

Recital Program

Janson C. Guillen, baritone

Michael Bukhman, collaborative pianist

October 25, 2020

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Furibondo spira il vento, from Partenope

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht

The House of Life

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872-1958)

- II. Silent Noon
- IV. Heart's Haven
- V. Death In Love

If Ever I Would Leave You, from Camelot

Frederick Loewe

(1901-1988)

Erlkönig, D. 328 Op. 1

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Program Notes
Janson C. Guillen
September 25, 2020

Furibondo spira il vento – George Frideric Handel (1730)

From: *Partenope*

Text by: Silvio Stampiglia

Furibondo spira il vento

Furibondo spira il vento

The wind blows furiously

E sconvolge il cielo e il suol.

And is stirring heaven and earth.

Tal adesso l'alma io sento

That is the sensation I feel in my soul

Agitata dal mio duol.

Perturbed by my sorrow.

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Silvio Stampiglia (1664-1725)

George Frideric Handel was born in Halle, Germany on February 23, 1685. Although German born, Handel was known for his English compositions and resided in London during his career as a composer. While he contributed to every vocal and instrumental genre of the Baroque period, Handel was most known for his operas and English oratorios, particularly the *Messiah*. He is regarded as one of the most prolific composers of his time. Handel composed the music for *Partenope* as his second opera during his tenure at the King's Theatre and the original role of Partenope was to be sung by a castrato, a male singer whose vocal range and timbre was equivalent to that of a mezzo-soprano.

Dichterliebe – Robert Schumann (1840)

Text by: Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Knospen sprangen,

Da ist in meinem Herzen

Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

Als alle Vögel sangen,

Da hab' ich ihr gestanden

Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of May,

When all the buds burst into bloom,

Then it was that in my heart

Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,

When all the birds were singing,

Then it was I confessed to her

My longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Viel blühende Blumen hervor,

Und meine Seufzer werden

Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,

Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',

Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen

Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears there will spring

Many blossoming flowers,

And my sighs shall become

A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,

I'll give you all the flowers,

And at your window shall sound

The nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

*Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

*When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.
When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;

Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen

Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,

Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,

Den sie mir einst gegeben

In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

Let me bathe my soul

In the lily's chalice;

The lily shall resound

With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver

Like the kiss that her lips

Once gave me

In a wondrously sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,

Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n

Mit seinem grossen Dome,

Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,

Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;

In meines Lebens Wildnis

Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein

Um unsre liebe Frau;

Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,

Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, in the holy river,

Mirrored in its waves,

With its great cathedral,

Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,

Painted on gilded leather;

Into my life's wilderness

It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover

Around Our beloved Lady;

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks

Are the image of my love's.

Ich grolle nicht

<i>Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,</i>	<i>I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,</i>
<i>Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.</i>	<i>O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.</i>
<i>Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,</i>	<i>However you gleam in diamond splendour,</i>
<i>Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.</i>	<i>No ray falls in the night of your heart.</i>
<i>Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,</i>	<i>I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,</i>
<i>Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,</i>	<i>And saw the night within your heart,</i>
<i>Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,</i>	<i>And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;</i>
<i>Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.</i>	<i>I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.</i>
<i>Ich grolle nicht.</i>	<i>I bear no grudge.</i>

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Robert Schumann composed *Dichterliebe* during 1840, which became known as Schumann's Liederjahr (year of song). Schumann composed almost exclusively for voice in 1840 because of his feelings for Clara Wieck, whom Robert married in September of that year. It is believed that Robert Schumann wrote at least 138 songs throughout 1840.

Dichterliebe was originally a song cycle of twenty pieces but only sixteen were published by the editor. The poems for *Dichterliebe* come from Heine's *Buch der Lieder* in a section titled *Lyrical Intermezzo*. Through the sixteen pieces, we see a beautiful love story that slowly turns into heartache and betrayal from the first-person perspective of the poet.

The House of Life – Ralph Vaughan Williams (1903)

Text by: Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,

*The finger-points look through like rosy
blooms:*

*Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams
and glooms*

*'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and
amass.*

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,

Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge

*Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn
hedge.*

'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

*Deep in the sunsearched growths the
dragon-fly*

*Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the
sky: -*

*So this winged hour is dropt to us from
above.*

*Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless
dower,*

This close-companioned inarticulate hour

When twofold silence was the song of love.

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,

*Cow'ring beneath dark wings that love must
chase,*

With still tears show'ring and averted face,

Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:

*And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling
harms*

I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,

Against all ills the fortified strong place

*And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter
charms.*

*And Love, our light at night and shade at
noon,*

Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away

All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.

*Like the moon's growth, his face gleams
through his tune;*

And as soft waters warble to the moon,

Our answ'ring spirits chime one roundelay.

Death In Love

There came an image in Life's retinue

*That had Love's wings and bore his
gonfalon:*

*Fair was the web, and nobly wrought
thereon,*

O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!

*Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens
to,*

*Shook in its folds; and through my heart its
power*

Sped trackless as the memorable hour

*When birth's dark portal groaned and all
was new*

*But a veiled woman followed, and she
caught*

The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,

*Then plucked a feather from the bearer's
wing,*

And held it to his lips that stirred it not,

And said to me, "Behold, there is no breath:

I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Ralph Vaughan Williams was a prominent English composer and is well known for his symphonies and sacred/secular vocal works. Vaughan Williams focused on art song compositions (solo voice with piano accompaniment) during the early years of his career before focusing on orchestral and sacred choral works during the times of World War I and World War II.

The House of Life is a song cycle consisting of six songs that utilize poems from Rossetti's book of sonnets also titled *The House of Life*, published in 1881. *The House of Life* is not a popularly performed song cycle due to it being published around the same time as Vaughan Williams' more popular song cycle called *Songs of Travel*. 'Silent Noon' is the only piece from this song cycle that is still popularly performed today.

If Ever I Would Leave You – Frederick Loewe (1960)

From: *Camelot*

Text by: Alan Jay Lerner

If Ever I Would Leave You

*If ever I would leave you
It wouldn't be in summer.
Seeing you in summer
I never would go.
Your hair streaked with sunlight,
Your lips red as flame,
Your face with a lustre
That puts gold to shame!

But if I'd ever leave you,
It couldn't be in autumn.
How I'd leave in autumn
I never will know.
I've seen how you sparkle
When fall nips the air.*

*I know you in autumn
And I must be there.

And could I leave you
Running merrily through the snow?
Or on a wintry evening
When you catch the fire's glow?

If ever I would leave you,
How could it be in springtime?
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by
you so?
Oh, no! not in springtime!
Summer, winter or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!*

Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)

Frederick Loewe was born in Berlin, Germany and was a child prodigy, composing at the age of five and was the youngest pianist to play with the Berlin Philharmonic at the age of thirteen. Loewe emigrated to America in 1924 and met Alan Jay Lerner in 1942, who wrote the libretto of *Life of the Party*.

The Lerner and Loewe duo found great success in the musical genre and teamed up to create *Paint Your Wagon* in 1951, *My Fair Lady* in 1956, and *Camelot* in 1960. *Camelot* was adapted from T.H. White's story of the King Arthur legend, *The Once and Future King*. *Camelot* was the final Broadway collaboration for the famous duo due to Loewe's health and growing difficulties with Lerner.

Erlkönig, D. 328 Op. 1 – Franz Schubert (1815)

Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Erlkönig

<i>Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?</i>	<i>Who rides so late through the night and wind?</i>
<i>Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:</i>	<i>It is the father with his child.</i>
<i>Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,</i>	<i>He has the boy in his arms;</i>
<i>Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.</i>	<i>he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.</i>
<i>Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?</i>	<i>'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'</i>
<i>“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?</i>	<i>'Father, can you not see the Erlking?</i>
<i>Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?’</i>	<i>The Erlking with his crown and tail?'</i>
<i>“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”</i>	<i>'My son, it is a streak of mist.'</i>
<i>“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!</i>	<i>'Sweet child, come with me.</i>
<i>Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;</i>	<i>I'll play wonderful games with you.</i>
<i>Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,</i>	<i>Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;</i>
<i>Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.”</i>	<i>my mother has many a golden robe.'</i>
<i>“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,</i>	<i>'Father, father, do you not hear</i>
<i>Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?’</i>	<i>what the Erlking softly promises me?'</i>
<i>“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:</i>	<i>'Calm, be calm, my child:</i>
<i>In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”</i>	<i>the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'</i>
<i>“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?</i>	<i>'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?</i>
<i>Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;</i>	<i>My daughters shall wait upon you;</i>
<i>Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein</i>	<i>my daughters lead the nightly dance,</i>
<i>Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.”</i>	<i>and will rock, dance, and sing you to sleep.</i>
<i>“Mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort</i>	<i>'Father, father, can you not see</i>
<i>Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?’</i>	<i>Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'</i>

<i>“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau: Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”</i>	<i>‘My son, my son, I can see clearly: it is the old grey willows gleaming.’</i>
<i>“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt; Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.”</i>	<i>‘I love you, your fair form allures me, and if you don’t come willingly, I’ll use force.’</i>
<i>“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!”</i>	<i>‘Father, father, now he’s seizing me! The Erlking has hurt me!’</i>
<i>Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind, Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind, Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not: In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.</i>	<i>The father shudders, he rides swiftly, he holds the moaning child in his arms; with one last effort he reaches home; the child lay dead in his arms.</i>

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Franz Schubert was born in Vienna and was known as a child prodigy. At the age of seven, he auditioned for music director, Antonio Salieri, and took lessons for violin, counterpoint, figured bass, singing, and organ at the age of eight. Schubert was a prolific composer, writing over 1500 pieces in his short-lived career and at the age of eighteen, composed almost 150 songs. It was during this year of 1815 when Schubert encountered the poems of Goethe and set music to many of his poems.

Erlkönig has four different characters: the narrator, the father, the son, and the Elfking. The story takes place in the dark, foggy woods where a father and his son, who is ill, are riding home on horseback. Throughout the piece, the piano line plays the galloping of the horse. Could the piano technically be considered a fifth character? The son warns his father multiple times that the Elfking is nearby and wants to take him away, to which the father pays no mind and always brushes off the son’s hallucinations. It is not until the son cries of his excruciating pain that the father realizes his son does not have much time left. They eventually arrive at the home, but it is too late...

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