



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Nie wieder Krieg

(Never again, war)

A recital

Kelly DeLameter, Baritone

Stephen Carey, Piano

Elliott Wulff, Piano

Tuesday, March 30th, 2021

8:30 pm

Online Broadcast

Program

“Honor and Arms”
from *Samson*, HWV 57

George Frederic Handel
(1685-1759)

Charlie is my darling
accompaniment by Elliott Wulff

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

In Flanders Fields
accompaniment by Stephen Carey

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

Berceuse de guerre

John Alden Carpenter
(1876-1951)

“What Power art thou”
from *King Arthur*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Albatross
accompaniment by Elliott Wulff

Judy Collins
(b. 1939)

Here, Bullet
accompaniment by Stephen Carey

Kurt Erickson
(b. 1970)

So Pretty
accompaniment by Elliott Wulff

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

The Noise
accompaniment by Elliott Wulff

Regina Spektor
(b. 1980)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Degree
in Major. Student Name is a student of Primary Professor.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Program Notes

While I walked through a public park in Berlin in February of 2014, a single elderly gentleman clutching a protest sign shouted “Nie wieder Krieg, nie wieder Auschwitz!” from his chair under a large stone archway. The outrage in his voice is palpable, as if the war had just ended. This chant of “never again war, never again Auschwitz” (one of the worst internment camps of WWII) held a haunting power in that moment, a sentiment from a war nearly 70 years past which still brings a stinging burn to my eyes from a mere mention.

Throughout this program we explore a narrative of two people and the impact of war on their lives: one who elects to fight and one who is left behind by the one they love. These characters carry us on a journey through bravery, separation, fear, harsh realities of death, lasting effects of trauma, and grieving loss. All these lead to conclusions about the value of conflict, and the futility of aggression.

In “Honor and Arms” we meet a brave young soldier, fueled by propaganda and bravado, who is eager to defeat his enemy in the name of his nation and people. The context of the original setting, *Samson*, the conquering power Harapha taunts Samson in his blind and captured state. George Frederic Handel, the baroque-era opera and oratorio composer set this religious text to oratorio in 1741, immediately after completing his most commonly known work: *The Messiah*, HWV 56.

“Charlie is my darling” introduces a civilian, infatuated with love and the idea of their “man/woman in uniform.” They feel a security in loving an honorable, brave person, knowing their partner would be happy to fight to protect them and their way of life. Roger Quilter published this Scottish folk song in his late-romantic style in 1950, shortly before his death in 1953.

This civilian begins their foray into the prospect of war with “Sie blasen zum Abmarsch,” bemoaning their loss to their mother with a naivety akin to Dorabella in Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*, as she sings her aria “Smania implacabili.” The text, translated from Spanish to German by Paul Heyse, is set by Hugo Wolf in the secular portion of his 1891 *Spanisches Liederbuch* collection; which effectively represents Wolf’s progressive harmonic style and a large portion of his contributions to the German Lied tradition.

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch,
Lieb Mütterlein.
Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

Bugles sound for the march-off,
Dear mother.
My beloved must part
And leaves me alone!

Am Himmel die Sterne
Sind kaum noch geflohn,
Da feuert von ferne
Das Fussvolk schon.
Kaum hört er den Ton,
Sein Ränzelein schnürt er,
Von hinnen marschiert er,
Mein Herz hinterdrein.
Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

The stars in the sky
Have hardly yet faded,
And the infantry already
Fire from afar.
As soon as he heard the sound,
He fastened his pack,
And marched away from here,
Taking my heart with him.
My beloved must part
And leaves me alone!

Mir ist wie dem Tag,
Dem die Sonne geschwunden.
Mein Trauern nicht mag
So balde gesunden.
Nach nichts ich frag',
Keine Lust mehr heg' ich,
Nur Zwiesprach pfleg' ich
Mit meiner Pein –
Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

It is like the day
With no sun.
My sorrow cannot
Be so quickly healed.
I ask for nothing,
I have no more joy,
I commune only
With my agony –
My beloved must part
And leaves me alone!

Translation by Richard Stokes as found on oxfordlieder.co.uk

The front line wears on our soldier's resolve as their comrades fall around them, but is emboldened by their cries to "take up our quarrels with the foe" so their sacrifices are not in vain. Charles Ives, a 20th century composer known for his staunch patriotism and bitonal music, sets this John McCrae text (most commonly sung as set by John Phillip Sousa) with brilliantly overlapping of themes from common patriotic americana as part of the set *Three Songs of the War* in 1917, only a year before the death of the author.

As the war rages on into the holiday season the civilian finds themself alone, comforted from their fears only somewhat as they sing a lullaby to no one.

Juxtaposing a French lullaby with impressionist accompaniment and anxiety-filled musical lines, John Alden Carpenter sets this text by Émile Cammaerts in 1918.

Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormira tantôt.

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep,
Baby soon will be asleep.

Le feu s'éteint, le vent gémit,
La pluie cinge la fenêtre...
Vente-t-il, pleut-il là-bas aussi?
Grêle-t-il, tonne-t-il peut-être?

The fire dwindles and the wind moans,
The rain lashes the windowpanes.
Is it blowing or raining there?
Hailing or thundering, perhaps?

Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormira tantôt.

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep.
Baby soon will be asleep.

Est-il bien?
A-t-il chaud?
Ne manque-t-il de rien?
A-t-il ce qu'il lui faut?
Ses gants, son gilet, ses allumettes,
Et, dans sa poche, contre son cœur,
Ma dernière lettre
Et sa ferveur?

Is he well?
Is he warm?
Is he lacking naught?
Has he all he wants?
His coat, his matches, and his gloves,
And, in his pocket, next his heart,
My last letter
And all its love?

L'enfant dormira tantôt...

Baby soon will be asleep.

La lampe baisse, le feu s'éteint.
Il va falloir se mettre [en]² lit.
L'enfant ferme ses petits poings...
Mon grand enfant, dort-il aussi?
Dort-il paisiblement, avant la bataille?
Court-il, comme un fou,
Sous la mitraille?
Ou bien, gît-il dans quelque trou,
La bouche ouverte et les yeux clos?

The lamp burns low, the fire dwindles.
We shall have to go to bed.
The child is claspings its wee fists.
Is my big child sleeping, too?
Sleeping peacefully before the battle?
Is he running madly
Through the shells?
Or is he lying in some hole,
With open mouth and with closed
eyes?

Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormi...
Dodo, l'enfant do.

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep.

Translation by Laura Prichard as found on lieder.net

At the same time, the soldier rings in the new year amidst snow drifts, contemplating death while huddled around a cold fire and draped in the comfort of a coarse blanket. This aria (also known as “the cold genius aria”) is from *King Arthur*, which is referred to as a semi-opera; in which all the all human characters (King Arthur, Merlin, etc.) perform as spoken roles and only mythical creatures sing. Henry Purcell composed this work based on the battles between the Britons and the Saxons for the Queen’s Theatre in his early baroque style in 1691.

Grief sets in for the civilian as they are informed of the death of their love, driving them into a spiral of loss and longing as they sing “Albatross.” Originally published on her album *Wildflowers* in 1967 with orchestral accompaniment, Judy Collins re-released this song for piano and voice in her 1995 album and songbook *Voices*. A folk singer/songwriter and known anti-war activist, her largest success as a performer arose from her recording of “Send in the Clowns” by Stephen Sondheim.

The soldier, finally returning home, struggles with trauma-related mental illness and flashbacks; reliving the horrors of battle in “Here, Bullet.” Award-winning soldier-poet Brian Turner recounts his experience in these texts set by Kurt Erickson in his 2019 four-song cycle *Here, Bullet*. Erickson, a modern-day opera, ballet, and choral composer, creates works from sacred music to comedic secular cycles. He currently serves as the composer-in-residence for San Francisco’s LIEDER ALIVE!

Pulling away from our narrative, the final two songs represent a culmination of ideas on war and conflict. Bernstein’s “So Pretty” approaches war through the eyes of a child, simply unable to understand how anyone could justify the losses caused by war. He set this Comden/Green text to be performed by him and Barbra Streisand in Lincoln Center’s 1968 *Broadway for Peace* fundraiser.

Regina Spektor released “The Noise” outside of a studio album, the song found only from a small live performance recorded in the Bull Moose music store in Portland, Maine. The text explores the futility of conflict, choosing to engage in aggression in lieu of an open discussion. Spektor, a Russian-Jewish immigrant, relocated to America at the age of 6 to flee religious persecution. Too poor to afford to continue piano lessons, Manhattan School’s Sonia Vargas trained Spektor in classical piano at for free until age 17. She has since released Seven studio albums, one of which achieved Gold certification by the Recording Industry Association of America.