

presents a Faculty Recital:

Stephen Rumph, *tenor*
Amy Grinsteiner, *piano*

7:30 PM, May 21, 2008

Brechemin Auditorium

PROGRAM

TRE SONETTI DI PETRARCA (Petrarch) FRANZ LISZT
Benedetto sia 'l giorno (1811-1886)

Pace non trovo

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

LIEDERKREIS, Op. 39 (Eichendorff) ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810-1856)

1. *In der Fremde*

2. *Intermezzo*

3. *Waldesgespräch*

4. *Die Stille*

5. *Mondnacht*

6. *Schöne Fremde*

7. *Auf einer Burg*

8. *In der Fremde*

9. *Wehmuth*

10. *Zwielficht*

11. *Im Walde*

12. *Frühlingsnacht*

INTERMISSION

BANALITÉS (Apollinaire) FRANCIS POULENC
(1899-1963)

1. *Chanson d'Orkenise*

2. *Hotel*

3. *Fagnes de Wallonie*

4. *Voyage à Paris*

5. *Sanglots*

TWO SONNETS, Op. 12 (Milton) GERALD FINZI
(1901-1956)

1. *When I consider*

2. *How soon hath time*

from *MADAMA BUTTERFLY*

LOVE DUET ("Vogliatemi bene") GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858-1924)

Christina Kowalski, *soprano*

Notes and Translations

Song Cycle (Joseph von Eichendorff)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) wrote his *Liederkreis*, Op. 39 in 1840, his “year of song.” In that year, he won legal permission to wed Clara Wieck, and responded with an astounding outpouring of songs, including the famous *Dichterliebe*. Unlike the latter cycle, *Liederkreis* does not trace a narrative. Instead, the selected poems of Joseph von Eichendorff are unified by a web of recurring themes, typical of Romantic poetry—mysterious presentiments, uncanny apparitions, the transfigured heavens, the eerie forest. The central character is nature, in all its sublime, fearful, and comforting aspects.

1. From the direction of home, behind the red flashes
of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
the beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

2. Your blissful, wonderful image
I have in my heart's depths;
it looks so freshly and joyously
at me in every moment.

My heart sings mutely to itself
an old, beautiful song
that soars into the air
and hastens to your side.

3. It is already late, it is already cold;
why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
you fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
my heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
o flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly decked are mount and lady,
so wondrously fair the young form;
now I recognize you - God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley.

"You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs
my castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
you shall never again leave this wood."

4. No one knows or guesses
how glad I am, so glad!
Alas, if only one could know it, just one -
no other soul should know it!

The snow outside is not so quiet -
nor as mute and silent
are the lofty stars,
compared with my thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird -
I would fly over the sea,
well across the sea and farther,
until I were in heaven!

5. It was as if the sky
Had quietly kissed the earth,
So that in a shower of blossoms
She must only dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the fields,
The ears of corn waved gently,
The forests rustled faintly,
So sparkling clear was the night.

And my soul stretched
its wings out far,
Flew through the still lands,
as if it were flying home.

6. The treetops rustle and shiver
as if at this hour
about the half-sunken walls
the old gods are making their rounds.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you say so murmuringly, as if in a dream,
to me, fantastic night?

The stars glitter down on me
with glowing, loving gazes,

and the distance speaks tipsily,
it seems, of great future happiness.

7. Asleep on his watch
up there is the old knight;
above move rainshowers,
and the wood rustles through the grill.

Beard and hair grown into one,
chest and ruff have turned to stone;
he sits for many hundreds of years
above in his silent den.

Outside it is quiet and peaceful:
all have taken to the valley;
woodbirds sing alone
in the empty arching windows.

A wedding passes by below
on the Rhine, in the sunlight:
musicians play gaily
and the fair bride - she weeps.

8. I hear the brooklets rushing
here and there in the wood.
In the wood, amidst the rushing,
I know not where I am.

The nightingales sing
here in the solitude,
as if they wanted to speak
of fine old times.

The moonbeams dart
and I seem to see below me
a castle lying in the valley -
yet it is so far from here!

It seems as if, in the garden
full of roses white and red,
my sweetheart were waiting for me -
yet she is long since dead.

9. Sometimes I can sing
as if I were happy,
but secretly tears well up
and free my heart.

The nightingales,
when spring breezes play, let
their songs of yearning resound
from the depths of their dungeons.

Then all hearts listen
and everyone rejoices;
yet no one truly feels the anguish
of the song's deep sorrow.

10. Dusk prepares to spread its wings,
the trees rustle ominously,
clouds approach like heavy dreams -
what does this horror mean?

If you have a favorite roe,
don't let it graze alone;
hunters roam the forest, sounding their horns,
their voices straying time and again.

If you have a friend on earth,
do not trust him in this hour;
friendly might he seem in eye and mouth,
yet he plans for war in deceitful peace.

What today goes wearily down,
will lift itself tomorrow newly born.
Much goes astray at night -
beware - be alert and wide awake!

11. Beside the mountain there passed a wedding
party.
I heard the birds singing;
then there blazed past many horsemen, their forest
horns sounding.
That was a merry hunt!

And before I could think about it, everything had
died away
and the night threw a cloak all around.
Only from the mountains did the woods yet rustle,
and deep in my heart I shudder.

12. Above the garden and across the sky
I heard migrating birds passing;
that meant that spring was in the air;
below, things are already beginning to bloom.

I could rejoice, I could weep -
I feel as though it cannot be!
Old wonders appear again
with the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
and in a dream the grove murmurs it,
and the nightingales sing it:
she is yours! She is yours!

Three Sonnets (Francesco Petrarca)

Franz Liszt (1811-1886) set Petrarch's famous sonnets in 1842-46, and later transcribed them for his *Years of Pilgrimage*, three volumes of piano character pieces inspired by his travels through Switzerland and Italy. The sonnets voice Petrarch's chivalric devotion to his unattainable muse, Laura. The passionate yet reverent poems inspired some of the composer's most ravishing music, which draws upon the expressive resources of Italian opera.

Blessed be the day, the month, the year,
the season, the hour, the moment, the lovely scene,
the spot when I was put in thrall
by two lovely eyes which bind me fast.

And blessed be the first sweet pang
I suffered when love overwhelmed me,
the bows and arrows which stung me,
and the wounds which pierce to my heart.

Blessed be the many voices which have echoed
when I have called Laura's name,
the sighs and tears, the longing;

and blessed be all those writings
in which I have spread her fame, and my thoughts,
which stem from her and centre on her alone.

* * *

I find no peace, but for war am not inclined;
I fear, yet hope; I burn, yet am turned to ice;
I soar in the heavens, but lie upon the ground;
I hold nothing, though I embrace the whole world.

Love has me in a prison which he neither opens nor shuts fast;
he neither claims me for his own nor loosens my halter;
he neither slays nor unshackles me;
he would not have me live, yet leaves me with my torment.

Eyeless I gaze, and tongueless I cry out;
I long to perish, yet plead for succour;
I hate myself, but love another.

I feed on grief, yet weeping, laugh;
death and life alike repel me;
and to this state I am come, my lady, because of you

* * *

I beheld on earth angelic grace,
and heavenly beauty unmatched in this world,
such as to rejoice and pain my memory,
which is so clouded with dreams, shadows, mists.

And I beheld tears spring from those two bright eyes,
which many a time have put the sun to shame,
and heard words unered with such sighs
as to move the mountains and stay the rivers.
Love, wisdom, excellence, pity and grief

made in that plaint a sweeter concert
than any other to be heard on earth.

And heaven on that harmony was so intent
that not a leaf upon the bough was seen to stir,
such sweetness had filled the air and winds.

Two Sonnets (John Milton)

The English composer Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) is best known as a “pastoralist,” whose gentle evocations of the countryside recall Vaughn-Williams and Delius. These early Milton settings, however, reveal a more aggressive, modernist style. In the first sonnet, the blind poet of *Paradise Lost* laments that he can no longer serve God with his poetic gifts. Finzi captures the poet’s anguish, as well as his triumphant realization that God desires faithfulness, not good works. Milton’s second sonnet expresses the frustration of a late bloomer who sees his creative gifts going to waste. The poem again ends with an affirmation of God’s benevolent will, which Finzi sets with a grand Elgarian march.

1. When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

2. How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

Banalities (Guillaume Apollinaire)

It is perhaps fitting that Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) set these whimsical poems in 1940, the same year the German army overran France. Poulenc was the most distinguished member of *Les six*, school of French composers who declared war on German Romanticism and its bourgeois enthusiasts. Inspired by Erik Satie, the French composers cultivated a cool, ironic manner, eschewing the solemn, quasi-religious aesthetic of Liszt, Wagner, and their followers. The first four songs of *Banalités* are droll snapshots of French life, set to the strains of music hall and café music. The fifth song, however, plumbs surprising emotional depths. Apollinaire’s surrealist lyric, written just months before his death in World War I, weaves together two separate poems. The two voices brood on the eternal tragedy of love, which unites living and dead in endless slavery.

1. Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?"
- "I'm leaving my whole heart behind."

And the sentries of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:

"What are you bringing into the town?"
- "My heart: I'm getting married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;
oh carter, love is heady.

The handsome sentries of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
slowly swung shut.

2. Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

3. Walloon Moorlands

So much deep sadness
seized my heart on the desolate moors
when I sat down weary among the firs, unloading
the weight of the kilometres
while the west wind growled.

I had left the pretty woods.
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke in the sky
which stubbornly stayed blue.

I murmured no secret except an enigmatic song
which I confided to the peat bog.

Smelling of honey, the heather
was attracting the bees,
and my aching feet
trode bilberries and whortleberries.
Tenderly she is married
 North!
 North!
There life twists
in trees that are strong

and gnarled.
There life bites
 bitter death
with greedy teeth,
when the wind howls.

4. Going to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris,
which one day Love had to create!

5. Sobs

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.
*We know that within us many people breathe
who came from afar and are united behind our
brows.*

This is the song of that dreamer
who had torn out his heart
and was carrying it in his right hand...
*Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories:
the sailors who sang like conquerors,
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir,
the accursed sick, the ones who flee their own
shadows,
and the joyful return of the happy emigrants.*

Blood was flowing from that heart;
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound which was delicate ...
You will not break the chain of those causes...

...and painful; and he kept saying to us:
...which are the effects of other causes.
"My poor heart, my heart which is broken
like the hearts of all men..."

Look, here are our hands which life enslaved.
"...has died of love or so it seems,
has died of love and here it is.

That is the way of all things.
"So tear your hearts out too!"
And nothing will be free until the end of time.
Let us leave everything to the dead,
and let us hide our sobbing.

Madama Butterfly (1904)

Butterfly:

Ah, love me a little,
oh, just a very little,
As you would love a baby
'Tis all that I ask for.
Ah, love me a little.
I come of a people
accustomed to little;
Grateful for love that's silent;
Light as a blossom
And yet everlasting
As the sky, as the fathomless ocean.

Pinkerton:

Give me your darling hands that I may kiss them.
My Butterfly! aptly your name was chosen,
Gossamer creation.

Butterfly:

They say that in your country
If a butterfly
is caught by man,
He'll pierce its heart with a needle
And then leave it to perish!

Pinkerton:

Some truth there is in that,
And can you tell me why?
That you may not escape.
See, I have caught you...
I hold you as you flutter.
Be mine.

Butterfly:

Yes, yours forever.

Pinkerton:

Come, then, come then...
Love, what fears hold you trembling.
Have done with all misgivings.
The night doth enfold us!
See the world lies sleeping!

Butterfly:

Ah! Night of rapture!

Pinkerton:

Come then, come then.

Butterfly:

Stars unending!
Never have I seen such glory!
The night doth enfold us!

Pinkerton

Ah! hasten, hasten!
The night enfold us!
See the world lies sleeping!

Butterfly:

Throbbing, sparkling, each star in heaven

Pinkerton:

Come, my dearest!

Butterfly:

| Oh! how kindly are the heavens,
| Ev'ry star that shines afar!
| Is gazing on us,
| lighting our future for us...

Pinkerton:

| Cast all fear from out your heart!
| Close to my heart I hold you.
| You're mine now,
| Ah! come, come you are mine now
| Ah! come then, see the
| whole world lies sleeping!..
| Close to my heart I hold you,
| come!

| Butterfly

| See the world lies sleeping.
| See the stars!
| Ah, lovely night!
| Thy perfect calm is breathing love
| near and far!

Pinkerton: Ah! come! ah, come then, dearest!

| Ah! come, ah! come then, be mine
| Ah come!