



Arizona State University

School of Music

GRADUATE RECITAL SERIES

DENA HOLLAND

SOPRANO

Deborah Wagner, piano

KATZIN CONCERT HALL
Monday, February 28, 2000 • 5:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

E nello stringerti a questo core

Vincenzo Bellini
1801-1835

Rückert Lieder

Gustav Mahler
1860-1911

- I. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
- II. Liebst du um Schönheit
- III. Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
- IV. Um Mitternacht
- V. Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Nun eilt herbei from

Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor

Otto Nicolai
1810-1849

Despite and Still

Samuel Barber
1910-1981

- I. A Last Song
- II. My Lizard (Wish for a Young 'Love)
- III. In the Wilderness
- IV. Solitary Hotel
- V. Despite and Still

Selections from Chants d' Auvergne

Joseph Cantaloube
1879-1957

- I. Tchut, tchut
- II. La Delaïssádo
- III. Tè, l'co, tè
- IV. Malurous qu'o uno fenno

* * * * *

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the graduate requirements
for the degree Master of Music in voice performance.

Dena Holland is a student of David Britton.

Performance Events Staff Manager

Paul W. Estes

Assistant Performance Events Staff Manager

Gary Quamme

Performance Events Staff

Andrey Astaiza, Steve Aubuchon

Dom Baker, Jennifer Cook

Elizabeth Maben, Jessica Wood



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

School of Music

Main Campus, P.O. Box 870405, Tempe, AZ 85287-0405

480-965-3371 • www.asu.edu/cfa/music

EVENTS INFORMATION
CALL 480-965-TUNE (480-965-8863)

***Rückert Lieder* by Gustav Mahler**

This collection of five songs is not a key related song cycle. They were published together (along with two other songs) and are sometimes performed as a group, but often singers choose one or more from the group for performance. Mahler is well-known for his Romantic harmonies and finesse in orchestration. In many of Mahler's settings of Rückert's poetry there is a sense of deep sorrow and yet a sustaining faith. These songs, published in 1905, are among his later compositions and are a great example of his mature style. Mahler's settings often strike me with their sensitivity to the text and their amazing musical expression of sentiments that the poem may only imply but the music brings to fruition. The poetry of Friederich Rückert gives Mahler plenty to work with.

Friederich Rückert was a professor of languages, fluent in 30 languages and a prolific poet. He translated various Arabic documents including the Koran and also worked on translations of the Bible. As orientalism was a fad of the time he also wrote in what are now obscure oriental forms such as the ghasal. The poems in this set of songs however are written in his native language and in an immediately comprehensible style. The first, "Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder" is the most upbeat of the set and has a delightfully unique character of its own. "Ich atmet einen linden Duft," he wrote for his wife and Mahler in turn set to music for his wife. It involves a word play with Lindenduft which is the scent of the linden tree and linden Duft, which means tender scent. *Liebst du um Schönheit* was also published in a book of poems dedicated to Rückert's wife and Mahler's seemingly simple setting allows the clarity of the poem to speak through the music.

Both of Rückert's children died while still young and Mahler experienced the death of a younger sibling when he was 9, 11, 12, 14 (perhaps the most significant to Mahler, at this age his closest brother and playmate, Ernst, died), 19, and at 38 years old (one of his brothers committed suicide at age 25). Clearly, both Mahler and Rückert had a very intimate knowledge of the difficulties of life and their sensitive natures and talents gave voice to their sorrow, hope, and faith as is evidenced in these songs. I imagine Rückert as a shaken father full of grief, doubt, and questions; looking into the night sky. There he finds assurance that God is indeed powerful and alive and then resolutely and with a triumphant swell in the winds (here piano ☺), places his pain-ridden soul in the Almighty's hands as the harp and brass bring "Um Mitternacht" to an emotional denouement. Mahler's setting bears witness to his empathy. The deep, melancholy-sweet "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen" is perhaps the most often performed of these selections and closes the first half of tonight's program.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
wie ertappt auf böser Tat.

Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Deine Neugier ist Verrat, ist Verrat!

Do not look at my songs!

Do not look at my songs
My eyes I lower
as if caught in an evil act.

I do not dare myself,
To watch their growing.
Do not look at my songs!
Your curiosity is betrayal, is betrayal!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen.
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben, Dann vor
allen nasche du,
Dann vor allen nasche du!
Nasche du!

Ich atmet einen linden Duft

Ich atmet einen linden Duft
in Zimmer stand ein Zweig der Linde,
ein angebinde von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft.
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft,
das Lindenreis brachst du gelinde!
Ich atme leis im Duft der Linde
der Liebe linden Duft.

Liebst du um Schönheit,

O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe! Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen
klar! Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe! Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immer, immerdar!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gewacht
und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gedacht hinaus
in dunkle Schranken. Um Mitternacht.
Es hat kein Licht gedanken mir Trost
gebracht um Mitternacht.

Bees, when they build cells,
won't permit a watcher either,
They themselves do not look on.
When the rich honeycombs
Are brought into daylight by them,
Then be the first to take you fill,
Then be the first to take your fill,
Take your fill!

I breathed a gentle Scent

I breathed a gentle scent.
In the room stood a branch of linden,
a gift from a dear hand.
How lovely was the scent of linden,
How lovely is the scent of linden,
the sprig of linden you gathered gently!
I breathe softly amid the scent of linden.
Love's gentle scent.

If you love for beauty,

O do not love me!
Love the sun,
it has golden hair!
If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me! Love the Spring,
It is young every year!
If you love for treasures,
oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid, for she has many
shimmering pearls! If you love for love,
oh yes, then love me! Love me forever!
I love you forever, for always!

At Midnight

At midnight I have awoken
and looked up to the sky;
no star floating amongst the stars
smiled on me at midnight.

At midnight have I looked out into the
dark spaces. At midnight.
It has brought no light to my pain
at midnight

Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht kämpft ich die Schlacht,
o Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich die Macht in
Deine Hand gegeben; Herr!
Herr über Tod und Leben, Du hältst die
Wacht, Du hältst die Wacht, ...
Um Mitternacht!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;
sie hat so lange nichts von mir
vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben,
gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Welt getümmel
und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben,
in meinem Lieben,
in meinem Lied.

At midnight I have taken count of
The beats of my heart;
A single pulse of pain
Was all I held at midnight.

At midnight I fought the battle,
O mankind, of your sorrow,
I could not decide the outcome
With all my power at midnight.

At midnight have I given the power into
Your hand; O God!
Lord over death and life, you keep
Watch, you hold the watch ...
At midnight!

I have become lost to the world

I have become lost to the world
with which I formerly wasted so much
time; it has heard nothing from me for so
long,
that it may well believe that I have died!
It is also completely unimportant
to me if it considers me dead.
I can also not say anything against it,
for really am I dead,
dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's turmoil
and rest in a quiet place.
I live alone in my heaven,
in my life,
in my life,
in my song.

***Pisen Rusalky o mesicku* by Antonin Dvorak**

Rusalka, the opera from which this aria is taken, bears a strong resemblance to the fairy tale *The Little Mermaid*, popularized by Disney Animation only a few years ago. This fairy tale though is a Slavic one and does not follow the "happily ever after" ending of its Disney counterpart. The mermaid Rusalka has fallen in love with a human and does make a pact with the sea-witch Jezibaba, exchanging her hearing for human form. In order to remain human, the prince she has fallen in love with must truly love her and

remain faithful to her only. If he does not, Rusalka will lose him forever and return to her lake and he will be cursed as well. Similar to the Disney version, another woman comes along and the prince is wiled away by her charms during the celebration of his wedding to Rusalka. However, in the opera there is no powerful father to rescue the mermaid from her unlikely pact, thus the deaf mermaid loses the attention of her beloved prince. Rusalka runs off to mourn beside her lake. Too late the prince realizes his mistake and comes looking for her. Because he has betrayed her, a kiss from Rusalka will now kill him. He kisses her anyway, at the edge of her pond. After he dies in her arms she splashes back into the water, heartbroken.

Just before this aria, near the beginning of the opera, Rusalka and other mermaids have been splashing around joking and laughing. Rusalka has already fallen in love with the prince (and the other mermaids ridicule her for her love for a human), though she has only seen him sometimes from the water when he comes to the shore. Rusalka, melancholy and desperately in love with an impossible dream, stays behind after the others leave and as she looks up at the moon sings this aria.

*Silvery little moon in the great deep darkness of the sky,
Your rays see farther than we do,
Over the world you wander and can see into many windows.

Oh dear little moon, please stay with me a while
Tell me, where is the one I love
Oh dear moon, stay with me awhile
Tell me, tell me where is the one I love.

Tell him, oh dear silvery moon
That in my arms I enfold him
And sometime between waking and sleeping
Let him think of me, if only for a little while

And, though he may be far away, let him know my thoughts
Tell him, oh tell him that I am here waiting,
And though he may be far away, let him know my thoughts
Tell him, oh tell him that I am here waiting.

If of me a human soul is dreaming,
May my thoughts rouse him from sleep,
Little moon, don't go in (disappear into the deep sky)
Oh my dear moon don't disappear.

* Translation of Czechoslovakian into English adapted from translations by Roberta F. Samsourova and a literal translation by Michele Spasna.

***Despite and Still* by Samuel Barber**

This song cycle was published in 1969. They are the first songs that Barber wrote after he received word that the media had reported his opera *Antony and Cleopatra*, written for the premiere of the new Metropolitan Opera House, as a failure. The texts are full of confusion, pleading, loneliness, and hope. In his letters of the time there is a certain sense of failure and self-doubt, yet still (as the first song says) he writes a song, and another, and yet another. The poet seems unwilling, yet somehow driven, to write and asks with the anguished words: "Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails and my breath fails and I shake with fever, ...?" and one is left to decide how much is autobiographical for Barber as well.

A Last Song [poet: Robert Graves]

A last song, and a very last, and yet another
O, when can I give over?
Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails
And my breath fails and I shake with fever,
Or sit well wrapped in a many colored cloak
Where the moon shines new through Castle Crystal?
Shall I never hear him whisper softly:
"But this is truth written by you only,
And for me only; Therefore, love, have done?"

The subtitle says it all. Who does not wish for someone to love and be loved back?

My Lizard (Wish for a young love) [poet: Theodore Roethke]

My lizard, my lively writher, May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face/ Survive the green ice of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life/ Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,/ In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,/ When I am no one.

This piece again deals with misunderstanding, ungratefulness for someone who gave everything he had for those he loved. This poem speaks of part of the life of Jesus. By Jewish law, each year a perfect goat was chosen and the sins of the Israelites were symbolically placed upon it. It was then sent off into the desert, alone and sure to die to pay the price, be the sacrifice for the sins they had committed. By Christian belief, Jesus was the final and ultimate scapegoat, paying the price of everyone's sins. Thus the scapegoat referred to at the end of this poem would be able to understand what Jesus was going through. Perhaps Samuel Barber felt a kinship to Christ: His giving, His rebuffed gentleness, His mistreatment, His sufferings.

In the Wilderness [poet: Robert Graves]

He, of his gentleness, Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness; Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert folk That listened wondering.
He heard the bittern call from ruined palace wall, Answered him brotherly;
He held communion With the she-pelican Of lonely piety.

Basilisk, cockatrice, Flocked to his homilies,
 With mail of dread device, With monstrous barbed stings;
 With eager dragon eyes, Great bats of leathern wings
 And old, blind broken things Mean in their miseries.
 Then ever with him went, Of all his wanderings
 Comrade, with ragged coat, Gaunt ribs, poor innocent Bleeding foot, burning throat
 The guileless young scapegoat; For forty nights and days
 Followed in Jesus' ways, Sure guard behind him kept,
 Tears like a lover wept.

The work from which this is taken is a very involved auto-biographical piece with parallels to Homer's Ulysses. This excerpt may of course be interpreted in many different ways. Among other issues, the poem is about waiting. Barber supplies a very descriptive atmosphere in a narrative style with cross-rhythms, syncopation and rare moments of togetherness. Note that Barber has the marking at the beginning: "Like a rather fast tango in 2." I find it interesting that the tango is known as a sensual dance for two and yet this song talks of being alone, by setting it as he does he underscores the emotions so prevalent in this poem and in anyone waiting ...senses acute, restlessness, a feeling of aloneness....

Solitary Hotel [Poet: James Joyce from *Ulysses*]

Solitary hotel in mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit. In dark corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary. She sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks. On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks. She writes. She sighs. Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner. He seizes solitary paper. He holds it towards fire. Twilight. He reads. Solitary. What? In sloping, upright and backhands. Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho...

Another cry for understanding, for reconciliation, for love despite everything and through everything.

Despite and Still [Poet: Robert Graves]

Have you not read The words in my head, And I made part Of your own heart? We have been such as draw the losing straw You of your gentleness, I of my rashness, Both of despair Yet still might share This happy will; To love despite and still, To love despite and still. Never let us deny The thing's necessity But, o, refuse to choose When chance may seem to give Loves in alternative. To love despite and still.

Nun eilt herbei by Otto Nicolai

Nun eilt herbei is from the opera *The Merry Wives of Windsor* based on the Shakespearean play of the same name. In this aria Frau Fluth and Frau Reich have just found out that Sir John has sent them both the same love letter. Frau Fluth is planning how she will pay him back and teach men a lesson. The opera was first rejected by the opera in Vienna but was first performed in March of 1849 in Berlin. Though many composers have written operas based on this comic play of Shakespeare only this setting by Nicolai and Verdi's *Falstaff* are in the repertory. Part of an effort on Nicolai's part to produce an opera in a more German style (as opposed to the dominant Italian

characteristics, in this aria, there is a decidedly Austrian lilt. The playfulness and cunning of Frau Fluth is evident in the sometimes polka-like rhythms and the unexpected give and take between the piano and the singer.

Nun eilt herbei, Witz, Heit're Laune
Die tollsten Schwänke,
List und Übermut!
Nichts sei zu arg, wenn's dazu diene,
Die Männer ohn' Erbarmen zu bestrafen.
Das ist ein Volk, so schlecht sind sie,
Dass man sie gar genug nicht quälen
kann! Vor allen jener dicke Schlemmer,
Der uns verführen will! Ha, ha, ha ha!
Er soll es büßen.
Doch wenn er kommt,
Wie werd ich mich benehmen müssen?
Was werd ich sagen?
Halt! Ich weiss es schon!
Verführer! Warum stellt Ihr so
Der tugendsamen Gattin nach?
Warum? Warum? Verführer!
Den Frevel sollt' ich nie verzeihn,
Nein, nie, mein Zorn
müsst eure Strafe sein, *usw.*
Jedoch, --
Des Weibes Herz ist schwach, ist
schwach Ihr klagt so rührend Eure Pein;
Ihr seufftz, mein Herz wird weich,
Nicht länger kann ich grausam sein,
Und ich gesteh' es schamrot Euch ein,
usw. Mein Ritter, mein Ritter,
Ach, ach! Ich liebe Euch...
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Er wird mir glauben!
Verstellen kann ich mich fürwahr,
Ein kühnes Wagstück ist es zwar,
Allein den Spass darf man sich schon
erlauben, Den Spass ... *Usw.*
Frohsinn und Laune würzen das Leben,
und zu vergeben ist wohl ein Scherz.
So zum Vergnügen darf man schon
Lügen, bleibt nur voll Liebe, voll Treue
das Herz,...Ja!
Drum voll Vertrauen wag' ich die Tat,
lustige Frauen, ja, die Wissen sich Rat,
Ja, ...wissen schauen Rat! ...*usw.*

Now hurry here, wit, merry humor,
The maddest pranks,
Cunning and high spirits!
Nothing's too bad, if only it will serve
To punish men without mercy.
For men are such an awful group
that nothing one can do is bad enough!
Especially that fat connoisseur
Who is planning our seduction! Ha, ha,
ha, ha! He will pay for it.
But when he comes
How ought I to behave?
What shall I say?
Wait! I have it!
"Seducer! Why do you persist
In pestering a virtuous wife?
Why? Why? Seducer!
This outrage shall I ne'er forgive,
No, never! My anger
Should have been your punishment, etc.
However, --
A woman's heart is weak, is weak,
And you complain so piteously;
You sigh, my heart begins to melt,
I can no longer be so cruel,
And blushing confess to you, etc.
My dear Sir Knight, my dear Sir Knight,
Oh, oh, I love you so,..."
Ha, ha, ha, ha! He will believe me!
I can really act a part!
A venture sly and daring, this,
It's great fun to play a trick, surely it's
alright to play a trick... etc.
Laughter and joy are the spice of life,
And certainly a joke's forgiveable.
A lie can be allowed if it's in fun,
As long as one's heart remains loving
and true,... Yes!
So full of confidence I dare the deed,
And merry wives know how to help
themselves, yes....with cunning... etc.

Selections from *Chants d'Auvergne* by Joseph Canteloube *

The Auvergne, a region in central France now known for its healing waters, early Romanic architecture, and local cheeses, was also the birthplace of Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957). Canteloube became a strong proponent of the regionalist movement in music and the *Chants d'Auvergne* are perhaps the most well-known products of his efforts to use native elements in his music. He began collecting folksongs in 1895, started collecting and harmonizing songs of the countryfolk of the Auvergne in 1908, and composed the first of the group of these songs for soprano and orchestra in 1923. They are written and performed in Auvergnat, the dialect of the region. A volcanic area, pictures of the Auvergne show lush vegetation, rolling slopes, beautiful forests, ancient buildings and charming quaint cottages. It is not difficult to imagine strolling through the countryside, catching the tune of a coy shepherdess, a cow herder calling out commands to his dog, or seeing a young girl sitting on a hill, knees to her chin waiting in vain for the man she loves and then completely alone, breaking into deep heartsick sobs. Last is the light-hearted comments about the happiness of having - or not - a husband or wife ☺.

Tchut, tchut

Moun païré mé n'ò lougado,
Per ona gorda lo bacado,
Tchut, tchut, tchut!
tchut, tchut,
que z'ò cal pas diré!
Tchut, Tchut,
mènès pas ton dè brut!

Ne l'i soui pas to lèu estado,
què moun golont m'ò rencontrado,
Tchut, tchut, tchut! etc.,

N'aï pas ièu fatso de fuzados,
Cou m'ò fat guel de poutonados!
Tchut, tchut, tchut! etc.,

Sé n'io bè de miliou couïfado,
N'io pas de miliou embrassado!
Tchut, tchut, tchut! etc.,

Tchut, tchut

My father has found a job for me,
it is to look after the cows,
Hush, hush, hush!
hush, hush,
don't say a word (say nothing)
Hush, hush,
Don't make so much noise

I had no sooner got there than my
sweetheart came to meet me
Hush, hush, hush, etc.,

I didn't do much spinning
But I did get many kisses
Hush, hush, hush, etc.,

There may be girls with nicer hairdos
But it is better to get more kisses
Hush, hush, hush, etc.,

* Translations adapted from CD notes on Virgin Digital Classics VC 7 90714-2 and Erato Disques S.A. 4509-96559-2 recordings featuring Arleen Auger and Dawn Upshaw, respectively.

La Delaïssádo

Uno pastourèlo èsper olaï al capt del
bouès
Lou galan doguèlo, fné né bén pas!

“Ay! souï délaïssado!
qué n’áï pas vist lou mio galant:
Crèsio qué m’áïmábo, è ton l’áïmé ièu!”

Luziguèt l’estélo, aquèlo què marco la
nuèt,
e lo papuro pastourelletto
Démouret à ploura ...

Tè, l’co, tè

Tè, l’co, tè!
Arresto lo baco!
Atso lo qué s’en bo!
Dio! Camino, camino,pecayré!
Tè! Biro lo roudzo! Tè!
Prrr!
Es oquo! Daysso lo!
Bèni, bèni, bèni, tè!

Malurous qu’o uno fenno

Malurous qu’o uno fenno,
malurous qué n’o cat!
Qué n’o cat n’en bòu uno,
qué n’o uno n’en bòu pas!
Tradèra, ladèri, dèrèro,
Ladèra ladèri dèra!

Urouzo lo fenno
Qu’o l’omé qué li cau!
urouz’ inquero maito
o quèlo qué n’o cat!
Tradèra, ladèri, dèrèro,
Ladèra ladèri dèra!

The Forsaken Shepherdess

A shepherdess is waiting over there at
the top of the wood, for
the one she loves, but he does not come!

“He has forsaken me!
I look for him in vain;
I thought he loved me, and I love him
so!”

When the evening star appears,
heralding the night,
the poor little shepherdess
is alone and weeping...

Run, dog, run!

Run, dog, run!
Stop the cow!
See her running away?
Can you? Hey, run quickly, run, run...
Run! Round up the roan (Bring the red
one back)! Run! Prrr!
That’s good! Leave her alone!
Come here, now, come here!

Unhappy he who has a wife

Unhappy he who has a wife,
Unhappy he who has none!
He who has none wants one,
He who has one wants none!
Tradèra, ladèri, dèrèro,
Ladèra ladèri dèra!

Happy is the woman
Who has the man she needs!
But she is still more happy-
The one who hasn’t any!
Tradèra, ladèri, dèrèro,
Ladèra ladèri dèra

The Lord is my Strength and my Song.