The University of Nevada Las Vegas
College of Fine Arts
Department of Music

presents

A Senior Recital

All's Fair in Love & War

Lynne Ricci
mezzo-soprano

with

Valerie Ore, piano

Tuesday, 13 November 2007
7 P.M.
Doc Rando Recital Hall
Beam Music Center
Program

I. All's Fair in Love

Sechs Lieder, op.13
1. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
2. Sie liebten sich beide
3. Liebeszauber
4. Der Mont kommt still gegangen
5. Ich hab' in deinem Auge
6. Die stille Lotosblume

Poème d’un Jour
Rencontre
Toujours
Adieu

Serenader
The K’e

II. All’s Fair in War

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
from Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Hush’d be the camps today

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Poljubila ja na pechal' svoju

The Children’s Letters to the United Nations

Intermission

III. Love in the Dictionary

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Celius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Celius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Celius Dougherty
(1902-1986)

This recital explores the seasons of love and war in all its forms. The beginnings of love, florid affairs, long-lasting
relationships, separation, and longing are the themes of love. The war songs go through the journey of a soldier and his
lover from the beginning of his tour of duty, his death, and the mourning of the lover with one last humble offering of
peace and love.

Lynne Ricci is a student of Professor Christine Seitz. This recital is offered in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance.
Clara Schumann dedicated these songs, Sechs Lieder op.13, to her husband Robert Schumann. When she finished "Sie liebten sich beide" and "Liebeszauber", she inscribed the cover to Robert saying "A little thing with love to my good Robert on June 8, 1842". Each song in the set has its own character and its own symbol, such as the portrait, the nightingale, and the flower and swan in the first, third, and last song. The themes of separation and longing of love are expressed here with images of animals and nature sprinkled throughout the texts.

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Poem by Heinrich Heine

I stood in dark dreams
Translation by Lynne Ricci

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
ein Lächeln wunderbar,
und wie von Wehmutstränen
erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Tears flow down
from my cheeks as well -
and oh, I cannot believe
that I have lost you!

Sie liebten sich beide
Poem by Heinrich Heine

They loved each other
Translation by Lynne Ricci

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
im Rosenbusch und sang;
es flog der wundersüße Schall
den grünen Wald entlang.

The brooks were silent, still barely
splashed from the hills,
the little deer stood as in a dream
and listened to every sound.

und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
und leiser ging die Luft;

And with its echoes rose all around
the scent of a thousand blossoms.
and all of the treetops rustled quietly,
and the air moved more gently.

die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
gesprächsartig von den Höhn',
die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
und lauschten dem Getön.

And hell and ever brighter flowed
the sunshine, around the flowers,
forest and ravine,
ergoß sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
war nur sein Widerhall.

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Poem by Emanuel Geibel

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläfft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blikke im Dunkeln
still in die Welt hinaus.

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Poem by Friedrich Rückert

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
ich sah auf deinen Wangen
einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
 ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
so werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
und es den Strahl mir schikken.

Die stille Lotosblume
Poem by Emanuel Geibel

Die stille Lotusblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzin,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
all seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan
er singt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

poured charmingly red light.

I, however, moved along the way
and also heard the sound.
Oh! The song that I have sung the past hour
has been but its echo.

The moon comes quietly
Translation by Lynne Ricci

The moon comes quietly
with its golden light,
in lovely splendor sleeps
the tired Earth.

And on the winds sway,
from some true sense,
a thousand dear thoughts of love
over those who sleep.

And down in the valley, there sparkles
the windows of my sweetheart's house;
However, I, in darkness,
look quietly into the outside world.

I have seen, in your eye
Translation by Lynne Ricci

I have seen, in your eye,
the ray of everlasting love.
I saw on your cheeks once
the roses of the heavens.

And as the ray in your eye goes out
and how the roses scatter,
your reflection has remained
in my heart forevermore,

and I never will see those cheeks
and never look into your eyes,
but they will become to me in roses,
and show me their radiance.

The silent lotus flower
Translation by Lynne Ricci

The silent lotus flower
rises from the blue lake,
er leaves shimmer and sparkle,
er chalice is white like snow.

There the moon from heaven pours
all his golden light,
pours all his rays
into her center.

In the water around the flower
circles a white swan,
he sings so sweetly, so quietly,
and looks at the flower.
Poème d’un jour is a triptych depicts a full love affair in the time span of just one day. This song cycle from Fauré is a sampling of his various styles. “Rencontre” is the beginning of a new love and is depicted with a gentle melody and flowing accompaniment, “Toujours” takes the listener through the madness and angst of a break-up seen through the eyes of the rejected person in a relationship with abrupt harmonic changes that color the changing moods of the text. In “Adieu”, the lover comes to terms with the separation and, even with hurt feelings that still remain, is able to move on and say farewell. Even though it is hard to picture a 24-hour relationship working out from the modern perspective, love does occur this way for some people, just as routinely as day turns into night.

Rencontre
Poem by Charles Jean Grandmougin

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendtrait le bonheur au poète isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un coeur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon coeur te chérir sans te connaître bien!

Toujours
Poem by Charles Jean Grandmougin

Vous me demandez de ma taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs;
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Meeting
Translation by Winifred Radford

I was sad and thoughtful when I met you,
today I feel my persistent anguish lessened;
O tell me, could you be the unhoped-for woman,
and the ideal dream pursued in vain?
O passer-by with the gentle eyes, could you be the
friend who would bring happiness to the lonely poet?
and will you shine on my strengthened soul
like the native sky upon a heart in exile?

For Ever
Translation by Winifred Radford

You ask me to be silent,
to fly far away from you forever,
and to go away alone
without remembering the one I loved!

Sooner ask the stars
to fall into infinity,
the night to lose its veils,
the day to lose its light!

Ask the immense ocean
to dry up its vast waves,
and, when the winds are wild,
to calm its dismal sobbing!

But do not hope that my soul
will tear itself away from its bitter sorrow;
and shed its passion
like the springtime sheds its flowers!
Adieu
Poem by Charles Jean Grandmougin

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos coeurs!

A vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Farewell
Translation by Winifred Radford

How quickly everything dies, the rose
in bloom,
and the fresh dappled mantle
of the meadows;
the long sighs, the well-beloveds,
are but smoke!

One sees in this fickle world,
change
more quickly than the waves on the shore,
our dreams!
More quickly than the hoar-frost flowers,
our hearts!

To you one believed one would be faithful,
cruel one,
But alas! The longest loves
are short!
And I say, on leaving your charms
without tears,
almost at the moment of my avowal,
farewell!

Celius Dougherty, an American composer, accompanist, and duo-pianist, is mostly remembered for his 200 witty and gracious songs. In his early songs, he used settings from American and English poets, such as Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Walt Whitman, and e.e. cummings. The later songs utilize text from the newspaper, the essays of children, spirituals, folksongs, and Chinese poetry. "Serenader" captures a scene of a lover who is offering what he or she has to give to the other in a way that is unpretentious. "The K'e" tells us a love story that did not necessarily end on happy terms aided in its depiction by the presence of open fifths and fourths in the accompaniment.

Serenader
Poem by George Dillon

I have no thing that is mine sure to give you
I am born so poor.
Whatever I have was given me,
The earth, the air, the sun, the sea.

If I had anything to give,
Made surely of the life I live,
It is a song that I have made,
Now in your keeping, it is laid.

The K'e
From the Chinese 718 B.C.

The K'e still ripples to its banks,
The moorfowl cry.
My hair was gathered in a knot,
And you came by.

Selling of silks you were,
A lad not of our kin;
You passed at sunset on the road
From far-off Ts'in.

The frogs were croaking in the dusk;
The grass was wet.
We talked together, and I laughed;
I hear it yet.

I thought that I would be your wife;
I had your word.
And so I took the road with you,
And cross the ford.

I do not know when first it was
your eyes looked cold.
But all this was three years ago,
And I am old.
Mahler wrote “Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen” as part of a set of orchestral songs entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. It is here where the journey of the soldier begins as he says goodbye to his love, reminds her that he will be back in one year’s time, and looks out into the vast green fields near his house carrying the uncertainties of his future. In “Hush’d be the camps”, this soldier, now commander, dies and a fellow soldier narrates the event of laying the commander to rest peacefully. The Duparc and Rachmaninov selections are sung from the perspective of a soldier’s wife: one who does not know where her lover is (with undying hope that he will return), and one that knows too well the sad fate of her husband. “The Children's Letters to the United Nations” is an offering of peace from those who know it simply: second grade children.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
Poem from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopfet an,
der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröth aufgehn,
die Morgenröth, zwei helle Stern',
Bei meinem Schatz, da war' ich gern'!
Bei meinem Herzallerliebsten!

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein,
sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein!
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht' ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein!
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein Eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß, wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist!
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Haid';
die grüne Haide, die ist so weit!
All wo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen!

Woo die schonen Trompeten blasen
Poem from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Wer ist denn draussen und wer klopfet an,
der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Ich seh die Morgenröth aufgehn,
die Morgenröth, zwei helle Stern',
Bei meinem Schatz, da war' ich gern'!
Bei meinem Herzallerliebsten!

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein,
sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein!
So lang hast du gestanden!

Sie reicht' ihm auch die schneeweiße Hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein!
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein Eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß, wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist!
O Lieb auf grüner Erden.

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Haid';
die grüne Haide, die ist so weit!
All wo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen!

Hush'd be the camps today
Poem by Walt Whitman

Hush'd be the camps today;
And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn weapons;
And each with musing soul retire, to celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts;
Nor victory, nor defeat -- no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing, poet, in our name;
Sing of the love we bore him -- because you, dweller in camps, know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there;
Sing -- as they close the doors of earth upon him -- Sing one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

Where the shining trumpets are blowing
Translation by Maria Pelikan

Who can be knocking so late in the night,
Whose voice is soft and fingers' touch so light?
It is your lover, the soft voice cried,
get up and let me come inside!

Why should I stand so long out here?
I see the dawn, the dawn appear,
and two bright stars that shine above.
I wish I were with my true love!
With you, my heart and my darling!

The maiden arose and let him in,
and softly, softly welcomed him.
Beloved, come inside my house!
How long have you been waiting?

She gave to him her snow-white hand.
A nightingale sang so far away,
and then the maiden cried and cried.

Oh, do not cry, my dearest love!
Within a year you will be mine.
Yes, you will truly be my own,
in all the earth, just you alone,
the wide, green earth, my darling.

I am off to war in fields so green,
the greenest fields I have ever seen.
Out there where the bright trumpets are blowing,
there is my house beneath the green grass growing.
Au pays où se fait la guerre
Poem by Théophile Gautier

To the country where they are at war
Translation by Winifred Radford

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Now the sun is setting,

Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roulent,
Roulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout prés de pleurer,
Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Now the dawn is rising,

Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour...

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?...
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui!
Now the pale moon is shining,

Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Poljubila ja na pechal' svoju
Poem by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

To the country where they are at war
my dear love has departed;
it seems to my desolate heart
that no one is left on earth but myself
On leaving, with a farewell kiss,
he took my soul from my lips...
Who keeps him so long, dear God?
Now the sun is setting,

and I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The doves on the roof are cooing,
cooing amorously,
with a sad and charming sound;
the waters under the big willows are flowing.
I feel near to tears,
my heart unfolds like a full-blown lily,
and I dare hope no longer.
Now the dawn is rising,

and I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return...

Someone is climbing the stairs with big strides...
could it be he, my sweet love?...
It is not he, but only
my little page with my lamp...
Winds of evening, fly, tell him
that he is my thought and my dream
all my joy and my anxiety!
Now the dawn is rising,

and I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

For a life of pain I have giv'n my love
Translation by Edward Agate

For a life of pain
I have giv'n my love
He, the orphan boy
is no longer mine,
and my load is heavy
and hard to bear.

Cruel hands have broken
our wedding tie,
to the wars he went,
and returns no more...

As a soldiers wife,
I am left alone. In a foreign land,
I am getting old.
Ah! My load is heavy
and hard to bear.
War is fighting. People hate and take people's clothes away. They should think not to make a war. They shouldn't have guns. In Sunday school they say: "Thou shalt not kill." War is fighting. People hate and take people's clothes away. They should think not to make a war. They shouldn't have guns.

People have to be good. The thing is to make them very kind by giving them good training in this world. Why don't they love each other and why don't they help everyone and help to make some buildings for our families too, to have some more cows and horses and lambs, and apple trees and pear trees and peach trees too, and train the people to make things, to be a barber, to learn to be a barber and things like that?

Please ask God to kindly make us better, every girl and boy in all the world, the children across the ocean and all the Americans too. Please ask God to make the children better. Please ask God to make them better.

Love in the Dictionary
Merriam-Webster's English Dictionary of Terms

Love:
A strong, complex emotion or feeling of personal attachment, causing one to appreciate, delight in, or crave the presence or possession of the object, and to please and promote the welfare of that object;
devoted affection or attachment;
specifically: the feeling between husband and wife; brother and sister; or lover and sweetheart;
One who is beloved;
a sweetheart;
animal passion;
the personification of the love-passion;
Cupid;
in some games, as tennis, nothing.