



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL

MAGGIE MANIRE '14, SOPRANO

DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 2014
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL
7:30 P.M.

- From *Acht Lieder*, Opus 10 Richard Strauss
Allerseelen (1864–1949)
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 (1862–1918)
II. Il pleure dans mon cœur
III. L’ombre des arbres
IV. Chevaux de bois
V. Green
VI. Spleen
- Non t’amo piu 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.

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
Löschst 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.

All Saint's Day

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
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.

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 lärmenden 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 ehemals 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'étreinte des brises,
C'est vers les ramures grises
Le cheur 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!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux,
Que l'herbe agitee expire...
Tu dirais,
Sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

O the frail and fresh murmur!
It babbles and whispers,
it resembles the soft cry
exhaled by the waving grass...
You could say it were,
under swirling waters,
the muffled rumbling of the rolling
pebbles.

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

This soul which mourns,
with such subdued lament
Is ours, is it not?
It is my soul, say, and yours,
exhaling the humble anthem
on this warm evening, very softly.

Il pleure dans mon cœur

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

There is weeping in my heart
like the rain falling on the town;
What is this languor
that pierces my heart?

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

Oh the patter of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart growing weary,
Oh, the sound of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison

It weeps without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
There is no reason for this sorrow.

C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

Truly the worst pain
is not knowing why,
without love or hate,
my heart has so much pain.

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.

The shadow of the trees
in the misty river
dies like smoke,
while above in the air,
among the real branches,
the doves moan.

Combien, ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient
dans les hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances noyées.

How well, o traveler,
this pallid landscape
mirrored your pale self.
and how sadly they wept,
in the highest leaves,
your drowned hopes.

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.

Turn, turn, good horses of wood,
turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand
turns,
turn often and turn always,
turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
the boy in black and the girl in pink,
the one pursuing and the other posing,
each getting a penny's worth of Sunday
fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
while all around your whirling
the eyes of the sly pickpocket flicker,
turn to the sound of the victorious
cornet!

It is astonishing how it intoxicates you,
to ride like that in this silly circus:
nothing in your tummy and a pain in
your head,
plenty of good and plenty of bad.

Turn, hobby-horses, with no need
to ever use spurs
to make you continue your circular
gallop
Turn, turn, with no hope for hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls,
already the supper bell is sounded by
the night that is falling and chasing away
the troop
of merry drinkers, famished by thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Slowly dons stars of gold.
The church bells toll sadly.
Turn to the joyful sound of the drums!

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves,
and branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats
only for you.
Do not tear it with your two
white hands,
And let the humble gift find favor in your
beautiful eyes.

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.	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.
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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.	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.
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Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.	The roses were all so red and the ivy was all black.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.	Dear, at your slightest move my despair comes back.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre, La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.	The sky was too blue, too tender, The sea too green and the air too soft.
Je crains toujours, – ce qu'est d'attendre Quelque fuite atroce de vous.	I always fear – I don't know why some atrocious escape of yours.
Du houx à la feuille vernie Et du luisant buis je suis las,	I am so tired of holly-sprays and weary of the bright boxwood,
Et de la campagne Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !	infinite of all the endless country ways, and of everything, save you, alas!

Paolo Tosti (1846–1916) was an Italian composer who eventually settled in Great Britain. 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 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 seguì ... ci amammo, E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.	Love-insane I followed you ... we loved each other, And next to you I dreamt, so in love.
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.	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.
Te ne ricordi ancor?	Do you still remember that?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immense Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu: I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso ... Sogno un altro ideal; Non t'amo più.	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.
Nei cari giorni che pasamo inieime lo cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme Tu della mente l'unico pensier	In the days we spent together I strewed flowers across your path You were the only hope of my heart, the sole thought in my mind.
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire, Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te lo sol per appagare un tuo desire Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè.	You saw me beg, pray, pale, and cry before you, If only to fulfill a desire of yours, I would have given my body, blood, and soul.
Te ne ricordi ancor?	Do you still remember that?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immense Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu: I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso ... Sogno un altro ideal; Non t'amo più.	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 desio 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.