who stands behind
the trees whenever they go to
fetch water.

“Do not go, my love”

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

“May Night”

I run as a musk-deer runs
in the shadow of the forest
mad with his own perfume.
The night is the night of mid-May,
the breeze is the breeze of the south.
I lose my way and I wander,
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I do not seek.

From my heart comes out and dances
the image of my own desire.
The gleaming vision flits on.
I try to clasp it firmly,
it eludes me and leads me astray.
I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I do not seek.

Texts by Rabindranath Tagore

“Dido’s Lament” (When I am laid in earth)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

***Dido and Aeneas* (1689)**

Henry Purcell is one of the earliest composers of English opera. Following the traditions of the Italian and French Baroque music, Purcell’s operas contain declamatory recitative while still containing highly dramatic and affective arias. As a young man, Purcell studied under Henry Cooke and Pelham Humfrey, a successor of Jean-Baptiste Lully, a major influence on the French operatic style. Throughout his life, Purcell composed a wealth of songs including court music, dramatic incidental music, and sacred music. In 1689 Purcell composed the chamber opera, *Dido and Aeneas* based on Virgil’s epic *The Aeneid* with a libretto by Nahum Tate, who was an experienced writer for the stage. *Dido and Aeneas* was unusual for an English opera at the time. Usually, English “operas” were influenced by the masque, a form of court entertainment featuring music, dancing, drama, and participation of the court in the festivities. *Dido and Aeneas* was fully staged with recitative, airs, and choruses and was highly influenced by the opera *Venus and Adonis* written by John Blow, one of Purcell’s teachers, in 1685.

Dido and Aeneas is the story of Trojan warrior Aeneas as he is blown off course to the kingdom of Carthage. He falls in love with the queen Dido but is tricked by sorcerers disguised as gods to leave the kingdom. Dido’s Lament may be the most remembered aspect of Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*. It is the closing air of the opera and occurs as Aeneas sails away and Dido commits suicide. The air features an iconic descending bass pattern throughout that exemplifies the devastation of the scene. Despite the steady repetition in the bass, the voice and the accompaniment rarely cadence at the same time. This causes the air to have a constant tension and suspension. The air would have been traditionally performed with basso continuo; a sustaining instrument playing the bass, and one or more chordal instruments improvising harmony above the bass.

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid, am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, remember me, but ah! forget
my fate.
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Text by Nahum Tate

Trois Mélodies (1930)

Oliver Messiaen (1908-1992)

Olivier Messiaen is a French composer, educator, and organist most known for his unique modal voice. Born in Avignon, France at the turn of the 20th century, Messiaen grew up in a family of artists and began to study music at an early age. As a child, he studied the operas of Mozart as well as the works of his more recent French contemporaries Ravel and Debussy. At the Paris Conservatoire he studied composition under Paul Dukas which further pushed his perspectives in modality. Throughout his life, Messiaen was a very religious man, publishing lots of music with religious themes throughout his early career. As well as Christian motifs, Messiaen's works often feature the imitation of birdsong, as he was an avid Ornithologist his entire life. After being drafted into the second world war, Messiaen was imprisoned by the Nazi party in the Stalag VIII-A prisoner of war camp. While imprisoned during the winter of 1940-41 he composed his most well-known work: "Quatuor pour la fin du temps" or "Quartet for the end of time" based on the Book of Revelations. The quartet was composed over the course of the nine months he was imprisoned with the four instruments available in the camp: a piano, violin, cello, and clarinet. Later in his life he returned to Paris to teach composition to students such as Pierre Boulez, Serge Nigg, and Yvonne Loriod, pioneers of the French Serialist technique. This move towards total serialism influenced Messiaen's later writings.²

Trois Melodies for soprano and piano is one of Messiaen's most popular sets for the voice. It features three short movements with texts by Messiaen himself except the middle movement, which features a poem by Messiaen's mother, French poet Cecile Sauvage. *Trois Melodies* was published only three years after Sauvage's death. Given this context, the seemingly disconnected texts and musical styles are given a clear subject: Messiaen's grief for his mother. In the first song "Pourquoi", the narrator questions the purpose of the features of the natural world. He asks why these beautiful things bring him no joy. Matching this existential text is a wandering harmony that never truly resolves. The second song, "Le sourire" is the only piece set to poetry by the late Cecile Sauvage. The short, intimate poem speaks of how the words of a loved one are like "a kiss on the soul". In the final line, the narrator wishes to smile, but their "smile flickers". This gives the poem an unsatisfied tone present in the first song. The final song, "La fiancée perdue," or "The lost fiancée" is a plea by the narrator to Jesus. He asks for the subject, referred to only as "her", to be protected from any pain or suffering. Knowing the context, Messiaen is speaking about his mother, praising her and wishing Jesus to watch over her.

² "Messiaen, Olivier" *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, 2nd edition, Grove; 2001

Porquoi?

Pourquoi les oiseaux de l'air,
Pourquoi les reflets de l'eau,
Pourquoi les nuages du ciel,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi les feuilles de l'Automne,
Pourquoi les roses de l'Été,
Pourquoi les chansons du Printemps,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi n'ont-ils pour moi de charmes,
Pourquoi?
Pourquoi, Ah! Pourquoi?

Text by Oliver Messiaen

Le sourire

Certain mot murmuré
Par vous est un baiser
Intime et prolongé
Comme un baiser sur l'âme.
Ma bouche veut sourire
Et mon sourire tremble.

Text by Cecile Sauvage

Le fiancée perdue

C'est la douce fiancée,
C'est l'ange de la bonté,
C'est un après-midi ensoleillé,
C'est le vent sur les fleurs.
C'est un sourire pur comme un cœur d'enfant,
C'est un grand lys blanc comme une aile, très
haut dans une coupe d'or!
O Jésus, bénissez-la!
Elle!
Donnez-lui votre Grâce puissante!

Why?

Why are the birds of the air,
Why are the gleaming waters,
Why are the clouds of heaven,
Why?
Why are the leaves of autumn,
Why are the roses of summer,
Why are the songs of spring,
Why?
Why for me are they devoid of charm,
Why?
Why? Ah, why?

Translation by Richard Stokes

The smile

A certain word whispered
By you is a kiss,
Intimate and lingering,
Like a kiss on the soul.
My mouth wishes to smile
And my smile flickers.

Translation by Richard Stokes

The lost fiancée

She is the gentle fiancée,
She is the angel of kindness,
She is a sun-drenched afternoon,
She is the wind on the flowers.
She is a smile as pure as a child's heart,
She is a tall lily, white as a wing, towering in
a gold vase!
O Jesus, bless her!
Her!
Bestow on her your powerful Grace!
May she never know pain and tears!
Bestow peace of mind on her, O Jesus!

Qu'elle ignore la souffrance, les larmes!
Donnez-lui le repos Jésus!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Text by Olivier Messiaen

O del mio amato ben (1918)

Stephano Donoudy (1879-1925)

Stephano Donoudy is most known for his song collection *Arie de stile antico*, or arias in the ancient style, published in two volumes in 1918 and 1922. His songs are written in the *bel canto* style first introduced in Italy around the 17th century during the late Baroque period. This style features highly polished and beautiful melodies in the vocal line. Donoudy also builds his songs based on Baroque types such as *arie, frottola, madrigal, and villanella*. His songs from this collection are extremely popular, and difficult to tell apart from authentic Baroque Italian songs and arias. Little is known about the rest of Donoudy's musical output. He lived in Sicily and worked under many wealthy families as a musician and vocal teacher. He wrote mostly for the voice including operas such as *La Fiamminga* and *Folchetto* as well as a variety of vocal songs. The large majority of Donoudy's texts were written by his brother, Alberto Donoudy.

O del mio amato ben is one of Donoudy's most popular songs from his *Arie de Stile antico*. It is a slow, dramatic ballad mourning the loss of a loved one. It is in binary form with the melody repeating at the stanza in the poem. The vocal line is comprised of broad and yearning phrases that perfectly capture the mood of the text. Within the score, vocal embellishments are written out, which is customary in modern times, but in the Baroque period ornamentations would be naturally added by the performer without a marking in the score.

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa

Oh the lost spell of my dearly beloved !
For from my eyes
Is that thing of glory and virtue !
Through the silent rooms
I am always looking and calling for her
With a heart full of hope
But I search in vain !
And the weeping is dear to me
The crying only feeds my heart

To me, it seems that every place is sad.
Night seems like day to me
Ice seems like fire to me
Even at times I hope to devote myself to
another pursuit
I am only tormented by one thought :
Without her, where do I go ?
To me, life is a vain thing

senza il mio ben.

Without my love.

Text by Alberto Donoudy

Translation by Sophie Gwaldo

“Heilieges Leid”

Luise Greger (1862-1944)

“Der blinde Sänger”

“Kindesträume”

Little is known of German composer Luise Greger. Born in December 27th, 1862, in Griefswald, Germany, she was a child piano prodigy, playing for the Tsarina in St. Petersburg. She moved to Berlin to continue her musical education, studying voice under Hedwig Wolff. While in Berlin she married Dr. Ludwig Greger. Together they moved to Kussel where he opened a spa resort with their three children. In 1911 Greger divorced her husband and moved to an apartment in Wilhelmshorster where she often hosted musical salons. Musical salons were a tradition of artists to gather in the home to share their art with one another for entertainment. She was close to her eldest son Helmuth who was trained as an operatic baritone and works as a doctor, giving him the ability to support Greger financially. After moving away from her husband, she is able to resume her compositional work. By 1930, she was popular in Germany and around Europe. Many of her compositions were dedicated to contemporary artists for their performance. After the death of her eldest son in 1939 she moved to an elderly home in Hofgeismar. Not long after, she was moved by the Nazi party to a psychiatric hospital and euthanized at 81 years old.³

“Heiliges Leid” or “Holy Suffering” is a song originally intended to be sung with either piano organ. The song describes how suffering is a natural part of life and can be eased by turning to God. The poetry by Friedrich Länger is gentle and very moving when combined with Greger’s composition. Little is known of Friedrich Länger other than that he wrote the texts to many of Greger’s songs. The same is true for most of the poets that Greger chooses to set. They are often unknown to us today, but were likely fellow artists who were friends with Greger while she composing.

“Der blinde sänger” or “The Blind Singer” is the most overtly dramatic song by Greger presented tonight. The speaker is a blind person asking their child to check and see if the beautiful things in nature they remember are still there. Although the singer is the only speaking character, the accompaniment seems to converse with the singer offering happy memories of the past. Greger’s use of the piano in this way has developed out of the German *lieder* tradition made popular in the previous century by composers such as Clara and Robert Schumann and Alma and Gustav Mahler. “Der blinde sänger” is unique in that it functions more like recitative with lots of pauses and freeness in the voice and accompaniment, giving the song a solemn tone. The text is written Oskar Ludwig Brandt, a filmmaker writer active in Germany at the same time as Greger.

³ Christine Stoffelshaus (nee Greger), *Luise Greger*, 2013, [Startseite - Luise Greger](#)

Similarly to Greger, Brandt died at the hand of the Nazi Party. In 1943, Brandt was killed in the Auschwitz concentration camp.

“Kindesträume” is a simple song about the joys of childhood. Greger’s melodic writing is natural and enjoyable to sing while keeping the text at the forefront. I find the text to be exceptionally beautiful and makes a peaceful ending for this program.

“Heiliges Leid”

Es liegt ein reicher Segen im Leid,
weil es von Schlacken die Seele befreit!
Wenn du dem Himmel entgegenreißt,
gläubig die Hand des Vaters ergreifst,
hörst, wie er spricht so liebend und so lind:
„Ich bin dein Vater, du bist mein Kind!
Ich will dich halten in Weh' und Not,
ich bin das Leben; wo ist nun der Tod?
Ob auch dem Auge die Träne entquillt,
ein heil'ges Leuchten sie doch erfüllt.
Wie das rotgoldene Morgenlicht
sich widerspiegelnd im Tautropfen bricht,
so ist der Segen vom heiligen Leid:
Du schaust das Frühlicht der Ewigkeit.

Text by Friedrich Länger

“Der blinde Sänger”

Geh, Kind, und sieh, ob draußen die Sonne
grüßt,
ob drohend die Wolken jagen,
ob noch im Dunkel das Flösschen fließt!
Ich will wieder singen und sagen.

Gib mir die Laute, Kind, und lauf in den
Wald!
Ich höre die herbstlichen Blätter im Wind,
mich friert, das Dunkel ist kalt!
Sag', scheint die Sonne, Kind?

“Holy Suffering”

There is a rich blessing in suffering,
Because it frees the soul from slag !
When you mature to heaven,
Faithfully grab the hand of the father,
Hear what he says, so lovely and so kind
« I am your father, you are my child »
« I want to hold your ache and hardship »
« I am the life, where now is death ? »
Whether the eyes are filled with tears, they
are also filled with holy light.
Just as the red morning light reflects on the
dew drops.
So is the blessing of holy suffering :
You look at the early light of eternity.

Translation by Sophie Gwaldo

“The blind singer”

Go, child and see whether outside the sun is
greeting.
Whether the threatening clouds chase,
Whether the river flows in the darkness,
I want to again sing and say

Give me the lute, child, and run in the forest !

I hear the autumnal leaves in the wind,
Im freezing, the darkness is cold !
Say, does the sun shine, child ?

Go, child and see whether outside the sun is
greeting.

Geh, Kind, und sieh, ob draußen die Sonne
grüßt,
ob drohend die Wolken jagen,
ob noch im Dunkel das Flüsschen fließt!
Mir ist es, als müsst' ich klagen!

Text by Oskar Ludwig Brandt

“Kindesträume”

Träume, mein Kindchen, der Sterne Heer
strahlt schon am himmlischen Zelt.
Englein mit Rosen zieh'n droben umher,
Christkind schwebt nieder zur Welt.
Kindchen, was bist du an Liebe so reich,
kennst noch nicht Kummer, nicht Not;
Mütterchen sorget, sie bettet dich weich,
schlafe die Wänglein dir rot!
Schlafe, mein Kind!

Träume, mein Kindchen, vom Wellenschaum,
träume vom murmelnden See,
träume vom strahlenden Weihnachtsbaum,
träum' von der glänzenden Fee,
träume von Glück und von Seligkeit,
träume von Frieden und Ruh';
träume, mein Kind, noch ist Kinderzeit,
träume vom Schutzenglein du!
Träume, mein Kind!

Text by Hedwig Braun-Steinmann

Whether the threatening clouds chase,
Whether the river flows in the darkness
It seems to me that I must complain !

Translation by Sophie Gwaldo

“Childlike dreams”

Dream my children, the army of stars that
shines heavenly onto the world
Little angels with roses move above
Baby Jesus floats down to earth
Children, how rich you are in love
You know not of sorrow or distress
The caring mother asks softly, while in sleep
your little cheeks are red,
« sleep my child ! »

Dream my children, of the sea foam
Dream of the murmuring sea
Dream of the radiant Christmas tree
Dream of the shining fairy
Dream of happiness and of bliss
Dream of peace and quiet
Dream my children, for it is still childhood
Dream of your guardian angel !
Dream my child

Translation by Sophie Gwaldo