

If wishes were fairies I would not stay,
But they would wile my soul away;
And peace would creep
Into my sleep as soft
As a dream at evenfall,
When the crickets sing
And the curlews call;
And 'tis I would wake for no
New morrow
On the grey round of this
World of sorrow.

**Loch Kyoombawn*, the fair, calm lake
**Moymalla*, the plain of honey

Text by Joseph Cambell (1879-1944)

UNLV

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS

College of Fine Arts ~ Department of Music

Presents

Michelle Latour

soprano

Faculty Recital

featuring

Weiwei Le, violin

Andrew Smith, cello

Jennifer Grim, flute

Barbara Riske, piano

Wednesday, March 24, 2010

5:30pm

Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center

~ Program ~

from 25 *Schottische Lieder*, Op. 108
The sweetest lad was Jamie
Sunset

Four Songs for soprano, cello and piano
Mercy
Stones
The Lacemaker
Shelter

Schon lacht der holde Frühling

~ Intermission ~

Leden

from *Romance-Suite*
Песня Офелии
Мы были вместе
Город спит
Буря
Тайные знаки
Музыка

Three Pastoral Songs, Op. 22
I will go with my father a-ploughing
Cherry Valley
I wish and I wish

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

André Previn
(b. 1929)

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Vítězslava Kaprálová
(1915-1940)

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

~ Notes and Translations~

from 25 *Schottische Lieder*, Op. 108

Ludwig van Beethoven's folksong settings are among the least familiar of his output, yet he wrote far more of them than any other genre, composing 180 arrangements of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh folksongs for one or more voices with piano, violin, and cello accompaniment between 1809 and 1818. This body of work stemmed from collaboration with George Thomson, a Scotsman who was an avid music lover and amateur cellist, and grew out of a movement from the early 18th century to collect folksongs. However, Thomson wanted to make his collections surpass his predecessors in scope, variety, and quality. To do this, he commissioned well-known figures such as Haydn and Beethoven to write complex harmonizations, to compose instrumental introductions and postludes, and to add optional violin and cello parts. Although Beethoven's settings were considered to be of exceedingly high quality, they were too complicated for amateur musicians to play. As a result, none of them sold well, and were deemed too difficult for their intended public.

The sweetest lad was Jamie

The sweetest lad was Jamie,
The sweetest, the dearest,
And well did Jamie love me,
And not a fault has he.
Yet one he had it spoke his praise,
He knew not woman's wish to tease,
He knew not all our silly ways, alas!
The woe to me!

For though I loved my Jamie
Sincerely and dearly,
Yet often when he wooed me,
I held my head on high;
And huffed and tossed with saucy air,
And danc'd with Donald at the fair,
And plac'd his ribbon in my hair and
Jamie pass'd him by!

So when the war pipes sounded,
Dear Jamie, he left me,
And now some other maiden
Will Jamie turn to woo.
My heart will break,
And well it may,
For who would word of pity say
To her who threw a heart away,
So faithful and so true!

Oh! Knew he how I loved him,
Sincerely and dearly;
How I would fly to meet him!
Oh! Happy were the day!
Some kind, kind friend,
Oh, come between,
And tell him of my altered mien!
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
Since Jamie went away.

Sunset

The sun upon the Weirclaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Tho' Ev'ning,
With her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hulls on Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide;
And coldly mark the holy fane of
Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower,
The tree, are they still
Such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painters dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes
Each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Text by George Thompson (1757 - 1821)

Four Songs for soprano, cello, and piano

Four Songs for soprano, cello and piano were written in 1994 by **André Previn**, and use poems by Toni Morrison. The first song, *Mercy*, examines how the media looks at starvation, blood and misfortune in settings such as Ethiopia. The traveler and the probing camera, as referred to in the poem, attempt to exploit those in this circumstance who can only turn away in shame. The poem expresses embarrassment at the way the media invades the privacy of the dying. The musical setting for this poem can be described as static, somber, slow and chromatic. The poem used for *Stones* is based on an old blues song called *Rocks in my Bed* and was inspired by the blues singer Bessie Smith. The voice in this poem is a brash, bold woman who is angry at the absence of a man in her life. Only stones warm her bed at night. In *The Lacemaker*, the character in the poem is hollow, regretful, and mournful. The lyrics describe a spinster, a woman who has settled for less in life. Her vocation as a lacemaker has prevented her from committing 'crimes' in her life- that is, passions that she has left unexplored. The music reflects this intense sadness and disappointment. The vocal line is segmented and simple, while the cello and piano are highlighted throughout. In this way, Previn's music is highly representative of the poem; underscoring a woman who has lived an insignificant and lackluster life. The final song, *Shelter*, is about a woman who is having a good time in her imagination. She thinks about her man and of the challenges, both mythical and metaphorical, that she can overcome with him.

Mercy

I could watch heads
turn from the traveler's look
the camera's probe
bear the purity of their
shame
hear mute desolation in syllables
ancient as
death.
I could do these things if only if only
I knew that when milk
spills
and hearts stop
underheel
some small thing gone
chill
is right to warm toward a touch because
mercy
lies in wait
like a shore.
Mercy like a shore.

Stones

I don't need no man
telling me I ain't one.
My trigger finger strong
as his on a shot gun.
Buttercake and roses smooth
stones in my bed.
Handmade quilts cover
stones in my bed.
I don't need no man
telling me I ain't one.
My backbone ain't like his
but at least I got one.
High-heeled slippers break
stones in my bed.
Games played at night trick
stones in my bed.
Stones in my bed. Stones.
I don't need no man telling me.

The Lacemaker

I am as you see
what most becomes me;
miles skipped
cancelled trips
masters yet unmet.
Lace alone is loyal, sacred, royal,
in control
of crimes stopped
by patterns of blood
bred to best behavior.
As you see I am
what has become of me.

Shelter

In this soft place
Under your wings
I will find shelter
From ordinary things.

Here are the mountains
I want to scale
Amazon rivers
I'm dying to sail.

Here the eyes of the forest
I can hold in a stare
And smile at the movement
Of Medusa's green hair.

In this soft place
Under your wings
I will find shelter
From ordinary things.

Text by Toni Morrison (b. 1931)

Schon lacht der holde Frühling

W.A. Mozart's *Schon lacht der holde Frühling* is full of coloratura writing—pyrotechnic runs, leaps, and ornaments in the upper range of the soprano voice. It is a free-standing concert aria that does not come from a Mozart opera, although it is commonly included in the less-than-famous *Il barbiere di Siviglia* by Giovanni Paisiello.

Schon lacht der holde Frühling
Auf blumenreichen Matten,
Wo sich Zephyre gatten
Unter geselligem Scherze.
Wenn auch auf allen Zweigen
Sich junge Blüten zeigen,
Kehrt doch kein leiser
Trost in dieses arme Herz.
Da sitze ich und weine
Einsam auf der Flur
Nicht um mein verlornes Schafchen,
Nein, um den Schafer Lindor nur.

Anonymous text

Already fair Spring smiles
On flowerdight meadows,
Where west winds mate
In convivial sport.
Although young blossoms appear
On every branch,
No gentle consolation
Returns to this poor heart.
Here I sit and weep
Alone in the lea
But it is not for my lost lamb,
No, it is for the shepherd Lindoro that I weep.

Translation by S. Spencer

Leden

In her short life, **Vítězslava Kaprálová** showed every sign of becoming a major musical figure in the 20th century, studying with prominent composition and conducting teachers, winning prestigious international composition prizes, and even conducting the BBC Orchestra in London in 1938. She composed in all genres yet maintained a special place in her heart for the art song. *Leden* was written in 1933. For the surrealistic text by the Czech poet Vítězslav Nezval, Kaprálová chose an unusual instrumentation, flute, two violins, cello and piano, the affect of which creates a unique atmosphere, capturing the decadent imagery and melancholy emotions of the poem. Kaprálová died in exile in France in 1940 from tuberculosis.

Dnes v noci vymaloval mráz
na moje okno křehkou vázu.
Děším se zimních dnů i váz,
děším se jejich zimostrázů.

Sto svící nad varhanami
se třpytí v matutinu šera.
Dům s ledovými pannami
je zabeđen tak jak byl včera.

Což nerozsype se ten chrám?
Rozbívám vázu, strop se bojí.
A zdá se mně, že umírám
již při pohledu na nádvoří.

Text by Vítězslav Nezval (1900-1958)

from *Romance-Suite*

Dmitri Shostakovich composed the song cycle *Romance-Suite* for soprano, violin, cello and piano in 1967, utilizing texts from the Russian poet, Alexander Blok. Shostakovich combines three obbligato instruments in a variety of ways so as to produce a panoply of contrasting forms which exploits all the possibilities of tone-painting inherent in the images and moods of Blok's lyrics. *Ophelia's Song* is loosely tied to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, as Shostakovich's version describes Hamlet as a warrior who leaves without returning and who dies far away. *We were together* depicts a tender love song for the violin, which contrasts with the following song, *The Sleeping City*. This melancholy depiction cannot silence the "dark days" in the poet's heart. In the fourth song, a ferocious *Storm* unleashes its rage, yet shows pity for those who have no roof over their head. This is followed by *Secret Signs*, the most ambiguous of the set. The cycle ends with *Music*, which features the entire ensemble.

Песня Офелии

Разлучаясь с девој милој, друг,
Ты клялся мне любить!
Уезжая в край постылый,
Клятву данную хранить!

Там, за Данией счастливој,
Берега твои во мгле
Вал сердитый, говорливый
Моет слёзы на скале.

Милый воин не вернётся,
Весь одетый в серебро
В гробе тяжко всколыхнётся
Бант и чёрное перо.

Today in the night the frost painted
on my window a delicate vase.
I am horrified of winter days and vases,
I am horrified of their boxwoods.

One-hundred candles above the organ
glitter in the matin twilight.
The house with icy virgins
is boarded up just like it was yesterday.

Well, is that cathedral toppling down?
I am shattering the vase, the ceiling is collapsing.
And it seems to me that I am dying already
while looking at the courtyard.

Translation by Timothy Cheek

Ophelia's Song

When you left your beloved,
My love, you swore to love me,
You left for a distant land,
And swore to keep your oath!

Beyond the happy land of Denmark,
The shores are in darkness,
The angry waves wash
Over the rocks.

My warrior shall not return,
All dressed in silver.
The bow, and the black feather
Will restlessly lie in their grave.

Мы были вместе

Мы были вместе, помню я
Ночь волновалась, скрипка пела,
Ты в эти дни была моя,
Ты с каждым часом хорошела.

Сквозь тихое журчанье струй,
Сквозь тайну женственной улыбки
К устам просился поцелуй,
Просились в сердце звуки скрипки.

Город спит

Город спит, окутан мглою,
Чуть мерцают фонари
Там далеко, за Невою,
Вижу отблески зари.
В этом дальнем отраженьи,
В этих отблесках огня
Притаилось пробужденье
Дней, тоскливых для меня.

Буря

О, как безумно за окном Ревёт,
бушует буря злая,
Несутся тучи, льют дождём,
И ветер воет, замирая!

Ужасна ночь! В такую ночь
Мне жаль людей, лишённых крова,
Сожаленье гонит прочь -
В объятья холода сырого!
Бороться с мраком и дождём,
Страдалцев участь разделяя
О, как безумно за окном
Бушует ветер, изнывая!

Тайные знаки

Разгораются тайные знаки
На глухой, непробудной стене
Золотые и красные маки
Надо мной тяготеют во сне.

Укрываюсь в ночные пещеры
И не помню суровых чудес.
На заре голубые химеры
Смотрят в зеркале ярких небес.

We were together

We were together, I remember
Violins sang in vibrant darkness,
You were mine then,
With every hour you grew more fair.

The secrets of a woman's smile,
The quiet whispering of breezes
Set tender kisses on my lips,
Like the strings of love in my heart.

The Sleeping City

The city sleeps enveloped in the mist,
Lanterns flickering and pale
Daybreak's distant scintillations
Gleam beyond the dark Neva.
Over there, I see reflections of dawn,
In these glimmerings of flame
Lay concealed the key of
My forsaken, joyless days.

The tempest

Beyond my window, fierce and wild,
The savage tempest roars and rages,
Outside my window,
The clouds fly over, the rain teems down,
And the wind whines and moans!

Oh, awful darkness! On such a night
I pity those bereft of shelter:
A deep compassion drives me forth
To share the winter's Damp embraces!
To strive against the gloom and rain,
At one with outcasts, doomed to suffer
Beyond my window, fierce and wild,
The raging wind sinks in exhaustion!

Secret Signs

The secret signs appear
On the impenetrable wall.
Golden and crimson poppies
Blossom in my dreams.

I drown in the caverns of night
And forget the magic of my dreams.
My fanciful thoughts reflect
In the bright heavens.

Убегаю в прошедшие миги,
Закрываю от страха глаза,
На листах холодеющей книги -
Золотая девичья коса.

Надо мной небосвод уже низок,
Чёрный сон тяготеет в груди.
Мой конец предначертанный близок,
И война, и пожар – впереди.

Музыка

В ночь, когда уснёт тревога
И город скроется во мгле,
О, сколько музыки у бога,
Какие звуки на земле!

Что буря жизни,
Если розы твои цветут мне и горят!
Что человеческие слёзы,
Когда румянится закат!

Прими, Владычица вселенной,
Сквозь кровь, сквозь муки,
сквозь гроба
Последней страсти кубок пенный.

Text by Alexander Blok (1880-1921)

These moments will disappear,
And the young beauty's eyes
Will close
Like the pages of a book.

The star's canopy is low now,
The darkest dreams lie In the bottom of the heart.
My end is close, as fate has ordained,
War and fire are before me.

Music

At night, when agitation dies down,
When the city sinks into the mist,
O how much music
There is in the heavens,
And what concert on earth!

Forget the storms of your life,
See such beautiful roses bloom!
What are the tears of humans
When the hour of twilight comes!

O sovereign of the universe,
Accept through pain and blood
The cup filled to the brim
With your slave's desires.

Translation by Jeremy Drake

Three Pastoral Songs

Roger Quilter was an English composer who is known mostly for his vocal music. A prolific composer, his output forms an important body for early 20th century song repertoire. *Three Pastoral Songs* use verses by a contemporary Irish poet, Joseph Campbell. It dates from 1921 and was designed originally for low voice and piano trio.

I will go with my father a-ploughing

I will go with my father a-ploughing
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows
and the seagulls
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the patient horses
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough-song
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father a-sowing
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls
and the starlings
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding sowers
With the finch on the flow'ring sloe,
And my father will sing the seed-song
That only the wise men know.

I will go with my father a –reaping
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows
and the children
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the weary reapers
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe-song
That joys for the harvest done.

Cherry Valley

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow;
The valley paths are white as snow.
And in their time with clusters red
The heavy boughs are crimsonéd.
Now the low moon is looking thro'
the glimmer of the honey dew.
A petal trembles to the grass,
the feet of fairies pass and pass.

I wish and I wish

I wish and I wish and I wish I were
A golden bee in the blue of the air,
Winging my way at the mouth of day
To the honey marges of
Loch Kyoombawn^{*};
Or a little green drake or a silver swan,
Floating upon the stream of Aili,
and I to be swimming gaily, gaily.

I wish and I wish and I wish I could be
A bud on the branch of a red thorn tree
That blows at the head of Bland's Bed,
And sheds a petal at ev'ry breath;
Or a white milestone on the shining path
That climbs the cairn and dips the hollow,
Up to the walls of bright Moymalla^{*}.