

JUNIOR RECITAL

Sophie Strasheim, soprano

Student of Oliver Worthington

with

Li-Wen Weng, piano

Eidson-Duckwall Recital Hall

Saturday, September 19, 2020 • 1:00 P.M.

The fifth program of the Butler University School of Music 2020-21 season

PROGRAM

Poème d'un Jour, Op. 21

Recontre

Toujours

Adieu

G. Fauré

[1845-1924]

The Silver Aria from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*

Douglas Moore

[1893-1969]

L'amero, saro costante from *Il re pastore*, K 208

W.A. Mozart

[1756-1791]

Schubert's Sad Ladies

Franz Schubert

1. Gretchen am Spinnrade, D 118

[1789-1828]

2. Lied der Mignon, D 877

3. Rastlose Liebe, D 138

In My Dreams from *Anastasia*

L. Ahrens [b. 1948]

The Beauty Is from *The Light in the Piazza*

S. Flaherty [b. 1960]

Adam Guettel

[b. 1964]

Glitter and Be Gay from *Candide*

L. Bernstein

[1918-1990]

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance and Choral/General Education.

Program Notes

Poème d'un Jour (Poems of a Day), G. Fauré [1845-1924]

This short song cycle with poetry by Charles Grandmougin paints the picture of an unrequited love. The title "Poems of a Day" shows the fleeting nature of the narrator's feelings and quickness at which he changes his tune. "Recontre" is melodic and sentimental, showing his instant admiration for the woman upon meeting her. "Toujours" finds him dejected and angry facing her rejection, which is reflected in the fast tempo and the two against three between the voice and piano. In "Adieu," the narrator craves in defeated resignation as he reminisces on what might have been.

Recontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée;
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné
tourment.
O dis mois, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
O, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc
l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer.
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

Meeting

I was sad and pensive when I met you;
Today I feel less my obstinate torment.
Oh tell me, might you be the woman not
even hoped for,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
Oh, passerby with gentle eyes, would you be
the friend
Who would bring back happiness to the
lonely poet?
And will you shine on my strengthening
soul,
Like the native sky on the heart of an exile?

Your timid sadness, alike to mine,
Loves to see the sun set over the ocean.
Facing the vastness your rapture awakens
And the charm of the evenings is dear to
your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already chains me to you like a living bond,
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed by
love,
and my heart cherishes you without knowing
you well

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tombez dans l'immensité,
A la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs,
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs.

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!

Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in madness,
To still their mournful cries!

But do not believe that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Décloze,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the rose
Uncloses,
And the fresh colored mantles
Of the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
Disappear in smoke!

We see, in this fickle world,
Change
Faster than the waves at the shores,
Our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers,
Our hearts!

One believed in being faithful to you,
Cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves
Are short!
And I say, leaving your charms,
Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my arrival,
Farewell!

The Silver Aria from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, Douglas Moore [1893-1969]

The American opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe* is based on the real story of Elisabeth “Baby” Doe, a beautiful and confident woman who defied cultural norms, rising to a life of glamour and prowess in a Colorado mining town at the tipping point of the silver standard. “The Silver Aria” takes place during the celebration of her wedding to silver giant Horace Tabor. The men are debating a potential shift to the gold standard. Baby interrupts the debate with her signature charm and elegance, expressing her fondness for silver.

Please gentlemen, please,
Gold is a fine thing for those who admire it.
Gold is like the sun,
But I am a child of the moon and silver.
Silver is the metal of the moon,
Secret smiler, wrapped in wonder,
Floating in her cloudy magic,
T’is the moon that mints her silver
In the deeps of darkened earth.
All that’s glowing, cool and tender, has the feel of silver in it.
Silver in an infant’s laughter,
Silver on the sage’s brow;
Silver in a moonlit river echoes the silver orb above.
I am a child of the moon
And always will adore her element.
Dreaming as I watch it gleam,
I am mining heavenly ore.
Gold is the sun,
But silver, silver lies hidden the core of dreams.

L'amerò, sarò costante (I shall love her, I shall be constant),
W.A. Mozart [1756-1791]

Mozart's *Il re pastore* tells the story of the Macedonian king Alessandro searching for the rightful king after overthrowing a tyrant ruler. The libretto for this opera was written by Pietro Metastasio. Alessandro believes the shepherd Aminta is the rightful heir to the throne. When Aminta claims the throne, he is told his noble duties outweigh his love for Elisa, the woman he intends to marry. This aria is Aminta begging to be with Elisa, proclaiming his love for her. "L'amerò, sarò costante" has become a standard for sopranos, but the role originally would have been sung by a castrato.

L'amerò, sarò costante:
Fido sposo, e fido amante
Sol per lei sospirerò.

I shall love her, I shall be constant:
Faithful spouse, and faithful beloved,
Only for her shall I sigh.

In sì caro e dolce oggetto
La mia gioia, il mio diletto,
La mia pace io troverò.

In so darling and sweet an object
My joy, my delight,
My peace shall I find.

Schubert's Sad Ladies

Franz Schubert [1789-1828], Poetry by Johann von Goethe [1749-1832]

Schubert is widely recognized as the Father of German Lied and is considered one of the first Romantic composers. His lieder utilizes extensive text painting and expressive writing to display poetry. Goethe's poetry was frequently the inspiration for Schubert's art songs. These particular selections showcase Schubert's expressive writing in depicting passion, fear, and heartbreak.

Rastlose Liebe

Restless Love

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Into the snow, the rain,
and the wind,
through steamy ravines,
through mists,
onwards, ever onwards!
Without respite!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

I would sooner fight my way
through suffering
than endure so much
of life's joy.
This affection
of one heart for another,
ah, how strangely
it creates pain!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

How shall I flee?
Into the forest?
It is all in vain!
Crown of life,
happiness without peace –
this, O love, is you!

Lied der Mignon

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Mignon's Song

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone and separated
from all joy,
I look to the firmament
toward yonder direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I am reeling,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

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'!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.
My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.
His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,
And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,
And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish

“In My Dreams” from *Anastasia*, Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty

The 2017 Broadway musical *Anastasia* was inspired by the popular 1997 animated film of the same name. Though there are some overlapping songs, the musical tells a broader story, containing sixteen new musical numbers. The story is inspired by the folk legend of the missing Romanov princess Anastasia, who supposedly survived after the death of her family in the Bolsheviks’ invasion of the royal palace.

They said I was found by the side of a road.

There were tracks all around, it had recently snowed.

In the darkness and cold with the wind in the trees,
a girl with no name and no mem’ries but these:

Rain against a window. Sheets upon a bed.

Terrifying nurses whisp’ring overhead.

“Call the child Anya. Give the child a hat.”

I don’t know a thing before that...

Traveling the back roads. Sleeping in the wood.

Taking what I needed. Working when I could.

Keeping up my courage, foolish as it seems,
at night, all alone in my dreams.

In my dreams shadows call.

There’s a light at the end of a hall.

Then my dreams fade away

but I know it all will come back one day.

I dream of a city beyond all compare.

Is it Paris?

A beautiful river, a bridge by a square
and I hear a voice whisper

I’ll meet you right there in Paris.

You don’t know what it’s like not to know
who you are!

To have lived in the shadows, and traveled
this far.

I’ve seen flashes of fire. Heard the echo of
screams.

But I still have this faith in the truth of my
dreams...

In my dreams it’s all real

and my heart has so much to reveal.

And my dreams seem to say...

Don’t be afraid to go on.

Don’t give up hope, come what may.

I know it all will come back one day!

“The Beauty Is” from *The Light in the Piazza*, Adam Guettel

The Light in the Piazza with Guettel’s music and Craig Lucas’ book won six Tony Awards in 2005, including Best Original Score. The musical is based on the novel by Elizabeth Spencer. It centers on Margaret and Clara Johnson on their trip to Italy. Margaret is fiercely protective of her daughter, and it is revealed in Act 2 that Clara was kicked in the head by a horse as a child which caused Margaret to shelter her out of fear she would never mature beyond childhood. Clara longs for independence, and when she is pulled by a gust of wind to the charming Italian Fabrizio, she becomes deeply enchanted with him and the country. In “The Beauty Is,” Clara explores the Italian museums and galleries while reflecting on her meeting with Fabrizio.

These are very popular in Italy!
It’s the land of naked marble boys!
Something we don’t see a lot in Winston
Salem.
That’s the land of corduroys!

I’m just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I know.
Hello.

This is wanting something.
This is reaching for it.
This is wishing that a moment would arrive.
This is taking chances.
This is almost touching.
What the beauty is...

I don’t understand a word they’re saying.
I’m as diff’rent here as diff’rent can be,
but the beauty is I still meet people like me.

Everyone’s a mother here in Italy.
Everyone’s a father or a son.
I think if I had a child I would take such care
of her.
Then I wouldn’t feel like one.
I’ve hardly met a single soul, but I am not
alone.
I feel known.

This is wanting something.
This is praying for it.
This is holding breath and keeping fingers
crossed.
This is counting blessings.
This is wond’ring when I’ll see that boy
again.

I’ve got a feeling he’s just a someone too.
And the beauty is when you realize,
when you realize someone could be looking
for a someone like you.

“Glitter and Be Gay” from *Candide*, L. Bernstein [1918-1990]

Bernstein’s iconic score for *Candide* contains many fan favorites, including the aria “Glitter and Be Gay.” In this aria, Cunegonde laments her fall from royalty to courtesan and is a little too enthusiastic in her cries. Rapidly shifting between sobs and wild laughter, Cunegonde’s dramatic lamentations showcase the satirical nature of *Candide* in which tragedy and comedy are one in the same.

Glitter and be gay,
That’s the part I play:
Here I am in Paris, France.
Forced to bend my soul
To a sordid role,
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.

Alas for me!
Had I remained
Beside my lady mother,
My virtue had remained unstained
Until my maiden hand was gained
By some Grand Duke or other.

Ah, ‘twas not to be;
Harsh necessity
Brought me to this gilded cage.
Born to higher things,
Here I droop my wings, ah!
Singing of a sorrow nothing can assuage.

And yet, of course, I rather like to revel, ha
ha!
I have no strong objection to champagne, ha
ha!
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil, ha
ha!
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain...

Enough, enough, of being basely tearful!
I’ll show my noble stuff
By being bright and cheerful!

Ha ha ha...

Pearls and ruby rings...
Ah, how can worldly things
Take the place of Honor lost?
Can they compensate For my fallen state,
Purchased as they were at such an awful
cost?
Bracelets... lavallieres...
Can they dry my tears?
Can they blind my eyes to shame?
Can the brightest brooch
Shield me from reproach?
Can the purest diamond purify my name?

And yes, of course, these trinkets are
endearing, ha ha!
I’m oh, so glad my sapphire is a star, ha ha!
I rather like a twenty carat earring, ha ha!
If I’m not pure, at least my jewels are!

Enough, enough!
I’ll take their diamond necklace,
And show my noble stuff
By being gay and reckless!

Ha ha ha...

Observe how bravely I conceal
The dreadful, dreadful shame I feel.
Ha ha ha...!