

## Program Notes and Translations

Jamie Wiggins, tenor

March 31, 2024

*When I Think Upon the Maidens* by Michael Head captures nostalgia and longing through its lyrical melody and accompaniment. Composed in the early 20th century, this piece exemplifies Head's mastery in crafting emotive vocal compositions. The text, adapted from a poem by John Keats, speaks of reflective moments and fond memories, evoking a sense of wistfulness and romantic yearning. Head's sensitive setting enhances the poem's themes, with rousing piano accompaniment that supports the vocal line, allowing the singer to convey the intimacy and introspection inherent in the text.

*Spirate, pur, spirate* by Stefano Donaudy displays the bearings of late 19th-century Italian vocal music. Composed in the style of the Italian *canzone* tradition, Donaudy's work is characterized by its lyrical expressiveness and emotional depth. Written for a solo voice, the piece unfolds as a melodious conversation between the singer and the piano, each contributing to the overall emotive tapestry. The Italian text, rich with poetic imagery, explores themes of love, longing, and the ephemeral nature of life. Donaudy's sensitive setting of the text, coupled with his nuanced harmonic language, creates a musical landscape that resonates with the introspective and passionate spirit of the era.

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,  
aurette, e v'accertate  
s'ella nel cor mi tiene.  
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!  
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,  
aure beate, aure lievi e beate!

Breathe, still breathe around my beloved,  
Little breezes, and find out  
If she holds me in her heart,  
If she holds me in her heart.  
Find out, blessed breezes,  
Breezes light and blessed.

*Quelle labbra non son rose*, also composed by Stefano Donaudy, is a quintessential gem of the late Romantic era. Originally part of Donaudy's collection of songs titled "36 Arie di Stile Antico," this piece exemplifies the composer's ability to infuse traditional Italian vocal writing with a modern sensibility. The piece features a lyrical vocal line that showcases a singer's agility and expressiveness, while the piano provides an evocative backdrop. Donaudy captures the essence of unrequited love and longing, inviting listeners on an emotional journey.

Quelle labbra, mia signora,  
non son rose maggioline;  
(vi dicevo sempre allora).  
Ci son rose senza spine?  
Ma le ho bacciate or or ed ho pensato:  
non son di rose un paio,  
ma sono un gran rosaio!  
Sicchè persin ne ho insanguinato il cor. Ah!  
No, non son di rose un paio, mia signora,  
ma un rosaio!

Those lips, my lady,  
Are not roses of May;  
(I used to always tell you then.)  
Are there roses without thorns?  
But I have kissed them just now and I have thought:  
They are not a pair of roses,  
But they are a great rose-tree!  
So that I have even made bloody my heart on it.  
No, they are not a pair of roses, my lady,  
but a rose-tree!

**Die Forelle** (The Trout), is a delightful musical tale that brings to life the whimsical antics of a lively trout in a babbling brook. Written in 1817 when Schubert was just 19 years old, this charming *lied* shows the innocence and playfulness of youth. Through Schubert's music, we hear the joyous splashes and graceful movements of the trout as it frolics in the water, depicted by lively melodies and flowing accompaniment. However, lurking above the surface is the cunning fisherman, whose presence is subtly hinted at through shifts in harmony and dynamics, adding a touch of suspense to the story. As the narrative unfolds, we become captivated by the trout's journey, feeling both the excitement of its playful escapades and the tension of its inevitable encounter with the fisherman's hook. With its vivid storytelling and expressive music, *Die Forelle* invites us to immerse ourselves in the beauty and wonder of nature, reminding us of the delicate balance between innocence and deception in the world around us.

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

In a limpid brook  
the capricious trout  
in joyous haste  
darted by like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
in blissful peace, watching  
the lively fish swim  
in the clear brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

An angler with his rod  
stood on the bank  
cold-bloodedly watching  
the fish's contortions.  
As long as the water  
is clear, I thought,  
he won't catch the trout  
with his rod.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

But at length the thief  
grew impatient. Cunningly  
he made the brook cloudy,  
and in an instant  
his rod quivered,  
and the fish struggled on it.  
And I, my blood boiling,  
looked on at the cheated creature.

*Sonntag* (Sunday), composed by Johannes Brahms in the mid-19th century, is a *lied* that exudes a sense of romantic ardor and introspection. The text, penned by Johann Ludwig Uhland, speaks of longing and yearning for a lost love, a theme that resonates deeply within Brahms's musical language. The heart-rendering melodic line captures the essence of emotional turmoil and longing. The piano accompaniment, woven with the vocal line, serves as a foundation for the expressive delivery of the text, adding depth and color to the overall musical narrative. *Sonntag* stands as a testament to Brahms's mastery of the *lieder* genre, offering performers and audiences a glimpse into the depths of human emotion through music.

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche	For a whole week now
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,	I haven't seen my love;
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag	I saw her on a Sunday,
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:	standing at her door:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,	my loveliest girl,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,	my loveliest sweet,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei	would to God I were with her today!
ihr!	

So will mir doch die ganze Woche	Yet I'll still be able
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,	to laugh all week;
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag	I saw her on a Sunday,
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:	as she went to church:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,	my loveliest girl,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,	my loveliest sweet,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei	would to God I were with her today!
ihr!	

**“Dein ist mein ganzes Herz”** (Yours is my entire heart), is an aria from the operetta *Das Land des Lächelns* (The Land of Smiles) composed by German operetta master Franz Léhar.. Premiered in 1929, it exemplifies Lehár's gift for crafting melodies that resonate deeply with audiences. Set against the backdrop of a romantic and exotic East Asian setting, the aria expresses the fervent declaration of love from the protagonist to his beloved. Lehár's melodies combined with rich orchestration, evoke a sense of passion and longing, transporting listeners to a world of opulence and romance with its unforgettable refrain and heartfelt lyrics.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!	All of my heart is yours
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.	Where you are not, I cannot be.
So, wie die Blume welkt,	Just like a flower withers
wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!	If it's not kissed by the sunshine!

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,  
weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.  
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,  
oh sag noch einmal mir:  
Ich hab dich lieb!

Wohin ich immer gehe,  
ich fühle deine Nähe.  
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken  
und betend dir zu Füßen sinken,  
dir, dir allein! Wie wunderbar  
ist dein leuchtendes Haar!  
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang  
ist dein strahlender Blick.  
Hör ich der Stimme Klang,  
ist es so wie Musik.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz  
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein.  
So, wie die Blume welkt,  
wenn sie nicht küsst der Sonnenschein!  
Dein ist mein schönstes Lied,  
weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht.  
Sag mir noch einmal, mein einzig Lieb,  
oh sag noch einmal mir:  
Ich hab dich lieb!

Yours is my finest song  
Because it blossoms from love alone.  
Tell me one more time, my only love,  
Oh, one more time say to me:  
"I love you!"

Wherever I may go,  
I feel your presence.  
I want to drink your breath  
And fall to your feet praying  
Just for you alone! How wonderful  
Is your brilliant hair!  
Beautiful like a dream and anxiously wistful  
Is the bright glance of your eyes.  
When I hear your voice  
It sounds like music to me.

All of my heart is yours  
Where you are not, I cannot be.  
Just like a flower withers  
If it's not kissed by the sunshine!  
Yours is my finest song  
Because it blossoms from love alone.  
Tell me one more time, my only love,  
Oh, one more time say to me:  
"I love you!"

Reynaldo Hahn's *À Chloris* is a captivating vocal piece that enchants listeners with its lyrical beauty and emotional depth. Composed in the late 19th century, Hahn's setting of Théophile de Viau's poem transports audiences to a world of lush melodies and evocative imagery. The piece unfolds with a graceful melody, delicately supported by the piano, evoking the essence of springtime and the timeless allure of nature's beauty. Through seamless phrasing and rich harmonies, Hahn skillfully captures the essence of the poem's themes, expressing love, longing, and the ineffable qualities of the beloved Chloris. *À Chloris* shows Hahn's mastery of the French *mélodie* tradition, showcasing his ability to infuse music with nuanced emotion and exquisite elegance. It remains a cherished gem in the repertoire of art song, captivating audiences with its charm and allure.

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune  
De venir changer ma fortune  
A la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
Ne touche point ma fantaisie  
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(And I'm told you love me dearly),  
I do not believe that even kings  
Can match the happiness I know.  
Even death would be powerless  
To alter my fortune  
With the promise of heavenly bliss!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not stir my imagination  
Like the favour of your eyes!

**"The Call,"** composed by Ralph Vaughan Williams in 1920 as part of the larger work *Five Mystical Songs*, displays the composer's affinity for English pastoralism and his interest in setting poetry to music. Originally written for the Hereford Festival, the piece shows Williams's ability to evoke a sense of time and place through his compositions. Scored for baritone soloist, mixed choir, and orchestra, "The Call" presents the essence of the English countryside. Vaughan Williams's meticulous attention to detail is evident in his use of modal melodies and folk-inspired motifs, which infuse the piece with a sense of nostalgia and longing. The text, drawn from George Herbert's poetry, is intrinsically spiritual, and is an introspective meditation. "The Call" has a profound sense of depth and meaning.

*Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, is a moving spiritual that encapsulates the depths of sorrow and longing. First composed in the early 20th century by Harry T. Burleigh, this arrangement by Moses Hogan reflects his deep understanding and appreciation for African American musical traditions. The plaintive cry of the solo voice against a simple piano accompaniment conveys a sense of profound loneliness and yearning, echoing the experiences of many who have felt disconnected or abandoned. *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* remains a timeless testament to the enduring power of music to evoke raw human emotions and foster connection across generations and cultures.

*Ride On, King Jesus*, arranged by Hall Johnson, is a dynamic and soul-stirring piece deeply rooted in the African American spiritual tradition. Through rhythmic intensity and the powerful vocal line, Johnson's arrangement infuses new life into this timeless spiritual. Originally sung by enslaved African Americans as a form of solace, hope, and resistance, *Ride On, King Jesus* carries profound historical and cultural significance. Johnson's arrangement amplifies the spiritual's inherent energy and fervor, with a melody that propels the music forward with a sense of urgency and triumph. The driving rhythm evokes the spirit of jubilant worship, inviting both performers and listeners alike to join in the celebration of faith and resilience.