Maureen Seymour
Soprano

A Senior Recital

with

Valerie Ore, piano

Thursday, May 7, 2009
7:00pm
Beck Music Center
Doc Rando Recital Hall
~ Program ~

V'adoro, pupille from Giulio Cesare

Georg Frideric Handel (1685-1789)

Die Lotosblume

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

An die Nachtigall

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Tod und das Mädchen

Du bist die Ruh

Widmung

Robert Schumann

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

L'Heure exquise

L'Enamouree

~ Pause ~

In van preghi

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Non t'amò piú

Vorrei

In van preghi

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

I. Dedicatoria
II. Nunca olvida...
III. Cantares
IV. Los dos miedos
V. Las locas por amor

Steal Me, Sweet Thief

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Handel is best known for his Messiah, as well as many operas. "For illustration of the widest range of Handel's techniques, however, the best exemplar is Giulio Cesare (1724), which has a fast moving plot, full of incident, and some of Handel's best arias, as well as scenes that are spectacular from both musical and dramatic standpoints." Handel's characterization of Cleopatra is equal to Shakespeare's; she is "one of the most subtly drawn characters in the opera." V'adoro, pupille is one of her arias; taking place at the beginning of Act II, in an attempt to seduce Cesare.

V'adoro, pupille

I adore your eyes

I adore your eyes, thunderbolts of love,
Those sparks are welcome in my heart.
My sad heart longs for your compassion,
For it always calls to you, my beloved treasure.

Text by: Nicola Francesco Haym
Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Robert Schumann and Franz Schubert are two of the most celebrated composers of Lieder, a form of German art song that became exceedingly popular during the Romantic period. These songs were intended to be performed in intimate gatherings. "It remains the ideal art-form for friends or lovers." In Die Lotosblume, Schuman exemplifies the lotus flower's faith in her unearthly lover; despite love's pain. This same devotion is seen in Widmung. Both of these songs are from his cycle, Myrthen, which was a wedding present for Clara Schumann. "An die Nachtigall is not much sung. It is no doubt too small and brief to carry weight outside an intimate circle; but there is exquisite writing in its two-score bars." It's smallness is perhaps what makes it such a perfect Lied. Der Tod und das Mädchen begins with a piano accompaniment in the form of a funeral march. The maiden's plea quickly turns the piano to imitate her panicked heartbeat, but then goes back to the funeral march; this time in a Major key, sounding much like a lullaby. In her plea, she seems much more unwilling to die than willing to live. Perhaps this is why she gives in to death. She convinces death to be kind. "Death's claim of kindness is not automatic, not something in his essence, but something that develops in response to the maiden's plea." Du bist die Ruh and Widmung are poems based upon similar ideas, both written by Friedrich Rückert. "You are the rest" is a phrase of text seen in both, and each song has its own gentle quality, though Widmung is most certainly more openly enthusiastic. "The poem [of Du bist die Ruh], idealizing the gratified lover's peace, is pitched in a key almost of mysticism, in the oriental way... He simply embraced the idea of peace in a singularly pure and beautiful spirit."
Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
und mit gesenktem Haupte
erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,
er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
und ihm entscheiert sie freundlich
ihr frommes Blumengestirn.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,
und starret stumm in die Höh',
sie duftet und weinet und zittert
vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Text by: Heinrich Heine

An die Nachtigall!

Er liegt und schlaft an meinem Herzen,
mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
und ich kann friedlich sein und scheren,
lehn jeder Blum und jedes Blatts mich freun.

Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

Text by: Matthias Claudius

Der Tod und das Mädchen

Das Mädchens:
Vorüber, ach vorüber,
geh wilder Knollenmann!
Ich bin noch jung,
geh Lieber und nähre mich nicht an.

Der Tod:
Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart Gebild,
bis Freund und komme dich zu strafen.
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,
sträft sanft in meinen Armen schlafen.

Text by: Matthias Claudius

The Lotosflower

The lotosflower fears
the sun's splendor,
and with a drooping head
she dreamily awaits the night.

The moon, he is her lover,
he weakes her with his light,
and to him, she gently unveils
her pure flowery appearance.

She blooms and glows and shines,
and starres silently into the night sky,
she gives off fragrance and weeps and trembles,
for love and love's pain.

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

To the Nightingale

He lies and sleeps upon my heart,
my good guardian spirit sang him to sleep;
and I can be cheerful and jest,
I can rejoice in every flower and leaf.

Nightingale, ah! Nightingale, ah!
Do not sing Cupid awake.

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Death and the Maiden

The Maiden:
Pass over me, ah, pass over me,
Go, wild Bone man!
I am still young,
Go, dear, and do not touch me.

Death:
Give your hand, beautiful and delicate vision,
I'm a friend and do not come to punish.
Have courage! I am not wild,
In my arms you shall gently fall asleep.

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,
die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt.
Ich weise dir voll Lust und Schmerz,
zur Wohnung hein, mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir, und schließe du
still hinter dir die Pforten zu,
Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz von deiner Lust.

Dass Augenzelt von deinem Glanz
Allein erhallt, o fall es ganz!

Text by: Friedrich Rückert

You are the rest

You are the rest, the gentle peace,
You are the longing, and what calms it.
I dedicate to you, full of love and pain,
a home here, in my eye and my heart.

Come in by me, and close
the protective door quietly behind you,
Drive other pain out of my breast!
Fill my heart full of your pleasure.

The temple of my eyes, by your glance
alone is illuminated, oh fill it completely!

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Widmung

Du meine seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonne, o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darin ich schweben,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meiner Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden,
Daß du mich liebest, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklaert,
Du hebest mich liebend über mich,
Mein guther Geist, mein besteres Ich!

Text by: Friedrich Rückert

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my bliss, oh you my pain,
You my world in which I live.
My heaven, you, where I am balanced,
Oh you my grave, in which
I forever bury my sorrows!

You are the rest, you are the peace,
You are my gift from Heaven,
That you love me strengthens my worth.
Your glance reveals to me my heavenly self,
You lift me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

"Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947) was a brilliant member of a brilliant artistic era in France. ... He is now remembered for only a few of his more than one hundred melodies, but during his life he also achieved recognition and fame for his operas, operettas, concertos, quartets, ballet music, and piano pieces. He was also the director of the Paris Opéra, a conductor at the Salzburg Festival, and a music critic for the newspaper Figaro. His song, Si mes vers avaient des ailes was written when he was only fifteen years old."

"Hahn's writing for both voice and piano produces and quasi-hypnotic effect and emphasizes the hushed atmosphere of Verlaine's text, a moment suspended in time."
Les vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers auraient, doux et élégants,
Vers ton jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers ton foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour.

Text by: Victor Hugo

L'Heure exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée...
O bien aimée!

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Réve! C'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irisé...
C'est l'heure exquise.

Text by: Paul Verlaine

L'Énamourée

Il se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe;
Mais pour l'amour, qui l'adore,
Tu tevelles, ranimée,
O pensive bien aimée!

Text by: Victor Hugo

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, soft and fragile,
To your garden, so beautiful,
If my verses had wings
Like the bird.

They would fly, shimmering,
To your home that laughs,
If my verses had wings
Like the mind.

Close to you, pure and faithful,
They would run night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love.

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresses tes longs voiles,
L'amoureuse chevelure,
Et les ailes demi-closures
Qui volent sur les roses.

O délices, je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes;
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Sous la vague sur les ondes
Et, suave, les effleure, les effleure, suave,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!
Text by: Théodore de Banville

Through the white nights of stars,
In the breeze that murmurs,
I caress your long veils,
Your tousling hair,
And those half-closed wings
That flutter in the roses.

Oh delights, I breathe
Your divine blond tresses;
Your pure voice, that lyre,
In the vagueness of the waves
And, sweetly, the caresses,
Like a swan who weeps!
Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Tosti wrote many songs in Italian, French and English. He attended to Naples conservatory in 1858 and first visited London in 1875, and was the teacher to the royal family. He was knighted in 1908. Tosti wrote over 360 songs, in Italian, French, and the Neapolitan dialect; he composed many of the songs with his own voice in mind, he was a lyric tenor. "He knew how to write engaging, flowing melodies that displayed the voice, and while those romanze da camera were not always of the highest artistic quality, they had an immediate appeal and were included in the concerts of the best-known opera stars of the period."

Text by: Victor Hugo

In van preghì

In van preghì, in vano aneli,
in van mostri il cuore infranto.
Sono forse umidi cieli perche
noi abbiamo pianto?
Il dolor nostro è senz'alà
Non ha volo il grido imbele.
Piangi e prega!
Qual dio cala pel camino delle stelle?

Abbandonati alla polve
et in lei prone ti giaci.
La supine madre assolve
d'ogni colpa chi la baci.

In un Ade senza dio
dormi quanto puoi profondo.
Tutto è sogno, tutto è oblio:
l'asfodelo è il fior del Mondo.

Text by: Gabriele D'Annunzio

In an Underworld without a god
Sleep as deeply as you wish.
All is a dream, all is oblivion:
The aspodel is the flower of the world.
Translation by: Maureen Seymour

You beg in vain

You beg in vain, in vain you yearn,
In vain you bear your broken heart.
Perhaps these dark rainy skies are soaked with our tears?

Our ache is without wings.
The cowardly cannot fly.
Cry and beg!
What god goes down the finest place of the stars?

Abandon yourself to the dust
and lie there, overthrown.
The laying mother absolves
everyone who kisses her.

In an Underworld without a god
Sleep as deeply as you wish.
All is a dream, all is oblivion:
The aspodel is the flower of the world.
Translation by: Maureen Seymour
Non t’amo più

Ricordi ancora il di che c’incontrammo; Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor? Potei d’amore io ti segui, ci amammo, E accanto a te sognavi, folle d’amor.

Sognai, felice, di carzezz e baci Una catena dileguante in ciel: Ma le parole tue furon mendaci, Perché l’anima tua fatta è di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor, te ne ricordi ancor? Ora la mia fedé, il desiderio immense, Il mio sogno d’amor non sei più tu: I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso; Sognò un altro ideas; non t’amo più.

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme, Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier: Tu locchi del mio cor l’unica speeme; Tu della mente l’unico pensier.

Tu mi hai visto pregare, impallidire, Piangere tu mi hai visto innanci a te: Io, sol per appagare un tuo desio, Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fe.

Te ne ricordi ancor, te ne ricordi ancor? Ora la mia fedé, il desiderio immense, Il mio sogno d’amor non sei più tu: I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso; Sognò un altro ideas; non t’amo più.

I don’t love you

Do you still remember when we met; Those promises you made, do you remember? Insead with love, I followed you; And near you I dreamt, insane with love.

I dreamt, happily, of carezzas and kisses A chain disappeared in the heavens: But the words you gave were lies, Because your soul is made of ice.

Do you not remember, do you not remember?

My faith, the immense wish, My dream of love no longer involves you: I don’t see your kisses, I do not think of you; I dream of another idea; I don’t love you.

Of the loved days that we spent together, I sprinkled fire on your path: You were the only feeling in my heart; And of my mind, the only thought.

You have seen me beg and turn pale, You have seen me cry for you: I tried to satisfy and fulfill your desire, I gave my blood and my entire self.

Do you not remember, do you not remember?

My faith and immense wishes, My dream of love no longer involves you: I don’t see your kisses, I do not think of you; I dream of another idea; I don’t love you. Translation by: Maureen Seymour

I would like

I would like now that you are pale and mute Thinking, with your head in your hands, Your splendor of the despondent soul Vain dreams and immense desires, I would like.

I would like for a spell of love To plainly come at your call; And by you, like a flower With a sweet voice, to whisper: I love you!

I would like all of my loosened hair To entwined you with bow carresses, And to tell you my name, And see you crazed by my beauty, I would like.

Vorrei allor che tu pallid e muto pieghi la fronte tra la mani e pensi, e ti splendori sull’animo abbatuto i vari sogni e i desideri immense, vorrei.

Vorrei per incantesimi d’amore piana sente venire al tuo richiamo, e su di te piegando come un fiore, con dolce voce susurrarti Io t’amo!

Vorrei di tutte le mie sciolte chiome cinterti con lentiseima carzezza, e sentirti da te chiamare a nome, vederti folle de la mia bellezza, vorrei.

Vorrei per incantesimi d’amore pianeamente venire al tuo richiamo, e, su di te piegando come un fiore, con dolce voce susurrarti Io t’amo!

Text by: Mario Dei Fiori

Text by: R. de Campoamor

I would like for a spell of love To plainly come at your call, And by you, like a flower, With a sweet voice, to whisper: I love you!

Translation by: Maureen Seymour

Joaquin Turina first became well known in Seville as a pianist. He composed a few short operas, as well as piano music and songs. The first song, Dedicatoria, is a piano solo. Turina uses it to set the mood for the cycle, contrasting lyricism and intensity, with a guitar-like figure which reappears throughout the cycle. Cantares is the most popular of these songs, and is often excerpted for performances. In Las locas por amor, Turina combines a delightful dance tune with a wily intense vocal line, which pauses only near the end to allow the Goddess to confide her secret preferences, and before reiterating the initial vocal lines in a forcful, exciting finish.

I. Dedicatoria

Piano Solo.

II. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono antes de darcuenta a Dios, a qui para entre los dos mi confesion te dire.

Con toda el alma perdono hasta a los que siempre he olvido. 
¿A ti que tanto te he amado nunca te perdonare?

Text by: R. de Campoamor

III. Cantares

¡Ay!

Más cerca de mi te siento cuando más huyo de ti pues tu imagen es en mi sombra de mi pensamiento.

¡Ay!

Vuelvemelo a decir pues embelesado ayer te escuchaba sin oir y te miraba sin ver.

¡Ay!

Text by: R. de Campoamor

III. Songs

Oh!

I feel you closer to me when I try to run from you the shadow of your image is in my thoughts.

Oh!

Tell me again for I was embellished with you yesterday I listened to you without hearing, I looked at you without seeing you.

Oh!

Translation by: Maureen Seymour
IV. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto?
me decía, Tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
dijo, cerca de mi:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!
Text by: R. de Campoamor

IV. The two fears

At the start of the night that day
she was distant from me,
Why do you get so close?
I would tell myself, I am afraid of you.

After the night has passed
she asked, close to me:
"Why do you distance yourself from my side?
I have fear without you!"
Translation by: Maureen Seymour

V. Las locas por amor

Te amaré diosa Venus
si prefieres que te ame mucho tiempo
y con cordura.

Y respondió la diosa Citeres
Prefiero como todas la mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.

Te amaré diosa Venus
Te amaré.
Text by: R. de Campoamor

V. The crazy ones for love

I will love you, goddess Venus
If you prefer that I love you for a long time
and with prudence.

And the goddess Citeres responds,
I prefer, like all women,
to be loved for a short time, yet with madness.

I will love you, goddess Venus
I will love you!
Translation by: Maureen Seymour

"Menotti's delightful comic opera The Old Maid and the Thief is the story of two lonely women's desperate infatuation with a handsome stranger. It was commissioned as a radio opera by Samuel Chotzinoff of NBC and was one of the first operas composed especially for radio." It premiered on April 22, 1939 on the radio, and then on stage February 11, 1941. It was the first Menotti opera to be on television in 1943. In the opera, Miss Todd welcomes a young beggar man, Bob, into her home. Her servant, Laetitia, becomes infatuated with him. She shows her frustration with him in this aria.

Steal me, sweet thief

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!
A week has gone by: he had plenty of chances.

But he made no advances,
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money.
She robs friends and neighbors, the club and the church.
He takes all the money with a smile that entrances,
But still makes no advances.
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes
All the drawers are wide open, all the doors are unlocked.

He neither seems pleased nor shocked.
He eats and drinks and sleeps,
He talks of baseball and boxing, but that is all
What a curse for a woman is a timid man.

Steal me, oh steal me sweet thief, for time's flight is stealing my youth,
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.

Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife,
And then with furtive step death comes and steals time and life,
Oh sweet thief, I pray, make me die before dark death steals her prey.

Steal my lips before they crumble to dust.
Steal my heart before death must.

Steal my cheeks before they've sunk and decayed.
Steal my breath before it will fade.
Steal my lip, steal my heart, steal my cheek.
Steal, oh steal my breath and make me die before death will steal her prey;
Oh steal me, for time's flight is stealing my youth.

Text by: Gian Carlo Menotti