

SONGS OF DRAMA AND YEARNING
RACHEL ROWE AND SARAH CLARK'S SENIOR RECITAL
PEPSICO RECITAL HALL, OCTOBER 30TH, 2021, 7 PM

Program

I

Scarborough Fair

Arr. Jay Althouse
(b. 1951)

Rachel Rowe
Sarah Clark, piano

II

O cessate di piagarmi
from *Il Pompeo*

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Sarah Clark
Andrew Packard, piano

Selve amiche, ombrose piante
from *La costanza in amor vince l'inganno*

Antonio Caldara
(1670-1736)

Rachel Rowe

Non t'accostare all'urna
from *Sei Romanze*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Sarah Clark

III

Herbstlied

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
(1809-1847)

Rachel Rowe & Sarah Clark

Love Come and Gone
from *The Wider View*

H. Leslie Adams
(b. 1932)

Rachel Rowe

思乡 (sī xiāng)
Longing for Home

黄自 (huáng zì)
(1904-1938)

我住长江头 (wǒ zhù cháng jiāng tóu)
I Live by the Yang-Zi River

青主 (qīng zhǔ)
(1893-1959)

Sarah Clark

Meadow-Larks

Amy M. C. Beach
(1867-1944)

Rachel Rowe

Intermission

IV

Sull'aria
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Rachel Rowe & Sarah Clark

V

Three Songs of the Sea
I. The Sea-Bird
II. Moonlight
III. By the Sea

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Sarah Clark

VI

Sérénade

Charles Gounod
(1818-1893)

Rachel Rowe

Les Chemins de l'amour

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Sarah Clark

Plus de dépit, plus de tristesse
from *Les Deux Avides*

André Grétry
(1741-1813)

Rachel Rowe

VII

Flight

Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Rachel Rowe & Sarah Clark

Translations & Notes

Scarborough Fair (1993)

“Scarborough Fair” is a traditional English ballad made popular by the American folk-rock group Simon & Garfunkel. This version of the text is set by Jay Althouse, an American choral music composer and arranger with extensive experience in publishing and arranging folk music. In the song, the narrator is speaking to someone visiting the home of a former lover and tells the visitor to ask her to complete impossible tasks.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there,
For once, she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.
Without a seam or needlework,
For once, she was a true love of mine.

Scarborough Fair, Scarborough Fair,
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.
Where water ne'er sprang, nor drop of rain fell,
For once, she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder gray thorn.
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme.
Which ne'er bore blossom since Adam was born,
For once, she was a true love of mine.

O cessate di piagarmi (1683)

Alessandro Scarlatti was a renowned 17th-century Italian church musician and composer. Throughout his lifetime, he traveled between Italy and Spain. Scarlatti was primarily known for his opera compositions, the subjects of which often came from ancient Roman history. “O cessate di piagarmi” is an arietta from his fourth opera, *Il Pompeo*. In the opera, Sesto, the son of Pompey, sings to his love interest, Issicratea. Already married and wishing to return home to her husband, she rebuffs his advances. Sesto laments her rejection of his love, likening it to torture.

Text by Nicolò Minato

O cessate di piagarmi,
O lasciatemi morir!
Luci ingrante, dispietate,
Più del gelo e più dei marmi
Fredde e sorde a miei martir!

Translation by Dr. Arthur Schoep

O cease to wound me,
O let me die,
Ungrateful, pitiless eyes,
Colder than ice and colder than marble,
Cold and deaf to my torture.

Selve amiche, ombrose piante (1710)

Antonio Caldara was a Baroque-era composer and church chorister in Italy. He composed many operas, oratorios, and arias. “Selve amiche” comes from the opera pastorale, *La costanza in amor vince l'inganno*. Silvia, a shepherdess, sings this arietta asking the forest to protect her heart.

Text by an Anonymous poet

Selve amiche, ombrose piante,
Fido albergo del mio core,
Chiede a voi quest'alma mante
Qualche pace al suo dolore.

Translation from IPA source

Friendly woods, shady plants,
Faithful shelter of my heart,
This loving soul asks of you
Some peace in its sorrow.

Non t'accostare all'urna (1838)

Giuseppe Verdi was a Romantic composer well-known for his operas, including *Falstaff* and *La Traviata*. Although lesser-known, he also composed a few songs throughout his lifetime. “Non t'accostare all'urna” is the first song in the song set *Sei Romanze*, Verdi's first published work. The six songs in *Sei Romanze* do not tell a story but rather share a common theme of romance. Written when he was only 25, the songs' characteristics reflect the bel canto style, in contrast to his later works. In this piece, the narrator is deceased. They condemn a visitor for coming to visit their grave after betraying them during their life.

Text by Jacopo Vittorelli

Non t'accostare all'urna
Che il cener mio rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
È sacra al mio dolor.
Odio gli affani tuoi,
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti;
Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime o due fior?
Empia! Dovevi allora
Porgermi un fil d'aita
Quando traéa la vita
Nell'ansia e nei sospir.
A che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

Translation from IPA Source

Do not approach the urn,
That encloses my ashes,
This holy ground
Is sacred to my sorrow.
I hate your anguish,
I refuse your hyacinths;
What use are to the dead
Two tears or two flowers?
Wicked one! You should then
Have offered me a thread of help
When my life was pulled
Into anxiety and sighing.
Why do you deafen the forest with useless
crying?
Respect a sad ghost,
And let it sleep.

Herbstlied (1844)

Felix Mendelssohn was a Romantic-era composer with a vast body of work to his name, including symphonies, chamber music, and Lieder. This piece is from *Sechs Lieder* Op. 63, a collection of six duets. “Herbstlied,” the fourth duet, translates to “Autumn Song.” The text laments how quickly a love has left, comparing the loss to the changing of seasons. The loss of spring represents the loss of joy in the narrator’s life.

Text by Karl Klingemann

Translation from IPA Source

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle der Frölichkeit!

Ah, how so soon fades away the round,
And changes spring into wintertime!
Ah, how so soon into mournful silence
Changes all happiness!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!
Bald sind die letzten Sänger gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts ziehn!

Soon the last sounds fade away!
Soon the last songbirds have flown off!
Soon the last green is gone!
Everything wants to return home!

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Lust in sehndendes Leid.

Ah, how so soon fades away the round,
And changes pleasure into longing grief.

Wart ihr ein Traum, ihr Lebesgedanken?
Süss wie der Lenz und schnell verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?
Sweet as spring and quickly blown away?
One thing, only one thing will never waver:
It is the longing that never goes away.

Love Come and Gone (1988)

H. Leslie Adams is one of today’s leading composers of African American art songs. “Love Come and Gone” is part of his song cycle, *The Wider View*, which explores human emotions and spirit. With text from poet Georgia Douglas Johnson (1880-1966), the song explores the loss of love.

Consider me a memory, a dream that passed away;
Or yet, a flower that has blown and shattered in a day.
For passion sleeps, alas, and keeps no vigil with the years
And wakens to no conjuring of orisons or tears.

Consider me a melody that served its simple turn,
Or but the residue of fire that settles in the urn,
For love defies pure reasoning and undeterred flows
Within, without the vassal heart—it’s reasoning, who knows?

思乡 - Longing for Home (1932)

In the early twentieth century, Huang Zi was a well-known Chinese composer and music theorist. He studied composition in the United States before returning to China to teach at the Shanghai National Music School. The text of this piece is by Wei HanZhang (1904-1938), a friend of Huang Zi. HanZhang wrote this poem in 1932 while reflecting on his home, Zhongshan, in the Guangdong province. The text describes feelings of nostalgia in early spring.

柳丝系绿，清明才过了，独自个凭栏无语。
更哪堪墙外鹃啼，一声声道，“不如归去！”
惹起了万种闲情，满怀别绪，
问落花：“随渺渺微波是否向南流？”
我愿与他同去！

Poem by *Wei HanZhang*

Translation by Dr. Mei Zhong

Liǔ sī xì lǜ,
qīng míng cái guò liǎo,
dú zì gè píng lán wú yǔ。
gēng nǎ kān qiáng wài juān tí,
yī sheng sheng dào, “bù rú guī qù !”
rě qǐ liǎo wàn zhǒng xián qíng,
mǎn huái bié xù,
wèn luò huā :
“suí miǎo miǎo wēi bō
shì fǒu xiàng nán liú ?”
wǒ yuàn yǔ tā tóng qù !

The willows have turned green,
It's just after the Festival of Clearness and
Brightness,
and I stand silent by the fence alone.
How could I stand the cuckoo who cries just
beyond the walls, “Why not return home?”
Nostalgia and ten thousand futile thoughts
overwhelm me.
I ask the fallen petals,
“Are you riding the gentle currents to the
south?”
I wish we could go together!

我住长江头 - I Live by the Yang-Zi River (1930)

Often exploring texts from Ancient Chinese poets, Qing Zhu composed this piece during the early twentieth century. The text by Song dynasty poet, Li Zhiyi (1038-1117), describes the desire for a love that cannot be realized. Separated by the Yang-Zi river, the narrator longs to be reunited with his love. In the piece, both the piano and vocal lines mimic the water of the river. Composed in 1930, “I Live by the Yang-Zi River” is one of the most well-known Chinese art song compositions from the early twentieth century.

我住长江头，君住长江尾。
日日思君不见君，共饮长江水。
此水几时休？此恨何时已？
只愿君心似我心，定不负相思意。

Poem by Li ZhiYi

Translation by Dr. Mei Zhong

wǒ zhù cháng jiāng tóu,
jūn zhù cháng jiāng wěi.
rì rì sī jūn bù jiàn jūn,
gòng yǐn cháng jiāng shuǐ.
cǐ shuǐ jī shí xiū?
cǐ hèn hé shí yǐ ?
zhī yuàn jūn xīn sì wǒ xīn,
dìng bù fù xiāng sī yì.

I live at the source of the Yang-Zi River.
You live at the mouth of the Yang-Zi River.
I miss you every day, and I never see you.
We both drink the water of the river.
When can the water be quiet?
When can this anger be calmed?
I hope your heart is as mine,
faithful forever.

Meadow-Larks (1917)

Amy M. C. Beach was one of the first successful female composers in the United States of America. She wrote many symphonies, choral pieces, and songs in her lifetime. She was a pioneer for women composers in the United States. The text of “Meadow-Larks” is from a poem by the same name, authored by Ina Donna Coolbrith (1841-1928). The text optimistically describes beauty in nature and the spring.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
(Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing!)
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies serene and blue,
That shut the radiant pastures in, that fold the mountain’s crest!
Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life, so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who leads the noblest life finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart! I hear across the fields my matelung pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!

Sull’aria (1786)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is a composer from the Classical era whose name is still recognizable today for his colossal impact on music history. One of his 22 operas is *Le Nozze di Figaro*, or *The Marriage of Figaro*, from which comes “Sull’aria”. The duet is sung during Act 3 of the opera. The two voices are Countess Rosina Almaviva and her maid, Susanna. Susanna is betrothed to Figaro, another house servant, and they will be marrying that night. However, the

Countess' husband, Count Almaviva, is determined to exercise his *jus primae noctis* with Susanna on the night of her wedding. This plan for infidelity upsets both Susanna and the Countess, so they devise a plan to trick the Count by writing a letter to meet Susanna that night. However, the Countess will be dressed up as Susanna to confront her husband. At the same time, the real Susanna will marry Figaro with no interruptions.

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Translation from IPA Source

Canzonetta sull'aria,
Che soave zeffiretto,
Questa sera spirerà,
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Ei già il resto capirà.
Certo, certo il capirà.

Little song on the breeze,
What a gentle little breeze,
This evening will blow,
Beneath the pine trees of the little grove.
He will understand the rest.
Certainly, certainly he will understand.

Three Songs of the Sea (1911)

Well-known for his song compositions, Roger Quilter first published the *Four Songs of the Sea* in 1901. Republished ten years later, he revised the cycle to *Three Songs of the Sea*, omitting the first song. Each of the three pieces describes alluring images of the sea and nature. The first selection, "The Sea-Bird," tells the story of a Sea-Bird slowly taking flight into the unknown. Almost lullaby-like in nature, "Moonlight" also captures a peaceful image of the night. The text mentions wings several times, potentially following the Sea-Bird's journey from the previous song. "By the Sea" is the song most performed from this cycle and gives a much more intense view of the ocean. The tumultuous, wave-like motion is present in rhythms in the piano and vocal lines throughout the piece.

1 The Sea-Bird

I watched a seabird flying along the wintry shore,
Just as the light was dying o'er sunsets golden floor.
I saw him curve and quiver against the fading sky,
And heard the sad waves shiver under his death like cry.
Slowly his great wings lifting, he floated away alone,
Like some tired spirit drifting into the great Unknown.

2. Moonlight

Under the silver moonlight flutter the great white wings.
Wood dry by soft night breezes tender with whispered things.

Silently onward, gliding into the silent night.
Like to a fairy vessel, crown'd with a fairy light.

Whisper, O soft night breezes, murmur your tender tune,
Carry the white wings onward under the silver moon.

3. By the Sea

I stood today by the shimm'ring sea;
Never was wind so mild and free;
The light and the loveliness dazzled me, dazzled me.

The waves did frolic and curl and roll;
They sigh'd and sang to my list'ning soul,
And the might of their mystery made me whole.

I stood today by the shimm'ring sea;
Never was wind so mild and free;
The light and the loveliness dazzled me, dazzled me.

Sérénade (1857)

Romantic-era composer, Charles Gounod, wrote many operas and songs throughout his career. His most well-known opera is *Faust* from 1851. This piece uses text from poet Victor Hugo (1802-1885), and the narrator describes different things they love about their partner.

Text by Victor Marie Hugo

Translation from IPA Source

Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir entre me bras,
Entends-tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours...
Ah, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez toujours!

When you sing, cradled
In my arms at evening,
Do you hear my thoughts
Softly answering you?
Your sweet song reminds me
Of the most beautiful days of my life...
Ah, sing, my fair one,
Sing forever!

Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche
L'amour s'épanouit,
Et soudain le farouche
Soupçon s'évanouit.
Ah! Le rire fidèle
Prouve un cœur sans détours...
Ah, riez, ma belle,
Riez toujours!

When you laugh, on your lips
Love blossoms,
And suddenly, wild
Suspicion vanishes.
Ah! Your faithful laughter
Shows a heart without guile...
Ah, laugh, my fair one,
Laugh forever!

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,
Dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
Ton haleine murmure
Des mots harmonieux.
Ton beau corps se révèle
Sans voile et sans a'tours...
Ah, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez toujours!

When you sleep, calm and pure,
In the shade, beneath my gaze,
Your breath murmurs
Harmonious words.
Your lovely body is revealed
Without veil and without finery...
Ah, sleep, my fair one,
Sleep forever!

Les chemins de l'amour (1940)

One of Poulenc's most famous vocal works, "Les Chemins de l'amour," was initially written for the play, *Léocadia*. In the story, a young prince becomes enamored with an opera singer who passes away suddenly. He finds himself obsessed with her memory but eventually finds himself able to live in the present again. The text, written by Jean Anouilh (1910-1987), describes a nostalgia for love that cannot be found again.

Text by Jean Anouilh

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.
Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
Radieuses joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,
Je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir,
Chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour,
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,
Je veux dans mon coeur qu'un souvenir
Repose plus fort que l'autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

Translation by Richard Stokes¹

The paths that lead to the sea
Have retained from our passing
The flowers that shed their petals
And the echo beneath their trees
Of our clear laughter.
Alas! no trace of those happy days,
Those radiant joys now flown,
Can I find again
In my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
Lost paths, you are no more,
And your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,
Paths of our first day,
Divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
Since life obliterates everything,
I wish for my heart to remember one thing,
More vivid than the other love,
To remember the path
Where trembling and quite distracted,
I one day felt on me your passionate hands.

¹ Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Plus de dépit, plus de tristesse (1770)

André Grétry was a French composer most well-known for his operas, one of which is *Les Deux Avides*, which translates to *The Two Misers*. The misers in question are business partners, Gripon and Martin. They are planning to steal treasure out of a pyramid in Smyrna. Gripon's niece, Henriette, and Martin's clerk, Jérôme, fall in love during the trip and plot to escape the two men before they also steal Henriette's fortune. Henriette sings "Plus de dépit" when she discovers her uncle's plan to steal from her.

Libretto by C. G. Fenouillot de Falbaire

Translation from IPA Source

Plus de dépit, plus de tristesse,
Dès que je puis voler vers toi.

No more bitterness, no more sadness,
As soon as I can fly towards you.

De Gripon je plains la faiblesse,
Et je chante, quand je te vois.

I bemoan Gripon's weakness,
And I sing when I see you.

Plus de dépit, plus de tristesse,
Dès que je puis voler vers toi.

No more bitterness, no more sadness,
As soon as I can fly towards you.

Il se croit riche, ô le pauvre homme!
L'or et l'argent sont tout son bien.

He believes himself wealthy, the poor man!
Gold and silver are his only possessions.

Moi, moi j'ai le cœur de Jérôme;
Mon trésor vaut mieux que le sien.

Me, I have the heart of Jérôme;
My treasure is worth more than his.

Plus de dépit, plus de tristesse,
Dè que je puis voler vers toi.

No more bitterness, no more sadness,
As soon as I can fly towards you.

Flight (1994)

Craig Carnelia is a musical theatre performer, songwriter, lyricist, and composer. He has collaborated with Broadway legends such as Stephen Schwartz and Marvin Hamlisch. The lyrics of "Flight" describe a craving for more and a yearning to discover something new and be free.

Let me run through a field in the night,
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight.
Let me sway like the shade of a tree,
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.

Wish me on my way,
Through the dawning day,
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill
Wanna grow in a grove on the side of a hill.

I don't care if the train runs late,
If the checks don't clear if the house blows down.

I'll be off where the weeds run wild,
Where the seeds fall far from this earth-bound town.

And I'll start to soar.
Watch me rain 'til I pour.
I'll catch a ship that'll sail me astray,
Get caught in a wind I'll just have to obey
'Til I'm flying away!

Let me leave behind all the clouds in my mind.
I wanna wake without wondering why,
Finding myself in a burst for the sky, high.

I'll just roll.
Let me lose all control.
I wanna float like a wish in a well,
Free as the sound of a sea in a shell.

I don't know, but maybe I'm just a fool,
I should keep to the ground.
I should stay where I'm at.
Maybe everyone has hunger like this,
And the hunger will pass.
But I can't think like that.

All I know is somewhere in a clearing,
There's a flickering of sunlight on a river long and wide,
And I have such a river inside.

Let me run through a field in the night,
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight.
Let me sway like the shade of a tree,
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.

Wish me on my way.
Through the dawning day.
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill,
Wanna grow on the side of a hill.
Wanna shift like a wave rollin' on,
Wanna drift from the path I've been traveling upon.

Before I am gone.

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