From *Acht Lieder*, Opus 10 ................................................................. Richard Strauss  
   Allerseelen  
   Die Nacht  
From *Vier Lieder*, Opus 27  
   Heimliche Aufforderung

“Monica’s Waltz” ........................................................................... Gian Carlo Menotti  
   from *The Medium*  
   (1911–2007)

Ariettes oubliées.............................................................................. Claude Debussy  
   I.  C’est l’extase  
   II.  Il pleure dans mon cœur  
   III.  L’ombre des arbres  
   IV.  Chevaux de bois  
   V.  Green  
   VI.  Spleen

Non t’amò piú.................................................................................... Paolo Tosti  
   (1846–1916)

“Quando m’en vo” ....................................................................... Giacomo Puccini  
   from *La Bohème*  
   (1858–1924)

*A reception will follow the recital in Music, Room 106.*
VOCALIST

MAGGIE MANIRE '14, soprano, is a vocal performance major and religion minor, and she studies under Christina Kowalski. During her time at Puget Sound, she has performed in Too Many Sopranos! (2011), The Pirates of Penzance (2012), Spring Awakening (role of Thea, 2013), and An Evening of Opera Scenes (Rosalinde in Die Fledermaus and Le Comtesse in Le Comte Ory, 2014). Maggie is a member of the Adelphian Concert Choir and Voci d’Amici, as well as the co-president of the all-female a cappella group What She Said. She was honored this year with the Dr. Bruce Rodgers Adelphian Scholarship for choral leadership. Maggie also was chosen as one of the winners of this year’s Concerto/Aria Competition, and performed a set of arias and art songs with the Puget Sound Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Huw Edwards. In the fall Maggie will attend San Francisco Conservatory of Music to pursue her Master of Music degree in vocal performance.

ACCOMPANIST

DENES VAN PARYS, accompanist, collaborative artist, conductor, and composer, has led performances for numerous international opera companies, theaters, orchestras, and national tours. He received his Bachelor of Music degree in music theory and composition from Washington State University, and pursued graduate studies in opera and musical theater conducting at Ithaca College. He currently is the staff accompanist at Puget Sound.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to my family for supporting my vocal endeavors from day one, and always encouraging me to follow my passion. Thank you to my wonderful friends, both here and elsewhere for all the love you bring to my life. Thank you Denes for your incredible artistry, advice, and support throughout my undergrad experience. Christina, I would never have made it to this day without you; thank you for everything. Lastly, thank you to everyone here today. It is because of all of you that I am able to do what I love!

PROGRAM NOTES

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Richard Strauss (1864–1949) was a German composer born in Munich who began composing at the age of 6. He is best known for his opera and Lieder, as well as his orchestral works (especially his tone poems), and has been placed in the company of composers such as Gustav Mahler for championing German Romanticism after the work of Wagner and Liszt. His style is described as modern, but with an emphasis on traditionally conservative techniques such as tonality and lush orchestration; his most defining feature as a composer is his advanced harmonic language.

Allerseelen, which translates to “All Saint’s Day,” tells the story of a lost love through memories that happened “once in May” (“wie einst im Mai”). The poem is from Letzte Blätter by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg.
**Allerseelen**
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand,
 daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht,
mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz,
daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

**All Saint's Day**
Set on the table the fragrant mignionettes,
bring in the last red asters,
and let us talk of love again,
as we once did in May.

Give me your hand
so I can press it secretly.
And if someone sees us,
it’s all the same to me.
Just give me one of your sweet glances,
as you once did in May.

Flowers bloom on each grave today,
sending off their fragrances;
one day a year the dead are free.
Come to me,
let me hold you again,
as I once did in May.

**Die Nacht (The Night)**
is a song of longing and fear that the night will steal away a loved one, just as it steals away the daytime and its familiarity. Strauss employs a steady beat and numerous minor seconds to illustrate the meaning of this poem, also from *Letzte Blätter*.

**Die Nacht**
Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch

Rücke näher, Seel’ an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

**The Night**
Night steps out of the woods,
out of the trees she softly steals,
looks around her in a wide arc;
now beware!

All the lights of this world,
all the flowers, all the colors,
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the fields

She takes everything that is dear,
she takes the silver from the stream,
and from the copper roof of the cathedral,
she takes the gold.

The bushes are plundered, stripped naked;
come closer, soul to soul.
Oh, I am so afraid the night will steal you away from me also.
Heimliche Aufforderung is often translated as “The Secret Invitation” or “The Lovers Pledge.” This poem by John Henry Mackay tells the story of someone inviting his or her lover to leave the bustle of the party and meet he or she in private. The song ends with broad phrases that stretch longer and contrast the accompaniment more than any other in the song, begging the night and his or her lover to arrive.

Heimliche Aufforderung
Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich wie du…

Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer—verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmen Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen, festfreudiges Bild.
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach, there altem Brauch.

Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du’s gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht.
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

The Secret Invitation
Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink to your health your heart’s fill at the joyous feast.
And beckon me secretly when you raise it,
Then I’ll smile and, like you, drink still quietly …

And just as I do, consider the crowd
Of drunken revelers—do not think too ill of them.
No, raise the twinkling cup, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at this noisy meal.

But when you’ve savored the meal, your thirst quenched,
leave these loud comrades to their happy festivities,
and wander off into the garden to the rosebush,
I want to wait for you, as is our custom.

And I want to fall upon your breast, as you hoped anyway,
And drink your kisses, as so often before,
and weave the glory of the roses into your hair.

Oh come, you wondrous longed-for night!

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007) was an Italian-American composer who moved to America in 1928 and studied composition at Curtis Institute of Music. He began his formal music studies at Milan Conservatory in 1923. Menotti was a talented librettist as well as composer, and is best remembered for his operas such as The Consul. His opera The Medium was commissioned by Columbia University and had its professional debut in 1957 as a double feature with another of his operas, The Telephone.
“Monica’s Waltz” takes place at the beginning of Act II, where the mute servant boy Toby performs a puppet show for his employer’s daughter, Monica. Monica’s mother, Madame Flora, makes her living by scamming rich patrons into believing she is a psychic medium and can summon spirits. In truth Monica is the true medium. In this aria, she acts as Toby’s voice as she plays out a romantic exchange between the two of them.

**Monica’s Waltz**  
*from The Medium*

Bravo! And after the theater,  
Supper and dance, music!

Um-pa-pa, um-pa-pa  
Up in the sky someone is playing  
a trombone and a guitar.  
Red is your tie,  
and in your velveteen coat  
you hide a star.  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz,  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz.  
Follow me, moon and sun,  
keep time with me,  
one two three one.

If you’re not shy,  
pin up my hair with your star,  
and buckle my shoe.  
And when you fly, please hold on tight to my waist,  
I’m flying with you.  
O, Monica, Monica, dance the waltz,  
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz.  
Follow me, moon and sun,  
Follow me, follow, follow me,  
Follow me, follow, follow me.

What is the matter, Toby?  
What is it you want to tell me?

Kneel down before me,  
And now, tell me …

Monica, Monica, can’t you see  
That my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?  
I loved you, Monica, all my life, with all my breath, with all my blood.  
You haunt the mirror of my sleep,  
you are my night.  
You are my light  
and the jailer of my day
How dare you, scoundrel,
talk to me like that?
Don’t you know who I am?
I’m the queen of Aroundel!
I shall have you put in chains!

You are my princess,
you are my queen,
And I’m only Toby, one of your slaves,
And still I love you
and always loved you
with all my breath, with all my blood.
I love your laughter, I love your hair,
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes.
I love your soft hands,
so white and winged,
I love the slender
branch of your throat.

Toby, don’t speak to me like that!
You make my head swim.

Monica, Monica,
fold me in your satin gown.
Monica, Monica, give me your mouth,
Monica, Monica, fall in my arms.

Why, Toby!
You’re not crying, are you?
Toby, I want you to know
that you have
the most beautiful voice
in the world!

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was a French composer most closely associated with the impressionist music movement, but was also widely influenced by the symbolism movement within the literary world. He is perhaps most well known for redefining tonality as a concept in European music. His musical language frequently combines modality and tonality, blocked chords, layered sounds and profoundly lyrical vocal lines. After being exposed to Wagnerian opera, his work was greatly impacted, and his *Ariettes oubliées* were defined by a much more capricious style with attention to poetic detail and subtlety, nuance, and timbre. Debussy also was influenced by Javanese gamelan music and widely incorporated the pentatonic scale.

C'est l'extase
C'est l’extase langoureuse
C’est la fatigue amoureuse
C’est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l’entreinte des brises,
C’est vers les ramures grises
Le cheour des petites voix.

It is the langorous ecstasy
It is the fatigue of love
It is all the tremors of the woods
as the breezes embrace them,
it is in the gray branches,
the choir of tiny voices.
O le frele et frais murmure!   O the frail and fresh murmur!
Cela gazouille et susurre,   It babbles and whispers,
Cela ressemble au cri doux,   it resembles the soft cry
Que l’herbe agitée expire…   exhaled by the waving grass…
Tu dirais,     You could say it were,
Sous l’eau qui vire,    under swirling waters,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.   the muffled rumbling of the rolling
pebbles.

Cette ame qui se lamentent
En cette plainte dormante
C’est la notre, n’est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s’exhale l’humile antienne
Par ce tiide soir, tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette languer
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s’ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

II pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s’écroure.
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!

L’ombre des arbres
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.

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette languer
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s’ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

II pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s’écroure.
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Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

L’ombre des arbres
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.
Chevaux de bois
Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L’enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L’une à la chose et l’autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu’autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l’œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C’est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D’aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu’il soit besoin
D’user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez ! Le ciel en velours
D’astres en or se vêt lentement.
L’église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Green
Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat
que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux
mains blanches
Et qu’à vos yeux si beaux l’humble présent
soit doux.
J’arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon
front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds
reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers
baisers;
Laissez-la s’apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous
reposez.

Spleen
Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

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
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !

Paolo Tosti (1846–1916) was an Italian composer who eventually settled in Great
Britian. Tosti was a celebrated and prolific song composer but never composed any
opera. Despite this his work has become a staple of classical concert repertoire and
is described as light and expressive, with natural sounding melodies and sentimental
qualities.

Non t’amo piu is one of Tosti’s most popular concert pieces, and truly exemplifies
Tosti as master of the ballad with a truly “Italian” style. In this song, the narrator
speaks with scorn about a former lover that wronged him or her, and how free he or
she feels now that he or she “doesn’t love you anymore.”

Non t’amo piu
Ricordi ancora il dì che c’incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor…?

I come to you still covered in dew
That the morning wind freezes on my
face.
Suffer my weariness, as I rest at your
feet,
to dream of the dear moments that will
solace it.

On your young breast allow my head to
rest,
still ringing with the sound of your last
kisses;
let it find rest after the happy storm,
And let me sleep a while, since you are
resting.

The roses were all so red
and the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move
my despair comes back.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green and the air too soft.

I always fear – I don’t know why
some atrocious escape of yours.

I am so tired of holly-sprays
and weary of the bright boxwood,
infinite of all the endless country ways,
and of everything, save you, alas!

I don’t love you anymore
Do you still remember the day we met,
Do you still remember the promises you
made…?
Folle d’amore io ti seguii ... ci amammo,  
E accanto a te sognai, folle d’amor.  
Sognai felice, di carezze a baci  
Una catena dileguante in ciel;  
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci ...  
Perchè l’anima tua è fatta di gel.  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d’amor...non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso ...  
Sogno un altro ideal;  
Nei cari giorni che pasamo ineieme  
Lo cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier  
Tu fosti del mio cor l’unica speme  
Tu della mente l’unico pensier  
Tu m’hai visto pregare, impallidire,  
Piangere tu m’hai visto innanzi a te  
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire  
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè.  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d’amor...non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso ...  
Sogno un altro ideal;  
Non t’amò più.

Love-insane I followed you ... we loved each other,  
And next to you I dreamt, so in love.  
I dreamed happily, of a chain of caresses and kisses  
disappearing into the sky;  
But your words ... they weren’t truthful ...  
because your heart is made of ice.  
Do you still remember that?  
Now you aren’t my only faith any more,  
my immense desire… nor my dream of love;  
I don’t long for your kisses, I don’t even think of you ...  
I dream other dreams;  
I don’t love you anymore.

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924) has been called the greatest opera composer after Verdi, and countless of his operas remain in the repertory today. Many of his works were in the verismo style, depicting realistic portrayals of real life and generally rejecting romanticism. One of his most famous operas, La Bohème, consistently ranks in the top 10 of most performed operas year after year. Unique musical structures, bold harmony, and incredible vocal lines characterize Puccini’s style.
“Quando m’en vo,” also known as “Musetta’s Waltz,” is one of the most recognizable melodies from the opera. Musetta sings this aria in Act II, when all the bohemians are gathered in the Café Momus, to capture the attention of her former lover, Marcello, and taunt him with the presence of her new patron and admirer, Alcindoro. However, Musetta truly loves Marcello, and this song brings them back together.

“Quando m’en vo”
From La Bohème
Libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa

Quando men vo
soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia
tutta ricerca
Da capo a pie’.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia Sottil,
che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l’effluvio del desìo tutta m’aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

“When I go along”

When I walk
alone on the streets,
people stop and stare
and examine my beauty,
in me they look at me
from head to toe.
And then I relish the sly yearning
which escapes from their eyes
and is able to perceive
my most hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire is all around me,
and it makes me happy!
And you who knows, who remembers
and yearns
you shrink from me?
I know why: you don’t want to express
your anguish,
but you feel as if you are dying!
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May

Sunday, May 4, 2 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Will Delacorte ‘15, tenor, and Brady McCowan ‘15, saxophone, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 5 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Helen Burns ’15, soprano, and Jennifer Mayer ’15, mezzo-soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 7:30 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Chynna Spencer ’15, mezzo-soprano, and Glenna Toomey ’15, piano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Monday, May 5, 6:30 p.m.  Clarinet Ensemble, Jennifer Nelson, director, Wheelock Student Center, Rasmussen Rotunda. Free

Monday, May 5, 7:30 p.m.  Percussion Ensemble, Gunnar Folsom, director, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Tuesday, May 6, 7:30 p.m.  Performance: Beautiful Day! Chorale and Dorian Singers, Steven Zopfi and Kathryn Lehmann, conductors, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

Wednesday, May 7, 4 p.m.  Pops on the Lawn, Karlen Quad, (rain location) Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

The School of Music at University of Puget Sound is dedicated to training musicians for successful music careers and to the study of music as a liberal art. Known for its diverse and rigorous educational program, personalized attention to students, the stature of its faculty, and superior achievements in scholarship, musicianship, and solo and ensemble performance, the school maintains the highest professional standards while providing academic and performance opportunities to all university students. Through faculty, student, and guest artist colloquia, workshops, performances, and a vibrant Community Music department, the School of Music enriches the cultural life of the campus and community.

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