



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Klark Johnson, Soprano  
Madilynn Gomez, Soprano  
Anni Li, Piano  
Nora Mello, Piano

Sunday, April 30<sup>th</sup>, 2023

2:00 P.M.

PepsiCo Recital Hall

**Program**

**E l'uccellino**

**Giacomo Puccini**  
**(1858-1924)**

**Casa mia, casa mia**

**Avanti Urani!**

*Klark Johnson, Soprano*  
*Anna Li, Piano*

**Olas Gigantes**

**Manuel de Falla**  
**(1876-1946)**

**Canción**

**El paño moruno**

**Seguidilla murciana**

*Madilynn Gomez, Soprano*  
*Nora Mello, Piano*

**Parmi le pleurs**

**Giacomo Meyerbeer**  
**(1791–1864)**

**No One Should Ever Break a Promise**

**Seymour Barab**  
**(1921–2014)**

*Klark Johnson, Soprano*  
*Anna Li, Piano*

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Klark Johnson and Madilynn Gomez are students of Professor Alicia Gianni. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

**From Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42**

**Seit ich ihn gesehen, no. 1**

**Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)**

**Er, der herrlichste von allen, no. 2**

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, no. 3**

**Du Ring an meinem Finger, no. 4**

*Madilynn Gomez, Soprano  
Nora Mello, Piano*

**Getting Married Today**

**Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)**

*Madilynn Gomez, Soprano  
Klark Johnson, Soprano  
Nora Mello, Piano*

**Intermission**

*Nightsongs*

**H. Leslie Adams  
(1932-Present)**

I. Prayer

*Five Millay Songs*

**H. Leslie Adams  
(1932-Present)**

III. For You There is No Song

**I Don't Feel No-Ways Tired**

**Harry Thacker Burleigh  
(1866-1949)**

**Deep River**

**Moses Hogan  
(1957-2003)**

*Klark Johnson, Soprano  
Anna Li, Piano*

**Once Upon a Universe**

**Jake Heggie  
(1961-Present)**

**Smanie implacabili**

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)**

*Madilynn Gomez, Soprano  
Nora Mello, Piano*

**For Good**

**Stephen Schwartz  
(1948-Present)**

*Madilynn Gomez, Soprano  
Klark Johnson, Soprano  
Anna Li, Piano*

### **E l'uccellino**

Text by Renato Fucini (1843-1921)

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda  
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore;  
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,  
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:  
Tante cosine belle imparerai,  
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,  
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!

E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:  
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno

### **And The Little Bird**

Set by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

And the little bird sings on the branch:  
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:  
Rest your little, blond head  
on your mother's heart.

And the little bird sings on that branch:  
You will learn so many beautiful things,  
But if you want to know how much I love you,  
No-one in the world can ever tell you!

And the bird sings to the serene sky:  
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

**Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)** was an Italian composer regarded as the most successful proponent of Italian opera after Verdi, and one of the greatest exponents of operatic realism. His mature operas included *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Turandot*. "**E l'uccellino**" is a "ninna-nanna" ("lullaby") that Puccini wrote for a little boy named Memmo Lippi, who was the son of a dear friend of his that tragically died young.

### **Casa mia, casa mia**

Folksong text (proverb)

Casa mia, casa mia  
Per piccina che tu sia,  
Tu mi sembri una Badia,  
Casa mia.

Per piccina che tu sia  
Tu mi sembri una Badia,  
Casa mia.  
casa mia, casa mia.

### **My home, my home**

Set by Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

My home, my home  
Although you may be small,  
you are like an abbey to me,  
my home.

Although you may be small,  
you are like an abbey to me,  
my home.

My home, my home

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

"**Casa mia**", set by **Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)**, contains the lyrics of a folksong and was composed in 1908. Puccini wrote this piece for a friend that was publishing a magazine called *La Casa* in exchange for advertising a villa he was trying to sell in Boscolungo. This short piece mimics the traits of a nursery rhyme along with symbolizing the size of the house.

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**Avanti Urania!**

Text by Renato Fucini (1843-1921)

Io non ho l'ali,  
eppur quando dal molo  
lancio la prora al mar,  
fermi gli alcioni  
sul potente volo  
si librano a guardar.

Io non ho pinne,  
eppur quando i marosi  
niun legno osa affrontar,  
trepidando, gli squali  
ardimentosi  
mi guardano passar.

Simile al mio signor,  
mite d'aspetto  
quanto e' forte in cuor,

le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto,  
anch'io di spazio,  
anch'io di gloria ho smania.

Avanti, Urania!

**Rise, Urania!**

Set by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

I don't have wings,  
and yet when from the pier  
I launch the ship's prow to the sea,  
Freeze the halcyons (happy dreams)  
on the vigorous flight  
they hover to guard.

I don't have fins,  
and yet when the mountainous surges  
nobody's ship is daring to attack,  
anxious & trembling, the sharks bold,  
fearless  
At me they beware to pass!

Similar to my lord,  
mild of appearance,  
how powerful is she in her heart.

These flames have I too in my breast,  
I too for open space,  
I too for glory I have restless, raging desire.

Rise, Urania!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

**“Avanti Urania!” set by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924),** was composed in honor of Puccini’s friend, Marchese Carlo Benedetto Ginori-Lisci, who purchased a ship named Queen Mary. The ship was renamed Urania after a Greek mythological figure whose name means heavenly.

## Olas Gigantes

Text by Gustavo Bécquer (1836-1870)

Olas gigantes  
que os rompéis bramando  
En las playas desiertas y remotas,  
Envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis  
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,  
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo  
Y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,  
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,  
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Llevadme, por piedad,  
adonde el vértigo  
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.  
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme  
Con mi dolor a solas, con mi dolor a solas!

## Giant Waves

Set by Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Gigantic waves  
who throw yourselves roaring  
Onto the remote deserted beaches  
Enveloped among blankets of foam,  
Take me with you!

Gusts of hurricane that snatch  
from the high woods the shriveled leaves  
blowing them away in the blind whirlwind,  
Take me with you!

Storm clouds that break through the light  
And adorn in fire the unfastened waves  
Snatched from the dark mist,  
Take me with you!

Take me away, for pity's sake,  
to where vertigo  
with my reason can tear out my memory.  
For pity's sake!..  
I am afraid to remain with my pain all alone.  
*Translation by James T. Abraham and Mark Bates*

**Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)** was a prolific 20<sup>th</sup> century Spanish composer who skillfully merged Spanish folk songs with French musical techniques. His *Siete canciones populares españolas*, featured later in this set, are folk tales that are representative of the distinct, culturally different regions of Spain.

The story painted by this set is of heartbreak, machismo culture, and cautionary tales. We start with heartbreak and grief. There are five stages of grief: anger, denial, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. **Olas Gigantes** is the peak of heartbreak. The protagonist is distraught over her lover leaving her for someone else. It embodies the denial and anger part of grief that one can have even for those that are still alive.

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### **Canción**

Spanish Folk Poetry from  
*Siete canciones populares españolas*

Por traidores, tus ojos,  
voy a enterrarlos;  
No sabes lo que cuesta,  
«Del aire»  
Niña, el mirarlos.  
«Madre a la orilla  
Madre.»

Dicen que no me quieres,  
Ya me has querido...  
Váyase lo ganado,  
«Del aire»  
Por lo perdido,  
«Madre a la orilla  
Madre.»

### **Song**

Set by Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Because they are traitors, your eyes,  
I'm going to bury them;  
You don't know what it cost,  
"In the air!"  
Dear, to see them,  
"Mother, on the edge,"  
"Mother."

They say you don't love me,  
And yet me you have loved...  
Away with what was won,  
"In the air"  
For what was lost.  
"Mother on the edge,"  
"Mother."

*Translation by James T. Abraham and Mark  
Bates*

I feel that **Canción** embodies the last three stages of grief: bargaining, depression, and acceptance. I interpreted this piece as an outsider's perspective on that grieving process. The protagonist is the "Mother on the edge". People are starting to gossip and assume things about the protagonist without truly understanding her situation.

### **El paño moruno**

Spanish Folk Poetry  
*Siete canciones populares españolas*

Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!

### **The Moorish cloth**

Set by Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

On the fine cloth, in the store  
A stain set in  
For a lower price it is sold  
Because it has lost its value  
Oh!

*Translation by James T. Abraham and Mark  
Bates*

**El paño moruno** looks at the kind of misogynistic gossip that is often placed upon women when a relationship dissolves. Women are often compared to objects of lost value when in the same breath men are "players" and are praised for having had multiple partners. This is very prominent ideology not only in the US, but in many Hispanic and Latin American countries as well, known as "machismo" there.

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**Seguidilla murciana**

Spanish Folk Poetry

*Siete canciones populares españolas*

Cualquiera que el tejado  
 Tenga de vidrio,  
 No debe tirar piedras  
 Al del vecino.  
 Arrieros semos;  
 ¡Puede que en el camino  
 Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia  
 Yo te comparo  
 Con peseta que corre  
 De mano en mano;  
 Que al fin se borra,  
 Y creyéndola falsa  
 ¡Nadie la toma!

**Murcian seguidilla** (no direct translation)

Set by Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

He whose roof  
 Is made of glass,  
 Should not throw rocks  
 At his neighbor's.  
 Muleteers are we;  
 Perhaps on the road  
 We shall meet!

Because of your great inconsistency  
 I compare you,  
 To a coin that passes  
 From hand to hand  
 That at last is worn off,  
 And believing it false  
 No one will take it!

*Translation by James T. Abraham and Mark Bates*

The final piece of my de Falla set is a cautionary tale. It wraps up the story that the first three pieces set up. Our protagonist has gone through the pain of heartbreak, accepting that loss, and then having to deal with the fallout of the gossip swirling around them. Don't be the boy who cried wolf. You never truly know what someone else is going through. Be kind. Be caring. Never assume anything about the lives of others.

**Parmi le pleurs**Text by Eugène Scribe (1791–1861) and  
Émile Deschamps (1791–1871)

Parmi les pleurs mon rêve se ranime,  
 C'est à lui seul qu'appartiennent mes jours.  
 Ces doux regrets, y penser est un crime;  
 Je veux les fuir,  
 hélas! et j'y pense toujours!

De loin encor, sa voix chérie,  
 Oui, même ici, sa voix chérie.  
 Fait taire en moi la voix des cieux  
 Et son image, quand je prie,  
 Sur les autels,  
 hélas, s'offre à mes yeux!

**Amid My Tears**Set by Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791–1864)  
Les Huguenots

Amid my tears my dream revives,  
 my life belongs to him (Raoul) alone.  
 It is a crime to think of these sweet regrets.  
 I want to escape them,  
 alas, and yet I think about them always!

From far-off still, his voice dear,  
 yes, even here, his dear voice.  
 silences within me the voice of heaven,  
 the vision of him whenever I pray,  
 appears before me on the altars,  
 alas, it offers itself to my eyes!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop  
 Modified by Klark Johnson*

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**Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)** was a German composer born to Jewish parents in Tasdorf, a suburb of Berlin, the then-capital of Prussia. Meyerbeer began his musical career as a pianist but soon decided to devote himself to opera, spending several years in Italy studying and composing. Meyerbeer's opera *Les Huguenots* (1836) is one of the most popular and spectacular examples of grand opera. The plot follows the love between the Catholic Valentine and the Protestant Raoul and takes place during the historical St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in 1572. Thousands of French Huguenots (Protestants) were slaughtered by Catholics in an effort to rid France of Protestant influence. **Parmi Les Pleurs** is the Act 4 aria in which Valentine expresses her sorrow at being married to Nevers, a Catholic gentleman, when she is really in love with Raoul, a Protestant gentleman.

### **No One Should Ever Break a Promise**

Composed by Seymour Barab  
Little Red Riding Hood

No one should ever break a promise.  
I haven't broken one in months.  
That's why I think it will be alright if I break  
my promise just this once.

No one should fail to do his homework  
or else he'll go up to be a dunce,  
But I'm very clever, so I believe that I'll skip  
my homework just this once.

It's plain as anything can be.  
You must keep your word  
once you have spoken.

Of course, that applies to everyone but me!  
I've heard that promises were made to be  
broken.

No one should ever shirk his duty or waste his  
time on silly stunts.  
But I'm very special  
I can afford to waste my time  
Just this once

**Seymour Barab (1921-2014)** was an American opera composer, cellist, organist, and pianist best known for his fairy tale operas for young audiences, such as *Chanticleer* and *Little Red Riding Hood*. Seymour Barab was born to Polish immigrants in Chicago, Illinois, and was a longtime member of the Philip Glass Ensemble. His opera *Little Red Riding Hood* tells the cautionary tale of a little girl of the same name and her journey to bring her sick grandmother her supper. **No One Should Ever Break A Promise** is Little Red Riding Hood's aria as she skips through the woods and picks strawberries for her grandmother, after promising her mother she would not stop to do just that.



**Seit ich ihn gesehen**From *Frauenliebe und leben*

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
 Glaub ich blind zu sein;  
 Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
 Seh ich ihn allein;  
 Wie im wachen Traume  
 Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
 Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
 Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
 Alles um mich her,  
 Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
 Nicht begehrt ich mehr,  
 Möchte lieber weinen,  
 Still im Kämmerlein;  
 Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
 Glaub ich blind zu sein.

**Since first seeing him**

Set by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Since first seeing him,  
 I think I am blind,  
 Wherever I look,  
 Him only I see,  
 As in a waking dream  
 His image hovers before me,  
 Rising out of deepest darkness  
 Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale  
 Around me,  
 My sisters' games  
 I no more long to share,  
 I would rather weep  
 Quietly in my room;  
 Since first seeing him,  
 I think I am blind.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

**Robert Schumann (1810-1856)** was a Romantic era German composer whose love for poetry was as grand as his love for music. Growing up in the middle class, he defied his family's wishes of being a lawyer in order to pursue his dreams of being a piano virtuoso and composer. The year Schumann married Clara Wieck, the daughter of his piano teacher, he wrote over 130 pieces set to poetry, the eight lieder of Op. 42 being among them. *Frauenliebe und Leben* follows a female protagonist as she falls in love, matures, marries, and eventually grieves the death of her beloved.

**Seit ich ihn gesehen** is about love at first sight and realizing that your childhood is ending. Our protagonist is head over heels for a man. He is all she can think about, and she realizes that she is no longer the little girl she once was

**Er, der herrlichste von allen**

From *Frauenliebe und leben*

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
Also er an meinem Himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann;  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

**He, the most wonderful of all**

Set by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

He, the most wonderful of all,  
How gentle and loving he is!  
Sweet lips, bright eyes,  
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance  
That star gleams bright and brilliant,  
So does he shine in my sky,  
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,  
Just to gaze on your radiance,  
Just to gaze on in humility,  
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,  
Uttered for your happiness alone,  
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,  
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all  
May your choice elate,  
And I shall bless that exalted one  
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,  
Blissful, blissful shall I be,  
Even if my heart should break,  
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

**Er, der herrlichste von allen** is the second song in the *Fraunliebe und Leben* set. Our protagonist is starstruck and in awe of the man she has fallen in love with. She doesn't feel worthy of his love and is too afraid to speak to him. She is content to simply observe him and feels lucky to be in his presence. I think this is an incredibly relatable feeling when you're in the thick of a crush. Every time you see him or even think about him, you're filled with adrenaline.

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**

From *Frauenliebe und leben*

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;  
Wie hätt er doch unter allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—  
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

**I cannot grasp it, believe it**

Set by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

I cannot grasp it, believe it,  
A dream has beguiled me;  
How, from all women, could he  
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,  
'I am yours forever',  
I was, I thought, still dreaming,  
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,  
Cradled on his breast;  
Let me savour blissful death  
In tears of endless joy.  
*Translation by Richard Stokes*

As the third piece of *Frauenliebe und Leben*, **Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben** is the point when the protagonist has finally entered a relationship with her love, but she doesn't feel worthy of his love. I know this feeling quite well. Having a partner that is so kind, patient, and caring often makes me think “what did I do to deserve a love as amazing as this?” When this kind of bliss fills you so completely, it feels like there's nowhere else for it to go, so I often do break out into “tears of endless joy”.

**Du Ring an meinem Finger**

From *Frauenliebe und leben*

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

**You ring on my finger**

Set by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

You ring on my finger,  
My golden little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming  
Childhood's peaceful dream,  
I found myself alone, forlorn  
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,  
You first taught me,  
Opened my eyes  
To life's deep eternal worth.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I shall serve him, live for him,  
Belong to him wholly,  
Yield to him and find  
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,  
My golden little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
To my heart.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

**Du Ring an meinem Finger** is the halfway point for the *Frauenliebe und Leben* cycle. The man of her dreams has proposed to her! She's going to marry the love of her life. This piece is about how she is ready to become his wife and devote the rest of her life to him.

**Getting Married Today**  
Song by Stephen Sondheim

Bless this day  
Pinnacle of life  
Husband joined to wife  
The heart leaps up to behold  
This golden day.

Today is for Amy  
Amy, I give you the rest of my life  
To cherish and to keep you  
To honor you forever

Today is for Amy  
My, happily, soon-to-be wife.

Pardon me, is everybody here?  
Because if everybody's here  
I'd like to thank you all  
For coming to the wedding.  
I'd appreciate you going even more  
I mean, you must have lots of better things to do

And not a word of it to Paul  
Remember Paul? You know, the man I'm  
going to marry

Listen everybody, look, I don't know what  
you're waiting for  
A wedding. What's a wedding? It's a  
prehistoric ritual  
Where everybody promises fidelity forever,  
Which is maybe the most horrifying word I  
ever heard of,  
Which is followed by a honeymoon, where  
suddenly he'll realize  
He's saddled with a nut, and want to kill me,  
which he should.

Thanks a bunch, but I'm not getting married  
Go have lunch, 'cause I'm not getting married  
You've been grand, but I'm not getting  
married  
Don't just stand there, I'm not getting married  
And don't tell Paul, but I'm not getting  
married today.

Go! Can't you go?  
Why is nobody listening?  
Goodbye! Go and cry  
At another person's wake.  
If you're quick, for a kick  
You could pick up a christening  
But please, on my knees,  
There's a human life at stake!

[Type here]

But I'm not, because I wouldn't ruin anything  
As wonderful as he is.  
Thank you all for the gifts and the flowers,  
Thank you all, now it's back to the showers  
Don't tell Paul, but I'm not getting married  
today.

Bless this day  
Tragedy of life  
Husband bound to wife  
The heart leaps up  
And feels dead  
This dreadful day.

I'm not well, so I'm not getting married  
You've been swell, but I'm not getting  
married  
Clear the hall, 'cause I'm not getting married  
Thank you all, but I'm not getting married  
And don't tell Paul, but I'm not getting  
married today.

Bless this bride  
Totally insane  
Slipping down the drain  
And bless this day in our hearts  
As it starts  
To rain.

Today is for Amy  
Amy, I give you the rest of my life  
To cherish and to keep you  
To honor you forever

Go! Can't you go?  
Look, you know I adore you all  
But why watch me die  
Like Eliza on the ice?  
Look, perhaps I'll collapse  
In the apse right before you all  
So take back the cake  
Burn the shoes, and boil the rice.

Today is for Amy,  
My, happily, soon-to-be wife  
My adorable wife...

Listen everybody, I'm afraid you didn't hear  
Or do you want to see a crazy lady fall apart  
in front of you?  
It isn't only Paul who would be ruining his  
life  
You know, we'll both of us be losing our  
identities  
I telephoned my analyst about it, and he said  
to see him Monday  
But by Monday I'll be floating in the Hudson  
with the other garbage.

Look, I didn't want to have to tell you,  
But I may be coming down with hepatitis,  
and  
I think I'm gonna faint  
So if you want to watch me faint, I'll do it  
happily  
But wouldn't it be funnier to go and watch a  
funeral?  
So thank you for the twenty-seven dinner  
plates  
Thirty-seven butter knives  
Forty-seven paperweights  
Fifty-seven candle holders

One more thing...  
I'm not getting married.  
Amen!  
Softly said...  
But I'm not getting married.  
Amen!  
With this ring...  
See, I'm not getting married!  
Amen!  
I thee wed.  
Still, I'm not getting married!  
Amen!  
Let us pray that we are getting married  
Let us pray that we're not getting married  
Today!

[Type here]

**Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)** was an American composer credited for having "reinvented the American musical". Sondheim was known as one of the most important figures in 20th-century musical theater as his best-known works include *Company* (1970), *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* (1979), *Sunday in the Park with George* (1984), and *Into the Woods* (1987). His musical *Company* is about Robert, a well-liked single man living in New York City whose friends are married or engaged couples. **Getting Married Today** tells the story of Amy and Paul's wedding day. Amy and Paul are Robert's friends, and Amy has gotten an overwhelming case of cold feet.

### **Prayer**

Composed by H. Leslie Adams

I ask you this:  
Which way to go?  
I ask you this:  
Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put  
Upon my hair?  
I do not know  
Lord God  
I do not know

Poem by Langston Hughes

Nightsongs

I ask you this:  
Which way to go?  
I ask you this:  
Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put  
Upon my hair?  
I do not know  
Lord God  
I do not know

**Harrison Leslie Adams, Jr. (1932-Present)** is an American composer born in Cleveland, Ohio and best known for writing music for voice. His works are composed largely within the tradition of Western classical music, but also incorporates elements unique to African-American music. Adams' works also have been performed by numerous symphony orchestras including the Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra, Iceland Symphony Orchestra, Buffalo Philharmonic, and Indianapolis Symphony. *Nightsongs*, also referred to as Six Afro-American Songs, is a song cycle on a collection of poems by African-American and American poets set to musical arrangements. **Prayer**, the first song in the cycle, is a poem by Langston Hughes about looking to God for guidance.

### **For You There is No Song**

Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Composed by H. Leslie Adams

Five Millay Songs

For you there is no song,  
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to  
sing,  
The sound of the strong voice breaking.

Strange in my hand appears the pen,  
And yours broken  
There are ink and tears on the page.  
Only the tears have spoken.

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**For You There is No Song**, the third song in the cycle, is a poem about not having the words to express how one is feeling for another.

### **I Don't Feel No-Ways Tired**

Traditional spiritual text

Arranged by Harry Thacker Burleigh

I am seekin' for a city, Hallelujah,  
I am seekin' for a city! Hallelu.  
For a city into de Hebben, Hallelujah,  
For a city into de Hebben,  
Hallelu.

Dere's a better day a-comin', Hallelujah,  
Dere's a better day a-comin', Hallelu.  
When I leave dis worl' of sorrow, Hallelujah,  
For to join de holy number,  
Hallelu.

Lord I don't feel no-ways tired Childaren!  
Oh, glory Hallelujah!  
For I hope to shout glory when dis worl' is on  
fire Chillen,  
Oh, glory Hallelujah!

Lord I don't feel no-ways tired Childaren!  
Oh, glory Hallelujah!  
For I hope to shout glory when dis worl' is on  
fire Chillen,  
Oh, glory Hallelujah!

**Henry "Harry" Thacker Burleigh (1866-1949)** was an American classical composer born in Erie, Pennsylvania. Burleigh was the first black composer to be instrumental in developing characteristically American music. Burleigh introduced Antonín Dvořák to Black American music. Burleigh, along with composers like Margaret Bonds, strived to make Black music available to classically trained artists by introducing spirituals arranged in a more classical form. **I Don't Feel No Ways Tired** is Burleigh's classical adaptation of the spiritual text of the same name.

### **Deep River**

Text Traditional spiritual

Arranged by Moses Hogan

Deep River,  
My home is over Jordan.  
Deep River, Lord.  
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go,  
To the Gospel feast;  
That Promised Land,  
Where all is peace?

Deep River.  
My home is over Jordan.  
Deep River, Lord,  
I want to cross over into campground.

Deep River, Lord,  
I want to cross over into campground.

**Moses George Hogan (1957-2003)** was an American composer and arranger of choral music born in New Orleans. He was best known for his settings of spirituals and his works are celebrated and performed widely by high school, college, church, community, and professional choirs today. The spiritual **Deep River** is perhaps the best known spiritual of all time and tells the narrator's desire to go to Heaven. It has been suggested that the song was intended to offer

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advice to slaves who wanted to run away to freedom by escaping through a river to allow the water to wash away their scent if they were being pursued by bloodhounds.

### **Once Upon a Universe**

From *Of Gods and Cats*

Set by Jake Heggie

Once, when God was a little boy, his Mother caught him breaking his toys, then gluing them back together again with prayers and incantations.

Don't play with your creation, she admonished him, but he went right on building temples, only to destroy them with vast armies of antlike peoples, creating new planets, then wiping them out with their own ignominious waste products.

At the end of eternity his Mother shook her cosmic finger and insisted that he clean up his universe: Or there'll be no bliss for you, young God!

He swept the entire mess into the nearest black hole and fell asleep sucking his Divine Thumb.

Amen

**Jake Heggie (1961-Present)** is a 20<sup>th</sup> century American composer who has composed numerous operas and almost 300 art songs so far in his career. His works have been performed on five continents and he frequently appears as a guest artist at universities across the nation. **Once Upon a Universe** is the second and last song in the *Of Gods and Cats* song cycle. This cycle is very whimsical and humorous. It tells the story of God disobeying his mother and the antics that follow.

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### **Smanie implacabili**

From Act I Scene III of *Così fan tutte*  
Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

Ah scostati!  
Paventa il tristo effetto  
D'un disperato affeto!  
Chiudi quelle finestre  
Odio la luce, odio l'aria, che spiro

Odio me stessa!  
Chi schernisce il mio duol,  
Chi mi consola?  
Deh fuggi, per pietà, fuggi,  
Laschiami sola.

Smanie implacabili, che m'agitare  
Dentro quest'anima più non cessate,  
Finchè l'angoscia mi fa morir.  
Esempio misero d'amor funesto,  
Darò all'Eumenidi se viva resto  
Col suno orribile de' miei sospir.

### **Implacable Anxiety**

Set by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Ah, move away!  
Fear the sad effect  
Of a desperate affection!  
Shut those windows,  
I hate the light, I hate the air I breathe

I hate myself!  
Who mocks my pain,  
Who will console me?  
Oh, leave, for pity's sake, leave,  
Leave me alone.

Implacable anxiety, that disturbs  
Inside this soul, doesn't cease,  
Until it makes me die.  
A miserable example of fateful love  
I will give to the Furies, if I live,  
With the horrible sound of my sighs.  
*Translation by Robert Glauwitz*

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)** is one of the most well-known Classical era composers. He composed 22 operas over the course of his career and *Così fan tutte* is one of the "big three" Da Ponte librettos that have served as the anchors of Mozart's operatic output, along with *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Roughly translating to "Women are like that", *Così fan tutte* follows the story of two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi, and their fiancés, Ferrando and Guglielmo. After making a bet with a cynical old man who believes all women are unfaithful, Guglielmo and Ferrando pretend to go off to war. **Smanie implacabili** is Dorabella's aria of grief and insanity at the thought of her lover going away.

## **For Good**

Composed by Stephen Schwartz  
Wicked

I'm limited  
Just look at me  
I'm limited  
And just look at you  
You can do all I couldn't do Glinda  
So now it's up to you', for both of us  
Now it's up to you

I've heard it said  
That people come into our lives  
For a reason  
Bringing something we must learn  
And we are led to those  
Who help us most to grow if we let them  
And we help them in return  
Well, I don't know if I believe that's true  
But I know I'm who I am today  
Because I knew you

Like a comet pulled from orbit  
As it passes the sun  
Like a stream that meets a boulder  
Halfway through the wood  
Who can say if I've been changed for the  
better  
But because I knew you  
I have been changed for good

It well may be  
That we will never meet again  
In this lifetime  
So, let me say before we part  
So much of me  
Is made of what I learned from you  
You'll be with me  
Like a handprint on my heart  
And now whatever way our stories end  
I know you have rewritten mine  
By being my friend

Like a ship blown from its mooring  
By a wind off the sea  
Like a seed dropped by a sky bird  
In a distant wood  
Who can say if I've been changed for the  
better  
But because I knew you

Because I knew you  
I have been changed for good

And just to clear the air  
I ask forgiveness  
For the things I've done, you blame me for

But then I guess  
We know there's blame to share  
And none of it seems to matter anymore

Like a comet pulled from orbit (like a ship  
blown from its mooring)  
As it passes the sun (by a wind off the sea)  
Like a stream that meets a boulder (like a seed  
dropped by a bird)  
Halfway through the wood (in the wood)

Who can say if I've been changed for the  
better  
I do believe I have been changed for the  
better

And because I knew you  
Because I knew you  
Because I knew you  
I have been changed  
For good

**Stephen Lawrence Schwartz (1948-Present)** is an American musical theater lyricist and composer born to a Jewish family in New York City. Schwartz has written hit musicals *Godspell* (1971), *Pippin* (1972), and *Wicked* (2003) and has contributed lyrics to successful films such as *Pocahontas* (1995), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1996), *The Prince of Egypt* (1998), and *Enchanted* (2007). *Wicked* is a musical loosely based on the 1995 Gregory Maguire novel *Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West* and tells the story of two unlikely friends, Elphaba (the Wicked Witch of the West) and Galinda (the Good Witch), whose relationship struggles through their opposing personalities and viewpoints. **For Good** is Glinda and Elphaba final goodbyes to each other as they are ready to move on to their next phase of life. The two realize they have grown as people because of their relationship and bid each other good luck.

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