



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Andrew Echols, baritone

Andrew Packard, pianist

Giuliano Bucheli, cellist

April 28, 2023

5:30 PM

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

Program

In medio marris, Op. 5 no. 2

Barbara Strozzi
(1619-1677)

Giuliano Bucheli, cellist

Liederkreis, Op. 24

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

I. Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

II. Es treibt mich hin

III. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

IV. Lieb' Liebchen

V. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

VI. Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann

VII. Berg und Burgen schau herunter

VIII. Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

IX. Mit Myrten und Rosen

Intermission

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

I. Chanson Romanesque

II. Chanson épique

III. Chanson à boire

Thoughts Unspoken

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

I. A Learning Experience Over Coffee...

II. You Enter My Thoughts

III. To Speak of Love

IV. Unspoken Thoughts at Bedtime

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a master's degree in Vocal Performance. Andrew Echols is a student of Dr. James Rodriguez.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

In medio maris, op. 5 no. 2

Barbara Strozzi

(1619-1677)

Barbara Strozzi was a prolific composer of early chamber music for voice, having published 125 pieces during her life. Born in 1619 in Venice, her father, Giulio Strozzi, a prominent poet and musical critic, encouraged her to pursue composition and performance. In 1637, Giulio helped to form the *Academia degli Unisoni*, where members of the Italian aristocracy could meet to discuss, perform, and critique music. It is in these meetings that the performances of Strozzi's works were likely to have taken place. "In Medio Maris" has a text based on the biblical story found in the New Testament of Jesus walking on water, with no author credited. The cantata is excerpted from a larger collection published in 1655, titled *Sacri Musicali Affetti, Op.5*. Each piece of the opus contains a separate dedication, with this cantata being dedicated to Saint Peter. The story told within the cantata recounts the miracle of Peter being rescued from drowning by Jesus.

In medio maris

In medio maris contrarius erat ventus.
In imbre, in unda, in fluctibus levis
navicula levis, navicula iactabatur.
Iam quarta vigilia noctis errabant,
dolentes, lugentes.

Ecce a longe, ecce ambulans super mare.
Ecce venit ad eos.
Turbati sunt stupore, timore,
clamabant pavidī, "fantasma est."
Locutus est Iesus, "Ego sum.
Veni et tu, Petrus, super aquas."
Discessit e navicula, ambulavit, tremuit, precatus
est Petrus.

In vento valido, in unda liquida
cupes immergitur.
"Iam cado, iam pereō!
Me salvum fac, Iesu."

Apprehendit, reprehendit eum Dominus:
"Modicæ fidei, quare dubitasti?" Clamabant
undique gentes, "Fili Dei vere tu es. Alleluia."

In the midst of the sea

In the midst of the sea there was a contrary wind.
In a storm, on a surge, on the waves, a small boat
was being tossed about. Now in the fourth watch of
the night, they were losing their way, grieving,
complaining.

Behold from afar, behold a man walking on the sea.
Behold, He came toward them.
Troubled with astonishment, with terror,
they cried out in fright, "It is a ghost."
Jesus spoke, "It is I.
You, too, Peter, come upon the waters."
Peter got out of the boat, and walked and was
fearful, and cried out in prayer.

In the powerful wind, he is plunged
beneath the watery billows.
"I'm sinking, I perish!
Save me Jesus!"

The Lord takes him up and reproved him: "Oh you
of little faith, why did you doubt?" Then all the
people exclaimed, "You truly are the son of God.
Alleluia."

*English Translation by: David Larrick with
revisions by Richard Kolb. Courtesy of
Barbarastrozzi.com*

Liederkreis Op. 24

Robert Schuman

(1810-1856)

1840 marked a monumental shift in the composition style of Robert Schumann. His marriage to Clara Wick inspired his *Liederjahr* (Year of Songs), during which he wrote more than 130 songs (Lieder). Before this, he wrote works for piano and little else. An early composition from this year was the *Liederkreis*, Op. 24. Schumann set nine of Heinrich Heine's poems originally found in *Buch der Lieder*. Drawn from a collection entitled *Youthful Sorrows*, the emotions of the singer as they relate to the events of a misguided love affair are told in this through-composed work. Thematic and musical material related to love and nature and the moods of each piece unite the work as a collective cycle. Intended to be performed in the order previously arranged by Heine, the transitions between selected songs in the collection add an intentional theatrical contract to the work.

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

English Translations by Richard Stokes

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Ausblieb sie auch heut.
In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
Wandle ich bei Tag.

Every morning I awake and ask

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I lie down,
Complaining that she did not appear.
All night long with my grief
I lie sleepless, lie awake;
Dreaming, as if half asleep,
I wander through the day.

Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;-
Du armes Herz, was pochst du so schwer?

I'm driven this way

I'm driven this way, driven that!
A few more hours, and I shall see her,
She, the fairest of the fair—
Faithful heart, why pound so hard?

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege;—
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen;—
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sich tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen,
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;

But the Hours are a lazy breed!
They dawdle along and take their time,
Crawl yawningly on their way—
Get a move on, you lazy breed!

Raging haste drives me onward!
But the Horae can never have loved—
Cruelly and secretly in league,
They spitefully mock a lover's haste.

I wandered among the trees

I wandered among the trees,
Alone with my own grief,
But then old dreams returned once more
And stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
You birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
My pain will return once more.

‘A young woman once passed by,
Who sang it again and again,
And so we birds snatched it up,
That lovely golden word.’

You should not tell me such things,
You little cunning birds,

Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemanden trau'.

You thought to steal my grief from me,
But I trust no one now.

Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze
mein;— Ach, hörst du, wie 's pochet im
Kämmerlein?

Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Lay your hand, my love

Just lay your hand on my heart, my love;
Ah, can you not hear it throbbing in there?

A carpenter, wicked and evil, lives there,
Fashioning me my coffin.

He bangs and hammers day and night,
And has long since banished all sleep.
Ah, master carpenter, make haste,
That I might soon find rest.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,—
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
Lovely tombstone of my peace,
Lovely city, we must part—
Farewell! I call to you.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
Where my dear beloved treads,
Farewell! O sacred spot,
Where I first beheld her.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Had I never seen you though,
Fair queen of my heart!
It would never then have come to pass
That I am now so wretched.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bittere Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte wilder Schiffmann

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfraun nehm' ich Abschied,
Von Europa und von Ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love,
To live in peace was all I wished,
And to breathe the air you breathed.

But you yourself, you drive me hence,
Your lips speak bitter words;
Madness rages in my mind,
And my heart is sick and sore.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
I drag away, my staff in hand,
Until I lay my tired head down
In a cool and distant grave.

Wait, O Wait, Wild Seaman

Wait, O wait, wild seaman,
Soon I'll follow to the harbour;
I'm taking leave of two maidens:
Of Europe and of her.

Stream from my eyes, O blood,
Gush from my body, O blood,
That with my hot blood
I may write down my agonies.

Why today of all days, my love,
Do you shudder to see my blood?

Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

You've seen me pale and with bleeding heart
Stand before you for years on end!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfelgabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß?

Remember the old story
Of the serpent in Paradise,
Who, through the evil gift of an apple,
Plunged our forbears into woe?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

The apple has caused all our ills!
Eve brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
And you—both flames and death.

Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Mountains and castles gaze down
Mountains and castles gaze down
Into the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little boat sails merrily,
The sunshine glistening around it.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden, ruffled waves surging;
Silently feelings awaken in me
That I had kept deep in my heart.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
Bringt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

With friendly greetings and promises,
The river's splendour beckons;
But I know it—gleaming above
It conceals within itself Death and Night.

Oben Lust, in Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
Und ich hab' es doch getragen—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

Mit Myrten und Rosen
Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen
Totenschrein, Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der
Ruh', Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab,—
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
River, you are the image of my beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
And smile so devotedly and gently.

At first I almost despaired
At first I almost despaired,
And I thought I could never be able to bear it;
Yet even so, I have borne it—
But do not ask me how.

With myrtles and roses
With myrtles and roses, sweet and fair,
With fragrant cypress and golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this book like a coffin
And bury my songs inside.

Could I but bury my love here too!
On Love's grave grows the flower of peace,
There it blossoms, there is plucked,
But only when I'm buried will it bloom for me.

Here now are the songs which once cascaded,
Like a stream of lava pouring from Etna,
So wildly from the depths of my soul,
And scattered glittering sparks all around!

Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
Die blassen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Now they lie mute, as though they were dead,
Now they stare coldly, as pale as mist,
But the old glow shall kindle them once more,
When the spirit of Love floats over them.

And a thought speaks loud within my heart,
That the spirit of Love will one day thaw them;
One day this book will fall into your hands,
My dearest love, in a distant land.

Then shall song's magic spell break free,
And the pallid letters shall gaze at you,
Gaze imploringly into your beautiful eyes,
And whisper with sadness and the breath of love.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

Maurice Ravel

(1875-1937)

Composed during 1932-33, *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* was Maurice Ravel's last composition. The song cycle was commissioned to serve as film music for a dramatic adaptation of *Don Quixote* by Miguel De Cervantes, directed by G. W. Pabst. Due to failing health, Ravel was unable to complete the cycle in time for it to be included in the film. French author Paul Morand was asked to write the texts eventually found in the cycle for the film. Once published, the work contained three independent pieces: "Chanson Romanesque," "Chanson Épique," and "Chanson à Boire". The cycle premiered on December 1, 1934, sung by baritone Martial Singher. Ravel pays homage to the story's setting by including the rhythmic patterns of three distinct Spanish dances in the cycle. The serenade, "Chanson Romanesque," features an oscillating meter throughout with a bar of six-eight time followed by a measure in three-four time, much like the structure of a "Quajira." "Chanson Épique" is a sung prayer to Saint Michael and Saint George set in five-four time, akin to a "Basque zortzico". The drinking song of the cycle, "Chanson à boire," is in three-four time and has a rhythmic pattern that is comparable to "jota."

Poetry by Paul Morand

English translation by Christopher Goldsack

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous me disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

O Dulcinée.

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,

Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasté: Ma Dame.

O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A vous, Madone au bleu mantel!

Romanesque song

Were you to tell me that the earth,
turning so much, offended you,
I would hurry Panza to her:
you would see her motionless and fall silent.

Were you to tell me that boredom
comes to you from heaven, adorned with too many
stars,
tearing apart the divine decrees,
with one blow I would fell the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus emptied pleases you not
knight of God, lance in hand,
I would scatter stars in the passing wind.

But were you to tell me that my blood
is more mine than yours, my Lady,
I would grow pale under the reproach
And I would die, still blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

Epic song

Good Saint Michael who give me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deign to choose me
to please and defend her,

Good Saint Michael I beg you to come down
with Saint George to the altar
of the Madonna with the blue mantle.

With a ray from heaven bless my blade
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity: my Lady.

O great Saint George and Saint Michael
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my sweet Lady so like
you, Madonna with the blue mantle!

Amen

Amen

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux,
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit
Lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit
Lorsque j'ai bu!

Drinking song

Away with the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to disfavour me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
place my heart, my soul in mourning!

I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the only goal
to which I go straight
once I have drunk!

Away, dark-haired mistress, with the jealous man
who moans, who weeps and preaches
to be forever that pale lover
who waters down his intoxication!

I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the only goal
to which I go straight
once I have drunk!

Thoughts Unspoken

Jake Heggie

(B. 1961)

Baritone Earle Patriarco commissioned Jake Heggie and John Hall to compose a song cycle for recital performances in 1995. *Thoughts Unspoken* received its first performance in November 1996 at the Vocal Arts Festival held at George Washington University with Patriarco premiering the work accompanied by Kevin Murphy. The song cycle consists of four songs, each expressing a new emotion within the inner monologue of the protagonist. Sung from the perspective of an overworked husband, the cycle touches on feelings of self-doubt, love, reconciliation, and companionship. Heggie uses many harmonic and melodic gestures that are restated in variation throughout all four pieces. The most obvious is the ascending half-step motif used on the word “honey” in the first and final piece, and the descending half-step motif used on the hums closing the second and third pieces. *Thoughts Unspoken* received its first publication in 2000 with its inclusion in volume three of Heggie’s Faces of Love songbook series.

Poetry by John Hall

1. A learning experience over coffee...

I love you still... but,

and always will... but,

I wish I'd learn that in the morning- keep my
mouth shut.

I'm not awake... yet,

The plans you make... pet,

Will haunt me later in the day and in the way that
you will say "O.K.,

but that's not what you said today...

I love you so... dear.

You'll never know... dear.

That in the time we've spent together I've but one
fear,

you might discover Your "perfect" lover

Can never try or hope to be in life

or deal as openly in life

or know just what I know in life is similar to
"little wife"

I really care... sweet,

and want to share... sweet,

but I have found that to be happy I'll be discreet.

You shouldn't see... love, or E. S. P.... love,

My every thought or word or deed, you know,

is nothing that I need to show.

You Can't expect that honesty is really the best policy in caring for a spouse whose life you're sharing in a house.

And though I really love you so, things are much better when you just don't know.

Just thank God for the simple fact That opposites... attract!

Hmmm Good morning, Honey!

2. You enter my thoughts

Caught up in daily life, selling and buying
working and trying to cope, I lose hope.

Stress cuts me like a knife,
making decisions without the vision to see,
it's not me.

Just when I feel I'm the lowest of men
Not knowing how I can do it again
Holding my temper and counting to ten

But then... You enter my thoughts
Like perfume from an unseen source.
First, a hint
And then my course is changed
My thinking rearranged.

No lightning, no thunder,
With just a bit of wonder along the way,

You enter my thoughts,
You enter my thoughts and change my day.

Hmm

3. To speak of love

I can speak about loneliness.

I can speak about pain.

Showing anger is easy for me, I know how to
complain.

I can tell you a story.

I can argue and fight.

I'll convince and persuade you when I'm wrong,
that I'm right.

I'll describe complex theories.

I can rave, I can rant about trivial details.

But there's one thing I can't-

I wasn't taught to speak of love and when I try to
say just how I feel, it sounds unreal

My words get in the way

Oh sure, I'll say "I love you dear"

That never has been hard

But I have more to tell you than a dime-store
greeting card.

If words cannot express my love and what I say
sounds wrong, sounds wrong

Then music is my only hope
And when you hear this song
Know that it says I love you, says I need you.
Just understand one thing.

You are the song I sing.

4. Unspoken thoughts at bedtime

I didn't mean it.
I really didn't mean it.
Now I've said it
I regret it and you never should have seen it.

It was stupid, it was dumb.
Is my brain becoming numb?

Did I suddenly become the kind of unforgiving
scum whose mindless chatter, foolish patter, can
offend the ones that matter in my life...

Like my wife?

Words! I'm no good with words!
What I say's not who I am or who I want to be.

And I hope you'll understand
and you'll tell me that you see
When I brag or when I flirt

You know I never mean to hurt
You know I meant it as a joke,
I didn't think before I spoke.

Words! WORDS!

Honey?

Are you awake, ... Honey?

Now that I see you, your face soft in sleep,
I will make a solemn vow to you,
One that I promise to keep.

Lying beside you, watching you breathe
Knowing it's me you've chosen to love
I find it hard to conceive

Me all alone, out on my own.

Where would I be without you?

What could I be without you?

Hmmm. Good night,

Honey.