You'll find that a new love is there!
Love is where you find it!
Fate designed it
To be waiting everywhere.
It may hide from you for awhile
It may come tonight in a smile
Fan a flame of a new love
In the arms of a true love!
Seek and you shall find.
Ah!

Poetry by: Earl K. Brent

UNLV
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS
College of Fine Arts - Department of Music

Presents a

Doctoral Recital

Wendy Moss
soprano

with
Michelle Lee, piano and harpsichord
Matthew Guschl, oboe

Saturday, April 24, 2010
7:30pm
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beaum Music Center
PROGRAM

"Was mir behagt – Jagen ist die Lust der Götter" Johann Sebastian Bach
from Was mir Behagt, ist nur die Muntre Jagd, BWV 208 (1685–1750)

"Die Seele ruht in Jesus Händen"
from Herr Jesu Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott, BWV 127
Matt Guschi, oboe

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)
El Paño Moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

INTERMISSION

Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement Ernest Chausson
Les papillons (1855–1899)
Le temps des lilas
La caravane

Ständchen Richard Strauss
Morgen! (1864–1949)
Seitdem dein Aug'
Heimliche Aufforderung

"Love Is Where You Find It" Nacio Herb Brown
(1896–1964)

Was mir behagt, ist nur die Muntre Jagd, BWV 208, was composed for the birthday of Duke Christian of Saxony-Weissenfels in 1713. Due to its subject matter, this drama per musica is typically called "The Hunting Cantata." This work is unique because it is Bach's earliest extant secular cantata. Salomon Frank, the poet for many cantatas during Bach's era, wrote texts that were highly accessible in a musical setting. The theme for this fifteen-sectioned celebratory cantata is one from Greek mythology where Diana, the goddess of the hunt, admires her love, the hunter Endymion. Here, in "Was mir behagt," Diana gives praise to Aurora, which sets the dawn to rise, as she prepares herself and her bow, for the beloved morning hunt. This secular work exemplifies Bach's early style from his time spent in Weimar.

Herr Jesu Christ, wahr' Mensch und Gott, BWV 127, was written for Quinquagesima Sunday (the Sunday before Lent) to anticipate the Passion, and was performed on February 11th, 1725. The text is based on an eight-verse hymn by Paul Eber from 1562. "Die Seele ruht in Jesus Händen" is No. 3 in this work and is often referred to as "The Funeral Hymn." The oboe obbligato is meant to depict one's soul, at the beginning of life, as born in Jesus' hands. Then grows throughout life to death, which suggests the peaceful security one receives in death. In the B section, the funeral bells, "Ach, ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken" are called to bring rest to one's soul.

Although Bach's vocal compositions were overlooked by his contemporaries for his keyboard works, the large number of cantatas, over 200, represent by far the most extensive and diverse body of work for this medium.

My only pleasure, is the merry chase!
My only pleasure, is the merry chase!
Before Aurora rises resplendent,
Before she dares to tread the skies.

Jagen ist die Lust der Götter,
Jagen steht der Helden acht,
Weichet, meiner Nymphen Spötter,
Weichet von Dianen Bahn!

Poetry by: Salomon Franck

Die Seele ruht in Jesus Händen
Die Seele ruht in Jesus Händen
Wenn Erde diesen Leib bedeckt,
Ach, ruft mich bald, ihr Sterbeglocken,
Ich bin zum Sterben uerschröcken,
Weil mich mein Jesus wieder weckt.

The Soul doth rest in Jesus Hands
The Soul rests in Jesus Hands
When this body is covered by the earth.
Ah! The funeral bells call me,
I am not afraid to die,
For Jesus will soon raise my soul.

Poetry by: Paul Eber

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Doctor of Musical Arts.
Wendy Moss is a student of Tod Fpatrick.
Manuel de Falla's only song cycle, *Siete canciones populares españolas*, was written for voice and piano during his last year in Paris before his return to Madrid during World War I. Like many Spanish composers, de Falla was attracted to the appeal of French music; and during his nine years there composed some of his greatest works: *La vida breve* (1913), *Tres melodías* (1909-10) on Gautier text, and these Seven Popular Spanish Songs (1914) which were dedicated to Mme. Ida Godebski.

The premiere of *Siete canciones populares españolas* was in January of 1915 at the Ateneo in Madrid. They were sung by Luisa Vela and accompanied by de Falla.

Manuel de Falla's ability to take popular Spanish folk material and transmute it into Spanish Art Song is what made him unique amongst other Spanish composers. Two distinct aspects of de Falla's musical style can be heard in this song cycle from his use of articulation markings that are applied almost every note, and his extensive use of the piano throughout. He also used tunes, dances and rhythms from various regions of Spain to create these seven canciones. He juxtaposed the triple-metered dance rhythms of "El paño moruno," "Seguidilla murciana" and "Jota" against the simplicity of "Nana" and "Asturiana.

These Spanish folk tunes in de Falla's settings become a new Spanish aesthetic for the 20th century and influence all Spanish Art Song from that time forward.

The subject matter for these songs does not connect them to each other and ranges from that of a soiled cloth meant to represent a tainted woman in "El paño moruno," to a grieving woman seeking sympathy from a pine tree in "Asturiana," to bitterness acquired due to unrequited love in "Polo.

Manuel de Falla, often referred to as the Bartók of Spain, can be remembered for bringing Spain back into the forefront of Westernized music in the 20th century, and can also be remembered as Tomas Marco states, the only Spanish composer who can be compared with other great composers of his time: Debussy, Ravel, Dukas and Stravinsky.

**El paño moruno**

*Al paño fino, en la tienda,*
*Al paño fino, en la tienda,*
*Una mancha le cayó;*
*Una mancha le cayó;*
*Por menos precio se vende,*
*Por menos precio se vende,*
*Porque perdio su valor;*
*Porque perdio su valor;*
*¡Ay!*

**Poetry by: Spanish Folk Poetry**

**Seguidilla murciana**

*Cualquier que el tejano*
*Tenga de vidrio,*
*Arrieros eznos;*
*Puede que el camino,*
*Puede que en el camino,*
*¿Nos encontramos?*

*Por tu mucha inconstancia*
*Yo te comparo,*
*Por tu mucha inconstancia*
*Yo te comparo con pescado que corre*
*De mano en mano*
*Que al fin se borra,*
*Y creyéndola falsa*
*Y creyéndola falsa*
*[Nadie la toma]*
*[Nadie la toma]*

**The Moorish cloth**

*On the fine cloth, in the store*
*A stain set in*
*A stain set in*
*For a lower price it is sold*
*Because it has lost its value*
*Oh!*

**Translations: James Abraham & Mark Bates**

**Murgian Seguidilla**

*He whose roof*
*Is made of glass,*
*Muleteers are we;*
*Perhaps on the road,*
*We shall meet!*

Because of your great inconstancy
I compare you,
Because of your great inconstancy
I compare you to a coin that passes From hand to hand.
That at last is worn off, And believing it false, And believing it false, No one will take it; No one will take it.

**Asturiana**

*Por ver si me consolaba*
*Arrímate a un pino verde*
*Por ver si me consolaba*
*Por verme llorar, lloraba.*
*Y el pino como era verde*
*Y el pino como era verde*
*Por verme llorar, lloraba.*

**Asturian Song**

*To see if it would console me,*
*To see if it would console me*
*Upon seeing me cry, it cried.*
*The pine tree, because it was green,*
*Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

**Nursemaid**

*Go to sleep child, sleep,*
*Sleep my precious,*
*Go to sleep little light,*
*In the morning, little hilly,*
*Go to sleep little light, In the morning.*

**Seguidilla murciana**

*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*

**Canción**

*Por traidores, tus ojos,*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Por traidores, tus ojos,*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*
*Vaya a enterrar*

Ernest Chausson composed French *mélodie* that unabashedly speaks of High Romance. His vocal works contain various elements that are characteristics of the Romantic style. One of these being subject matter he chose to set which reflects aspects of the supernatural, to Orientalism, to allegorical material that is filled with his moods and meanings. Being an avid admirer of Wagner, Chausson wrote extended vocal lines that convey delayed climaxes and hesitated chromatic resolutions; another trait of the Romantic style. Though his output of vocal music was approximately forty *mélodies*, halted by his sudden death at the age of forty-four due to a bicycle accident. Chausson's songs significantly impacted the genre of French *mélodie* by marrying the earlier, simple style of Franz and Massenet, his teachers, with that of the refined, chromatic settings yet to come by Debussy and Poulenc.
From his first collection of songs, the Hamelle edition, comes the two songs "Les papillons" (1879-80) and "La caravane" (1887), upon text by the French poet Théophile Gautier, which distinctly demonstrate Chausson's growth from early melodic to the refined. Both selections deal with Romantic narratives of the Orient which ultimately tell of a far away, unknown place of the soul that either longs to be in another place or sadly endure the place in which they live.

"Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement" (1887) upon Moridas text, is Debsian in nature with its chromatic pathways woven underneath a mystical text that tells of the wonders of a forest filled with fairies, gnomes, gold and song. The sad color invoked by the harmonic progressions mark this piece as a true Chausson melodic. Graham Johnson notes this mélodie as the signature of the composer's moral and introspective art: a ravishing melodic...So much in Chausson speaks to us of paradise lost.

Although Chausson's mélodie can sometimes be lost by those of his contemporaries, Dupré, Chabrier, Faure and Debussy, unique in his own mélodie is Chausson's ability to imprint his own melancholy and hopelessness upon them.

In the forest of charm and enchantment
Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,
You sweetly sang along my way,
Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,
In the forest of charm and enchantment.

From your hands, honest gnomes, you offered me
A sceptor of gold, alas! While I lay sleeping.
I learned later that these are a lure and a delusion,
The golden scepters and the songs in the forest.
Yet, like a credulous child, I weep for them
And I would once again sleep in the forest.
No matter that I know they are a lure and a delusion.

Translations: Victor Rangel-Ribeiro

Les papillons
Les papillons couleur de neige,
Volent par essaim sur la mer,
Beaux papillons blanches,
Quand pourrai-je prendre le bleu chemin de l'aïr?

Savez-vous, chère des belles,
Ma baisée aux yeux de jais,
Sûrs me voulez prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, on partez?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vortex et forêt
Jirais à vos lévres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Poetry by Théophile Gautier

La caravane
La caravane humaine, au Sahara du monde,
Par ce chemin des ars qui n'est plus de retour,
Sais-tu, te baladant le pied, blâmé aux fous de jour,
Et buvant sur ses bras la sueur qui l'indigne.

Le grand lion rusé, et la tempête gronde,
À l'horizon fuyard, ui minaret, ni tour.
La seule eau qu'on ait est l'ombre du ventour,
Qui traverse le ciel, cachant sa prose immobile.

L'avance toujours, et voici qui l'on voit
Que seule chose que l'on se montre au doux
C'est un bois de cypres sent de blanches pierres,
Dits, pour vous reposer, dans le désert du temps,
Comme des ossements, en forêt des cimitères,
Couchez-vous, et dormez, voyageurs halteants!

Poetry by Théophile Gautier

Butterflies
White butterflies flying free over the ocean
Lovely white butterflies, when may I
Take to the blue highways of the sky
Do you know, loveliest of lovelies,
My jealously dancing girl,
If they should lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would go?

Without stealing a kiss from the roses,
Across valleys and forests
I would fly
To your half-parted lips,
Flower of my being, and I would die.

Poetry by Théophile Gautier

Le temps des lilas
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passé, le temps des collets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les feux sont moroses,
Et nous n'avons plus de cœur et de joie;
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses,
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Que vous, vous, nous ensorcellez;
Votre fleur d'amour est si bien lancée,
L'âme que ton baiser ne peut effleurer.

Et toi, que faire-tu? Pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombre fraîche;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Poetry by Maurice Bouchor

Poetry by: Théophile Gautier

Richard Strauss can most certainly be called one of the last, great composers of German Lieder. He wrote vocal works at a time when the apex of German Lieder had already past. Strauss's vocal compositions brought the Lieder into a new direction and place: out of the salon and into the concert hall. This already heightened form of German song was elevated to new status as voice combined with orchestra, and its wide variety of colors, to join German text with new sonorities created by more elaborate means.

Strauss, primarily known as a conductor and opera composer, was the only 19th century German Art Song composer to be successful in both opera and Lieder. He composed over 200 Lieder for voice and piano and approximately 40 for voice and orchestra. Many of his songs he composed for his wife Pauline as they toured performing many concerts of his vocal material.
Strauss songs are filled with expressive and heightened vocal lines that are either combinations of many fast, declamatory sections or extended, lush phrases tied over several measures. Strauss,lander, can be considered the highest ranked difficulty of Lied to perform due to the typical makeup and harmonious progression set against the taxing declamation and melodic vocal line. Lorraine Corell states of Strauss's vocal writing as such, "He blurred the line between art song and opera with his expansive vocal lines, frequent reliance on coloratura and dramatic demands on the voice."

Opus 17, containing Strauss's most popular song, "Ständchen" and "Seidem dein Aug", on texts by Adolph Friedrich von Schack, were composed for voice and piano in 1885-1887, Sämtliche Lieder, end. In 1891, he may be called Strauss's Years of Song, for from then he produced a Lieder every year. The two songs "Ständchen" and "Seidem dein Aug" both illustrate Strauss's unique ability to convey simple matters of the heart such as a moonlitly in between lovers and the enduring nature of love that lasts a lifetime through increased declamation for and expansive vocal lines for the other.

Opus 27, containing "Morgen!" and "Heimliche Aufforderung" is Strauss's most memorable collection of songs being composed as a wedding present for his marriage to Pauline in September of 1894. "Morgen!" with its various setting by other composers, is described by Carol Kimball as "motionless ecstasy" in Strauss's setting and speaks to the union between two separate lovers that will last forever. This Lied, and "Heimliche Aufforderung", which tells of another journey between lovers, but this time it is in secret, chatty, gossiping, late-night dinner party, are both set to texts by John Henry Mackay who was a German poet whose father was of Scottish descent.

Rome Rolland accounts for Strauss's contribution to the great tradition of German Lied in the following way, "The most powerful of all German composers is Strauss: he is a volcano. His music burns, smokes, spouts, stirs, and moves down everything before it. He is the decadent Attila of German music."

Ständchen
Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Reigen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kauw, kauw, bunte Blumen im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Bäumen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Kindchen, dass nichts sich regt,
 Nur leise die Hand auf die Knie gelegt.

Mit Triton, wie Trete der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen.
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondschneewand,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlichen.
Kings schlummern die Blumen am rieselnden Bach,
Und daftan im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz, sitz hier dämmer's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Haupen soll
Von ursprüngenen Tänzen trauen.
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glänzend von den Wölkenschauer der Nacht.

Poetry by Adolph Friedrich von Schack

Morgen!
Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenaufmenden Erde.

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen
Wordin ich still und langsam niederlegen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glanzes stummes Schweigen.

Poetry by John Henry Mackay

Seidem dein Aug
Seidem dein Aug in meinem Schaus, und Liebe., wie von Himmel her.
Aus ihm auf mich herabsteigen,
Was bitte mir die Erde mehr?
Ihr Bestes hat sie mir gegeben,
Und von Herrn ihren Glück
Ward ohnehin mein ganzes Leben
Durch jeder einen Augenblick.

Poetry by Adolph Friedrich von Schack

Heimliche Aufforderung
Auf, liebe Consulde Schade empor zum Mund.
Und trinke beim Tauschmahl dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hast, so wolle nach heimlich zu.
Daß ich die Liebe dir und trinke ich nicht wie du.
Daß ich dich nicht betrachte und um das Herz
Den trunkenen Schatten verdeckt, sie nicht zu sehen.
Und wenn es die blustre Wehle, gefüllt mit Wein.
Und lass dass lernen Mühle es gleichlinig sein.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, der Durst gestillt,
Dann verlass das letzten Geschoss, los in die Fahrt.
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauß.
Dort will ich dich dann erwachen nach allem Bitter.
Und weil der Busch die sinnen, ich du gebäutt.
Und deine Küste treten, wie ehms oft.
Und flechten in deine hands der Rose Pracht.
O kommen, du wunderschön, erschene Nacht!

Poetry by Adolph Friedrich von Schack

Upon the beach below, with its wide-blue surge.
We became silent as we slowly descend.
We became silent as we look into each other's eyes.
And the sun drops fortune upon us amidst the silence.

Since your Eyes
Since your eyes looked into mine,
And love, like from heaven.
Poured its dew upon me.
What else could the earth offer me?
It has given me its best.
And from my heart's silent happiness
My whole life became fulfilled.
By that one perfect glance.

Secret Invitation
Up, raise the sparkling glass up to your lips.
And drink to healthy health at this joyful feast.
When your glass is raised, give us our secret signal.
Then I will smile and drink as cloyly as you.
Silently, I will observe the crowd around us.
Made of drunken gossipers. Do not scorn them much.
No, raise your sparkling glass filled with wine.
As they bubble through their joyous mood.
And when you are nicely full, your thirst quenched.
Leave this bountiful, joyous party.
Come into the garden by our customary rosebush.
And there I will be waiting for you.
Upon your chest I will strike instantly.
And taste of your kisses, like so often before.
Weaving the splendor of the rose into your hair.
Oh come, you wonderful, lusted for night!

Nacho Herb Brown was an American popular songwriter from the 1920s to 1960s. He collaborated with Arthur Freed to write popular songs for the MGM hit The Broadway Melody in 1929. Brown and Freed went on to control Hollywood Film musicals for many years. Their collaboration produced the widely popular song "Singin' in the Rain." By the 1940s, Brown went away from composing songs to seek other interests.

Love is Where You Find It! has been sung by Jane Powell in the 1948 film A Date with Judy and by Kathryn Grayson in the 1948 Frank Sinatra film, The Kissing Bandit.

Love is Where You Find It!
Love is where you find it!
Don't be blind!
It's all around you everywhere!
Take it! Take a chance now!
For romance now!
Tell someone that you care!
Spring love comes upon you!
When it's gone you feel despair!
Soon though in the moonlight