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
Beam 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 Jesu 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  
(1855-1899)

Les papillons
Le temps des lilas
La caravane

Ständchen  Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Morgen!
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 Jesu 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.

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree  
Doctor of Musical Arts.  
Wendy Moss is a student of Tod Fittpatrick.
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 mórbodes* (1909-10) on Gautier text, and these Seven Popular Spanish Songs (1914) which were dedicated to Mme. Ida Gedebski.

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

Manuel de Falla's ability to make a popular Spanish folk material and transmute it into Spanish Art Song is what made him unique amongst his fellow 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 to almost every note, and his extensive use of the piano throughout. He also used tachas, 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.

These 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 asking 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 Tomás Marco states, "the only Spanish composer who can be compared with other great composers of his time: Debussy, Ravel, Dukas and Stravinsky."

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**El paño moruno**

El paño fino, en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayo;
Por menos precio se vende,
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdido su valor.

*¡Ay!*

*Poetry by: Spanish Folk Poetry*

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**Seguidilla murciana**

Cualquier que el tejado
Tenga vidrio,
Arrieros somos;
Puede que en el camino,
Puede que en el camino,
¡Nos encontremos!

*Por tu mucha inconstancia*

Yo te comparo
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo con pez que corre
De mano en mano
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
Y creyéndola falsa
[Nadie la toma]
[Nadie la toma]
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 melodies to the refined. Both selections deal with Romantic narratives of the Orient which ultimately fall away to other places, or endure the place in which they live.

“Dans la forêt du charme et de l’enchantement” (1882-90) upon Moreas text, is Chausson in nature with its chromatic paths woven under the mystical text that tells of the wonders of a forest filled with faeries, gnomes, gold, and song. The sad color invoked by the harmonic progressions mark this piece as a true Chausson melodie. Graham Johnson notes of this melodie "as the signature of the composer's moral and introspective art: a ravishing melody...So much in Chausson speaks to us of paradise lost."

Although Chausson’s melodie can sometimes be lost by those of his contemporaries, Duparc, Chabrier,Faure and Debussy; unique in his own melodie 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 softly sang along my way
Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies
In the forest of charm and enchantment
In the forest of charm and enchantment
From your hands, honest gnomes, you offered me
A sweet flower, alas! While I lay sleeping.
I learned that there are forces in the world, a demensional world.
The golden gnomes 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 demensional world.

Poetry by: Jean Moreas

Les papillons
Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essais sur la mer
Beaux papillons blancs,
Quand pourrai-je prendre le bleu chemin de la vie?

Saves-vous, cheville des belles,
Ma basaie aux yeux de jais,
S'il me voulez prêter leurs alises,
Dites, savez-vous où je suis?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
A travers valons et forêts
Jirais à vos levres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon ame, et joy mourris.

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 fleurs sont moroses,
Et nous n’allons plus cueurer.
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses,
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oui joyeux et doux printemps de l’année,
Qui vins, l’an passé, nous ensoleiller.
Notre fleur d’amour est si bien fanée,
Lais Que ton baiser ne peut fleurir.

Et toi, que fais-tu? Pas de fleurs éclatées,
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

The time of Lilacs
The time of Lilacs and the time of Roses
Will not come back again this spring,
The time of Lilacs and the time of Roses
Has passed; the time of carnations as well.

The wind has changed, the skies are gray;
No more will we run to call
The lilacs in bloom and the lovely roses;
The spring is joyful and cannot bloom.

Oh joyous and sweet springtime
That, last year, brought sunshine into our lives.
Our flower of love has faded,
Alas, that your kisses can no longer revive it!

And you, what do you do, now? No flowers bloom;
There’s neither joyous sunshine nor cooling shade.
The time of lilacs and the time of roses
Together with our love, is forever dead.

Poetry by: Maurice Bouchor

The caravane
La caravane humaine, au Sahara du monde,
Par ce chemin des anges qui n’a plus de retour,
Prenons la main et allons, aux yeux de joux,
Et l’universalité sur ses bras le fléau qui l’entoure.

Le grand lion rugit, et la tempête gronde;
À l’horizon fauvet, mi minaret, mi tour.
La seule ombre qui ait est l’ombre du vauteur
Qui traverse le ciel, cherchant sa proie immortelle.

L’homme avance toujours, et voici qui l’on voit
Quelque chose de vert qui l’on se montre au doigt
C’est un bois de cypres sombre de blanches pierres.

Dieu, pour vous reposer, dans le désert du temps,
Comme des oiseaux a mis les cimetières.
Couchez-vous, et dormez, voyageurs habitants!

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 Lied into a new direction and space; 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 approximomately 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.
Ständchen
Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Kräfte vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kuam du von der Brüste in Wind
Ein blatt an den Bäumen und Holz.

Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Kinnle gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so saft,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondschale,
Zu mit in den Garten zu schöpfen.

Rings umschlungen sind Blumen im riesenden Bach
Und dauf im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitzt nieder, hier damtörs gesinns voll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Haupts soll
Von urzeitigen Tänzen träumen.
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht
Hoch glänzt von den Windechnern am Nacht.

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Serenade
Wake up, Wake up, be quiet my child,
So no one will awake from their sleep.

The brook is silent, the wind so quiet,
Not to move a leaf on the ground.
Be silent, my love, so that nothing stirs,
Quietly put your hand on the door latch.

With steps, with steps, as gentle as an elf,
Hop over the flowers, lightly,
Fly out to me in the moonlight,
Slip out to me in the garden.
Rings of flowers sleep around the flowing brook,
And awaken only with their sweet fragrance.

Sit down beside me in this mysterious twilight,
Here under the linden trees.
The nightingale singing above our heads
Shall dream of our kisses,
And the roses will awake in the morning
Glowing brightly from the pleasures of the night.

Translations: Wendy Moss

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

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

Seidet dein Aug
Seidet dein Aug in meinem schönen Leben,
Und Liebe, wie eine Himmel fern.
Aus ihm auf meinem herrlichem Herze.
Was böte mir die Erde mehr?
Ihre Freude hat sie mir gegeben,
Und von der Herzens stillem Glück.
Werd aber mein ganzes Leben
Durch einen Augenaufblick.

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Werd aber mein ganzes Leben
Durch einen Augenaufblick.

Secret Invitation
Up, raise the sparkling glass up to your lips,
And drink to hearty health at this joyful feast.
When your glass is raised, give me our secret signal,
Then I will smile and drink as you do.
Silently, I will observe the crowd around us.
Made of drunken ghosts.
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 boisterous, joyous party.
Come into the garden by our customary rosebush,
And there I will be waiting for you.

Upon your chest, I will slip instantly,
And taste of your kisses, like so often before.
Weaving the splendor of the rose into your hair.
Oh come, you wonderful, longed for night.

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

Nacio Herb Brown was an American popular songwriter from the 1920s to 1950s. He collaborated with Arthur Freed to write popular songs for the MGM hit The Broadway Melody in 1929. Brown and Freed went on to compose some of Hollywood's most famous 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.

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