



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Maddie Miller, mezzo-soprano**  
**Patrick Vu, tenor**  
**Stephen Carey, piano**

Friday, November 6<sup>th</sup>, 2020

7:00 PM

Program

**But who may abide the day of His coming**  
**from *The Messiah* (1741)**

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Ms. Miller

**Non lo dirò col labbro**  
**from *Tolomeo* (1728)**

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Mr. Vu

**Son pietosa, son bonina**  
**from *La Circe ossia L'isola incantata* (1798)**

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Ms. Miller

**Three European Romantic Era Songs**  
**‘A Vucchella (1907)**

Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

**Die Nacht (1885)**

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

**Bonjour, Suzon! (1872)**

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

Mr. Vu

**Salamander (1886)**  
**Immer Leiser (1886)**  
**Vergebliches Ständchen (1882)**

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Ms. Miller

**Selections from *Three Folk Songs* (1995)**  
Barbr'y Allen  
The Leather-Winged Bat

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

Mr. Vu

***Trois Chansons des Bilitis* (1897)**  
La flûte de Pan  
La chevelure  
Le tombeau de Naiades

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Ms. Miller

**Puedo escribir (2020)**

Patrick Vu  
(b. 1998)

*World Premiere*  
Mr. Vu

***Four Last Songs* (1958)**  
Procris  
Tired  
Hands, Eyes and Heart  
Menelaus

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

Ms. Miller

**How it Ends from *Big Fish* (2013)**

Andrew Lippa  
(b. 1964)

**A Light in the Dark from *Next to Normal* (2008)**

Tom Kitt  
(b. 1974)

Mr. Vu

**Cheek to Cheek from *Top Hat* (1935)**

Irving Berlin  
(1888-1989)

Ms. Miller and Mr. Vu

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music  
Education in Vocal Concentration. Ms. Miller is a student of Professor Twyla  
Robinson. Mr. Vu is a student of Dr. San-ky Kim.

**But who may abide the day of His coming**  
from *The Messiah* (1741)

**George Frideric Handel**

Handel's **But who may abide the day of His coming** is from his very famous *Messiah*, a popular oratorio that tells the full story of Jesus Christ from birth until resurrection. This falls in Scene 2 of Part I and is very threatening, instilling the fear of God unto the audience for the first time in the whole oratorio. The music alternates between a stately Larghetto ("But who may abide...") and a raucous Prestissimo (For He is like a refiner's fire...), moving between musical majesty and careless abandon. All this comes together to create a fun song to sing.

I thought this would be an excellent opener both because it's the earliest-composed piece that I sing on this recital and because it's an exciting listen. In true oratorio fashion, I also decided to sing it in front of the camera like a real on-stage performance.

**But who may abide the day of His coming**

*Text compiled by Charles Jennens*

But who may abide the day of His coming?  
And who shall stand when he appeareth?  
For He is like a refiner's fire  
And who shall stand when he appeareth?

**Non lo dirò col labbro** from *Tolomeo* (1728)

**George Frideric Handel**

*Tolomeo* is an opera seria in three acts composed by George Frideric Handel in 1728. It was his last opera written for the Royal Academy of Music which was also founded by Handel himself. The story of the opera is a fictionalization of some events from the life of Ptolemy IX Lathyros, the king of Egypt from the late 2nd century BC. Like most Baroque opera seria, *Tolomeo* went unperformed for centuries, but with the recent revival of interest in Baroque music since the 1960s, *Tolomeo* has experienced a small revival.

The aria **Non lo dirò col labbro** appears in the first act and is sung by Alessandro, Tolomeo's brother. During the Baroque period, the role of Alessandro was traditionally played by a castrato, or a castrated male singer. In the events leading up to this aria, Alessandro has been ordered by Cleopatra to kill Tolomeo, but Tolomeo quickly finds out, disguises himself, and hides. Elisa, the current king Araspe's sister, enters the scene and Alessandro wakes up, thinking she is like a goddess. The aria is his profession of love to her, but later do we find out that Elisa actually loves his brother Tolomeo instead.

**Non lo dirò col labbro**

*Text by Nicola Francesco Haym*

Non lo dirò col labbro  
Che tanto ardir non ha;  
Forse con le faville  
Dell'avide pupille,  
Per dir come tutt'ardo,  
Lo sguardo parlerà

**I will not say it with my lips**

*Translation by Rowcliffe Browne*

I will not say it with my lips  
Which have not the courage;  
Perhaps the sparks  
Of my burning eyes,  
Revealing my passion,  
My glance will speak.

**Son pietosa, son bonina**

**from *La Circe ossia L'isola incantata* (1798)**

**Franz Joseph Haydn**

Haydn's **Son pietosa, son bonina** has a very mysterious history. It is from a "pastiche opera," which is like the 18th-century version of the jukebox musical in that many composers wrote bits and pieces to create a full opera. The opera in question is called *La Circe ossia L'isola incantata*, which is adapted from two prior operas with unknown plots. This is what I like to call a "super-dead opera," because like the Sumerian language, no one thought to keep this around for future consumption, so we know next to nothing about it. We can assume it's about the mythical Circe, but the aria in question is sung by someone named Lindora. Who is she? Well, according to the internet, she's either a village in Estonia or a skeevy weight-loss program. Looks like we don't have much to work with here.

The song is from the perspective of Lindora, who is playing coy and demure to seduce a man. In the Allegro section, she reveals herself as more shrewd and conniving than the weepy Adagio section would make her out to be. It's still unclear what this aria, or even this character, has to do with Circe or her story, so I thought I would show you my journey to find out what this song is about.

**Son pietosa, son bonina**

*Libretto possibly by Marco Cotellini*

Son pietosa, son bonina,  
Piena son di cortesia,  
E pur deggio poverina,  
Tante pene sopportar.  
O, povere femmine,  
Credetelo a me:  
V'inganano gl'omini,  
Costanza non v'e.  
E pur, semplicitte,

**I am at your mercy, a sweet girl**

*Translation by Maddie Miller*

I am at your mercy, a sweet girl,  
I am full of favor,  
I am such a poor thing,  
Such pity and sorrow to bear.  
"Oh, poor girl,"  
Is what they think of me:  
The men I beguile,  
Constantly.  
And also simple,

A tutto si crede.  
E finto l'amore,  
È falsa la fede,  
Più amore non v'è.  
O, povere femmine,  
Constanza non v'è.

Everyone thinks.  
My love is insincere,  
My loyalty is false,  
It is not a bit true.  
"Oh, poor girl,"  
Constantly.

### **‘A Vucchella (1907)**

**Paolo Tosti**

Paolo Tosti was an Italian composer who is remembered for his light, expressive songs, which are characterised by natural, singable melodies and sweet sentimentality. He studied at the Naples Conservatory, and throughout his career, he wrote over 350 songs in Italian, French, English, and the Neapolitan dialect. He had an excellent knowledge of vocal technique, and because he was a lyric tenor himself, musicologists believe that many of his songs were written with his own voice in mind. **‘A Vucchella** is a Neapolitan song with words by the 19th century lyric poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio. A Neapolitan song is a generic term for a traditional form of music sung in the Neapolitan dialect, ordinarily for the male voice, and expressed in familiar genres such as the love song and serenade.

#### **‘A Vucchella**

*Poem by Gabriele D'Annunzio*

Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo  
tu tiene na vucchella  
nu poco pocorillo  
appassuliatella.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,  
- è comm'a na rusella -  
dammillo nu vasillo,  
dammillo, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,  
nu vaso piccerillo  
comm'a chesta vucchella,

che pare na rusella  
nu poco pocorillo  
appassuliatella...

#### **A sweet mouth**

*Translation by Antonio Giuliano*

Yes, like a little flower,  
You have got a sweet mouth  
A little bit  
withered.

Please give it to me  
it's like a little rose  
Give me a little kiss,  
give, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,  
a kiss as little  
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose  
a little bit withered.

## Die Nacht (1885)

Richard Strauss

**Die Nacht** is a Lied composed by the German composer Richard Strauss somewhere between 1882 to 1883, setting a poem by the Austrian poet Hermann von Gilm. Considered a leading composer of the late Romantic period, Strauss represents the late flowering of German Romanticism. His compositional output began when he was only six years old and lasted until his death nearly eighty years later. Throughout his long career, Strauss composed in nearly every type of classical compositional form, finding greatest success with tone poems and operas.

This beautiful Lied is the third piece from *Letzte Blätter (Last Pages) Op. 10*. Published in 1885, *Letzte Blätter* is the first collection of Lieder Strauss ever published. **Die Nacht** is a chilling, yet gorgeous song about how the night, which takes away the familiar shapes of daylight, will soon steal the speaker's beloved as well.

### Die Nacht

*Poem by Hermann von Gilm*

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

### Night

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

## Bonjour, Suzon! (1872)

Léo Delibes

Léo Delibes was a nineteenth-century French composer, best known for his ballets and operas. When he was only twelve, he enrolled at France's foremost music academy, the Paris Conservatory. His ballets *Coppélia* and *Sylvia* remain core works in the international ballet repertoire today. However in order to avoid being typecast as a ballet composer, Delibes turned to the French *mélodie*. In 1872, he published his first collection of *mélodies* which includes **Bonjour, Suzon!** One of his most popular songs, **Bonjour, Suzon!** captures the scene of a suitor serenading to the beautiful Suzon. The suitor tries to impress her with all his stories from his trip abroad, but Suzon has already moved on by the time he returns.

### Bonjour, Suzon!

*Poem by Alfred de Musset*

Bonjour Suzon, ma fleur des bois!  
Es tu toujours la plus jolie?  
Je reviens, tel que tu me vois,  
D'un [grand] voyage en Italie,  
Du paradis j'ai fait le tour;  
J'ai fait des vers, j'ai fait l'amour.  
Mais que t'importe?  
Je passe devant ta maison;  
Ouvre ta porte.  
Bonjour, Suzon!

Je t'ai vue au temps des lilas.  
Ton cœur joyeux venait d'éclore.  
Et tu disais: "je ne veux pas,  
Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime encore."  
Qu'as-tu fait depuis mon départ?  
Qui part trop tôt revient trop tard.  
Mais que m'importe?  
Je passe devant ta maison;  
Ouvre ta porte.  
Bonjour, Suzon!

### Good Day, Susanne!

*Translation by Michael P. Rosewall*

Good day, Suzanne, my woodland flower!  
Are you always just so lovely?  
I have returned, as you can see,  
From a grand voyage to Italy.  
I made the rounds of Paradise;  
I've made poetry, I've made love.  
But why do you care?  
I'm passing by your house;  
Open up the door.  
Good day, Suzanne!

I first saw you when the lilacs bloomed.  
Your joyous heart had just blossomed.  
And you said: "I do not wish,  
I do not wish to be loved any longer."  
What have you done since I left?  
He who leaves too quickly returns too late.  
But why do I care?  
I'm passing by your house;  
Open up the door.  
Good day, Suzanne!

**Salamander (1886)**  
**Immer Leiser (1886)**  
**Vergebliches Ständchen (1882)**

Johannes Brahms

The three selections I chose by Brahms are not related in any way, although they create a pleasant harmonic progression when lined up together. Because the pieces are so disparate, I thought it would do them justice to portray their stories individually.

The first selection, **Salamander**, is about a salamander, or a man, who is thrown in the fire, either literal or metaphorical, by a cruel maiden, only to come out unscathed. This refers to the myth of the salamander's immunity to fire and is a metaphor for a lover withstanding the flame of a vicious woman in the name of love. Unlike most Brahms Lieder, this piece is very brisk and lively, creating a nice contrast with the middle piece.

The next selection, **Immer Leiser**, is as quintessentially Romantic as you can get - the texture is lush and the story is emotionally-driven. This song is about a lost love and a weeping divorcée or widow, and that is reflected in the undercurrent of the piano part that plods like the heavy steps of a depressed person. The melody is like a wailing lament, mourning their loss and begging for the lover to return, whether in life or death.

In a complete shift of mood, the final selection, **Vergebliches Ständchen**, is a teasing exchange between a young woman and one of her male suitors. In it, he knocks on her door and asks for permission to enter, to which she politely refuses. Even when he asks again, pleading for her to let him out of the cold, she insists, firmly but warmly, that he mustn't come in per her mother's word.

**FUN FACT:** **Vergebliches Ständchen** was one of the songs I sang on my very first jury at TCU! Hopefully I've improved a little since then.

**Salamander**  
*Poem by Karl Lemcke*

Es saß ein Salamander  
Auf einem kühlen Stein,  
da warf ein böses Mädchen  
Ins Feuer ihn hinein.  
Sie meint', er soll verbrennen,  
Ihm ward erst wohl zu Mut,  
wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel  
Die heiße Liebe tut.

**Salamander**  
*Translation by Maddie Miller*

There sat a salamander  
Upon a cool rock,  
Then a cruel maiden  
Threw him in the fire.  
She thought he would burn,  
But he was only brave,  
Indeed I am a cool devil  
And hot love this is.



### **Immer Leiser**

*Poem by Hermann Lingg*

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,  
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer  
Zitternd über mir.  
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich  
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:  
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,  
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.  
Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,  
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,  
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.  
Eh' die Maienlüfte weh'n  
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:  
Willst du mich noch einmal seh'n  
Komm, o komme bald!

### **Vergebliches Ständchen**

*Poem by Anton Wilhelm*

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,  
Guten Abend, mein Kind!  
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,  
Mach' mir auf die Tür!  
Meine Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich laß dich nicht ein;  
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,  
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei!  
So kalt ist die Nacht,  
So eisig der Wind,  
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein' Lieb' erlösch'n wird;  
Öffne mir, mein Kind!  
Löschet dein' Lieb';  
Lass' sie löschen nur!  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

### **Always Quieter**

*Translation by Maddie Miller*

My sleep is always quiet,  
Now my sorrow is a haze  
That trembles around me.  
Often in my dreams, I hear you  
Calling out to me from my door:  
No one watches as I open to you,  
I awoke and wept bitterly.  
Yes, I must die,  
Another will you kiss,  
When I am pale and cold.  
Remember the may air blowing  
Honor the thrush singing in the wood:  
Will you want to see me once  
Come, oh come soon!

### **The Vain Serenade**

*Translation by Maddie Miller*

Good evening, sweetheart,  
Good evening, child!  
I come for your love,  
Ah, open the door for me,  
Open the door for me!  
My door is closed,  
I will not let you in;  
Mother has forbade me,  
Because once you're in,  
It's over for me!  
So cold is the night,  
So icy is the wind,  
My heart will freeze,  
My love will perish;  
Open for me, child!  
If your love perishes;  
Let it perish!  
If it perishes more,  
Go home and rest!  
Goodnight, my boy!

**Selections from *Three Folk Songs* (1995)**

**Jake Heggie**

**Barbr'y Allen**

**The Leather-Winged Bat**

Born in 1961, Jake Heggie is an American composer of opera, vocal, orchestral, and chamber music who is best known for his operas and art songs. In addition to eight full-length operas and several one-acts, Heggie has composed nearly 300 art songs. His music has been performed in renowned concert halls and stages all across the world. In the fall of 2018, Jake Heggie was invited as the guest artist for the TCU School of Music's Festival of American Song, a festival created by Professor Angela Turner Wilson to promote all genres of American song and its significant living composers. I was fortunate enough to meet him and perform these two folk song arrangements during the final recital with the composer in the audience.

**Barb'ry Allen** and **The Leather-Winged Bat** form the bookends of a collection of three folk songs written in 1995. **Barb'ry Allen** is a traditional Scottish ballad which later travelled to America both orally and in print, where it became a popular folk song. The song tells the story of young William who, as he lies on his deathbed, calls out for Barbr'y Allen. William dies of a broken heart after being rejected by Barbr'y, and only after his death, she realizes her mistake. She suddenly regrets her stubbornness and knows she will soon die of grief for him. **The Leather-Winged Bat** is a well-known English folk song about a collection of "birds". The "birds" include a bat, a woodpecker, a bluebird, and a robin. In the piece, each "bird" has something to say about love and courtship in some sort of rhyming manner followed by a chorus. Heggie's complex harmonic colors and stunning piano accompaniments create a refreshing and imaginative take on these beautiful folk songs.

**Barb'ry Allen**

'Twas in the merry month of May  
When all the flowers were blooming,  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barb'ry Allen,  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barb'ry Allen.

As she was walking through the field  
She heard the death bells knelling,  
And with every toll, they seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

"Oh mother, mother, make my bed,  
And make it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for me today,  
I die for him tomorrow."

They buried William in the old churchyard,  
And Barbara there a-nigh him,  
And out of his grave, grew red, red rose,  
And, out of hers, a briar.  
They leapt and tied in a true love's knot:  
the rose ran 'round the briar.

### **The Leather-Winged Bat**

“Hi,” said the little old leather-winged bat,  
“I will tell you the reason that,  
The reason that I fly in the night:  
I’ve lost my heart’s delight.”

High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum,  
High-oh day-oh diddle-oh day  
High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum  
Diddle Diddle dum! Dah day oh...

“Hi,” said the woodpecker sittin’ on a fence,  
“Once I caught me a handsome wench,

She got sassy and from me fled,  
and ever since then: my head’s been red!”

“Hi,” said the bluebird as he flew,  
“Once I caught me a young girl, too,  
She got sassy and wanted to go—  
So I tied a new string to my bow.”

“Hi,” said the robin as he flew,  
“When I was a young man, I’d court, too,  
If a one didn’t love me, the other one would,  
Now, don’t you think my notion’s good?”

### ***Trois Chansons des Bilitis* (1897)**

**La Flûte de Pan**

**La Chevelure**

**Tombeau de Nāïades**

**Claude Debussy**

Debussy’s *Trois Chansons de Bilitis* were derived from poems that were “discovered” by his close friend Pierre Louÿs. Louÿs claimed that the poems, written by the courtesan Bilitis, were discovered on the walls of a tomb. In reality, Louÿs wrote these erotic, often sapphic, poems himself and falsely claimed to “discover” them and “translate” them from Ancient Greek. Of the 143 poems in the collection, Debussy selected these three to set to music, creating an unusually heterosexual story out of these notably lesbian poems.

The first in the set, **La Flûte de Pan**, is sung by a young woman escaping to the forest and having an erotic flute lesson with the satyr-god Pan. The second piece, **La Chevelure**, begins with a male lover describing a sexual dream to his female lover in which he’s covered by her hair, which transitions into the two having sexual intercourse in real life. The final piece, **Le Tombeau de Nāïades**, recounts the story of a girl who thinks she finds satyr tracks (presumably Pan’s), only for her male partner to reject her claim and destroy what the singer believes is the Tomb of the Naiads. Together, the three songs leave the listener, and the singer, questioning whether what they experienced was real or not.

What I find most interesting about this set is its characteristic Impressionistic atmosphere, which is very typical of Debussy. These three pieces are incredibly spacious and sparse in sound, and the rhythms are largely fluid and difficult to meter. Debussy uses music to create a feeling for the listener, lacking any sense of structure that was typical of non-Impressionist art songs. This is why I chose to create art to this music; I wanted to convey my own “Impression” of the music to the audience.

### ***Trois Chansons des Bilitis***

*Poems by Pierre Louÿs and translations by Maddie Miller*

#### **La Flûte de Pan**

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
Il m'a donné une syrinx faite  
De roseaux bien taillés,  
Unis avec la blanche cire  
Qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.  
Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;  
Mais je suis un peu tremblante.  
Il en joue après moi,  
Si doucement que je l'entends à peine.  
Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
Tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;  
Mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,  
Et tour à tour nos bouches  
S'unissent sur la flûte.  
Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles vertes  
Qui commence avec la nuit.  
Ma mère ne croira jamais  
Que je suis restée si longtemps  
À chercher ma ceinture perdue.

#### **La Chevelure**

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.  
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir  
Autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.  
Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;  
Et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,  
Par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,  
Ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.  
Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
Tant nos membres étaient confondus,  
Que je devenais toi-même,  
Ou que tu entras en moi comme mon songe."  
Quand il eut achevé,  
Il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,  
Et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,  
Que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

#### **The Pan Pipes**

On the day of the hyacinths,  
He gave me a syrinx made  
Of joined reeds,  
With white wax  
Which is sweet on my mouth.  
He is helping me play, sitting on his knees;  
But I am trembling a little.  
He plays after me,  
So softly that I can hardly hear it.  
We have nothing to say to each other,  
Because we are so close to one another;  
But our songs want to respond,  
And gradually our mouths  
Join on the flute.  
It is late, the call of the green frogs  
Signals the start of the night.  
My mother will never believe  
I was out so long and late  
Looking for my lost belt.

#### **The Hair**

He told me: "Last night, I had a dream.  
I had your hair all over my body.  
I had your hair on my neck like a black collar  
Around my neck and on my chest.  
I caressed it, and it was mine;  
And we were together forever,  
With the same hair and mouth on mouth,  
As two laurels have one root.  
And, little by little, I had sensed,  
Because our limbs were merged,  
I was becoming one with you,  
And you were entering me like my dream."  
When he finished,  
He sweetly put his hands on my shoulders,  
And he regarded me with such tenderness,  
That I lowered my eyes with a chill.

### **Le Tombeau de Nāïades**

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;  
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche  
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,  
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes  
De neige fangeuse et tassée.  
Il me dit: “Que cherches-tu?”  
Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus alternant  
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.  
Il me dit: “Les satyres sont morts.  
Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.  
Depuis trente ans,  
Il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible.  
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.”  
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace  
De la source où jadis riaient les nāïades.  
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,  
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,  
Il regardait au travers.

### **The Tomb of the Naiads**

Through the forest covered in frost, I was walking;  
My hair in front of my mouth  
Blossomed into tiny icicles,  
And my sandals were heavy  
With snow and mud.  
He asked me, “What are you looking for?”  
I see the tracks of a satyr.  
The little alternating hoof prints  
Like holes in a white blanket.  
He told me, “The satyrs are dead.  
The satyrs and the nymphs also.  
The past thirty years,  
There’s never been such an awful winter.  
The tracks you found are those of a buck.  
But let’s rest here, where the tomb was.”  
And with the iron hoe, he broke the ice  
Where the laughs of the nymphs came from long ago.  
He stole large fragments of ice,  
And he raised them to the pale sky,  
He looked through them.

### **Puedo escribir (2020)**

**Patrick Vu**

I have wanted to set music to this poem by Pablo Neruda for quite some time because it is my high school Spanish teacher’s favorite poem. Born in Chile in 1904, Neruda was a prolific and successful writer, diplomat, and politician. He eventually received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971 for his nationalist contributions through poetry. As a result, Neruda is often considered the national poet of Chile, and his works have been influential worldwide.

Neruda’s poem “Puedo Escribir” is a passionate love poem from his collection *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair* published in 1924, and he was only 19 when he wrote it. “Puedo Escribir,” the penultimate poem in the collection, expresses the pain the speaker feels after losing his lover. He juxtaposes the beauty of the passionate intimacy the speaker shared with his lover with the frustration and uncertainty the speaker feels now. In order to capture this emotional confusion in the music, the key areas change dramatically and frequently, and the music oscillates between areas of sweet consonance and brooding dissonance.

I initially started writing my setting of **Puedo escribir** in July as an experiment with unconventional harmonic progressions and angular melodic lines, but as I continued working, I began to really enjoy the new challenge. This piece is unlike anything I have done before and I am very proud of how it turned out! I would like to dedicate this performance to my Spanish teacher, Mr. Jordan Kauffman. Thank you for teaching me everything I know about Spanish and for passing along your accent in the process. I am both excited and nervous to share it with you and I hope you enjoy it!

## **Puedo escribir**

*Poem by Pablo Neruda*

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.

Escribir, por ejemplo: 'La noche está estrellada,  
y tiritan, azules, los astros, a lo lejos.'

El viento de la noche gira en el cielo y canta.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.  
Yo la quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.

En las noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos.  
La besé tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.

Ella me quiso, a veces yo también la quería.  
Cómo no haber amado sus grandes ojos fijos.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.  
Pensar que no la tengo. Sentir que la he perdido.

Oír la noche inmensa, más inmensa sin ella.  
Y el verso cae al alma como al pasto el rocío.

Qué importa que mi amor no pudiera guardarla.  
La noche está estrellada y ella no está conmigo.

Eso es todo. A lo lejos alguien canta. A lo lejos.  
Mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Como para acercarla mi mirada la busca.  
Mi corazón la busca, y ella no está conmigo.

La misma noche que hace blanquear los mismos árboles.  
Nosotros, los de entonces, ya no somos los mismos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero cuánto la quise.  
Mi voz buscaba el viento para tocar su oído.

De otro. Será de otro. Como antes de mis besos.  
Su voz, su cuerpo claro. Sus ojos infinitos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero tal vez la quiero.  
Es tan corto el amor, y es tan largo el olvido.

Porque en noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos,  
mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Aunque éste sea el último dolor que ella me causa,  
y éstos sean los últimos versos que yo le escribo.

## **Tonight**

## **I Can Write**

*Translation by W. S. Merwin*

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, "The night is starry  
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance."

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.  
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.  
How could one not have loved her great still eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.  
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.  
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.  
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer.  
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.  
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.  
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.  
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.  
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms,  
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer,  
and these the last verses that I write for her.

## ***Four Last Songs (1958)***

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

**Procris**

**Tired**

**Hands, Eyes, and Heart**

**Menelaus**

Vaughan Williams's *Four Last Songs*, as the title implies, were the final four songs he wrote before his death in 1958. All four of these poems were written by his second wife, Ursula Vaughan Williams. These were actually assembled posthumously, as Vaughan Williams died rather suddenly while in good health, and these four pieces simply *happened* to be his final songs. In fact, while two of these songs were written in 1958, the other two were written four years prior.

Regardless, the set begins with **Procris**, which uses descriptions of nature to detail the death of the mythical Greek princess Procris, who was accidentally shot by her husband Cephalus while spying on him. Second comes **Tired**, which revels in the company of a loved one as the night - or one's life - winds down. **Hands, Eyes, and Heart** has a similar tone, where a lover talks to herself about ways to be a good lover to her partner. Finally, the set closes with **Menelaus**, which is likely a conversation between two characters from *The Odyssey*, Menelaus and Telemachus, about Odysseus's return home from a long voyage.

Although there was no *intended* grouping of these pieces, Vaughan Williams's *Four Last Songs* still have a running theme of finality, perhaps of his own life. **Procris** is very literally about death and **Tired** could easily be interpreted as someone's dying thoughts. The repetitive phrase "you will come home" in **Menelaus** could be interpreted as "coming home" to death or the afterlife. Even **Hands, Eyes, and Heart** can be viewed as an extension of the message **Tired**, giving someone "all the measures of her love" before the recipient passes away. For me, I interpreted these songs as the "end of my life" at TCU, so I used these songs to celebrate the experiences I had and friends I made while here, remembering that ultimately, I too will "come home."

**FUN FACT:** Vaughan Williams stated that this set could be sung by either a mezzo or a baritone, but he specifies that **Hands, Eyes, and Heart** *must* be sung by a mezzo, as it is "a woman's song." He never explicitly stated why this is, but it should be noted that this is the only song to use specific pronouns, referencing giving love to "him."

### ***Four Last Songs***

*Poems by Ursula Vaughan Williams*

#### **Procris**

Procris is lying at the waterside  
The yellow flowers show spring,  
The grass is green.  
Before a gentle wind  
The thin trees lean toward the rushes,  
The rushes to the tide.  
She will not see the green spring  
Turn to summer,  
Summer go in a long golden dusk  
Towards the snow,  
With eyes so lit by love  
That everything burned, flowed, grew  
Blossomed, moved on foot or wing  
With the guessed rhythm of eternity.  
All her hope and will  
Flowed from her unavailing  
And she knew darkness,  
As her eyes know now,  
Shut to the daylight.  
And despair prevailing,  
She saw no way to go.

#### **Tired**

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper,  
Holding you in my arms,  
Glad that you lie so near at last.  
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place.  
No passion or despair or hope divide me from your side.  
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face.  
I shall remember shadows growing deeper  
As the fire fell to ashes  
And the minutes passed.



### **Hands, Eyes, and Heart**

Hands, give him all the measures of my love,  
Surer than any word.  
Where he may see a thought  
More whole than constancy.  
Heart, in his keeping be at rest  
And live as music and silence meet  
And both are heard.

### **Menelaus**

You will come home  
Not to the home you knew  
That your heart remembers  
Going from rose to rose  
Along the terraces.  
And staying to gaze at the vines  
And reeds and iris beside the waves  
In the morning haze.  
Forgetting the place you are in  
Where the cold sea winds blow,  
Crying like gulls on the beach  
Where the horned sea poppies grow.  
Homesick wanderer,  
You will come home  
To a home more ancient,  
Waiting your return.  
Sea frets the steps that lie green under waves  
And swallows nest below lintel and eaves.  
There, lamps are kindled for you,  
They will burn 'til you come,  
However late you come.  
Til the west wind's sheltering wing  
Folds round your sail and brings you to land.  
Stretch out your hand,  
Murmuring, lapping sea and the lamps,  
And the welcome wait to draw you home to rest.  
You will come home,  
And love shall fold you in joy  
And lay your heart on her breast.

## How it Ends from *Big Fish* (2013)

Andrew Lippa

Based on Daniel Wallace's 1998 novel with the same title, *Big Fish* is a contemporary musical with music and lyrics by Andrew Lippa and book by John August. It premiered on Broadway in 2013, but it sadly did not stay for long. The musical follows the unstable relationship between Edward Bloom and his adult son, Will Bloom. According to the surplus of stories he told Will when growing up, Edward lived an extraordinary life, but when Edward's health begins to decline, Will visits his father and tries to find out the truth behind the tall tales. **How it Ends** follows the cathartic reconciliation between the father and son, and in this 11 o'clock number, Edward sings his love for all his memories and friends.

I never saw this coming. I never expected my recital to be streamed online, and I wish I could see my family and friends in the audience as I sing this song. In many ways, this song is exactly what I wanted to say to end my time here. I know I was not perfect and I know I had my moments, but thank you to everyone who stood by my side and supported me over the years. I am so thankful for my family, friends, mentors, and teachers. This is a difficult time but as the song says, "it all ends well, this much I know."

### How it Ends

*Lyrics by Andrew Lippa*

I've seen this all before when I was just a child.  
I met a witch who took a bow and showed me how it ended.  
We stood here on the shore.  
The air was sweet and mild, with disbelief implausibly suspended.  
And in my child's imagination, I remember you;  
Though, I didn't know if we were foes or friends.  
But now you're standing here, I see the vision coming clear.  
I know exactly how this ends.

It ends with you. It ends with me  
It ends the way a story's ending is supposed to be  
A bit insane, a touch of pain,  
Adeptly told, yet uncontrolled,  
It ends with faith. It ends with love  
It ends with water in the river and the sun above  
Part epic tale, part fire sale  
But all sincere and standing here

I know I wasn't perfect,  
I know my life was small,  
I know that I pretended that I knew it all.  
But when you tell my story,

And I hope somebody does,  
Remember me as something bigger than I was  
It ends with sons, it ends with wives  
It ends with knowing when the pavement bends we find our lives.  
So let it come, and let me go.  
Show me the waves, and let them flow.  
It all ends well,  
This much, I know.

**A Light in the Dark from *Next to Normal* (2008)**

**Tom Kitt**

The first time I heard the soundtrack to *Next to Normal*, I was in an airport waiting for my flight home. This is my older brother's favorite show, and without earbuds, we huddled around his phone and listened to the soundtrack for the entire first act. *Next to Normal* is a 2008 American rock musical with book and lyrics by Brian Yorkey and music by Tom Kitt. The story centers on how one suburban family copes with crisis and mental illness. It was nominated for eleven Tony Awards and won three including Best Musical Score. The musical also received the 2010 Pulitzer Prize in Drama for its subject matter (mental illness and treatment) and how—according to the Pulitzer Prize Board—it "expands the scope of subject matter for musicals."

**A Light in the Dark** appears at the end of the first act, and unlike most musicals, this piece serves as a very serious and somber conclusion to the show's first half. Before this song, the doctors have just informed Diana, the mother, that the only remaining treatment for her worsening bipolar disorder is electro-convulsive therapy. Defeated and emotionally drained, her husband Dan returns to the hospital after narrowly avoiding his own emotional breakdown and finds Diana who refuses to sign the confirmation papers to undergo treatment. In **A Light in the Dark**, Dan tries to convince Diana that shock therapy is the only way life can return to some form of "normal." She reluctantly agrees, signs the papers, and embraces Dan to end the first act.

If there ever is conflict between two people, it takes both people to work together to resolve the issues. And in our toughest times, we cannot get through it alone. Never be afraid to reach out. To everyone who is watching and reading this, thank you. Please know that I am always here for you.

**A Light in the Dark**  
*Lyrics by Brian Yorkey*

One light shines in the drive  
One single sign that our house is alive  
Our house, our own  
So why do I love there alone  
Tell me why I wait through the night  
And why do I leave on the light  
You know, I know  
Our house was a home long ago

Take this chance cause it may be our last  
To be free, to let go of the past  
And to try each as lover or friend  
To let love never die if it does we'll pretend  
Take my hand and let me take your heart  
Keep you far from what keeps us apart  
Let us start with a light in the dark

Night falls I stare at the walls  
I wake and wander the halls  
And I ache to the bone  
I can't get through this alone.

Take this chance and we'll make a new start  
Somewhere far from what keeps us apart  
And I swear that somewhere in the night  
There's a light, a light in the dark

**Cheek to Cheek from *Top Hat* (1935)**

**Irving Berlin**

**Cheek to Cheek** is a well-known jazz standard by Irving Berlin for the 1935 film *Top Hat*. It was originally sung in the film by Fred Astaire to his love interest, played by Ginger Rogers, while they dance (as the lyrics would imply). It has been recorded by countless singers, from Doris Day and Billie Holiday to Rod Stewart and even Lady Gaga and Tony Bennett. It's a cute tune about infatuation, and it even makes for an effective duet, as Gaga and Bennett proved. We did a slightly different version, however, coming up with our own harmonies and making a few other alterations.

We want to thank you all for coming to our recital and for supporting us through our musical journey. Some recitals end on a sad or bittersweet note, but we wanted to close with something cheerful and "cheeky" because this is not just the end of the road, but also the beginning of a new one. And don't worry; with COVID-19 abound, we will not be dancing "cheek to cheek" today.

## **Cheek to Cheek**

*Lyrics by Irving Berlin*

Heaven, I'm in heaven.  
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak.  
And I seem to find the happiness I seek  
when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek.

Heaven, I'm in heaven.  
And the cares that hang around me through the week  
seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak  
when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek

Oh, I love to climb a mountain,  
and to reach the highest peak.  
But it doesn't thrill me half as much  
As dancing cheek to cheek.

Oh, I love to go out fishing  
in a river or a creek.  
But I don't enjoy it half as much  
as dancing cheek to cheek

Dance with me!  
I want my arm about you.  
The charm about you  
will carry me through to heaven.  
I'm in heaven,  
and my heart beats so that I can hardly speak.  
And I seem to find the happiness I seek  
when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek!