



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents *Siren Songs*

Faith Adams, Soprano

Andrew Packard, Piano

December 2nd, 2023

2:00PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Deita silvane

- III. Egle
- IV. Acqua
- V. Crepuscolo

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Six Elizabethan Songs

- I. Spring
- II. Sleep
- III. Winter
- IV. Dirge
- V. Diaphenia

Dominick Argento
(1927-2019)

Brief Intermission

Fiançailles pour rire

- III. Il vole
- V. Violon
- VI. Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Pioner

Hugo Alfvén
(1872-1960)

Skogen sover

Canciones amatorias

II. Mañanica era

IV. Mira que soy niña, ¡amor, déjame!

V. No lloréis ojuelos

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Vocalise - Étude

Olivier Messiaen
(1908-1992)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's in Vocal Performance. Ms. Adams is a student of Twyla Robinson.

The use of recording equipment or photography is prohibited.

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

Notes and Translations

Why *Siren Songs*? From Medusa to the sphinx, I have long since been enchanted with the women portrayed as villains in mythology and how these archetypes serve as a reflection of patriarchy in society, but none of these creatures embody this idea quite like the alluring siren. Whether she be a mermaid or a harpy, the siren is an unstoppable force. Her beauty exudes a purity her victims simply cannot escape, but something sinister lurks beneath the surface. Sometimes she is fleetingly innocent. Sometimes she is death's harbinger. The myth of the siren reveals the dark side of femininity and what women are capable of when using the standards of societal sexism as their own weaponry. This evening, we will present a recital of *Siren Songs* for you. Some pieces will feature stories of mythic creatures while others center around forces of nature like love itself, but each song includes a siren in physical or metaphorical form. Journey with us through a musical retelling of the mighty, mythical siren and her countless variations.

Deita silvane

Ottorino Respighi was an Italian early 20th century composer and musician. Best known for his composition *Pines of Rome*, Respighi was most prolific in tone poem compositions, meaning orchestral works that evoke imagery from poems or other texts. Though the song cycle *Deita silvane* (or *Woodland deities*) features the voice most prominently, its style aligns closely with tone poems. Both the piano and voice work together to weave illustrious woodland imagery. Many of the work's poetic themes harken back to ancient Italy and mythology, for which Respighi had an avid fascination. Antonio Rubino is credited as the librettist for this song cycle, but he was most influential as a cartoonist leading into WWI. These three selections from *Deita silvane* each detail whimsical, myth-based stories, and our telltale siren can be found in the nymph Aegle, water, and Pan

III. Egle

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:
Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.
E in te ristretta con le mani pure
Come le pure fonti della vita,
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita
Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.
E a te candida e bionda tra li ninfe,
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,

III. Aegle

The forest is heavy with leaves and fruit,
The brooks are shimmering in daisy and sapphire:
Under the green arches a lonely soul
Circles pale flames in hidden dances.
And with quiet intensity and hands as pure
As the pure fountains of life itself,
Veiled in clothes of sun and shadow
You dance, Aegle, with spiritless steps.
And toward you, white and blonde among
the nymphs,
Merrily dancing like fluttering leaves,
Under the secret shadows of the leaves,

Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,
Perle squillanti e liquido ametista
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.

IV. Acqua

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,
Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,
Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e sublùdii
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.
Acqua, e, lung'hessi i calami volubili
Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,
Tu che con modi labii deduci
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

V. Crepuscolo

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace
Pan. Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppo pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.

Where the most restless spirit saddens,
In translucent pearl and liquid amethyst
Flows the raw rapture of the amber.

IV. Water

Water, once again your mellow flute
Plays to me your varying song,
Whose notes seem like the smell of
mushrooms,
Of moss and of sleek, silken maiden-hair,
So that along all the tiny streams
That refresh the lonely places,
Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples
With the jewels of serene music.
Water, while along your banks the
whispering reeds
Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Flickering longer shadows in the light,
You wind your fleeting way, seeing
On my brooding forehead and on each of the
leaves
The passing shadows of clouds.

V. Twilight

In the abandoned garden, now the greedy
moss
Fights with the ivy for every nook and
cranny,
And in the sparse cluster of cypresses,
Sleeping in the womb of ancient peace
Lies Pan. On the vast marble statue,
Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,
Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.
God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your old
age:
Your fountain is dry forever.

Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal
monte...

The day dies, and through the vast restless
shade
A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the
mountains.

Wolfgang A. Mozart and the French Art Song

Perhaps the most beloved composer of all time, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was an anomaly in every sense of the word. A child prodigy, young Mozart composed his first opera at the age of twelve years old, and he later established himself as the foremost opera composer of the Classical Era. The man had an uncanny ability to write music in its most perfect form, which may be the reason why his operas and art songs remain so popular to this day. Mozart primarily set his music to Italian or German. You may notice that the two art songs programmed here are in French; they are also Mozart's only French compositions. In his lifetime, Mozart was constantly plagued by financial hardship, and in early 1777, he lost his position in Salzburg. Thereafter, he received encouragement from family and mentors to pursue a career in Paris where he could potentially become a wealthy celebrity. This influence led to the creation of his two French compositions, "Oiseaux, si tous les ans" and "Dans un bois solitaire et sombre." Both contain flirtatious and mischievous stories of love, something the spritely Mozart would find relevant that year as he bounced from woman to woman. His effortlessly elegant compositions provide the perfect musical setting to underscore the French texts by poets Antoine Houdart Ferrand and Antoine Houdar de la Motte.

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

Oiseaux, si tous les ans
Vous quittez nos climats,
Dès que le triste hiver
Dépouille nos bocages;
Ce n'est pas seulement
Pour changer de feuillages,
Et pour éviter nos frimats;
Mais votre destinée
Ne vous permet d'aimer,
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.
Et quand elle est passée,
Vous la cherchez ailleurs,
Afin d'aimer toute l'année..

You birds, so every year
you leave/change your climates
as soon as the sad winter
strips our groves.
It isn't solely
for a change of foliage
or to avoid our foggy winter weather.
But your destiny
simply doesn't allow you to enjoy love
beyond the season of flowers.
For when she (springtime) is gone,
you look for another place
to make an end of love every year.

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.

In a lonely and somber forest
I walked the other day;
A child slept in the shade,
It was a veritable Cupid.

J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier ;
Il avait les traits d'une ingrante,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

I approach; his beauty fascinates me.
But I must be careful:
He has the traits of the faithless maiden
Whom I had sworn to forget.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi frais que le sien,
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille ;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

He had lips of ruby,
His complexion was also fresh like hers.
A sigh escapes me and he awakes;
Cupid wakes at nothing.

Aussitôt déployant ses aîles
Et saisissant son arc vengeur,
L'une de ses flèches, cruelles
En partant, il me blesse au cœur.

Immediately opening his wings and seizing
His vengeful bow
And one of his cruel arrows as he parts,
He wounds me to the heart.

Va ! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler !
Tu l'aimeras toute la vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

"Go!" he says, "Go! At Sylvie's feet
Will you languish anew!
You shall love her all your life,
For having dared awaken me."

Six Elizabethan Songs

Dominick Argento's primary inspiration for composing this song cycle came from the influence of the prominent English Renaissance composer and lutenist John Dowland. While Argento himself was both American and a late 20th - 21st century composer, he captured the essence of the English Renaissance musical time period through setting each song to the poetry of different Elizabethan era authors such as William Shakespeare, Henry Constable, Thomas Nash, and Samuel Daniel. The version we will perform today is scored for voice and piano, which aligns best with the performance practice of Dowland's time where a single person would sing and accompany themselves on lute or a similar instrument. There is, however, another arrangement of this song cycle which includes a setting for a Baroque ensemble accompanying the voice. Argento's artistic decision to elicit the English Renaissance through modern musical mannerisms creates an anachronistic effect, and much like the song of a siren, one cannot help but become enraptured by this unique musical world.

I. Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

II. Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

III. Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV. Dirge

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

V. Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets incloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king, --
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Fiançailles pour rire

“Fiançailles pour rire” literally translates to “Betrothal for Laughs,” and this title is quite on the nose for composer Francis Poulenc at the time of composition. Poulenc remains one of the most important early 20th century French composers, particularly of sacred music. His works rejected the popular French Impressionist movement and explored elements of pandiatonicism similar to his contemporary Stravinsky. He was quite prolific in French art song, and this song cycle in particular may be his most popular for the treble voice. Poulenc set his music to the poetry of Marie Louise Lévêque de Vilmorin. Written in 1939 during the absence of Poulenc’s lover, many of the themes in this song cycle relate to the ephemeral nature of love, both in entertaining and serious contexts, and Poulenc’s state of mind regarding his own love affairs is apparent in the musical and textual settings of the work. Of course, these flighty ideas connect well to the siren and her purpose. Poulenc’s music underscores these romantic musings with a distinctly French tonal atmosphere.

III. Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.

– Mais où est le corbeau? – Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

III. Stealing away

The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table –
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.

But where's the crow? Stealing away on its
wing.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle-players
Pass the time playing game after game.

But where's my lover? Stealing away on his
wing.

I've a stealer for a lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.

But where is happiness? Stealing away on
its wing.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn't care for me.

But where can love be? Stealing away on its
wing.

Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring me back my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.

I want my stealer to steal me.

V. Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

VI. Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours
fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la
cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

V. Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit

VI. Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your
arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

Hugo Alfvén and the Swedish Art Song

Upon the recommendation of Professor Twyla Robinson, I began a journey through the musical world of Swedish Art song. I come from a family with deep Scandinavian roots, and something about this music lit up my senses. This music is unlike anything I had heard before, clearly underrepresented in the Western musical sphere, but I knew for that reason I had to include these pieces in this recital. Hugo Alfvén was one of the most prominent Swedish composers of his time. Based in Stockholm, he worked with the Royal Opera as a violinist and later became a conductor in conjunction with his compositional pursuits. His music can be best described as late-Romantic in nature with similarities to Strauss. The most notable aspect of his works can be attributed to their programmatic qualities, meaning that he sought to produce imagery and storylines in his music. Most often, Alfvén illustrated the Swedish landscape through his music. The two pieces programmed on this recital clearly evoke different natural aspects of Swedish scenery, and the idea of nature's force and power creates a siren-like effect in this set.

Pioner

Det dofter mull,
och parkens blomster
blunda i salighet
då regnets droppar flöda.
Men liksom trötta snyder,
tung, dystra,
osläckligt flammande pioner glöda.

Och medan än som brustna
purpurtoner i svarta mullen
lösa blomblad dala,
ensamt och gällt
som eviga passioner
pionerna i aftondimma tala.

Skogen sover

Skogen sover.
Strimman på fästet flämtar matt.
Dagen vakar i juninatt.
Tystnat har nyss hennes muntra skratt,
redan hon sover.
Vid hennes sida jag stum mig statt.
Kärleken vakar över sin skatt,
kärleken vakar i juninatt.

Peonies

A scent of earth,
And all the flowers in the park
Shut their eyes in bliss
When raindrops flooded fall.
But like tired sins,
Heavy, laden,
Unquenchably brightly blazing peonies
flame.

And while yet like broken
Purple notes in black soil
Single petals tumble,
Lonely and loudly
Like eternal passions
The peonies in the evening fog declaim.

The forest sleeps

The forest sleeps.
A streak of light flickers in the firmament.
The day keeps vigil in the June night.
Her merry laughter has just fallen silent,
already she is asleep.
I silently lay by her side.
Love keeps vigil over its treasure,
Love keeps vigil in the June night.

Canciones amatorias

Enrique Granados Campiña was a leading Spanish composer and concert pianist in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, most notable for his operas and vocal compositions. His works can be described as late-Romantic with Spanish nationalist elements. First premiered in 1913, *Canciones amatorias* was written for and debuted by Catalan soprano Conchita Badía, though it remains in obscurity compared to some of Granados's more popular works. Like the Argento set, Granados selected Renaissance poetry to underscore his music, but the three pieces included here do not have a known author. Similarly, Argento strives to evoke sounds of the Renaissance era through the piano, which mimics the lute or vihuela. While this song cycle contains a clear Spanish nationalist sound, Granados champions a timelessness to these pieces with references to the Renaissance. Myth, mischief, and love play integral roles in these works, and the emblematic siren makes her return through these various thematic motifs.

II. Mañanica era

Mañanica era, mañana
de San Juan I se decía al fin,
cuando aquella diosa Venus
dentro de un fresco jardín
tomando estaba la fresca
a la sombra de un jazmín,
cabellos en su cabeza,
parecía un serafín.
Sus mejillas y sus labios
como color de rubí
y el objeto de su cara
figuraba un querubín;
allí de flores floridas
hacía un rico cojín,
de rosas una guirnalda
para el que venía a morir,
¡ah!, lealmente por amores
sin a nadie descubrir.

IV. Mira que soy niña, ¡amor, déjame!

Mira que soy niña, ¡Amor, déjame!
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!

Paso, amor, no seas a mi gusto extraño,
no quieras mi daño
pues mi bien deseas;
basta que me veas
sin llegárteme.
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!

No seas agora, por ser atrevido;
sé agradecido Ah!
con la que te adora,
que así se desdora
mi amor y tu fe.
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!
Mira que soy niña ...

II. It was daybreak

It was daybreak - the morning
of Saint John dawned at last,
when that goddess Venus
in a cool garden
was taking in the air
beneath the shade of jasmine;
with her hair
she resembled a seraph.
Her cheeks and lips
the colour of ruby,
and the expression on her face
seemed that of a cherub.
From blossoming flowers
she fashioned a rich cushion,
a garland of roses
for one who came to die
loyally for a love
without revealing it to anyone

IV. Look, I'm just a girl. My love, leave Me!

Look, I'm just a girl. My love, leave me!
Ay, ay, ay, I'll die!

Pass me by, my love, don't just be a rare
fancy of mine,
don't wish me pain
while wishing me well;
just look at me
without getting too close.
Ay, ay, ay, I'll die!

Don't be daring with me;
be gracious (Ah!)
to the one who adores you,
if you don't want to betray
my love and your faith.
Ay, ay, ay, I'll die!
See, I'm just a girl

V. No lloréis, ojuelos

No lloréis, ojuelos,
porque no es razón
que llore de celos
quien mata de amor.
Quien puede matar
no intente morir,
si hace con reír
más que con llorar.
No lloréis ojuelos,
porque no es razón
que llore de celos
quien mata de amor

V. Don't cry, little eyes

Don't cry little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love.
She who can kill
should not seek to die,
if she can do more with laughter
than with tears.
Don't cry, little eyes,
for it is not right
to cry with jealousy
if you kill with love

Olivier Messiaen and “Vocalise - Étude”

Olivier Messiaen was one of the most important composers of the 20th century. An organist and Frenchman, he pioneered a system called the “modes of limited transposition,” which centered the scale and mode of a work in relation to symmetry and intervallic content. In layman's terms, his music is complex and not intuitive. In some ways, his music belongs to a style entirely its own, though he did dabble in influences from serialism and international music like Japanese pentatonicism and Indonesian gamelan. You may wonder why there is no translation included for this piece. A “Vocalise” can be sung on any single syllable or vowel. This allows a singer to focus on their timbral quality and agility within the work rather than the text. I have chosen to sing this on an “ah,” and my hope is that Messiaen’s music provides the underscoring for a mermaid-like lullaby as we bid farewell to a night of siren songs.