

TURN THE PAGE: *A Lyric Love Story*

Samantha Schmid, lyric soprano
Christian Hendricks, piano

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Ariettes oubliées

- I. C'est l'extase
- II. Il pleure dans mon cœur
- III. L'ombre des arbres
- IV. Paysages belges: Chevaux de bois
- V. Aquarelles: I. Green
- VI. Aquarelles: II. Spleen

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906)

“Solveigs Sang”
from *Peer Gynt*

Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Sex Digte af Henrik Ibsen, Op. 25

- II. En svane
- IV. Med en vandlilje
- VI. En fuglevise

INTERMISSION

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, Op. 67

- I. Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun
- II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag
- III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

“Pesn' Min'on'y: Net tol'ka tot kto znal”
(Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt), Op. 6, No. 6

Pyotr Il'yich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

“Gretchen am Spinnrade,” D. 118

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

“Come scoglio”
from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Samantha Schmid, lyric soprano, dedicates herself to communication and exploring culture. With her enthusiasm towards learning, Ms. Schmid graduated *summa cum laude* with the Bachelor of Arts degree in music and departmental honors in May 2011. She began pursuing vocal performance with the guidance of Debby Lennon at Webster University, followed by private instruction with Professor Christine Armistead of Washington University. During the course of her studies, she also completed minors in French and German, and has studied Russian and Italian. For her senior thesis paper, Ms. Schmid discussed Edvard Grieg's Op. 25 song cycle, *Sex Digte af Henrik Ibsen* (Six Poems by Henrik Ibsen), and the importance of translation accuracy for vocalists.

As a performer, Ms. Schmid has appeared onstage with Winter Opera Saint Louis, the Austrian-American Mozart Academy in Salzburg, and the Saint Louis Symphony Chorus. With roles such as Augusta's Friend #2 (Moore, *The Ballad of Baby Doe*), Erste Dame (Mozart, *Die Zauberflöte*), Magda (Puccini, *La Rondine*), Donna Elvira (Mozart, *Don Giovanni*), Annina (Menotti, *The Saint of Bleeker Street*), and Alice Ford (Verdi, *Falstaff*), Ms. Schmid continues to develop as an opera singer and actress. She has received recognition for her artistry, including winning 1st Place in the 2010-2011 Webster University Aria Competition, 1st Place at the 2010 Missouri Regional NATS Auditions, and 3rd Place at the 2009 Central District NATS Auditions.

Ms. Schmid actively seeks new opportunities and professional training experience. This fall, she will pursue the degree Master of Music in Vocal Performance at The Boston Conservatory, studying voice with Dr. Kerry Deal. *For more information, please visit samanthaschmid.com.*

Christian Robert Hendricks graduated *cum laude* from Webster University, St. Louis, where he was commended with Department of Music Honors. He majored in composition as a student of Robert Chamberlin, studied piano with Daniel Schene, Ruth Price (both at Webster), and Vera Parkin, and studied voice with Robert Ayllón. With interest and experience in both the opera and musical theatre worlds, Mr. Hendricks aspires to compose works for the stage. In Spring 2014, he will be studying for an MA in Music, emphasis in Contemporary Practice in Music, at Oxford Brookes University in Oxford, England.

Notes About Today's Program

The works presented today have been chosen by their literary influences rather than by composer. The words of these poets have been immortalized within these songs; some have even been translated into countless languages and set by a range of composers as a testament to their impact on culture and society.

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) – Inspired to write at a young age by Charles Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal*, Paul Verlaine befriended Parnassian poets in Paris. Verlaine married and had a son, only to abandon his family for an affair with poet Arthur Rimbaud in 1872. In a drunken fight, Verlaine shot and injured Rimbaud. During his imprisonment, there was a shift in Verlaine's writing style from the stylistic rigidity and emotional abandon of Parnassianism to the fluid Symbolist movement of Baudelaire. The symbolists aimed to evoke truth from indirect descriptions, often including synesthetic compilations of scent, sound, and color.

Originally published as *Ariettes, paysages belges et aquarelles* (Songs, Belgian Landscapes, and Watercolors) in 1888, this group of songs was never meant to be a song cycle. The republished version titled *Ariettes oubliées* appeared in 1903. The first song in the set, "C'est l'exstase langoureuse," takes advantage of all the dreamy, rich vowels of the French language. Verlaine's sensual poetry resonates well with the melody Debussy has paired with it. The poem as a whole discusses the lull after intercourse through a variety of metaphors. The narrator confesses their love and asks the other individual if they feel the same way.

I. C'est l'exstase langoureuse,
c'est la fatigue amoureuse,
c'est tous les frissons des bois
parmi l'étreinte des brises.
C'est, vers les ramures grise,
le chœur des petites voix.
O le frêle frais murmure,
cela gazouille et susurre,
cela ressemble au cri doux
que l'herbe agitée expire.
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,—
le roulis sourd des cailloux.
Cette âme qui se lamente
en cette plainte dormante,
c'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne
dont s'exhale a l'humble antienne,
par ce tiède soir, tout bas.

*I. It's the dreamy ecstasy,
it's the amorous fatigue,
it's the rustling of the woods
amongst the embrace of the breezes.
It's, through the gray boughs,
the choir of little voices.
Oh, the frail, fresh murmur,
it twitters and whispers,
it resembles the gentle cry
that the ruffled grass exhales.
You said, beneath the water that eddies,—
the muted rolling of pebbles.
The soul that mourns
in this dormant lamentation,
it is ours, isn't it?
Mine, say, and yours,
which breathes this humble anthem,
on this warm evening, so softly.*

"Il pleure dans mon cœur" describes the instability of depression, while the piano evokes the sound of falling rain. The speaker believes there is no viable reason for their grief; yet the pain in their heart does not go away. This song is introduced with a quote from Arthur Rimbaud: "It rains softly upon the city."

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur comme
il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur qui pénètre
mon cœur?
O bruit doux de la pluie, par terre et
sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie, O le bruit
de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison dans ce cœur
qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.
C'est bien la pire peine, de ne savoir
pourquoi,
sans amour et sans haine, mon cœur
a tant de peine.

*II. Tears fall in my heart like rain upon
the city.
What is this languor that penetrates my
heart?
Oh, sweet sound of the rain, on the
ground and on the roofs!
For a bored heart, oh, the sound of the
rain!
Tears fall without reason in this
sickened heart.
What! No betrayal?
This sorrow is without reason.
It is the worst sorrow to not know why,
without love and without hate, my heart
has so much pain.*

Debussy prefaced the third song in this collection with a quote from Cyrano de Bergerac: "The nightingale who looks down from such a high branch, believes to have fallen in the river. It is perched at the highest point of the oak tree and is always afraid of drowning." The Verlaine text can be interpreted literally; however, it can also be interpreted as a metaphor for those individuals who appear to be "perfect, beautiful, talented, etc..." and feel completely overwhelmed with the expectations of those surrounding them, as if they are drowning.

III. L'ombre des arbres dans la
rivière embrumée
meurt comme de la fumée,
tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures
réelles,
se plaignent les tourterelles.
Combien ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême te mira blême toi-
même.
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les
hautes feuillées,—
tes espérances noyées.

*III. The shadow of the trees in the
misty river
dies like smoke,
while in the air, among the real
branches,
the turtledoves lament.
How, oh traveller,
this palid landscape wanly mirrored you.
And how you cried sadly in the high
foliage,—
your hopes drowned.*

Victor Hugo's line "By Saint Gille, let us go my agile Alezan!" precedes the fourth song in the set, where the word "alezan" translates to "chestnut," a term often used in literary reference to horses. This particular song describes a day at a Belgian fair, where people flock to the carousel. At this time, carousels required someone to operate them manually via a cranking mechanism. The horses charge steadily in a circle, as indicated by the initial

allegro ma non tanto tempo marking, the pulse of the thirty-second notes in the piano portraying the sound of their hooves. The tempo slows, following the narrator's distracted thoughts of the serene surroundings at night.

IV. "Paysages belges: Chevaux de bois"

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,	<i>Turn, turn, good wooden horses,</i>
tournez, cent tours, tournez mille tours.	<i>turn, one hundred times, turn one thousand times.</i>
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours.	<i>Turn often and turn always.</i>
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.	<i>Turn, turn to the tune of the oboes.</i>
L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,	<i>The red-faced child and the pale mother,</i>
le gars en noir et la fille en rose,	<i>the lad in black and the girl in pink,</i>
l'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,	<i>the one pursuing and the other posing,</i>
chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.	<i>each pays their Sunday penny's worth.</i>
Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,	<i>Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,</i>
tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois	<i>while all around your whirling</i>
clignote l'œil du filou sournois.	<i>squints the crafty pickpocket's eye.</i>
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!	<i>Turn to the sound of the victorious trumpet!</i>
C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,	<i>It's astonishing how it intoxicates you</i>
d'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:	<i>to go around this way in a stupid circle</i>
rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,	<i>nothing in the stomach and sick in the head,</i>
du mal en masse et du bien en foule;	<i>with lots of pain and lots of fun;</i>
tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin	<i>turn bobby horses, without ever needing</i>
d'user jamais de nuls éperons	<i>to use spurs</i>
pour commander à vos galops ronds.	<i>to command your round gallop.</i>
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,	<i>Turn, turn, without hope of hay,</i>
et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,	<i>and hurry, horses of their soul,</i>
déjà voici que sonne à la soupe	<i>already the dinner bell is ringing</i>
la nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe	<i>the falling night chases away the crowd</i>
de gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.	<i>of happy drinkers, who starve their thirst.</i>
Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours	<i>Turn, turn! The velvet sky slowly</i>
d'astres en or se vêt lentement,	<i>pricks itself with golden stars,</i>
l'église tinte un glas tristement.	<i>the church sadly tolls a knell.</i>
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez.	<i>Turn to the joyful sound of the drums, turn.</i>

In Verlaine's poems, he favored certain words for the way they sounded when spoken. For this reason, he chose English titles for the next two poems, "Green" and "Spleen." Members of their own grouping called "Aquarelles," or watercolors, these two poems also reflect the sensual nature of Verlaine's poetry. "Green" tells the story of someone who offers gifts of nature to their beloved, including their love. They lie together and one dreams while the other relaxes.

V. "Aquarelles: I. Green"

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches,	<i>Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and branches,</i>
et puis voice mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.	<i>and then here is my heart which only beats for you.</i>
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,	<i>Don't tear it with your two pale hands,</i>
et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.	<i>and that in your lovely eyes the humble gift is sweet.</i>
J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée,	<i>I arrive still entirely covered in dew,</i>
que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front,	<i>which the morning wind froze upon my forehead,</i>
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée,	<i>Allow that my weariness rests at your feet,</i>
rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.	<i>I dream of the dear moments of relaxation.</i>
Sur votre jeune sein, laissez rouler ma tête,	<i>Upon your youthful chest, let my head rest,</i>
toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;	<i>still resonating of your last kisses;</i>
laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,	<i>let me calm down from the good tempest,</i>
et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.	<i>so I may sleep a little as you rest.</i>

The final song in this collection portrays the troubled mind of a lover who has been wronged, or at least expects they have been. They believe that waiting to live your life only leads to heartache, fearing their sweetheart will betray them in their hesitation. Nonetheless, they say that they are tired of everything around them except for the person they love.

VI. "Aquarelles: II. Spleen"

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,	<i>The roses were very red,</i>
et les lierres étaient tout noirs.	<i>and the ivy was very black.</i>
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,	<i>Dearest, if you even move slightly,</i>
renaissent tous mes désespoirs.	<i>all of my troubles return.</i>

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre, la mer trop verte et l'air trop doux; je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendre, quelque fuite atroce de vous! Du houx à la feuille vernie, et du luisant buis je suis las, et de la campagne infinie, et de tout, fors de vous. Hélas!	<i>The sky was quite blue, quite tender, the sea quite green and the air quite sweet; I always believe, that what comes from waiting, some atrocious escape by you! Of the holly with the glazed leaves, and of the shining box tree I am weary, and of the infinite countryside, and of all except you. Alas!</i>
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Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906) – With a popularity and prevalence on an international stage comparing with that of Shakespeare, Henrik Ibsen's œuvre includes 28 dramas, 300 poems, and approximately 3,000 letters. Although Ibsen's dramatic works overshadow his poetry, Ibsen considered himself a poet before a dramatist, publishing under the alias Brynjolf Bjarme. After Norway's independence from Denmark in 1814, a strong sense of national pride had emerged and a search for a Norwegian national identity began. Every facet of culture was affected by this nationalism, especially literature and music. Edvard Grieg began to use Norwegian poetry as his inspiration, most notably Ibsen's fairytale epic, *Peer Gynt*.

In reference to Ibsen, Danish literary critic, Georg Brandes, once wrote: "It is, as a rule, a curse for an author to be born in a small country. It is easier for a third-rate talent who commands a world language to win general renown than it is for a mind of the highest type dependent on translation." The specificity and concentration of Ibsen's words pose many problems for translators. This fact combined with the inaccessibility of the Norwegian language causes many singers to avoid Edvard Grieg's settings of Ibsen's poetry.

"Solveigs Sang" from *Peer Gynt* (1875) – Peer Gynt's vivid imagination and reckless behavior cause him to be exiled from Norway. After a long journey, he builds a cabin in the woods and finds the young Solveig, who promises to live with him forever in spite of her father's wishes. He envisions the sins of his past and tells Solveig he must step outside only to run away and continue his wandering. After some time, Solveig has remained faithful to Peer in his absence, and she sings to him:

Kanske vil der gå både Vinter og Vår, og næste Sommer med, og det hele År, men engang vil du komme, det ved jeg vist,	<i>Perhaps both the winter and spring will pass, And next summer too, and the whole year, But sometime you will return, in truth, I know,</i>
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og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg sidst. Gud styrke dig, hvor du i Verden går, Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans Fodskammel står. Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igjen; og venter du histoppe, vi træffes der, min Ven!	<i>And I will wait as I promised you a long time ago. May God strengthen you wherever you go May God rejoice you, if you stand before his footstool. I shall wait here for you to come back; And wait up in Heaven, we will meet there, my love!</i>
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Sex Digte af Henrik Ibsen, Op. 25 (1876) – Studying at the Conservatory of Music in Leipzig, Grieg's musical style was initially very similar to his German contemporaries. Only 55 of 151 of Grieg's *romanser* were set to Norwegian texts. The opus 25 Ibsen song cycle stands out as one of his most Norwegian efforts. The second poem in the set brings forth the idea of a "swan song," or the last thing a person says before they die, as it is believed that swans only sing when they are dying. Historians believe the loss of both parents in 1873 inspired Grieg to compose "En svane." The poetry dates back to a time when Ibsen was pursuing an unrequited love interest, Thea Bruun. After believing her to be uninterested, Ibsen consoled himself with another admirer, only to discover after Thea's death that she loved him all along. The piano part is relatively simple: the alternating chords in the A sections illustrate the wandering quality of a swan gliding across a pond with a lack of strong root movement. In this song, the swan is attacked by a *nøk*, Norway's version of the mythical water sprite, revealing its beautiful voice as it meets its untimely end.

II. "En svane"

Min hvite svane du stumme du stille, hverken slag eller trille lod sangrøst ane. Angst beskyttende alfen, som sover, altid lyttende gled du henover. Men sidste mødet, da eder og øjne var lønlige løgne, ja da, da lød det! I toners føden du sluttet din bane. Du sang i døden; du var dog en svane!	<i>My white swan, you silent, still one neither throb nor trill let your voice be recognized. Anxiously protecting yourself from the sprite who sleeps, always receptive, you slid past him. But at that final meeting, when oaths and promises were lies, yes then it sounded! In tone's birth you ended your course. You sang in death; you were of course a swan!</i>
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In the fourth song, a happier melody emerges. This song has a vibrant, up-beat tempo and frequent *rubato* notated by the initial tempo marking *hurtig og med skælmeri* (agile with roguery or playfulness). This marking conveys the nervous feelings of a young person in love, who gives a gift of a water lily to

his beau. Ibsen dedicated this song to the sister of his future wife, Suzannah Thoreson. In later publications, the name “Marie” was replaced with a more generic term of endearment due to Ibsen’s marriage and the sensual metaphor of the poem. The melody becomes more chromatic in the middle section, when the narrator warns his lover of the *nøkken*, who sleep beneath these beautiful, dreamy flowers. Proclaiming the girl’s breast is the dangerous lake current, the *nøk* becomes a warning of the consequences for imprudent youths. This song is the least Norwegian song of the set, sharing a Schubertian flair for text painting with the water motif in the piano part and the short vocal phrases floating above like lilies.

IV. "Med en vandlilje"

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båret
svam den drømmetung i våren.
Vil du den til hjemmet vie,
fæst den på dit bryst Marie;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyb og stille bølge.
Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets
strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover;
liljer leger ovenover.
Barn, din barm er tjernets
strømme.
Farligt farligt der at drømme,
liljer leger ovenover;
nøkken lader som han sover.

*Look, Marie, what I bring:
the flower with the white wings.
On the quiet, flowing waters
floated the dream-laden in spring.
Will you devote them to your home?
Fasten them to your breast, Marie;
When something hides behind its leaves
there will be a deep and silent wave.
Beware, child, of the lake current.

To dream there is dangerous!
The water sprite pretends to sleep;
while lilies play above.
Child, your bosom is the lake current.

To dream there is dangerous, –
lilies play above;
the water sprite pretends to sleep.*

The final song of this set was originally left out of the C. F. Peters edition of Grieg’s songs. “En fuglevise” tells the story of a young man who must say good-bye to his secret lover. He returns to the scene only to hear the birds singing about their affair. This is represented in the piano by the repetition of the melody in canon with the voice. Grieg set the song for his wife Nina. Historians believe their relationship was unwelcome by their parents for economic reasons. Despite their opposition, the two cousins were married in 1867. Ibsen wrote the poem after a brief and intense love affair with Rikke Holst, a fifteen-year-old girl, whose father was vehemently against the liaison. Ibsen, ten years her senior, also dedicated his play *Lady Inger of Østraat* to the young girl.

VI. "En fuglevise"

Vi gik en dejlig vårdag alléen op
og ned;
lokkende som en gåde var det
forbudne sted.
Og vestenvinden vifted, og
himlen var så blå;
i linden sad en fuglemor og sang
for sine små.
Jeg malte digterbilleder med
legende farvespil;
to brune øjne lyste og lo og lytted
til.
Over os kan vi høre hvor det
tisker og ler;
men vi, vi tog et smukt farvel, og
mødtes aldrig mer.
Og når jeg ensom driver alléen op
og ned,
så har for de fjærede småfolk jeg
aldrig ro og fred.
Fru spurv har siddet og lyttet,
mens vi troskyldigt gik,
og gjort om os en vise og sat den
i musik.
Den er i fuglemunde; thi under
løvets tag
hver næbbet sanger nynner om
hin lyse forårsdag.

*One beautiful spring day we went up and
down the avenue;
enticing as an enigma was the forbidden
place.
And the west wind bled, and the sky was so
blue;
in a tree sat a mother bird and she sang to
her young.
I painted poem-pictures with legendary color
play;
two brown eyes shone and laughed and
listened to us.
Above us we can hear where the attractions
and laughs are;
but we, we said a fond farewell, and never
met again.
And when I, lonely, run up and down the
avenue,
because of the resilient, little birds I never
have rest nor peace.
The mother sparrow had sat and listened
while we simply walked,
and transformed our story into a song and
set it to music.
It is in the bird’s mouth; for under the leafy
roof
each beak hums songs about that bright
spring day.*

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) laid a lasting groundwork for English literature. Shakespeare’s realistic portrayal of the spectrum of human emotion presents itself in his tragedies, comedies, romances, and fairytales alike. Inventor of over 1700 English words, his intricate characters and varied writings remain preeminent in the canon of western verse, and his complete works have been translated into over 30 different languages.

The tragedy of *Hamlet* was by all accounts a success from its inception in early 1600. Based on a Norse story penned by Saxo Grammaticus in 1200 CE, the play is set in Denmark after the assassination of the King. Prince Hamlet later encounters the ghost of his father and discovers his uncle had murdered the King before claiming the throne and marrying his mother. Hamlet spirals into lunacy plotting to avenge his father’s death. Ophelia, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen and Hamlet’s lover, contributes to his instability when she ends all romantic gestures between them after the strict instructions of her father and

brother. In a turn of events, Hamlet kills Ophelia's father by accident and leaves for England. With Hamlet gone and her father dead, Ophelia has lost the two people she loves the most. Her mind unravels and she speaks in nursery rhymes until her dead body is discovered in the river.

Richard Strauss set the mad nursery songs of Ophelia to music in 1918, featuring Ludwig Seeger's German translation. Ophelia's songs allow her to communicate more directly with the Queen and King—her madness freeing her from any prior sense of propriety that would have concealed her thoughts and feelings. In her first song, Ophelia says she will know her lover by his “cockle hat, and staff, and sandal shoon.” These were honored trappings of religious pilgrims, which were later adorned by adventuring young lovers. Having lost her lover and father simultaneously, her confused mind cannot distinguish the two and she speaks of them as one person.

I. Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb vor andern nun?	<i>How will I know my true love from all others now?</i>
An dem Muschelhut und Stab und den Sandalschuhn	<i>By his cockle shell hat and staff and his sandals.</i>
Er is tot und lange hin, tot und hin, Fräulein!	<i>He is dead and long gone—dead and gone, my lady!</i>
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras, ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.	<i>At his head green grass, at his foot a [tomb] stone.</i>
Oho! Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,	<i>O, ho! Upon his shroud, white as snow,</i>
viel liebe Blumen trauern.	<i>many lovely flowers mourn.</i>
Sie geh'n zu Grabe naß, o weh! vor Liebesschauern.	<i>They enter the grave wet—oh woe!—from tears of love.</i>

In her second song, Ophelia alludes to her suicide by mentioning the feast of St. Valentine. She also mentions St. Nicholas and St. Charity, two more martyrs for the Christian faith. Ophelia feels guilty for rejecting her love for Hamlet due to the dishonorable and false traits projected upon him by her father and brother. She then sings this song, which portrays her father's idea of the Prince.

II. Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt Valentinstag, so früh vor Sonnenschein. Ich junge Maid am Fensterschlag will Euer Valentin sein. Der junge Mann tut Hosen an, tät auf die Kammer tür, ließ ein die Maid, die als Maid ging nimmermehr herfür. Bei Sankt Niklas und Charitas!	<i>Good morning, it is Saint Valentine's Day, so early before the sun light. I, a young maid knocking at the window, want to be your valentine. The young man put on his pants, opened up the chamber door, let in the maid, who never left from there a virgin again. By Saint Nicholas and Saint Charity!</i>
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ein unverschämt Geschlecht!
Ein junger Mann tut's, wenn er kann,
fürwahr, das ist nicht recht.
Sie sprach: Eh Ihr gescherzt mit mir,
verspricht Ihr mich zu frei'n.
Ich bräch's auch nicht beim
Sonnenlicht,
wärst du nicht kommen herein.

*a brazen gender!
A young man does it, when he can,
truly, this is not appropriate.
She said: "Before you fooled with me, you
promised you'd marry me."
[He said:] I also would not break [the
vow] in the morning sun's light,
had you not come here.*

The third and final song of the Ophelia Lieder begins with a slowly wandering triplet melody from the piano, evoking the image of a creek or small river. Ophelia continues to confuse ideas of her lost father and Hamlet, believing both men to be dead. Her decision to kill herself becomes finalized with the conclusion that she will never see either her father or her lover again. At peace with this course of action, she prays for their souls.

III. Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß, leider, ach leider, den Liebsten! Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß fahr wohl, fahr wohl, meine Taube! Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's, der mir gefällt und kommt er nimmermehr? Er ist tot, o weh! In dein Totbett geh, er kommt dir nimmermehr. Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee, sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu. Er ist hin, er ist hin, kein Trauern bringt Gewinn: Mit seiner Seele Ruh und mit allen Christenseelen! Darum bet ich! Gott sei mit euch!	<i>They carried him on the bare stretcher, unfortunately, alas, the beloved! Many tears fell into the grave's lap Schoß Farewell, farewell, my dove! It's my young, fresh Hansel, who pleases me... and will be never come back? He is dead, oh woe! Go to your deathbed, he comes to you nevermore. His beard was white as snow, his head flaxen. He is gone, he is gone, no sorrow brings fortune: Peace be with his soul and with all Christian souls! Therefore I pray: God be with you!</i>
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Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) discussed many topics in his writing, including criticism, science, and dramatic subjects. His writing style—a mix of varied poetry, prose, and standard verse—followed the ideals of the *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) literary movement. A reaction to Enlightenment rationality, *Sturm und Drang* represented freedom of expression, individual subjectivity, and extreme emotions. Goethe's works gained popularity by the time he was twenty-five-years-old and have been set to music many times.

“Pesn' Min'on'y: Net tol'ka tot kto znal,” Op. 6, No. 6 – Translated into Russian by Lev Mej, this song originates from Goethe's poem “Nur wer die

Sehnsucht kennt" (Only one who understands longing) from the novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, 1795). The song is sung by Mignon, a young girl rescued from a kidnapping circus troupe by Wilhelm Meister. Mignon and Wilhelm develop a father-daughter relationship. Mignon sings of *Sehnsucht*, for which an accurate English equivalent does not exist. Roughly translated, it is a more powerful type of longing for something lost that has become unattainable. Mignon tells Wilhelm about her homeland, from which she was kidnapped. She sings of her desperation and wishes to return to Italy and her family.

Net, toll'ka tot, kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu, pojmnjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu. Gljazhu ja vdal'...	<i>None but one who has known longing Will understand how I suffered and how I suffer. I look into the distance;</i>
net sil, tusknejet oka...	<i>I have no strength, my eyes are dull.</i>
Akh, kto menja ljubil i znal - daljoka!	<i>Ab, they who love me and know me are far away!</i>
Vsja grud' gorit! Kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu, pojmnjot, kak ja stradal i kak ja strazhdu.	<i>My chest is burning! One who knows longing Will understand how I suffered and how I suffer.</i>

One of Schubert's iconic *Lieder*, "Gretchen am Spinnrade," D. 118, sets poetry from Book I of Goethe's play, *Faust* (1808). Heinrich Faust makes a pact with Mephistopheles, exchanging his soul for eternal knowledge and happiness. He meets Margaret (often called Gretchen) at a church and instantly falls in love with her beauty and innocence. Faust orders Mephistopheles to procure Gretchen's love for him as a part of their deal. After Mephistopheles plays his elaborate tricks, Faust and Gretchen finally proclaim their love for each other. Faust wishes to seduce Gretchen; however, she remembers her mother is a light sleeper and returns to her room alone. She sits at her spinning wheel overwhelmed with emotion: the combination of her strong attraction to Faust and knowledge that society would disapprove of their liaison creates increasing agitation and internal conflict for Gretchen. Her restlessness can be heard through the rapid spinning wheel motif in the right hand of the piano. Likewise, her heavy heart beat is heard in the pulsing harmony in the bass clef.

"Gretchen am Spinnrade," D. 118 Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer; Ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr.	<i>My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I never find it and never will again</i>
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Wo ich ihn nicht hab ist mir das Grab, Die ganze Welt ist mir vergällt. Mein armer Kopf ist mir verrückt, Mein armer Sinn ist mir zerstückt. Nach ihm nur schau' ich zum Fenster hinaus, Nach ihm nur geh' ich aus dem Haus. Sein hoher Gang, sein' edle Gestalt, Seines Mundes Lächeln, seiner Augen Gewalt, Und seiner Rede Zauberfluss, Sein Händedruck, und ach, sein Kuss! Mein Busen drängt sich nach ihm hin; Ach, dürft' ich fassen und halten ihn Und küssen ihn, so wie ich wollt', An seinen Küssen vergehen sollt'!	<i>Where I do not have him is to me like a grave The whole world is bitter to me My poor head has gone mad My poor mind is torn to pieces. For him alone do I look out the window For him alone do I go out of the house His lofty gait, his sublime figure, His mouth's smile, the power of his gaze, And his speech's magical flow, His touch, and ah, his kiss! My breast thrusts towards him Ah, if I could grab him and hold him And kiss him as I wanted In his kisses I could die!</i>
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Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838) was born in Venice. He moved to Vienna in 1779, where he became the court poet for Emperor Joseph II. This is where his famed collaboration with Mozart began, producing three of the most performed operas in the canon of western music: *Le nozze di Figaro* (The Marriage of Figaro, 1786), *Don Giovanni* (1787), and *Così fan tutte* (1790). After the Emperor's death, da Ponte traveled to London and then the United States, ultimately settling in New York to teach Italian language and literature at Columbia College.

Così fan tutte takes place over the course of one day, beginning in a café, where Don Alfonso mocks the fidelity of women with two military officers, Guglielmo and Ferrando. The young officers are betrothed to two sisters, Fiordiligi and Dorabella respectively. Don Alfonso wagers a bet that they will be able to seduce the other's fiancée in one day's time. Laughing, the young men agree and pretend to leave for war so their fiancées will believe they are gone. Fiordiligi and Dorabella despair at the thought that their lovers are leaving. Don Alfonso reappears with the officers in disguise. The sisters do not recognize them and are offended by their brazen flirtation. In response, Fiordiligi demands the "strangers" leave. A true romantic, she pledges to remain faithful to her beloved until death.

“Come scoglio” from *Così fan tutte*
Temerari! sortite fuori di questo
loco,
e non profani l’alito infausto degli
infami detti nostro cor, nostro
orecchio e nostri affetti!
Invan per voi, per gli altri invan, si
cerca le nostr’alme sedur!
L’intatta fede, che per noi già si
diede, ai cari amanti
Saprem loro serbar infino a morte,
a dispetto del mondo e della sorte.

Come scoglio immoto resta contra
i venti e la tempesta,
così ognor quest’alma è forte nella
fede, e nell’amor.
Con noi nacque quella face, che ci
piace e ci consola;
e potrà la morte sola, far che cangi
affetto il cor.
Rispettate, anime ingrato, questo
esempio di costanza,
e una barbara speranza non vi
renda audaci ancor.

*Audacious fools! Leave this place at once,
and don't let your poisonous words profane
our heart, our ear and our affections!*

*It is in vain for you and others to try to
seduce us!*
*Our steadfast fidelity has already been
pledged to our dear lovers.*
*We know to cherish them until death
in spite of the world and fate.*

*Like a rock remains unmoved by the
wind and the tempests,
my soul's faith and love are strong.*

*Within us is born a fire, which pleases
and consoles us.*
*And only death can change the affections
of the heart.*
*You ungrateful souls, have respect for this
example of fidelity.*
*And may your barbaric desires not render
you so audacious again!*

Program notes and translations by Samantha Schmid