



School

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**The University of Washington
School of Music**

presents

C 443
1998
2-28

Amy Cheifetz
soprano

and

Robert Huw Morgan
piano

in a

Doctor of Musical Arts Recital

**University of Washington
School of Music
Brechemin Auditorium
Saturday, February 28, 1998
8:00 pm**

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the
ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of the event:
543-6450 (voice), 543-6452 (tty), 685-3885 (FAX)

- I. Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen, D.239 Franz Schubert
 Nacht und Träume, D.827 (1797-1828)
 Die Männer sind méchant, D.866
 Rastlose Liebe, D.138
- II. La zingara (1842) Gaetano Donizetti
 Ma rendi pur contento (1829) Vincenzo Bellini
 L'orgia (1835) Gioacchino Rossini
 (1797-1848)
 (1801-1835)
 (1792-1868)
- III. Den första kysen op.37 no.1 Jean Sibelius
 Men min fogel märks dock icke op.36 no.2 (1865-1957)
 Säf, säf, susa op.36 no.4
 Flickan kom ifran sin älsklings möte op.37 no.5
 Svarta rosor op.36 no.1

A
 B
 -Intermission-

- IV. Chanson triste (1868) Henri Duparc
 Extase (1874) (1848-1933)
 L'invitation du voyage (1870)
- V. Poema en forma de canciones Op.17 Joaquin Turina
 1. Dedicatoria (1882-1949)
 2. Nunca olvida
 3. Cantares
 4. Los dos miedos
 5. Las locas por amor
- VI. The Bird John Duke
 The Mountains are Dancing (1899-1984)
 i carry your heart

Amy Cheifetz is a student of Julian Patrick
 This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
 Doctor of Musical Arts in Vocal Performance

Notes and Translations

I. Schubert Lieder

Franz Schubert was the father of the Romantic German Lied. His over six hundred songs completely explore the possibilities of the song genre. They range from strophic songs of pure and beautiful simplicity to dramatic scenes. The four songs presented here exemplify that diversity. I begin with *Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen*, Claudine's arietta from, "Claudine von Villa Bella," a three act play by Goethe written in 1815. The alternation between major and minor is the perfect setting for the ambivalent text; love is easy to find, but it is fidelity that you must search for. *Nacht und Träume* creates a hypnotic dream world where the voice floats ever so softly in long, arching phrases above the undulating piano part that is set entirely in the bass range. The third piece, *Die Männer sind méchant*, is from a group of mildly risqué refrain songs that Schubert wrote in the last year of his life. A girl regales her mother with a detailed account of her straying lover in a rather mock-tragic A minor. Finally, *Rastlose Liebe* is truly a restless, breathless rush of emotions. The song's high tessitura contributes to the urgency and distress of the text's message: love is relentless in its pursuit and will never leave you in peace.

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen (Love swarms on all paths) [Ariette der Claudine] - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Love swarms on all paths,
 Fidelity lives for itself alone;
 Love comes swiftly towards you,
 but you must seek out fidelity.

Nacht und Träume (Night and Dreams) - Matthäus von Collin

Holy night, gently you descend; down float also the dreams,
 like your moonlight through space, through the quiet hearts of men.
 They listen with joy; and when day awakens, they cry:
 Return, holy night! Sweet dreams return!

Die Männer sind méchant! (Men are a bad lot!) - Johann Gabriel Seidl

You told me so, mother: he's a flighty youth!
 I wouldn't believe you until I tormented myself sick!
 Yes, yes, now it is true; I had misjudged him!
 You told me so, oh mother: - "Men are a bad lot!"

Yesterday in the bushes outside the village, as twilight quietly was falling,
 There was a rustling: "Good evening!" A rustling: "Many thanks!"
 I stole close by and listened: I stood as if rooted to the spot:
 it was he with another. - "Men are a bad lot!"

Oh mother, what torment! It must stop, it must!
 It didn't stop just at a rustling, it didn't stop just at a greeting.
 From greeting it went to a kiss, from a kiss to a squeeze of the hand,
 from a squeeze- ah, mother dear! - "Men are a bad lot!"

encom - Les filles de Cadix by Delibes

Rastlose Liebe (Restless Love) - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Into snow and rain, against the wind,
in the steam of the ravines, through mist-vapors
ever onwards! without rest or peace!

I would rather make my way through suffering
than endure so many of life's joys.

All this aching of heart for heart,
ah, how strangely grief works!
How shall I fly? Towards the forest? All in vain!
Crown of life, happiness without peace, love are you!

II. Songs by Bel Canto Opera Composers

Everyone knows the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini, but few know that they all wrote a large number of *composizione da camera*, songs that were a mix of folksong and opera aria styles that were intended for private performance in intimate salon settings. Donizetti's *La zingara* is a sprightly and dramatic portrait of a young gypsy girl. It bears a striking resemblance to Norina's final rondo which concludes "Don Pasquale." *Ma rendi pur contento* has the same languorous, bittersweet lyricism of Bellini's opera arias, only in miniature. Most of Rossini's songs were written after 1830, when he stopped composing operas. *L'orgia* comes from his "Serate musicali", published in 1835. Rossini claimed these pieces were only tossed-off trifles, but they are much more than that. This piece celebrates wine, women, and song with boisterous, jubilant, full-blooded music for both singer and pianist.

La zingara (The Gypsy) - Carlo Guaita

The gypsy. The gypsy.
Among the grasses sprinkled with frozen dew,
covered only by the great mantle of heaven,
my exulted mother gave me life.
As a girl, on the hillsides I followed the goats;
through villages and towns, now grown-up, I dance,
the ladies stretch out their palms to me.
La ra la ra ah! The gypsy, the gypsy.
I predict for them unknown things,
either causing pain or causing delight,
I've known secrets of disdain and of love.
La ra la ra ah! The gypsy, the gypsy.
One day a young man gave me his hand;
but I had never seen a more handsome young man;
oh! that I might read his heart in his right hand!
The gypsy ah! ah! ah! si!

Ma rendi pur contento (But please return happiness) - Metastasio

But please return happiness to the heart of my darling
and I will forgive, love, that the joy is not mine.
His troubles worry me more than my own troubles
because I live more in him than I live in myself.

L'orgia (The Orgy) - Carlo Pepoli

Let's love, let's sing of ladies and liquor,
life is agreeable between Bacchus and Amor!
If I have love in my heart, and wine in my head,
what joy, what a party, what pleasant passion!
Loving, joking, drinking liquor,
inflames me, and saves me from boredom and sorrow.
Let's sing... Life is agreeable between Bacchus and Amor!
Let's dance, let's sing, let's raise a glass,
let's laugh, let's defy sad thoughts,
loving, joking, drinking liquor,
inflames me, and saves me from boredom and sorrow...
let's sing, let's laugh, let's sing, let's laugh,
life is agreeable between Bacchus and Amor!

Queen, divine mother of Love, joyously renew every heart...
Leaping, sparkling, boiling with life is the divine wine,
lord of the world...
Now I dance, I stagger, what smell, what vapor!
So drink, drink again with holy furor.
Let's sing... Life is complete between Bacchus and Amor!
Hooray, hooray for ladies and liquor!
Now I dance, I stagger, what smell, what vapor!
So drink, drink again with holy furor.
let's sing, let's laugh, let's sing, let's laugh,
life is complete between Bacchus and Amor!

III. Sibelius Songs

Jean Sibelius is best known for his orchestral works, especially his symphonies. However, his large numbers of *romans* (the Swedish equivalent of the *Lied* or *mélodie*) should not be overlooked. They are extraordinarily rich works that are all linked by their highly developed feeling for the northern landscape and its desolate melancholy and grandeur. These five songs reflect those qualities. I selected these pieces especially because all the poetry is written from a woman's perspective, told with a woman's voice. This offers a unique expressive and artistic opportunity for a female singer such as myself, since most song texts tend to be from a man's point of view. They are all very moving, dramatic, and operatic outpourings of emotion, dealing with love and loss. The opening piece, *Den första kyssten*, begins innocently and sweetly, but turns menacing at the end. This sets the stage for the following four songs that grow progressively more dark and depressing. The third and fourth songs are personal tragedies told in miniature; *Säf, säf, susa* explains and describes the drowning of the beautiful Ingalill, and *Flickan kom ifran sin älsklings möte* is similar in story but immensely different in sentiment to the Schubert song, *Die Männer sind méchant*. Here, instead of lighthearted bitterness, there is passionate love and heartbreaking grief. Finally, *Svarta rosor*, perhaps Sibelius' most popular song, ends the set with a desperate and impassioned cry. A note about the language; most of Sibelius' songs are to Swedish texts, despite his Finnish heritage. Swedish was the language of the educated classes in Finland, and it was the language he grew up with as a child. Most of the inspiration for his songs sprang from Swedish lyric poetry, especially the works of J.L. Runeberg.

Den första kyssten (The First Kiss) - J.L. Runeberg

The evening star sat on the edge of a silver cloud.
From the dusk of the grove a maiden asked her:
Tell me, evening star, what is thought in heaven
when the first kiss is given to a lover?

And heaven's shy daughter was heard to reply:
The angelic host of light looks down onto the earth
and it sees its own joy reflected;
only death turns its eyes aside and weeps.

Men min fogel märks dock icke (But my bird is long in homing) - J.L.

Runeberg

The swan is mirrored already in the bay.
the ducks' wings are beating, the lark is heard aloft,
the call of the curlew re-echoes,
the hordes of spring are gathering;
Spring is regaining its flocks of birds,
awaiting them with sunshine and warmth,
enticing them with long days.

And I, poor maiden, envy them;
I try to dispel the darkness of loss,
to encourage the warmth in my soul;
I wish to be as friendly as the spring, as light as a summer day.
And I am joyful, though sorrow gnaws,
I smile, though a tear is in my eye,
but my bird is long in homing.

Säf, säf, susa (Sigh, rushes, sigh) - Gustaf Fröding

Sigh, rushes sigh, beat waves, beat,
Are you telling me what befell young Ingalill?
She cried like a wounded duck when she sank into the lake,
last year when spring was green.

They were jealous of her at Östanålid,
she took that very badly.
They were jealous of her belongings,
her gold and of her young love.

They stuck a thorn into a jewel,
they threw dirt into a lily's dew.
So sing, sing your sorrowful song, you melancholy waves,
Sigh, rushes, sigh, beat, waves, beat!

Flickan kom ifran sin älsklings möte (The Tryst) - J.L. Runeberg

The girl came from her lover's tryst, she came with red hands.

Her mother said: Why are your hands red, daughter?

The girl said: I have been picking roses,
and I pricked my hands on the thorns.

Again she returned from her lover's tryst, she came with red lips.

Her mother said: Why are your lips red, daughter?

The girl said: I have been eating raspberries,
and colored my lips with their juice.

Again she returned from her lover's tryst, she came with pale cheeks.

Her mother said: Why are your cheeks pale, daughter?

The girl said: Prepare a grave, o Mother!

Hide me there, and place a cross above it, and on the cross, carve what I tell you:

Once she came home with red hands;
for they had reddened between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips;
For they had reddened under her lover's lips.
Finally she came home with pale cheeks;
For they had paled through her lover's infidelity.

Svarta rosor (Black Roses) - Ernst Josephson

Tell me, why are you so sad today,
you who are always so happy and joyful?
I am no more sorrowful today
than when I found you happy and joyful
for sorrow has night-black roses.

A rose tree is growing in my heart
which will never leave me in peace,
thorn upon thorn grows on its stems
causing me perpetual pain and rancor;
for sorrow has night-black roses.

But it has a whole host of roses,
some as white as death, some as red as blood.
It grows and grows. I believe I shall faint away,
There is wrenching and throbbing in the roots;
for sorrow has night-black roses.

IV. Duparc Songs

Henri Duparc's international fame rests upon his output of only sixteen songs written between 1868 and 1884. But what amazing songs they are! The vocal line and the accompaniment are equally expressive and powerfully evocative. The music and poetry combine to create a sensuous world, full of yearning and mystery. *Chanson triste*, Duparc's very first song, is tender and sentimental, conveying the hope that love will cure all ills. *Extase* is a sensual, Wagnerian expression of desire, and yet it is an ecstasy of repose and fulfillment as well. *L'invitation du voyage* draws you in to Baudelaire's intoxicating paradise where all is "order, beauty, luxury, calm, and sensuous delight." A gently insistent accompaniment of oscillating chords accompanies the soaring vocal line, creating an irresistible allure.

Chanson triste (Sad Song) - Jean Lahor (or Henri Cazalis?)

In your heart sleeps moonlight, gentle summer moonlight,
and to flee life's troubles I will drown myself in your brightness.
I will forget past sorrows, my love,
when you cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calm of your arms!
You will place my sick head oh! sometimes on your knees,
and will tell it a ballad, a ballad that will seem to speak of us,
and in your eyes full of sadness,
in your eyes then I will drink so many kisses,
so much tenderness that perhaps I shall be healed.

Extase (Ecstasy) - Jean Lahor

On a pale lily my heart sleeps, a sleep sweet as death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed by the breath of the beloved...
On your pale breast my heart sleeps, a sleep sweet as death...

L'invitation du voyage (Invitation to a Voyage) - Charles Baudelaire

My child, my sister, dream of the sweetness
of going over yonder to live together, to love at leisure,
to love and to die in the land that resembles you!
The humid suns of these hazy skies
have for my spirit the charms so mysterious
of your betraying eyes shining through their tears.
There, all is order and beauty,
luxury, calm and sensuous delight.

See on these canals these ships that sleep
whose nature is to roam; it is to fulfil your least desire
that they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns clothe the fields,
the canals, the whole town, with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep in a warm light!
There, all is order and beauty, luxury, calm and sensuous delight.

V. *Poema en forma de canciones* - Ramon de Campoamor

Joaquin Turina, unlike his fellow composer and friend Manuel de Falla, did not wish to imitate folk music, but sought to incorporate his Spanish roots into standard European musical styles and forms. This work is a perfect example of that aim. Composed in 1917, *Poema en forma de canciones* is a late Romantic song cycle with Spanish color and flavor. The cycle is unified through its use of rhythms and textures which are all recognizable Spanish in origin. It opens with *Dedicatoria*, a piece for the piano alone that sets the mood for the songs that follow. The most famous song of the cycle, and the one that is separated for individual performance is *Cantares*. The reason for its popularity is its pronounced Spanish folksong style and flair. All the music has a subtle elegance and beauty that clothes the passionate texts.

Nunca olvida... (Never Forget...)

Now that I abandon this world, before accounting for myself to God,
here between us two I will give you my confession.
With all my soul I forgive even those I've always hated.
But to you, whom I loved so much, you I will never forgive!

Cantares (Song)

Ah! I feel you closer to me the more I flee from you
because your image is in me, a shadow of my thoughts.

Ah! Tell it to me again,
because yesterday I listened to you without hearing
and I looked at you without seeing. Ah!

Los dos miedos (The Two Fears)

At the beginning of the night that day, far from me, she said:
Why do you come so close? I am afraid of you.
And after the night had passed, close to me, she said:
Why do you move so far away from my side?
I am afraid without you!

Las locas por amor (Love-Crazed Women)

I will love you goddess Venus,
if you prefer, I will love you a long time and with tenderness.
And the goddess of Cythera* responded:
I prefer, like all women do,
that you love me briefly and with mad passion.
I will love you goddess Venus, I will love you!

* An island sacred to Venus

VI. Songs by John Duke

John Duke was one of the most prolific American composers of art songs in this century. He wrote more than two hundred songs, most of which are settings of American poets. Interesting to note, when looking for poetry to set, Duke looked for such things as singable phrases, stanzas which offer contrast of mood, open vowels at climatic points, and a variety of spoken rhythms. This explains why his songs seem to be a musical extension of the poetry, as well as why they are so lyrical and singer-friendly. *The Bird*, which was dedicated to Brazilian soprano Bidù Sayão (one of my singing idols), is a perfect example of the intimate and inseparable relationship between music and text in Duke's songs. As the poem builds in emotion, so does the music with sequences that ascend and crescendo. *The Mountains are Dancing* is a joyous celebration of love that blossoms as spring blooms. The setting is light and slightly breathless, propelled forward by the incessant arpeggios in the piano. And finally we come to the last song on the program, *i carry your heart*. I chose this piece to end my recital because of its beautiful text and the lovely music that expresses its potent message. It is an e.e. cummings sonnet that declares the poet's belief in love as a transforming and transfiguring force in the world. It is an affirmation of the power of love in one's life. As this is my last recital at the University of Washington, I felt it appropriate to end with a song that truly gives voice to my feelings for my mother and father, Joan and Howard Cheifetz, my teacher, Julian Patrick, and all my dear friends who make my life and work possible: I do carry you in my heart, always.

The Bird - Elinor Wylie

O clear and musical, Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall through the long night.
Bring me your song again, O dear delight!

O dear and comforting, Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing and the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again, O clearest voice!

The Mountains are Dancing - e.e. cummings
when faces called flowers float out of the ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having-
but keeping is downward and doubting and never
-it's april(yes, april;my darling)it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly,
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound
and wishing is having, and having is giving-
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense
-alive;we're alive,dear;it's(kiss me now)spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
(now the mountains are dancing,the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found
and having is giving and giving is living
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
-it's spring(all our night becomes day)o,it's spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea
(all the mountains are dancing;are dancing)

i carry your heart - e.e. cummings
i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)