



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Aubrey Bosse, mezzo-soprano
William Taylor, collaborative pianist

Saturday, April 15, 2023

3:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Hero und Leander

Fanny Hensel
(1805-1847)

Lorelei

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

To My Little Son
Sympathy

Florence B. Price
(1887-1953)

Six Mélo­dies
VI. Les Filles de Cadix

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Mignon­ne
Ma Première Lettre
L'été

Cécile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

Intermission

She Used to Be Mine
from *Waitress*

Sara Bareilles
(b. 1979)

The Driftwood Fire
Phillis

Marion Bauer
(1882-1955)

Hyacinth
Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now

Margaret Bonds
(1913-1972)

Four Dickinson Songs

I. Will There Really Be A Morning?

II. I'm Nobody

IV. If I...

Lori Laitman

(b. 1955)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. Ms. Bosse is a student of Dr. Corey Trahan. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices.

Notes

Hero unt Leander (1831)

Still ruht dass Meer und hat den
weiten Farbenbogen
Vom fernen Blau bis zu des Ufers Gold
Als liebliche Verkündigung gezogen
Dass es den Wünschen
meiner Liebe hold.
Wasserfrische, Abendgluten,
Lustiger Delphinen Scherz.
Ach! Bringet bald, ihr hellen kühlen Fluten,
Mir den geliebten Freund ans treue Herz.

Heißes Sehnen
Löst in liebesseligen Tränen
Mir den Blick.
Bald in diesen Armen
Wird er erwarmen.
Nach kalten Fluten
Der liebe Gluten,
O kehrte nimmer dann der Morgen zurück.

Hinab ihr Sonnenrosse!
Herauf stille Nacht!
Willkommen dem Herzen,
Das liebend wacht,
Leih deinen Schleier
Gegen Verrat dem Liebenden
Auf dem gewohnten Pfad.
O Dank, schon naht das Dunkel,
Der Fackel Gefunkel
Sei ihm, dem Teuren,
Ein leitender Stern.

Aber wehe! Won fern
Höh ich Donnerrollen,
Die Wogen grollen

Hero and Leander

The sea rests still and has the wide range
Of colors
From the distant blue to the gold shore.
Drawn as a sweet proclamation,
That it may hold the wishes
Of my love.
Water freshness, evening glow,
Funny dolphins joke.
Oh! Bring my beloved to my true heart
Soon, you bright, cool floods.

Hot longing
Triggers my eyes
In tears of love.
Soon in these arms
He will warm.
After cool floods
Of love glow,
Oh, the morning never returned.

Down you un horses!
Up quiet night!
Welcome to the heart
That keeps watch in love,
Lend your veil against treachery
To the lover
On the accustomed path.
Oh thanks, the darkness approaches,
The sparkling torch
Be a guiding light for him
The dear one.

But woe! From afar
I hear thunder rolling,
The waves growing, booming.

Bäumend herauf.
Alle meergewohnten Vögel
Fliehen fern,
Nirgend mehr ein Segel,
Es blinkt kein Stern,
Die Fackel erlischt,
Nur der Blitz zischt
Über die schäumende Fläche,
Und Wetterbäche
Stürzen in des Meeres schoß.

All sea-dwelling birds
Flee far away,
No more sails,
No star twinkles,
The torch goes out,
Only lightening hisses
Over the foaming surface,
And stormy brooks plunge
Into the bosom of the sea.

Weh mir! Alle Schrecken sind los,
Fassen mit tausend Armen
Nach meinem Haupte.
Ach! Dass isch glaubte
Der trügenden Flut.
Dräuender rollt es
Rings um mich her.
Schreckender grollt es
Drunten im Meer.

Woe is me! All terrors are loose,
Grab my head
With a thousand arms.
Oh! That I believed
The deceptive tide.
It rolls more threateningly
Around me.
It rumbles more frighteningly
Down in the sea.

Himmel, dort naht er
Und kämpft, das ist er!
Leander! Leander!
Leuchtet ihr Blitze!
Dass isch ihn sehe!
Weh! Er sinkt.
Die Woge verschlingt
Unerrettbar den Armen
Miteinander hinab,
Dann ins Grab.
Ich komme!

Heaven, there he approaches
And fights, that's him!
Leander! Leander!
Shine you lightening!
That I may see him!
Alas! He sinks.
The wave
irredeemably swallows
Down the poor together,
Then into the grave.
I'm coming!

Fanny Hensel (née Mendelssohn) (1805-1847) was an early Romantic German composer. She was a piano prodigy born into a very musical family and was thus well-educated musically, studying piano under Ludwig Berger in Berlin as a girl. Her compositions include over one hundred twenty-five piano pieces and over two hundred fifty lieder, as well as several large-scale works. Stylistically, she was influenced by the work of Handel, Bach, and Beethoven.

The elder sister of Felix Mendelssohn, Hensel was also greatly influenced by her brother and vice versa. They often consulted each other when writing music and each praised the other's compositional abilities. However, Mendelssohn, along with Hensel's father, Abraham Mendelssohn, were unsupportive of the publishing of Hensel's music, and Hensel consequently did not begin to publish until 1946. In fact, several of Hensel's lieder were even published under Felix Mendelssohn's name in his opuses eight and nine. The Mendelssohn's reservations towards Hensel's publishing stemmed in part from their upper class status. Hensel, as an upper class woman, was expected to work in the domestic sphere as a mother and wife, not pursue a career. Additionally speculated to factor into these reservations, the Mendelssohn family was Jewish, but took care to integrate into German upper class culture to protect themselves from discrimination. Thus, almost the entirety of her performing and compositional career took place within her household.

Hensel did organize a series of wildly popular private concerts called the Sonntagmusiken which overtime became a cultural fixture in Berlin. Invitations to the Sonntagmusiken were highly sought after and the series was a source of great pride and satisfaction for Hensel, blending her domestic life with professional musicianship. Much of Hensel's work has been published posthumously, thanks to her brother taking great care to compile and promote her music in her honor, and it is increasingly popular today.

Written in 1832, *Hero und Leander* is a dramatic scene originally scored for a singer and orchestra, split into two recitatives and two arias. The piece was written for a friend, Ulrike Peters. Hensel composed this piano score herself, and her husband, Wilhelm Hensel, wrote the text, which is based on the ancient Greek myth of Hero and Leander. Though not a musician, Wilhelm was an artist and author, and the couple often collaborated on works. Wilhelm was a steadfast supporter of Hensel's composing and encouraged her to continue writing even after they married and had their son. The tragedy of Hero and Leander tells the story of two lovers separated by a sea. Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite, lives in a tower in Sestos while Hero lives in Abydos, the two separated by the Hellespont sea. Desperate to see each other, Leander swims across the strait each night, guided by a light in Hero's tower. One night, however, the light goes out during a storm and Leander drowns. In the Hensels' version of the story, Hero witnesses Leander's death from up in her tower, unable to save him, and throws herself from the tower to join her lover in death.

Lorelei (1843)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Clara Schumann (née Wieck) (1819-1896) was a German composer, pianist and teacher from the Romantic period. A child prodigy, she was raised in a musical family, taking piano lessons from her father, Friedrich Wieck. Schumann performed extensively as a young woman, and often showcased her own compositions in these performances.

She married fellow composer Robert Schumann, who studied with her father as well. The two worked extensively with each other, composing music as gifts for one another and offering feedback on various works. As a composer's wife, her own career as a composer was limited, but brilliant, and she refused to be totally financially dependent on her husband. Not only did she earn income for her family as a performer, often premiering Robert's compositions, but she took on the majority of the family's household duties, caring for their eight children. Throughout their marriage, she continued to compose and was encouraged to do so by her husband.

However, Robert's career, and later his mental health, ultimately took precedence over her own. After his untimely death in 1856, she mostly gave up composition in favor of touring Europe to perform. She worked extensively to bring awareness to Robert's works after his death, promoting them through publication and performance. She also taught piano, and in 1878, she would become the first woman to teach at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt. She was passionate about students, especially encouraging women to lead careers as musicians. Through her work as a performer and teacher, she was able to support herself and her children. Much of her own music was not published or widely performed during her own lifetime but has

reemerged since the late twentieth century. Today, her compositions are immensely popular and performed across the globe.

“Lorelei” was composed in 1843 and tells the story of a beautiful siren, Lorelei, who lures a boatman to his death in the Rhine River. The text was written by Henirich Heine, a German poet, and is based on folklore surrounding the Lorely cliffs in the Rhine, where many ships have been sunk by the rocks and currents. The poet Clemens Brentano connected the cliffs to sirens with his 1801 poem “Lore Ley”. Heine elaborated on the poem with his 1823 “Lorelei” which has been set by many composers, including Liszt and Silcher. Schumann’s setting was a birthday gift for Robert, one of many instances in which the Schumanns gifted compositions to each other.

To My Little Son

In your face I sometimes see
Shadowings of the man to be,
And, eager,
Dream of what my son shall be,
Dream of what my son will be,
In twenty years and one.

When you are to manhood grown,
And all your manhood ways are known,
Then shall I, blissful, try to trace
The child you once were in your face.

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals —
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting —
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings —
I know why the caged bird sings!

Florence B. Price (née Smith) (1887-1953) was a twentieth-century American composer especially known for her art songs, spiritual arrangements, and symphonic works. Her musical style is highly influenced by African American music, often incorporating African dance forms and traditional spiritual melodies and techniques. She was also influenced by the Harlem Renaissance which occurred in the 1920s and 1930s.

Price studied composition at the New England Conservatory with George Chadwick from 1903 to 1906. A talented pianist and organist, she also earned an Artist's Diploma in organ and a piano teacher's diploma. She went on to teach at the Cotton Plant-Arkadelphia Academy and Shorter College, eventually becoming the head of the music department at Clark College from 1910 to 1912. She then taught and composed in Little Rock, Arkansas until 1927, when her family moved to Chicago to escape racial discrimination and violence.

In Chicago, her career flourished. She was an active member of the city's chapter of the National Association of Negro Musicians. In 1933, her Symphony in E Minor became the first orchestral work by an African American woman to be performed by a major American orchestra. The Symphony in E Minor also won the Wanamaker Award in 1932, bringing Price national recognition. Her art songs and spirituals were as successful as her symphonic works, featured on the programs of renowned singers such as Marian Anderson and Leontyne Price. Price's music remains very popular and widely performed today, although much of it remains unpublished or lost. Her work is featured in several prominent modern anthologies, including the celebrated *44 Art Songs and Spirituals by Florence B. Price*.

"To My Little Son" is an undated song set to a 1920 poem by Julia Johnson Davies, an American author. It is a touching text from a mother's point of view imagining watching her son grow up. Price had a son in 1913, Thomas Jr., who died as an infant, making this song even more poignant. She never got to watch her son grow up, so all she had were her dreams of what might have been. This context gives the song two distinct moods: the bittersweet feeling of watching your little child become an adult but also the heartbreak of the possibility that they might never get to do so. It shows both the strength and the vulnerability of motherhood, an experience and identity that many women hold.

"Sympathy" is a setting of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's 1899 poem, also undated. Dunbar, a celebrated African American poet, wrote the piece in response to an experience working in the Library of Congress, but many scholars have pointed out the broader implications of the imagery of a caged bird representing African Americans during the Jim Crow era. I think the song especially represents the experiences of African American women, desperate to escape the cages of both racism and sexism.

Les Filles de Cadix (1884)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes :
“Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine ?...
Ah ! ah !
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.”

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et le poing sur la hanche:
“Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cet or est à toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah ! Ah !
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.”

The Girls of Cadiz

We'd just left the bullfight,
Three boys, three girls,
The sun shone on the grass
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of castanets.
“Tell me, neighbour,
Am I looking good,
And does my skirt
Suit me, this morning?
Have I a slender waist? . . .
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz are fond of that.”

And we were dancing a bolero
One sunday evening.
A hidalgo came towards us,
Glittering in gold, feather in cap,
And hand on hip:
“If you want me,
Dark beauty with the sweet smile,
You've only to say so,
And these riches are yours.”
“Go on your way, fine sir.
Ah! ah!
The girls of Cadiz don't take to that.”

Translation by Richard Stokes

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910) was a French singer and composer whose Spanish roots greatly influenced her work. An incredibly intelligent musician, she was known to perform her own works while accompanying herself on the piano. Viardot spoke six languages fluently and was well regarded for her ability to compose authentically in the styles and languages of many nations.

Viardot was born into a family of musicians, so as a girl, she studied primarily with her mother, María Joaquina Sitches. Viardot led a successful international opera career as a mezzo-soprano. After her debut in London in 1839, she went on extensive singing tours all across Europe. She was renowned for her portrayals of Fidès in Meyerbeer's *Le prophète* and Orpheus in *Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice*.

In 1840, she married Louis Viardot, who left his position as the director of the Théâtre Italien to support her career. This is intriguing, as more often than not, women composers at this time were expected to give up their careers in favor of their husband's if they married. Louis

Viardot, however, was unwavering in his support of his wife's career, often caring for the couple's children while she was away or accompanying her on her trips. He also managed Viardot's career, handling financial matters and scheduling amongst other duties. In 1843, Viardot met writer Ivan Turgenev, who fell in love with her and spent the rest of his life in close proximity to the Viardot family. Their relationship played an extensive and complex role in Viardot's life and career. Turgenev and Viardot often collaborated on creative works and, like her husband, he tirelessly supported her career. Viardot retired from the stage in 1963 in favor of teaching and composing. She wrote several texts and on singing techniques, including *Une heure d'étude: exercices pour voix de femmes* in 1880.

Les Filles de Cadix is the final song of Viardot's song cycle, *Six Mélodies*, which was published in 1884. The poem was written by the French author Alfred de Musset, also in 1844. It offers a joyful and lighthearted glimpse of the friendship enjoyed by the young girls of Cadiz, Spain. Joy is an essential part of womanhood and Viardot's depiction of these young women captures the feeling brilliantly.

Mignonne

Mignonn', allon voir si la rose
 Qui ce matin avoit declose
 Sa robe de pourpr' au soleil,
 A point perdu, cette vesprée,
 Le plis de sa robe pourprée,
 Et son teint au vostre pareil.

Las, voyés comm' en peu d'espace,
 Mignonn', ell' a dessus la place,
 Las, las, ses beautés laissé cheoir!
 Ô vrayement maratre nature,
 Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure,
 Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croiés, mignonne:
 Tandis que vostr' age fleuronne
 En sa plus verte nouveauté,
 Cueillés, cueillés vostre jeunesse,
 Comm' à cette fleur, la viellesse
 Fera ternir vostre beauté.

Sweetheart

Sweetheart, let us see if the rose
 That only this morning unfolded
 Its scarlet dress in the sun
 Has lost, at vesper-time,
 the folds of its scarlet dress
 And its colour, so like yours.

Alas! See how rapidly,
 Sweetheart, she has let
 Her beauty fall all over the place!
 Nature is truly a cruel stepmother
 When such a flower only lasts
 From dawn to dusk!

So if you hear me, Sweetheart,
 While your age flowers
 In its greenest newness,
 Gather, gather your youth.
 Age will tarnish your beauty
 As it has faded this flower.

Translation from French to English by Faith J. Cormier

Ma Première Lettre

Hélas! que nous oublions vite ...
J'y songeais hier en trouvant
Une petite lettre écrite
Lorsque je n'étais qu'une enfant.

Je lus jusqu'à la signature
Sans ressentir le moindre émoi,
Sans reconnaître l'écriture,
Et sans voir qu'elle était de moi.

En vain je voulus la relire,
Me rappeler, faire un effort . . .
J'ai pu penser cela, l'écrire,

Mais le souvenir en est mort!

Ô la pauvre naïve lettre,
Ecrive encor si gauchement . . .
Mais j'y songe, c'était peut-être
Ma première, un événement!

Jadis à ma mère ravie
Je l'ai montrée en triomphant.
Est-il possible qu'on oublie
Sa première lettre d'enfant!

Et puis le temps vient où l'on aime,
Et l'on écrit . . . et puis un jour,
Un jour on l'oubliera de même,
Sa première lettre d'amour!

Translation by Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

My First Letter

Alas! How quickly we forget . . .
That struck me yesterday, finding
A short letter written
When I was just a little girl.

I read as far as the signature
Without feeling the slightest commotion,
Without recognizing the hand
And without seeing that I had penned it.

In vain I tried to re-read it,
To remember, to rack my brains . . .
I had been able to think and write those
thoughts,
But the memory of them had died!

Oh the poor, naïve letter,
So clumsily written . . .
Yet, when I think of it, it was perhaps
My first, an important event!

Years ago I showed it triumphantly
To my delighted mother.
Can it be one forgets
The first letter one wrote as a child!

And then you fall in love
And you write . . . and then one day,
One day you will forget that too,
Your first love letter!

L'Été

Ah! chantez, chantez,
Folle fauvette,

Summer

Ah, sing, sing,
Wild warbler,

Gaie alouette,
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!
Parfum des roses,
Fraîches écloses,
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Gay lark,
Cheerful finch, sing, love!
Scent of roses,
Newly opened,
Render our woods more fragrant!
Ah! Sing, love!

Soleil qui dore
Les sycomores
Remplis d'essains tout bruisants,
Verse la joie,
Que tout se noie
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.
Ah! chantez, aimez ...

The sun that gilds
The sycamores
That are filled with swarms of buzzing bees,
Pour out your joy,
That all itself is drowned
In your resplendent ways!

Souffle, qui passes
Dans les espaces
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.
Que ton haleine
Donne à la plaine
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté.
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Breeze, which wafts
Through the air
Sowing the hope of a day of summer
May your breath
Give to the plain
More brilliance and beauty
Ah! Sing, sing!

Dans la prairie
Calme et fleurie,
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux.
L'âme charmée,
L'épouse aimée
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

In the meadow
Calm and flowering,
Do you hear the sweet words?
The charmed soul,
The beloved wife
Blesses heaven by her husband's side
Ah! Sing, love!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944) was a French Romantic composer and pianist. Best known for her piano character pieces and mélodies, she was one of the most commercially successful woman composers of her time.

Denied a musical education at the Paris Conservatoire by her father, Chaminade studied composition privately with Félix Le Couppey, A.F. Marmontel, M.G.A. Savard, and Benjamin Godard. In her career, she faced harsh double standards for women composers. Her shorter pieces, especially the songs and character pieces she was known for, were often criticized for being too feminine whereas her lengthier thematic pieces were deemed too masculine. Because a vast majority of her compositional output was made up of short piano and vocal works, she struggled to gain a serious reputation as a composer. Additionally, she continued to

write in the Romantic style well into the twentieth century when Modernism was the dominant style, leading to further disapproval from critics.

Nonetheless, her music was popular and well-known during her life. She toured extensively in England to promote her music and was a frequent guest of Queen Victoria. In 1908 she undertook a tour to the United States, where her music was particularly popular and several Chaminade clubs had been formed. In fact, due to her success and popularity, nearly all of her almost four hundred works are published, a rather uncommon accomplishment for Romantic women composers. And, in 1913, she became the first woman composer to be admitted to the Legion d'Honneur, the highest French order of merit. However, after her death, her work and reputation were nearly forgotten, only recently seeing a rediscovery and resurgence.

“L'été” was published in 1894 to a text written by Édouard Guinand, a French author. The speaker sings of love in the summertime. She sings to nature, to the birds and to the sun, about her joy as she finds beauty in the world around her.

Based on a text by French poet, Pierre de Ronsard, Chaminade's 1892 work, “Mignonne,” begins by telling the story of an aging rose. However, the tone shifts when the speaker begins to compare the dying rose to a young woman, telling her that while she is young now, age will take her beauty from her. Aging is such a stigmatized process for women, yet all will go through it, and de Ronsard's poem reflects society's view on women's aging. Nevertheless, though a rose wrinkles and loses its bright color, these superficial characteristics of beauty do not truly define it - nor do they define women.

Chaminade wrote “Ma Première Lettre” in 1893. The poem was written by French poet and playwright, Louise-Rose Gérard, under the pseudonym, Rosemonde Gérard and is part of the collection *Les Pipeaux*, or *The Reed Pipes*. In this lighthearted but touching piece, a woman finds the first letter she wrote as a child. Reading it, she can hardly recall composing the letter and finds that it is awkward and unrecognizable. Yet, through the years her writing skills have developed, leading her now to write letters to the person she loves. These, too, she will someday forget writing, but they are an important part of her life story nevertheless.

She Used To Be Mine

It's not simple to say
Most days I don't recognize me
That these shoes and this apron
That place and its patrons
Have taken more than I gave them
It's not easy to know
I'm not anything like I used to be
Although it's true

I was never attention's sweet center
I still remember that girl

She's imperfect but she tries
She is good but she lies
She is hard on herself
She is broken and won't ask for help
She is messy but she's kind
She is lonely most of the time
She is all of this mixed up
And baked in a beautiful pie
She is gone but she used to be mine

It's not what I asked for
Sometimes life just slips in through a back door
And carves out a person
And makes you believe it's all true
And now I've got you
And you're not what I asked for
If I'm honest I know I would give it all back
For a chance to start over
And rewrite an ending or two
For the girl that I knew

Who'll be reckless just enough
Who'll get hurt
But who learns how to toughen up when she's bruised
And gets used by a man who can't love
And then she'll get stuck
And be scared of the life that's inside her
Growing stronger each day
'Til it finally reminds her
To fight just a little
To bring back the fire in her eyes
That's been gone
But used to be mine

Used to be mine
She is messy but she's kind
She is lonely most of the time
She is all of this mixed up and baked in a beautiful pie
She is gone but she used to be mine

Sara Bareilles is a Grammy Award-winning American singer and songwriter. In recent years, she has also become well-known for her involvement in musical theatre, both as a composer and an actress.

She learned to play the piano in college at UCLA and started her musical career playing at local open-mic nights. Since then, Bareilles has led an incredibly successful career as a pop artist. After her 2007 single “Love Story” reached the Billboard Top Ten, her sophomore album, *Kaleidoscope Heart*, debuted at number one in 2010. In 2013, she began working on the musical *Waitress*, an adaptation of Adrienne Shelly’s movie of the same name. Bareilles wrote the music and lyrics for the show, going on to play the lead character, Jenna, in several productions. *Waitress* premiered in 2015 and was nominated for both the Best Musical and Best Original Score Emmy Awards. Also in 2015, Bareilles published a memoir, *Sounds Like Me: My Life (So Far) in Song*, giving insight into her life and career. In 2020, Bareilles’s song “Saint Honesty” from the album *Amidst the Chaos* won the Grammy Award for Best American Roots Performance. Bareilles is an outspoken activist for many social issues, including feminism and LGBTQ+ rights. In a 2015 interview, she spoke specifically about women musicians and “being a woman who wants to feel that my opinion and my creative ideas are accepted as equally as any man or any other human in the room.”

“She Used to Be Mine” is from the musical *Waitress*. *Waitress* tells the story of a small-town waitress and baker, Jenna, as she navigates an unplanned pregnancy, escaping an abusive marriage, her advancing career, and healing. In the ballad, Jenna laments the loss of the woman she once was. Her husband, Earl, has discovered and stolen money she put aside to help her leave and she feels truly lost. Coming to terms with the reality of her situation is a terrifying, heartbreaking moment. Yet, through this realization, she finds strength to not only fight for her child but for herself.

The Driftwood Fire

We made a driftwood fire
You and I
Where forest birds were dreaming
And a bad brown owl was scheming
As a baby star was gleaming
Soft and shy

The gray mist smoke grew gold
Gold and blue
And the thrilling shadows creeping
Where the jeweled flames were leaping
Carried dreams of woodbirds sleeping
Close to you

We heard a nightlark call
Far and clear
And the answer's deep confessing
Soothed by silence sweet, caressing
Brought the wonder of God's blessing
Very near

Phillis

Phillis somewhat hard by nature,
Would not an advantage miss;
She asked Damon, greedy creature,
Thirty sheep for one small kiss, for a kiss.

Lovely Phillis, on the morrow,
Cannot her advantage keep:
She gives Damon to her sorrow,
Thirty kisses for one sheep, for one sheep.

On the morrow, grown more tender,
Phillis, ah! Has come to this:
Thirty sheep she will surrender
For a single loving kiss, loving kiss.
Now another day is over,
Damon sheep and dog might get,
For the kiss that he, the rover!
Gave for nothing to Lizette!

Marion Bauer (1882-1955) was a twentieth-century American composer, teacher and author. Although she experimented with serialism in the 1940s, she mostly wrote tonal music embellished with dissonance, and favored impressionism as a style. Her early works consist mostly of songs and works for piano, but beginning in the 1930s she wrote increasingly for chamber ensembles and orchestras.

Bauer studied under Nadia Boulanger in Paris, the first American to do so. Bauer was a great proponent of modern American music, and helped to found the American Music Guild in 1921. She was also a member of the American Woman Composers, the American Composer's Alliance, and the American Music Center. She took on several leadership positions on executive boards at a time when women had only just begun to be accepted into the classical music community. A frequent visitor to the MacDowell Colony, where she devoted time to composing and writing, she developed friendships with many other women composers during her summer stays. Bauer was also devoted to musical scholarship.

Although she had no college degree herself, she taught at New York University from 1926 to 1951 and, beginning in 1940, lectured at Julliard. She wrote extensively about music

history and how it relates to modern music as well as composition. It should be noted, however, that several of her writings make use of outdated and harmful racial stereotypes. She rightly faced criticism for racist language and ideas expressed in her work, and many later editions have been updated and amended. Though Bauer's compositions, well-known during her life, have become rather obscure to today's audiences, her legacy as a teacher and scholar is strong and particularly evident in the career of her student, Milton Babbitt, who referred to her as an "authentic American phenomenon."

Bauer's personal life and sexuality have puzzled scholars for many years, and deserves discussion here, especially with diverse representation in mind. Though there is no explicit evidence, documentation from colleagues and friends including Ruth Crawford Seeger, Milton Babbitt, and Martin Bernstein suggest that Bauer was likely a lesbian. Crawford, a close friend of Bauer, wrote about the early days of their relationship and its romantic and sexual nature. Babbitt and Bernstein, in separate interviews, both gave statements which carefully dance around the words lesbian or gay but make clear that Bauer had little to no interest in men as partners. The composer never married, and there will likely never be a definitive answer to the question of her sexuality.

"The Driftwood Fire" was composed in 1921, and the text was written by Katherine Adams. In it, the speaker recalls a night on the beach with a loved one. I do not think this loved one is necessarily a romantic partner; it could be a family member or perhaps a friend. No matter who you imagine this person is, the fellowship the speaker finds with them is the same. This piece represents a moment of peace in an otherwise hectic life.

The satirical "Phyllis" was composed in 1914. The text was written by French playwright, Charles Rivière Defresny and is about a coy young girl, Phyllis, who attempts to con a local boy, Damon, by offering him a kiss. At the beginning of the song, she aims to get thirty sheep for one kiss. Damon outsmarts her, giving her one sheep for thirty kisses. Unknown to Phyllis, Damon has an advantage because he has no need for her kisses; he loves Lizette who kisses him for free. By the song's conclusion, Phyllis realizes that she would in fact give up thirty sheep for one truly loving kiss. This cheeky little story is hilarious, offering a glimpse into the romantic aspirations of this young woman.

Hyacinth

I am in love with him
To whom a hyacinth is dearer
A hyacinth is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.

At night when the field mice are abroad
He cannot sleep:
He hears their narrow teeth
At the bulbs of his hyacinths.

But the gnawing at my heart

He does not hear.

Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now

Women have lov'd before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past-

Of Irish water by a Cornish prow
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Must to their cost invaded-
Here and there,
Hunting the amorous line,
Skimming the rest,
I find some woman bearing as I bear
Love like a burning city in the breast.

I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter, ancient way do suffer love;
In me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens,
With death upon the tread,
Heedless and willful,
Took their knights to bed.

Margaret Bonds (1913-1972) was a twentieth-century American composer and pianist whose style was highly influenced by African American music, including jazz and spirituals. She wrote a great deal of vocal music, especially spiritual arrangements and musical theater.

Bonds studied piano and composition with Florence Price as a teenager in Chicago. She then studied at Northwestern, graduating with a Bachelor of Music in 1933 and a Master of Music in 1934. Bonds faced harsh racism there, describing Northwestern as a “terribly prejudiced place,” but noted that she took comfort in the words of Langston Hughes, a poet who would go on to have an immense impact on her life. Back in Chicago, found great success as a composer. Bonds won the Wanamaker prize in 1932 for her song *Sea Ghost*, earning her public recognition. A year later, in 1933, she became the first African American soloist to appear with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. In 1936, Bonds finally met Langston Hughes in person and the two developed a strong friendship. They collaborated on many works throughout the years, including the cantata, *The Ballad of The Brown King*, and the musical, *Tropics After Dark*.

In 1939, she moved to New York and began studying at Juilliard. Here, she was very involved in musical theater. She also organized the Margaret Bonds Chamber Society, which promoted the works of black musicians. Hughes' death in 1967 affected her greatly and she subsequently left New York for Los Angeles where she worked with the Los Angeles Inner City Cultural Center and Repertory Theater until her death.

“Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now” and “Hyacinth” are both settings of poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay, an iconic twentieth century poet. Millay, the first woman to win the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry and second person ever to do so, imbued her work with feminist themes and was known for her authentic depictions of women’s sexuality. She often used imagery of nature in her work to represent the speaker’s emotional state and, in these settings, Bonds expanded upon this imagery in her music. From the waves of the Irish waters in “Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now” to the field-mice nipping at the flower’s bulbs in “Hyacinth,” Bonds used the piano accompaniment and text to illustrate the speaker’s feelings. “Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now” and “Hyacinth” both share stories of women navigating tough romantic feelings and relationships. “Women Have Loved” is a grand love story, spoken from the perspective of a woman who knows it will end in disaster but chooses to love anyway. The speaker in “Hyacinth” is eerily similar although her situation is drastically different. She loves a man who is indifferent to her and cares more about the hyacinths in his garden than his partner. Both stay, though the consequences could be disastrous.

Four Dickinson Songs

I. Will There Really Be A Morning?

Will there really be a “Morning”?
Is there such a thing as “Day”?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called “Morning” lies!

II. I’m Nobody

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you — Nobody — Too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise — you know!

How dreary — to be — Somebody!
How public — like a Frog —
To tell one's name — the livelong June —
To an admiring Bog!

IV. If I...

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.

Lori Laitman (b.1955) is an American composer. Originally trained as a flutist, she is widely celebrated and has won many awards for her vocal music, especially art songs.

Laitman studied at Yale School of Music, earning a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1975 and a Master of Music degree in 1976. She won the Boston Art Song Competition in 2000, as well as the Best American Art Song Competition in 2004. In 2018, she received the Ian Mininberg Alumni Award for Distinguished Service from Yale School of Music. Though she is best known for her art song, she has recently composed several acclaimed operas. *The Scarlet Letter* was named a critic's choice by Opera News in 2015. In 2018, her one-act opera, *Uncovered*, was a finalist for the Pellicciotti Opera Prize. Laitman often writes about socially relevant and important topics such as women's rights and sexuality. In particular, she has devoted a great portion of her work to remembering the Holocaust and its victims in order "to increase empathy and to honor those who are no longer with us." She has worked closely with Music of Remembrance, an organization dedicated to remembering the Holocaust through music.

Laitman composed *Four Dickinson Songs* in 1996, setting four texts by the beloved poet Emily Dickinson. She writes of the cycle: "The combination of these poems allows for dramatic musical contrasts within the cycle. The wistful "Will There Really Be A Morning?" Give way to the humorous and bouncy "I'm Nobody"... "If I..." was written as a gift for my father's 80th birthday. Its simple, accessible melody passes from voice to piano and back again before ending with the singer humming. My father lived to be almost 100 - and this song always reminds me of him."

For me, this cycle offers windows into several unique human experiences from a woman's perspective. The three pieces I have chosen to include - "Will There Really Be A Morning?" "I'm Nobody" and "If I..." - resonate especially with my own experiences, beliefs,

and struggles. In “Will There Really Be A Morning?” the speaker struggles to believe in something she cannot yet see or feel. In “I’m Nobody,” she celebrates the ordinary and mundane in her life. Lastly, in “If I...” she declares that if she can help even just one person, her life will have been worth it. Each song has a strikingly different tone and topic, but they still mesh together brilliantly, showcasing the complexity and beauty found in women’s lives.

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