



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Katie Schulte, soprano**  
**Elijah Ong, piano**

November 17, 2024

2 pm

Robert Carr Chapel

### **Program**

**Vedrai, carino**  
**from *Don Giovanni***

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

**Per la più vaga e bella**

Francesca Caccini  
(1587-1637)

**Au bord de l'eau**

Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875-1947)

**I'm Not Afraid of Anything**  
**from *Songs for a New World***

Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

**Selections from *Hermit Songs***  
**1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**  
**5. The Crucifixion**  
**8. The Monk and His Cat**  
**10. The Desire for Hermitage**

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

**You Don't Know This Man**  
from *Parade*

Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

**Till There Was You**  
from *The Music Man*

Meredith Wilson  
(1902-1984)

Katie Schulte is a student of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred.  
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.  
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

**“Vedrai, carino” from *Don Giovanni*****Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

Born in 1756 in Salzburg, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was a prolific musician and composer. During his lifetime, he composed more than 800 works, ranging from operas to sacred music. *Don Giovanni* is an opera written in 1787, just four years before Mozart’s death in 1791. *Don Giovanni* is about the arrogant Don Giovanni and his self-fulfilling adventures. “Vedrai, carino” is sung by Zerlina, a peasant woman who is engaged to Masetto, one of Don Giovanni’s enemies. Masetto gets beat up with Don Giovanni in an effort to kill him. Zerlina comes to Masetto’s aid in “Vedrai, carino” to help heal him with a kiss. The playful nature of the piece depicts Zerlina’s flirtation.

Vedrai, carino, se sei buonino,  
Che bel rimedio ti voglio dar!

You-will-see, dear-one, if you-will-be very-good,  
What-a beautiful cure to-you I-want to-give!

È naturale, non da disgusto,  
E lo speziale non lo sa far. No!

It-is natural not give bad-taste,  
And the apothecary not it knows to-make. No!

È un certo balsamo ch’io porto addosso  
Dare tel posso, se il vuoi provar.

It-is a certain balm that-I carry on-me,  
give -it to-you I-can, if it you-want to-try.

Saper vorresti dove mi sta?  
Sentilo battere, toccami qua

To-know want-you where on-me it-is?  
Feel-it beating, touch-me here!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

**“Per la piú vaga e bella”****Francesca Caccini**

Francesca Caccini, born in 1587 in Florence, Italy, grew up surrounded by music. She learned to play keyboard, Spanish guitar, lute, harp, theorbo, and viola. Caccini was named the best singer in the country by Henri IV, the King of France. Caccini joined the Medici court shortly after and became the highest paid musician in the court. “Per la piú vaga e bella” is a song about overwhelming love, revealing that love can both cause pain and happiness. However, in the end, happiness prevails over the pain caused by love.

Per la piú vaga e belle terrena stella,  
Che oggi oscuri di Febo i raggi d’oro,

For the most charming and lovely terrestrial star,  
That today may-obscure of Phoebus the rays of-gold,

Mio core ardeva; Amor rideva,  
Vago di rimirare il mio martoro.

My heart was-burning; Love/Cupid was-laughing,  
Desirous to observe-with-satisfaction they my torment,

Ma d’avermi schernito, tosto pentito,  
Con la pietà di lei mi sana il petto.

But of-having-me mocked, soon repented,  
With the pity of her for-me heals the heart.

Ond’io fo fede, a chi nol crede,  
Che Amore è solo il dio d’ogni diletto.

therefore-I provide proof, for whomever not it-believes,  
That Love/Cupid is alone the god of-every delight.

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

**“Au bord de l’eau”****Gabriel Fauré**

At the age of nine, Gabriel Fauré was sent to a music college in Paris to be a choirmaster and church organist. He started his career as an organist and piano teacher but wrote many pieces for voice and piano. A late-Romantic composer, Fauré explored flowing melodic lines and themes of nature. “Au bord de l’eau” starts with a tranquil scene of a stream, clouds, and smoke from a house. However, not even the beauty of nature can take the narrator’s attention away from the love she has for the person she is spending this time with.

S’asseoir tous deux au bord d’un flot qui passe, Le voir passer,	To-sit together at-the edge of stream that passes (by), It to-see pass (by),
Tous deux s’il glisse un nuage en l’espace, Le voir glisser, À l’horizon s’il fume un toit de chaume,	Together if-it glides a cloud in the-space, It to-see glide, On the-horizon if it smokes a rooftop of thatch,
Le voir fumer, Aux alentours sil quelque fleur embaume, S’en embaumer,	It-to-see it-smoke; In-the surrounding-area if some flower spreads-fragrance, In-it we-are-made-fragrant;
Entendre au pied du saule où l’eau murmure, L’eau murmurer	To-hear at-the foot of-the willow where the-water murmurs, The-water murmuring;
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure Le temps durer. Mais n’apportant de passion profonde Qu’à s’adorer,	Not to-feel so-long as this dream lasts The time’s duration. But, not-giving of passion deep But-to each-other-adore,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde, Les ignorer;	Without any concert for-the quarrels of-the world, Them to ignore;
Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse, Sans se lasser,	And alone together before all that which grows-weary, Without oneself to-grow-weary,
Sentir l’amour devant tout se qui passe Ne point passer!	To-feel that-love before all that which passes-away Not ever pass-away!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop***“Si mes vers avaient des ailes”****Reynaldo Hahn**

Born in Caracas, Venezuela, Reynaldo Hahn and his family moved to Paris during his early years. Hahn joined the *fin de siècle* French society, a late-Romantic idea of pessimism shortly after the composition of “Si mes vers avaient des ailes”. Set to a poem by Victor Hugo, “Si mes vers avaient des ailes” was the composition that launched

Hahn's success, at the age of thirteen. The constant arpeggios throughout the song resemble how love never stops. The singer talks of their own poetry, and how it would be able to "fly" to their recipient due to their never-ending love.

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,  
Ver votre jardin si beau,

My verses would-flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so fair,

Se mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'oiseau!

If my verses had [the] wings,  
Like (a)-bird!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,  
Vers votre foyer qui rit,

They would-fly, sparks,  
To your hearth, which laugh.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'esprit.

If my verses had [the] wings,  
Like the-mind.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,  
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,

Close to you, pure and faithful,  
They would-hasten, night and day,

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Comme l'amour!

If my verses had [the] wings,  
Like Cupid!

*Translation by Bard Suverkrop*

### **"I'm Not Afraid of Anything" from *Songs for a New World* Jason Robert Brown**

Jason Robert Brown grew up in New York City, and his work expresses his pop-rock and musical theater influences. *Songs for a New World* was Brown's first produced show, which premiered Off-Broadway in 1995. The work is described as a theatrical song cycle, as it was made from various compositions written for other purposes. The theme of the theatrical song cycle is "the moment of decision", which is clearly characterized in "I'm Not Afraid of Anything". "I'm Not Afraid of Anything" is about a young woman reflecting on the fears of those she loves, and how they have affected her. She decides that she will not let others control her own actions.

Jennie's afraid of water  
I mean, she swims so well, but still  
She's afraid of water  
So she won't go near the sea...  
Not me.

I'm not afraid of anything  
Be it growing old or going out of style  
I'm not afraid of anything  
Who would give up what they want  
without a trial?  
Another mile!  
I'm not afraid!

And Katie's afraid of darkness  
I mean, she sleeps and all, but still,  
She's afraid of darkness  
So when the lights are out, she has to hold  
my hand  
I don't understand.

And I feel the calling of adventure  
And I hear the ringing in my ear  
The lights are glaring, trumpets blaring  
I'm right here  
And I hear the calling of tomorrow  
And I feel the stirring in my bones

I'm not afraid of anything  
Be it mountains, water, dragons, dark or  
sky

I'm not afraid of anything  
Tell me, where's the challenge if you  
never try?  
So watch me fly!  
I'm not afraid.

Daddy's afraid of babies  
I mean, he got through me, but now,  
He's afraid of babies  
Guess he's scared of what they'll be  
Not me.  
And Mama's afraid of crying  
You know, she tries to hold it in  
She's afraid of crying.  
And she can look at me with tears stuck in  
her eye  
And I don't know why

And David loves me...  
He's afraid to hold me.

Listen to the calling of excitement  
Can you feel the pounding of my heart?  
The lights are ready, pulses steady  
I can start!  
Never stop the calling of the challenge  
Blessing on the water and the stones  
David loves me – he's afraid to tell me  
David loves me – he's afraid to trust me  
He's afraid to hold me  
And he'll always be...  
He's afraid of me...

And I'm not afraid of anyone!  
I am sure to win with anyone at all  
I'm not afraid of anyone  
Not a soul alive who can get behind this  
wall  
So let them call  
And watch them fall  
'Cause after all...  
I'm not afraid.

### ***Hermit Songs***

**Samuel Barber**

Samuel Barber, born in 1910, was a highly celebrated composer of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Two-thirds of his compositions are vocal, as Barber wrote many art songs, choral music, and songs for orchestra and voice. Written in 1953, *Hermit Songs* is a song cycle based on anonymous poems by Irish monks from the 8<sup>th</sup> to the 13<sup>th</sup> centuries. With a total of ten songs in the cycle, *Hermit Songs* reveals the life led by the monks who wrote the poems.

Beginning with "At Saint Patrick's Purgatory", the narrator is taking a pilgrimage to Loch Dreg, which is a place of penance in Ireland. The narrator begs for pity from God as he travels to find forgiveness amidst his spiritual struggles. The next song chosen is "The Crucifixion", which reflects the morning before Christ's crucifixion. The narrator explains that while Christ was suffering, nothing was greater than the suffering of Mary, His Mother. The third selection is "The Monk and His Cat", which tells of the playful relationship between a monk and his feline friend. Much of the monk's life is alone, but he finds peace in his companionship with the cat. The last piece, and final song in the cycle is "Desire for Hermitage", which discusses the turmoil of the life of a monk, and the finality of death.

**1. “At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory”**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O king of the churches and the bells  
Bewailing your sores and your wounds

But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!

Pity me, O King!  
What should I do with a heart that seems only  
its own ease?

O only begotten Son by whom all men were  
made,  
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

*Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin*

**8. “The Monk and His Cat”**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me, study.

Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.

You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.

Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;

Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are,  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

*Translated by W.H. Auden*

**5. “The Crucifixion”**

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!

Never shall lament cease because of  
that.  
It was like the parting of day from  
night.

Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary’s Son,

But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

*Translated by Howard Mumford Jones*

**10. “The Desire for Hermitage”**

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell  
With nobody near me;

Beloved that pilgrimage before the  
Last pilgrimage to Death.

Singing the passing hours to cloudy  
Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread and water from  
the cold spring.

That will be an end to evil when I am  
alone  
In a lovely little corner among tombs  
Far from the houses of the great.

Ah! To be a alone in a little cell, to be  
alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
Alone I shall go from it.

*Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin*

**“You Don’t Know This Man” from *Parade***

**Jason Robert Brown**

Another work by Jason Robert Brown, *Parade* is a musical about the trial of Leo Frank, a Jewish factory manager, who was accused of murdering one of his young employees. Set in 1913, “You Don’t Know This Man” is sung by Leo’s wife Lucille, who is confronting reporter Britt Craig. Craig wants to capitalize on the trial, and has no sympathy for Lucille or her situation.

You don’t know this man,  
You don’t know a thing,

You come here with these horrifying  
stories,  
These contemptible conceits, and you say  
you understand how a man’s heart beats,  
But you don’t know a thing!

You don’t know this man,  
You don’t even try,

When a man writes his mother every  
Sunday,  
Pays his bills before they’re due,  
Works so hard to feed his family, there’s  
your murderer for you,

And you stand there spitting words that  
you know aren’t true,  
And you don’t know this man,

I don’t think you could,  
You don’t have the right to know,  
A man as wise and good,  
He is a decent man,  
He is an honest man,

And you don’t know, and you never will.  
Not from me, not from anyone who  
knows him, not a morsel, not a crumb,  
not a clue,

I have nothing more to say to you.

**“Till There Was You” from *The Music Man***

**Meredith Wilson**

*The Music Man*, a musical written in 1957 by Meredith Wilson, tells the story of con man Harold Hill, who promises to train a band but instead plans to take their money and run. Marian, a librarian and piano teacher, sees the good in Harold, as he helps her brother gain self-confidence. “Till There Was You” is a song about finding love, and the difference a person can make in one’s life.

There were bells on the hill,  
But I never heard them ringing.  
No, I never heard them at all,  
Till there was you.

There were birds in the sky,  
But I never saw them winging.  
No I never saw them at all,  
Till there was you.

And there was music  
And there were wonderful roses,  
They tell me,  
In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.

There was love all around,  
But I never heard it singing.  
No, I never heard it at all,  
Till there was you.

There was love all around,  
But I never heard it singing.  
No, I never heard it at all,  
Till there was you.