



School  
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Music

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**The University of Washington  
School of Music**

presents

C 443  
1997  
5-3

**Amy Cheifetz**  
soprano

**Robert Huw Morgan, piano**

in a

**Doctor of Musical Arts Recital**

**University of Washington  
School of Music  
Brechemin Auditorium  
Saturday, May 3, 1997  
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 (TDD); 685-3885 (FAX);  
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Amy Cheifetz, soprano  
Robert Huw Morgan, piano

Notes and Translations

- I. Al desio di chi t'adora, K. 577 W.A Mozart  
(1756-91)
- II. from the *Spanisches Liederbuch* (1891) Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)  
Mögen alle bösen Zungen, no. 13  
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, no. 26  
In dem Schatten meiner Locken, no. 2  
Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!, no. 34
- III. Sérénade (1857) Charles Gounod  
(1818-93)
- Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (1866) Georges Bizet  
(1938-75)
- Chère nuit Alfred Bachelet  
(1864-1944)
- Les filles de Cadix (1863) Léo Delibes  
(1836-91)
- Intermission -
- IV. Opus 38 (1916) Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)  
1. In My Garden at Night  
2. To Her  
3. Daisies  
4. The Pied Piper  
5. Dream  
6. A-oo
- V. Cabaret Songs Benjamin Britten  
(1913-76)  
1. Tell Me the Truth About Love  
2. Funeral Blues  
3. Johnny  
4. Calypso

I. Al desio di chi t'adora - Lorenzo da Ponte

Mozart composed this rondó for the 1789 revival of *Le nozze di Figaro* for the soprano Adriana Ferrarese. "La Ferrarese" who created Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, was to play the part of Susanna and insisted that he replace the fourth act aria, "Deh vieni, non tardar," with an aria that more suited her talents. Not only did he oblige her with "Al desio di chi t'adora" for Act 4, he also added another aria in Act 2, "Un moto di gioia." Interestingly, he composed the new aria in the same pastoral key of F and kept within the same vocal range as "Deh vieni," even though the tone of the replacement with its long, elaborate runs and two-tempo form makes a thoroughly different impression than the original. Mozart may have been willing to change the aria, but not the larger dramatic-musical structure.

Come, fly, oh my hope, to the desire of she who adores you!  
I will die if you leave me still to sigh in vain.  
The promises, the vows, remember them, oh my treasure!  
And those moments of solace which Love made me hope for!  
Ah! I can no longer resist the passion which is burning in my heart.  
Let those who understand the pains of love have sympathy with my suffering!

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encore: I Love You Truly Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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

## II. Songs from the *Spanisches Liederbuch*

Hugo Wolf completed his Spanish Songbook in 1891; forty-four songs to texts from a collection of sixteenth and seventeenth century Spanish verses translated by Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel. It is divided into one book of sacred songs and three books of secular pieces. The four songs in this set are from the latter. They portray erotic love in its diverse moods and capture the passion of the Spanish spirit in the form of German Lieder.

*Mögen alle bösen Zungen* is a young woman's willful declaration of love for her lover, despite the disapproving gossips. You hear her mockery and coquetry throughout the piece in the playful, shifting rhythms of both the piano and voice. The mood changes drastically in *Bedeckt mich mit Blumen*. The heavy chromaticism and intertwining melodies of the voice and piano express the exquisite self-inflicted torture of love's yearning. *In dem Schatten meiner Locken* is light-hearted like *Mögen...* but is much more sensually mischievous. It is a tiny but perfect character sketch of a woman musing about her lover while he sleeps beside her. Interestingly, Wolf later incorporated this song into his opera, "Der Corregidor." Finally, there is the dramatic scena of illicit and passionate love, *Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!* This is the final piece, as well as the crowning glory, of the entire *Spanisches Liederbuch*. It is operatic in scope with its intense, urgent, emotional vocal lines and symphonic-like accompaniment. With these songs we see how Wolf condensed the dramatic intensity of the late nineteenth century into the form of the Lied, while perfectly capturing in music the many moods and psychological subtleties of the poems.

### **Mögen alle bösen Zungen**

May all evil tongues always say what they please;  
I return the love of him who loves me, and I love and am loved.  
Pitilessly your tongues whisper wicked, wicked words,  
but I know you only lust for innocent blood.  
Never will it trouble me, gossip as much as you want;  
I return the love of him who loves me, and I love and am loved.  
Slander comes only from those who know no kindness and affection,  
and no one wants or loves them.  
Therefore, the love that they despise gives me honor;  
I return the love of him who loves me, and I love and am loved.  
If I were made of stone or iron,  
you would insist that I turn away love's entreaties and caresses.  
But my little heart is unfortunately tender,  
as God makes a maiden's heart,  
I return the love of him who loves me, and I love and am loved.

### **Bedeckt mich mit Blumen**

Cover me with flowers, I am dying of love.  
So that the gently blowing breeze does not carry the sweet scent away,  
cover me!  
Are they not indeed the same, the breath of love or the scent of flowers.  
With jasmine and white lilies prepare my grave here, I am dying.  
And if you ask me, Of what? I say: Of the sweet torments of love.

### **In dem Schatten meiner Locken**

In the shadow of my locks my beloved fell asleep.  
Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!  
Carefully I comb my curly locks daily in the early morning,  
but all my trouble is in vain because the wind dishevels them.  
The shadow of my locks,  
the blustering wind, have lulled my dearest to sleep.  
Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!  
I have to hear how much I grieve him, how long he has languished,  
how these brown cheeks of mine  
give him life and take it away from him.  
And he calls me his serpent, and yet he fell asleep beside me.  
Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!

### **Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!**

Go, beloved, go now! See, the morning dawns.  
People already walk through the street, and the market begins to bustle,  
the pale morning already lifts its white wings.  
And I am afraid you will give the neighbors a shock;  
for they do not know how fervently I love you and you love me.  
Therefore, beloved, go now! See, the morning dawns.  
When the sun shining in the sky chases the clear pearls from the fields,  
I must also, weeping, give up the pearl that was my treasure.  
What sparkles as day to others, to my eyes seems like night,  
for as dawn awakens,  
our separation lies like fearful darkness before me.  
Go, beloved, go now! See, the morning dawns.  
Flee then from my arms! For if you let the time slip by,  
a short, tender hour will become a long time of sorrow.  
We can surely endure one single day in the torments of purgatory,  
when a distant glimpse of hope shows us Heaven's glory.  
Therefore, beloved, go now! See, the morning dawns.

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### III. Songs by French Opera Composers

Gounod, Bizet, Bachelet, and Delibes are most famous for their operas, but none of them could resist the lure to compose *mélodies*, the French equivalent of the German Lied. Gounod is hailed by many as "the father of the *mélodie*." *Sérénade* is one of his best known songs and is an excellent example of the genre. This romantic piece has a lulling barcarole accompaniment and a fluid, lyrical melody with seductive melismas at the end of each verse. *Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe* is Bizet's nod to the nineteenth century's fascination with all things oriental. The rhythmic figure in the piano, like the beating of a tabor, combined with the chromatic harmonies, convey the exoticism, passion, and urgency of the young Arabian woman pleading with her white lover. Bachelet's *Chère nuit* is the most operatic in style with its soaring melody lines and orchestral-like accompaniment. The set closes with Delibes' *Les filles de Cadix*; a playful, coquettish Spanish pastiche with lively boléro rhythms.

#### **Sérénade (Serenade) - Victor Hugo**

When you sing, cradled at night in my arms,  
do you hear my thoughts which respond softly to you?  
Your sweet song recalls the most beautiful days of my life.  
Ah! Sing, sing, my beloved, sing, sing always!

When you laugh, on your mouth love flowers  
and suddenly fierce suspicion vanishes.  
Ah! Your faithful laughter shows a heart without guile!  
Ah! Laugh, laugh my beloved, laugh, laugh always!

When you sleep, calm and pure in the shadows, beneath my gaze,  
your breath murmurs harmonious words,  
your beautiful body is revealed without veil and without attire.  
Ah! Sleep, sleep, my beloved, sleep, sleep always!

#### **Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (Farewells of the Arabian hostess) - Victor Hugo**

Since nothing will keep you in this happy land,  
neither the shade of palms, nor the yellow corn,  
neither the peace, nor the abundance,  
nor to see, at the sound of your voice,  
the beating of the young hearts of our sisters, who, in the evenings,  
whirling in a swarm, encircle a hill with their dance,  
Farewell, handsome traveler! Alas! Farewell!  
Oh! you are not one whose lazy feet are bound to the their roofs of  
branches or of tiles!  
Who, idly dreaming, without moving, listen to narratives,  
and wish at evenings, sitting outside their doors, to be off to the stars!  
Alas! Farewell! Farewell, handsome traveler!  
If you had wished it, perhaps one of us, oh young man, would have  
liked to serve you on bended knee in our ever open huts;  
lulling you to sleep with her songs, she would have chased the tiresome  
gnats from your brow with a fan of green leaves.  
If you do not return,  
dream a little sometimes of the daughters of the desert,  
sweet-voiced sisters, who dance barefoot on the dune;  
Oh handsome, white, young man, beautiful bird of passage,  
remember, remember, for perhaps, oh swift stranger, your memory  
remains with more than one of us!  
Alas! Farewell! Farewell, handsome stranger! Alas! Farewell!  
Remember!

#### **Chère nuit (Dear Night) - Eugène Adenis**

Now the hour draws near.  
Behind the hill I see the sun decline and hide its jealous rays...  
I hear the soul of things sing  
and the narcissus and the roses bring me their sweetest perfumes!

Dear night of serene clarity,  
you who bring back the tender lover,  
Ah! descend and veil the earth in your mystery,  
in your mystery calm and charming.  
My happiness is reborn beneath your wing,  
oh night more beautiful than the beautiful days  
Ah! arise! to again make the dawn shine of my loves?  
Dear night of serene clarity,  
you who bring back the tender lover,  
Ah! descend and veil the earth  
in your mystery calm and charming.  
Dear night, Ah! descend!

**No. 4: The Pied Piper - V. Bryusov**

I play upon my pipe, tra la la la la,  
I play upon my pipe, someone is happy to hear,  
I pass by the quiet stream, tra la la la la,  
the lambs are quietly dreaming, cradled gently in the fields,  
Sleep, sheep and lambs, tra la la la la,  
beyond the meadows of red clover, rise slender poplars.  
A little cottage is hidden there, tra la la la la,  
where a sweet girl dreams that I have given her my heart.  
And at the gentle sound of my pipe, tra la la la la,  
she comes with radiant purpose across the garden, across the meadow.  
And in the wood, beneath the dark oak, tra la la la la,  
she waits deliriously at the hour when the earth sleeps.  
There I shall meet my beloved visitor, tra la la la la,  
until morning there's a shower of kisses,  
as we slake the love in our hearts.  
Then exchanging rings with her, tra la la la la,  
I let her wander with the flocks, back to the garden beneath the poplars.  
Tra la la la la!

**No. 5: Dream - F. Sologub**

Nothing in the world is more longed for than sleep.  
It possesses enchantment, brings silence.  
On its lips there is no sorrow nor laughter,  
in its fathomless eyes lie great secret delights.  
It has two wide, wide wings, and is light, as light as night mist.  
I do not understand how it carries me, whence and on what.  
Its wings do not move, not even its shoulder.

**No. 6: A-oo - K. Balmont**

Your gentle laughter was fleeting and fairy-tale-like,  
It called with a pipe-like ring as in a dream.  
And so with a wreath and with verses, I crown you.  
Let us go, let us flee together to the mountainside.  
But where are you?  
Only the mountain peaks ring out.  
One flower lights the candle of another flower in daylight.  
And someone's laughter lures me into the depths.  
I sing, I seek: "A-oo! A-oo!" I cry.

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**V. Cabaret Songs - W.H Auden**

These cabaret songs are a result of the collaboration of three artists: Benjamin Britten, the composer, W.H Auden, the poet, and Hedli Anderson, the performer and inspiration behind the pieces. This threesome first joined forces in the Group Theatre's 1937 production, *The Ascent of F6*. Hedli Anderson made quite an impression on Britten with her performance of his *Blues*, a setting of Auden's poem, "Stop all the Clocks". Britten later rewrote this piece for her and called it *Funeral Blues*. The other three songs in this collection were also written for Anderson and reflect the wide range of dramatic and musical styles at her command. *Tell Me the Truth About Love*, written in 1938, is a purely comic, strophic song, written very much in the style of Cole Porter. *Johnny*, from 1939, is an elaborate ballad depicting various episodes in an ill-fated love affair and utilizes many different musical styles such as a waltz, an operatic scena, and a dirge. *Calypso* recounts the breathless anticipation of a lovers' reunion which Britten captures with a continuous accelerando and a driving rhythm like that of the train that will bring the two together. There are more Britten/Auden cabaret songs yet to be discovered, but these four are excellent examples of the genre and demonstrate the artists' charm, wit and talent.

I would like to thank my beloved mother and father, Joan and Howard Cheifetz, my wonderful friends Glenn Guhr, Jennifer Trimboli, Kerry Jennings, and Erin Topping, and my amazing teacher, Julian Patrick: your love and support make this and all I do in my life possible.

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