



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Peyton Macha, soprano**  
**Elijah Ong, piano**

November 18<sup>th</sup>, 2022

5:30 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

**Program**

|  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| <b>Spirate pur, spirate</b>                  | Stefano Donaudy<br>(1879-1925)    |
| <b>Amorosi miei giorni</b>                   | Stefano Donaudy<br>(1879-1925)    |
| <b>Air Champetre</b>                         | Francis Poulenc<br>(1899-1963)    |
| <b>Chanson Triste</b>                        | Henri Duparc<br>(1848-1933)       |
| <b>Der Gefangene</b>                         | Joseph Marx<br>(1882-1964)        |
| <b>Der Ton</b>                               | Joseph Marx<br>(1882-1964)        |
| <b>In Between</b>                            | Patrick Vu<br>(b. 1998)           |
| <b>Lullaby</b>                               | Ben Moore<br>(b. 1960)            |
| <b>Monica's Waltz from <i>The Medium</i></b> | Gian Carlo Menotti<br>(1911-2007) |

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music Education with a vocal concentration emphasis. Ms. Macha is a student of Nancy Elledge. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.

## **Spirate pur, spirate from *Canzone***

**Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)**

Stefano Donaudy was an Italian composer born to an Italian mother and a French father. For most of the songs he has written, his brother, Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941), supplied the text and libretti. Stefano Donaudy made a living as a voice teacher and accompanist for the wealthiest families in Sivilly, all while composing music. Although he was a great writer of music, his composing career ended tragically. His final opera premiere, “La Fiamminga” was a disaster. After the performance concluded, Donaudy was so heartbroken that he abandoned his passion of music composition for the rest of his life. He composed “Spirate pur, spirate” in 1918. This song uses a sturdy, playful accompaniment to support the melody.

### **Spirate pur, spirate**

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,  
aurette, e v'accertate  
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!  
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,  
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

*Text by Alberto Donaudy*

### **Breathe, still breathe**

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved  
Little breezes, and find out  
If she holds me in her heart  
Find out, blessed breezes  
Breezes light and blessed

*Translation by Gretchen Armacost*

## **Amorosi miei giorni**

**Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)**

This song is a romantic, loving piece, which begins with a sighing phrase that initiates reflection. This is someone that misses the old days of young, enthusiastic, love. The song gently progresses into a sensitive perspective that longs for the past’s passion. The push and pull of the tempo characterize the passion and comfort of someone who could speak endlessly about those whom they adore, thus providing a romantic feel throughout the song.

### **Amorosi miei giorni**

Amorosi miei giorni,  
chi vi potrà mai più scordar,  
or che di tutti i beni adorni,  
date pace al mio core  
e profumo ai pensieri?  
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,  
non temer più gli affanni  
d'una vita d'inganni,

### **My amorous days**

My amorous days,  
Who could ever forget you,  
Now that, adorned with all the blessings,  
You give peace to my heart  
And perfume to my thoughts?  
To be able, so, as life advances,  
To fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,

sol con questa speranza:  
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor  
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

Chi di me più beato,  
se accanto a sè così non ha  
un dolce e caro oggetto amato,  
sì che ancor non può dire  
di saper cos'è amore?  
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,  
più non tema gli affanni  
d'una vita d'inganni,  
sol con questa speranza:  
che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor  
e un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!

*Text by Alberto Donaudy*

With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!

Who more blessed than I,  
If he does not thus have beside him  
A sweet and dear beloved object,  
So that he cannot yet say  
He knows what love is?  
Ah, may I so, as life advances,  
Fear no longer the anxieties  
Of a life of deceptions,  
With this hope alone:  
That one look of his may be all my splendor  
And one smile of his may be all my treasure!

*Translation by Gretchen Armacost*

### **Air champêtre from *Airs Chante***

**Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)**

This song is from the song cycle, *Airs chantés*, which consists of a set of short melodies by Francis Poulenc with poetry written by Jean Moréas. Poulenc despised Moréas and had the goal to mutilate the poet by ironically portraying Moréas's text. The song uses overemphasized poetic meter, accents, strange leaps, ridiculously fast tempos, and repetition of lines that are insignificant. This is what Poulenc found suitable to mutilate Moréas. The buoyant and playful feel of this song represents the mockery of the text.

### **Air champêtre**

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,  
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,  
j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,  
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,  
cet ami que je pleure,  
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,  
Pour se mêler encore  
au souffle qui t'effleure  
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

### **Pastoral Air**

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember  
That on a day, guided by entranced friendship,  
I gazed on your face, O goddess,  
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained,  
this friend whom I mourn,  
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,  
To mingle once more  
with the breeze that caresses you,  
And to respond to your hidden waters!

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,  
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,  
j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,

*Text by Jean Moréas*

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember  
That on a day, guided by entranced friendship,  
I gazed on your face, O goddess,

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

## **Chanson Triste**

**Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)**

Henri Duparc composed "Chanson Triste" in 1868 at the youthful age of twenty. The poem explored through this song was written by Jean Lahor. This pessimistic poet was a romantic who hoped and believed that love can cure longing and suffering. The restlessness and agitation of the piano's accompaniment portray the lack of belonging and security. As the song progresses, chromatic harmonies build tension to develop chaos. The piece ends with the piano's inner voice sounding relieved as if the poet had been cured of his suffering after all.

### **Chanson Triste**

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.

*Text by Jean Lahor*

### **Song of Sadness**

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us

And from your eyes full of sorrow  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

*Translation by Robert Stokes*

## Der Gefangene

**Joseph Marx**  
(1882-1964)

Marx's songs are known to draw from romanticism and sensuality that was popular in Vienna at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. His pieces are known for thick textures and broad melodic lines. This song has sparse accompaniment, leaving the melody vulnerable. My interpretation of this piece is a prayer for loss to not shadow the beauty that life still has to offer. Let spirits fly to paradise and feel youthful again as they lay to rest.

### Der Gefangene

Tod, mit Blumen laß  
dein Tor bereiten,

aber störe nicht  
die weissen Segel meiner Träume,  
die durch golden Wellensäume  
sanft schon nach dem Paradiese gleiten.  
Laß verklingen sie wie  
Silberklang von Harfen,

Laß verschweben sie wie Wolkenschatten,  
sich verschleiern  
wie zwei tagesmüde Kinderaugen.

*Text by Robert Graf*

### The Prisoner

Death, with flowers let  
your door be prepared

But disturb not  
the white sails of my dreams  
which through golden wave-boarders  
gently glide toward paradise  
let fade them like the,  
silver tones of harps

Let them float away like shadows of clouds  
themselves become veiled  
like two day-weary children's eyes

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

## Der Ton

**Joseph Marx**  
(1882-1964)

Joseph Marx was a brilliant composer and teacher to those who surrounded him. His students actually "adored and admired him like a semi-God." Not only did he hold extensive knowledge about music, but also art, science, and literature. This song communicates the idea of eternal power and the value of the voice. The melody emerges from the thunderous accompaniment and transitions into a section that depicts the silence of the night being filled with golden sounds. The climax of the piece arrives when the sound reaches the ends of the earth. As the golden sound reaches the sky and the stars, the intensity brings joy.

### Der Ton

Es singt in tiefem Tone  
In mir, so schwer und an Gold so reich,  
Ich bin einem mächtigen Herrn gleich,  
Ein König in Mantel und Krone.

### The Sound

Within me there sings with a deep tone,  
So weightily and so rich with gold.  
I am like a mighty lord,  
A king in robe and crown.

Lehnt stumm die Nacht an die Scheiben,  
Dann singt mir der Goldlaut  
durch Herz und Hirn,  
Verschlingt die Gedanken  
von Firm zu Firm  
Hinaus in das Weltentreiben,

When night leans mutely against the windowpanes,  
Then the golden sound sings  
through my heart and my mind,  
Swallowing my thoughts  
from one of the snows of yesteryear to another  
Out into the bustle of the world.

Und trägt mich zu fremden Borden,  
Wo Sterne im Reigen beisammen stehn.  
Es will mir das Herz vor Glück fastvergehen,  
Zu brausenden, langen Akkorden.

And carries me to foreign shores,  
Where the stars stand together in a dance.  
My heart almost wants to dissolve for happiness,  
Dissolve into stormy, long chords.

*Text by Knut Hamsun*

*Translation by Sharon Krebs*

## **In Between**

**Patrick Vu  
(b. 1998)**

““In Between” was a poem I wrote when I was freshly heartbroken. It was in the early hours of the morning that I took to writing to clear my head. After I wrote it, I slept deeply for the first time in weeks without being chased down by dreams. It was as if once the words came out, I was finally able to rest. This poem is not pretty. It’s not academic or artisanally crafted, and frankly I didn’t spend that much time on it. That being said, it is one of my favorite pieces I’ve ever written because it’s real. Its bare-feet-on-cold-floors-insomnia-pacing realness. To clarify, this is not a sad poem. There are people in this life that make an apartment, or a job, or a campus feel like home. To say, “I’ll take you home” is not to say, “I’ll call you an Uber”. It means that if being here with me is no longer somewhere you want to be, if being with me no longer feels like home, that’s okay. I’ll take you wherever or whoever brings your heart happiness - because sometimes love means letting go. As hard as it was to write those words, it was cathartic. And it set me free.” – Audrey Burchfield

I chose to include this song to let go of a past version of myself that felt unworthy, isolated, and uncertain. Throughout my life, I have struggled with my mental health, experienced immense growth and continue to become the person I am meant to be. To me this song reflects who I was, whom I am becoming, and the losses and growths that life serves us.

## **In Between**

Sleep, this doesn’t feel like sleep.  
When dreams keep rest and peace just out of reach.  
And home just doesn’t feel like home  
When you hear the floorboards creak from only just two feet.

And love just doesn't feel like love  
With this much distance in between.

And rich? This doesn't feel like rich  
I'm pocket poor but I still have a lot to give.  
And work, this doesn't feel like work.  
As I sing, I live a life I know I don't deserve.

But as for love, this song's as close as I get  
With this much distance in between

It's sad I'd rather stay at home and drink until it's all unclear,  
I'd like to forget that you're just fine without me near.  
'Cause what's the point of party without you here?  
Will I miss every party waiting on you dear?  
Because Love, I thought you'd chase after me  
Not make more distance in between.

So if you want to go home now,  
I'll take you home

*Text by Audrey Burchfield*

## **Lullaby**

**Ben Moore**  
**(b. 1960)**

Ben Moore is an American composer that primarily writes art songs, opera, musical theater, cabaret, and choral music. His works are often referred to as brilliant, lyrical, and tuneful, and the lyrical quality of his songs provides a modern romantic feel. Lullabies help to distract the mind from stressors, calm the body, and create a positive atmosphere surrounding the idea of relaxation and sleep. This lullaby mentions restful nature through the soothing melody and displays beauty through the vast range of dynamics, large melodic range, and legato phrasing.

## **Lullaby**

Lullaby, oh lullaby!  
The flowers are closed,  
The lambs are sleeping

Nothing will wake the frogs by the lake  
Stars are up, the moon is peeping!  
Nothing will stir the toads and spiders

All are silence keeping

Lullaby, oh lullaby!  
Sleep my baby, fall a-sleeping

*Text by Christina Rossetti*

**Monica's Waltz from *The Medium***

**Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)**

*The Medium* takes place in the home of a mother, daughter, and mute servant boy. Baba is a drunken mother who makes a living hosting fake seances and takes advantage of grieving individuals. When not working or drinking, Baba lets Monica and Toby feel the extent of her drunken wrath. Monica and Toby have repressed feelings for one another. So, when Baba is away, Monica begins to explore these feelings through her games of pretend. In "Monica's Waltz," Monica finishes watching a puppet show Toby puts on and enters her world of fantasy. Since Toby cannot verbally respond to Monica in her fantasy, she speaks through him and entertains the longing that Toby feels for her. Monica's characterization of herself plays hard to get, but she reveals her true feelings through Toby's characterization. At the end of the song, it becomes apparent that their love is mutual.

**Monica's Waltz**

Bravo! And after the theatre, supper and dance  
Music! Oom pah pah, oom pah pah...  
Up in the sky, someone is playing a trombone and a guitar  
Red is your tie, and in your velveteen coat, you hide a star  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Follow me, moon and sun  
Keep time with me, one two three one

If you're not shy, pin up my hair with your star and buckle my shoe  
And when you fly, please hold on tight to my waist  
I'm flying with you, oh...  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz  
Follow me, moon and sun  
Follow me, follow follow me  
Follow me, follow follow me  
What is the matter, Toby?  
What is it you want to tell me?  
Kneel down before me  
And now tell me

Monica, Monica, can't you see  
That my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?

I loved you Monica  
all my life With all my  
breath, with all my blood  
You haunt the mirror of my sleep, you are  
my night You are my light and the  
jailer of my day

How dare you, scoundrel, talk to me like that!

Don't you  
know who I  
am? I'm the  
queen of  
Aroundel!

I shall have you put in chains!

You are my princess, you  
are my queen And I'm only  
Toby, one of your slaves  
And still I love you and  
always loved you With all  
my breath, with all my  
blood!

I love your laughter, I  
love your hair I love  
your deep and  
nocturnal eyes

I love your soft hands, so  
white and winged I love the  
slender branch of your throat

Toby! Don't speak to me like that...  
You make my head swim

Monica, Monica, fold me in  
your satin gown Monica,  
Monica, give me your mouth  
Monica, Monica, fall in my  
arms!

Why, Toby. You're not crying, are you?  
Toby, I want you to know that you have the most beautiful voice in the world

*Text by Gian Carlo Menotti*