



Rudi E. Scheidt
School of Music

Love Letters

A DMA Recital

Josh Martin, tenor
Amy Nguyen, piano

Saturday, September 27, 2025
5:30pm
Harris Hall

Program

Per pietà, non ricercate, K. 420	I.	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Widmung Du bist wie eine Blume Liebst du um Schönheit Am strande Dein blaues Auge Botschaft	II.	Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Clara Schumann (1819-1896) Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Three Browning Songs, Op. 44 1. The Year's at the Spring 2. Ah, Love, but a Day! 3. I send my heart up to thee	III.	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond from <i>Die Walküre</i>	IV.	Richard Wagner (1813-1883)
INTERMISSION		
Chanson triste L'invitation au voyage Phidylé	V.	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
I canti della sera 1. L'assiuolo canta 2. Alba di luna sul bosco 3. Tristezza crepuscolare 4. L'incontro	VI.	Francesco Santoliquido (1883-1971)
Sibella from <i>A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder</i> Joey, Joey, Joey from <i>The Most Happy Fella</i> She Loves Me from <i>She Loves Me</i>	VII.	Lutvak & Freedman (1959-2023; b. 1957) Frank Loesser (1910-1969) Bock & Harnick (1928-2010; 1924-2023)

Notes and Translations

"Some people come into our lives, leave footprints on our hearts, and we are never the same."

~ Franz Schubert

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was one of the most significant Classic-era composers and remains an international household name with works recognizable to most ears. Despite his short 35 years of life, his vast output spanned instrumental and vocal music, ranging from large-scale works of symphonies, concertos, operas, and masses to small-scale works of chamber pieces, solo instrumental sonatas, and art songs. A child prodigy turned sought-after composer, Mozart revolutionized musical understanding in the 1700s and defined the sound of the Classical Era.

Within vocal music, Mozart's richest contributions were his operas. Many of his works, including *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte*, and *Die Zauberflöte* (The Magic Flute), have been canonized and are produced around the world every year. Mozart's writing reached new depths of musical complexity and emotional richness that directed the course of operatic composition. In addition to his own operas, Mozart frequently wrote "suitcase arias" or insertion arias - that is, arias written to be used in a different composer's opera. When operas were revived in different cities, the original cast would rarely be contracted, and since rehearsal processes were not lengthy, singers frequently kept a variety of arias specifically written for their voices and musical strengths in their back pockets that could be used in place of the original material. In some cases, if a singer was unhappy with an aria, a different composer may be called upon to write a replacement that would better showcase the singer. Some of these insertion arias would make it into performance, and others did not. Regardless, many of these arias were saved and used later in concerts by singers or the composer would save it for themselves and incorporate it into a later work. Thus, the cumulative name "concert arias" was born.

"Per pietà, non ricerate" (K. 420) was written in 1783 for a revival production of Pasquale Anfossi's *Il curioso indiscreto* in Vienna. Tenor Valentin Adamberger, Mozart's original Belmonte in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and soprano Aloysia Weber Lange, Mozart's sister-in-law who later premiered Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, were cast, and Mozart graciously agreed to write insertion arias for them. However, despite his efforts, only the soprano arias made it into the show. Mozart came to find out that Antonio Salieri talked Adamberger out of using the aria, fabricating a story about patron disappointment, and as expected, Adamberger's performance was less than successful. The insert aria was put to rest and never used again - though some believe that it would have been a smash hit had it been used in one of Mozart's later works. The rest is history.

A messy tale of love and deceit, *Il curioso indiscreto* follows the story of Marquess Calandrano who is obsessed with knowing if his betrothed, Clorinda, will be faithful. He recruits the help of the handsome Count Ripaverde to test her fidelity, despite Ripaverde's own engagement to Emilia, the Marquess's niece. To Calandrano's chagrin, Ripaverde and Clorinda fall in love. Aurelio, a friend of the Marquess, offers consolation to Calandrano and, in doing so, becomes smitten with Emilia. The convoluted plot thickens when Ripaverde overhears and misunderstands a conversation between Clorinda and Aurelio. Having once already accused Clorinda of infidelity, he is overwhelmed with jealousy and simply wishes to die ("Per pietà, non ricerate"). However, in true comic opera fashion, after reconciliation, the tale ends with the two new couples happily in love and the Marquess left fiancée-less.

Per pietà, non ricercate

Per pietà, non ricercate
La cagion del mio tormento,
Sì crudele in me lo sento,
Che neppur lo so spiegar!
Vo pensando... ma poi come?...
Per uscir... ma che mi giova
Di far questa o quella prova,
Se non trovo in che sperar?

Ah, tra l'ire e tra gli sdegni
Della mia funesta sorte,
Chiamo solo, oh Dio, la morte,
Che mi venga a consolar!

For pity's sake, do not seek

For pity's sake, do not seek
The cause of my torment,
I feel it so cruel within me,
That I cannot even explain it!
I am thinking... but then how?...
To get out... But what good is it to me
To try this or that,
If I can't find anything to hope for?

Ah, amidst the anger and disdain
Of my dire fate,
I call only, oh God, for death,
That it may come and console me!

Romanticism sprung forth in the early 1800s and led the philosophical and artistic worlds nearly to the turn of the 20th century. Unlike the preceding ideals of Classicism which upheld order, structure, balance, and rationality, Romanticism focused on individualism, the imaginative and visionary, and, most importantly, one's personal emotional experience. The philosophical shift toward Romanticism in the 19th century was on full display through visual art, literature, and music. In reaction heavily to the Enlightenment, this new way of thinking shaped society at large. From a musical perspective, the work of composers like Ludwig van Beethoven and Franz Schubert paved the way into the Romantic era, delving into new depths of dramaticism to convey the depths of human emotions. Composers of instrumental and vocal music alike began writing with a newfound emotional richness that impacted and developed the capacities of melodic lines, harmonic structures, and orchestrations.

In the world of vocal music, art song (poetry-driven, non-operatic classical music for voice and piano, sometimes orchestra) reached new heights thanks to the expansive output of Romantic poetry. Not only did texts provide richer and more emotional content from a literary and poetic perspective but also Romantic musical stylings were able to expound upon those texts through heartfelt melodies and deeply emotional piano parts. Thus, vocal music of the Romantic era holds a special place in many listeners' hearts, for it was written to pull on one's heartstrings. Whether opera, concert music, or art song, the development of Romanticism entirely changed the course of vocal music.

The infamous "Love Triangle" of Robert Schumann, Clara Wieck Schumann, and Johannes Brahms remains one of the most controversial love scandals in all classical music. In very short, was the Schumann marriage wrecked by adultery when Johannes Brahms entered their lives? After a challenging courtship (thanks primarily to her father's disapproval), Robert and Clara were married in 1840 and, shortly after, started a family. In the early 1850s, a young Brahms came to study under Robert, and quickly, Robert, Clara, and Johannes all became good friends. Brahms was welcomed into the Schumann family and became godfather to one of the Schumanns' children. Through much of Robert's health and mental decline, Clara and Brahms became incredibly close, and after Robert's passing in 1856, he remained a close companion to Clara and her family. Despite many people's opinions, no one truly knows if infidelity was at play, but reading the many letters sent between the Clara and Brahms makes it hard not to assume... However, we will never know.

Both the Schumanns and Brahms set a plethora of poems about love into song form, producing some of the most beloved German *lieder* of the early Romantic era. This set features six of their most popular pieces. "Widmung" and "Du bist wie eine Blume" come from Robert Schumann's *Myrthen* collection which was gifted to Clara on their wedding day and exhibit the quintessential early Romantic-

era *lieder* compositional style. “Liebst du um Schönheit,” a popular poem by Friedrich Rückert, and “Am Strande” showcase Clara Schumann’s careful attention to text setting and virtuosic piano skills. Brahms’s “Dein blaues Auge” and “Botschaft” conclude the set and feature his characteristic use of strong bass line and hemiola (3 over 2) techniques.

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess’res Ich!

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau’ dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt’,
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold’nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my joy, you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
You my heaven in which I float,
Oh, you my grave into which
I eternally gave my sorrow.

You are the rest, you are the peace,
You are the heaven granted to me.
That you love me gives me worth,
Your glance has transfigured me before myself,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My good spirit, my better self!

You are like a flower

You are like a flower,
So sweet and beautiful and pure;
I look at you, and melancholy
Steals into my heart.

I feel as though
I should lay my hands on your head,
Praying that God preserve you,
So pure and beautiful and sweet.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
Who is young every year!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

Am strande

Traurig schau ich von der Klippe
Auf die Flut, die uns trennt,
Und mit Inbrunst fleht die Lippe,
Schone seiner, Element!

Furcht ist meiner Seele Meister,
Ach, und Hoffnung schwindet schier;
Nur im Traume bringen Geister
Vom Geliebten Kunde mir.

Die ihr, fröhliche Genossen
Gold'ner Tag' in Lust und Schmerz,
Kummertränen nie vergossen,
Ach, ihr kennt nicht meinen Schmerz!

Sei mir mild, o nächt'ge Stunde,
Auf das Auge senke Ruh,
Holde Geister, flüstert Kunde
Vom Geliebten dann mir zu.

Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

If you love for riches,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
She has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you forevermore!

On the shore

Sadly, I gaze from the cliff
Upon the ocean, which separates us,
And with ardor, my lips implore,
Spare him, Elements!

Fear is my soul's master,
Alas, and hope almost shrinks away;
Only in dreams his ghost brings
Tidings from my beloved to me.

You, happy companions,
Golden days of joy and pain,
Grief's tears never shed,
Alas, you do not know my pain!

Be gentle to me, oh nightly hours,
Upon my eyes, grant rest,
Love ghost, whisper tidings
Then to me from my beloved.

Your blue eyes

Your blue eyes hold so still,
I look far to their depths.
You ask me, what I wish to see?
The sight of them restores me to health.

A glowing pair of eyes once burned me,
I still feel the pain:
Your eyes are as clear as a lake,
And like a lake, so cool.

Botschaft

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,

Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzt kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“

Message

Waft, little breeze, gently and lovingly
About the cheeks of my beloved,
Play gently in her locks,
Hasten not to flee away!

Perhaps, she then asks the question,
How is it going for the poor one?

Say: "Unending was his pain,
Highly critical his condition,
But now he can hope
To wonderfully revive again,
For you, lovely one, are thinking of him!"

Amy Beach was the first female American composer to have a successful career in art music composition. With a catalogue of over 300 works ranging from solo piano pieces to chamber music and choral and solo vocal music to symphonic and concerto works, Beach remains a legend for her contributions to music and her trailblazing in breaking through the glass ceiling of women in composition. Despite the unarguable success of her career during her lifetime (with prominent companies, singers, and instrumentalists alike producing and performing her works), she faced heightened criticism solely because of her gender. However, today, she is celebrated for her pioneering success as well as her undeniable talent and impactful compositional contributions.

Known for her late-Romantic style, she composed 117 songs, some of which inspired her large-scale instrumental compositions. Beach once stated that writing songs was refreshing for her, particularly after working on a large work, and she found inspiration for her songs in everyday life. Setting English poet and playwright Robert Browning, Beach composed *Three Browning Songs*, Opus 44, in 1900. This three-song set remains her most popular art song composition. The Browning poems selected allowed Beach to showcase her characteristic beautiful melodic lines while also sharing her own values through the chosen poetry – that of, her religious core and love of nature.

The set's meaning has taken many interpretations over the years, often of a story of love – love found, estranged, and set free, yet though the pieces are frequently considered a connected literary cycle, each song's poem comes from a different greater literary work of Browning. When considering the literary meaning of each larger work, the set takes on an entirely different meaning. "The Year's at the Spring" comes from Browning's most renowned work, *Pippa Passes*, a verse drama which follows the character of Pippa on her only day off as a silk weaver. A figure of innocence, purity, and righteousness, she passes by various characters who are caught up in or struggling with evil in the world; her songs bring light and goodness to their overhearers as she goes on her merry way. Her first song, "The year's at the spring," catches the ears of Ottima and her lover, Sebald, who are conspiring to kill Ottima's husband to indulge in their adulterous affair. Upon hearing Pippa's song, Sebald has a change of heart. The second piece, "Ah, Love, but a Day," comes from Browning's work, *James Lee's Wife*, which many believe is a somewhat autobiographical piece depicting his own wife, Elizabeth. Mrs. Browning was hurt from a previous marriage and thus showed contempt for the idea of finding true romantic love again. This text comes from the first poem of the work where James Lee's wife stands at a window, noticing life changing before her eyes. She is becoming disinterested in her marriage and wonders if it, and her husband, will change too. "I send my heart up to thee" concludes the set, coming from Browning's *Love's Power*, which

was inspired by Daniel Maclise's painting "The Serenade." The poem follows two lovers on a gondola ride, declaring their love for one another. Despite the original material's tragic ending, Beach chose to set only the man's verse, using Browning's text to showcase the charming and light-hearted ardor in Maclise's painting.

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, but a Day!

Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

I send my heart up to thee

I send my heart up to thee,
all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me,
and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets
to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart
to thee its dwelling place.

Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* presents one of the largest and most challenging undertakings in the operatic canon – both in music and artistry and in production. Based on Norse and Germanic mythology, the heroic saga follows a complex tale over the course of four operas, totaling around fifteen hours. The work was conceptualized and written by the composer himself, exhibiting his *gesamtkunstwerk* idea - meaning total artwork, where all elements, from music to libretto to design, work in cohesion. Though mythologically based and written in the 1870s, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*'s influence has reached far beyond the operatic realm, inspiring modern comic and cinematic masterpieces, such as *The Lord of the Rings* and the heroic *Marvel Universe* stories.

In extreme nutshell form, there is magical gold at the bottom of the Rhine River, which is stolen by a dwarf named Alberich. He fashions the gold into a ring and is granted the power of the universe, though the gold comes with a curse. The king of the gods, Wotan, wants the ring for himself - even more, not in the hands of Alberich - and chases him down to retrieve it. Upon acquiring the ring, Wotan is forced to surrender it to two giants, Fafner and Fasolt, for their work in building Valhalla, the home of the gods. The gold's curse and detrimental impact on its owner is displayed when Fafner kills Fasolt to attain sole power of the ring. Witnessing the horror firsthand, Wotan finally understands the gold's true power.

Many years pass, during which Fafner has transformed himself into a dragon to guard the ring, and Wotan wanders the earth in hopes to find a solution to the problem at hand. During this time, Wotan seeks out Erda, the goddess of earth, to receive counsel on the situation and ends up fathering a daughter, Brünnhilde, from the encounter. While wandering, he also fathers twins, Siegmund and Sieglinde, from a Völsung woman. The two twins grow up separated after a tragic attack on their home and family, and Wotan hopes that one day, one of them will be able to conquer Fafner. All the while, he has seriously hurt - not to mention, angered - his wife, Fricka, the goddess of morality and family values.

In the second opera, *Die Walküre*, we meet Siegmund. He is on the run after slaying some enemies and rescuing a woman being forced into a marriage. He stumbles upon the home of Hunding and seeks refuge, where he meets Sieglinde. The two instantly hit it off, and a deep connection develops between them, to the chagrin of Hunding who had forced Sieglinde to marry him. After explaining his situation, Siegmund learns that Hunding is family of the enemies pursuing him. He is offered shelter for the night but must fight when he awakens the next morning. Sieglinde drugs Hunding's evening drink to buy Siegmund time and to get better acquainted with him. The two discuss a very unusual house decoration – a sword driven into the tree around which the home was built. No one has ever been able to remove it, and she dreams of the day when someone will remove it and save her. Upon say their father's name, Wälse, the two discover the situation at hand. They have finally found each other but also... have fallen in love with one another. Siegmund successfully retrieves the sword and declares his love for Sieglinde ("Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond"). Wotan learns that Siegmund has the sword of Wälse and is overjoyed that Fafner's conqueror may have finally arrived. However, Fricka cannot condone the twins' immoral behavior and forces Wotan to slay Siegmund, but Brünnhilde develops her own plan after discovering that Sieglinde is pregnant with Siegmund's baby...

Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond

Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond,
in mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz;
auf linden Lüften leicht und lieblich,
Wunder webend er sich wiegt;
durch Wald und Auen weht sein Atem,
weit geöffnet lacht sein Aug': -
aus sel'ger Vöglein Sange süß er tönt,
holde Düfte haucht er aus;
seinem warmen Blut entblühen wonnige Blumen,
Keim und Sproß entspringt seiner Kraft.

Mit zarter Waffen Zier
bezwingt er die Welt;
Winter und Sturm wichen der starken Wehr:
wohl mußte den tapfern Streichen
die strenge Türe auch weichen,
die trotzig und starr uns trennte von ihm. -
Zu seiner Schwester schwang er sich her;
die Liebe lockte den Lenz:
in unsrem Busen barg sie sich tief;
nun lacht sie selig dem Licht.

Die bräutliche Schwester befreite der Bruder;
zertrümmert liegt, was je sie getrennt:
jauchzend grüßt sich das junge Paar:
vereint sind Liebe und Lenz!

Winter storms gave way to the blissful moon

Winter storms gave way to the blissful moon,
In tender light, the spring shines;
On gentle breezes, light and sweet,
Weaving wonders, it sways;
Through forest and meadows, its breath wafts,
Wide open, its eye laughs:
In blissful birdsong, it sweetly resounds,
It exhales fair fragrances;
From its warm blood, sweet flowers sprout,
Buds and shoots spring up through its power.

With delicate adornment as weapon,
it conquered the world;
winter and storm yield to its strong force:
then to these bold blows
the strong doors must also yield,
which defiantly and rigidly divided us from it –
To its sister, it flew hither,
Love lured the spring:
It was hidden deep in our breasts,
Now it laughs joyfully in the light.

The bride sister was freed by her brother,
What once divided them lies shattered:
The young pair rejoicingly greet one another:
Love and spring are united!

Henri Duparc is revered as one of the most influential composers of French *mélodie*. Despite composing only sixteen songs, his works are considered some of the most beautiful French songs ever written. Bridging the gap between early salon and late Romantic styles of the late 19th century, Duparc melded techniques of classic French song with the modern sound of Richard Wagner. Along with contemporary Ernest Chausson, he was integral in paving the compositional path for beloved French composers Gabriel Fauré and Claude Debussy. Duparc was extremely particular in his writing and became known for his perfectionistic tendencies, which often meant he took great care in ensuring his compositional desires were met by the performers.

Duparc's *mélodies* are characterized by lush, flowing melodic lines, rich, orchestra-like harmonic textures, and complex piano accompaniments that require keen collaboration between vocalist and pianist. Having specific personal preferences about the voice, all but three of his songs were set for high voice as he primarily wrote for a violin-like voice that could maneuver passages with fluidity and flexibility while maintaining a strong intensity of tone and quality. Therefore, many of his songs feature sweeping melodic lines and require an element of vocal heft across all vocal registers. With such richness in melody and harmony, Duparc later orchestrated some of his most beloved pieces.

"Chanson triste" was Duparc's first song, composed in 1868 at the age of 20. Drawing inspiration from the works of Charles Gounod, this early Duparc piece showcases his thoughtful melodic writing and expansive phrasing overtop an uninterrupted arpeggiated piano accompaniment. The text of Jean Lahor shares the story of two finding hope and consolation in each other's love. "L'invitation au voyage" is Duparc's most famous song. This piece features a deep sense of sensuality and longing, depicted through its shimmering chromaticism and text painting. A setting of Charles Baudelaire, the poem tells of a lover calling for his beloved to join him on a journey to the countrysides of Holland where they can share a life of luxury, calm, and sensuality. Leconte de Lisle's poetry come to life in "Phidylé," one of Duparc's most complex pieces and a quintessential display of his compositional style. Set in the lush countryside, surrounded by herbs and flowers, Phidylé has fallen asleep in the warm sunshine, and her patient lover waits for her to awaken, longing for a kiss.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Sad Song

In your heart slumbers a light of the moon,
A gentle moonlight of summer,
And to escape this troublesome life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will place my weary head,
Oh! sometimes, on your lap
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak to us;

And from your eyes, full of sorrow,
From your eyes then, I shall drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That, perhaps, I shall be healed.

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble ;
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble !

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Invitation to a Journey

My child, my sister,
Dream how sweet
To journey there and live together,
To love at leisure,
To love and to die
In the country that is like you!

The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Have, for my spirit, charms
As mysterious
As your treacherous eyes,
Shining through their tears.

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on the canals
Sleep those vessels
Whose nature is to wander;
It is to fulfill
Your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
The canals, the entire town,
With hyacinth and with gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There, all is order and beauty,
Luxury, calm, and sensuous delight.

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleeping
Under the cool poplars,
On the slopes of the mossy springs,
Which flow from a thousand sources
In the flowering meadow,
And get lost under the dark thickets.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum
circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux,
rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Mais, quand l'Astre,
incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Rest, oh Phidylé! Noon, on the leaves,
Shines and invites you to sleep.
In the clover and the thyme, alone, in the full sun,
Sing the flighty bees.

A warm fragrance
circulates about the bending paths,
The red flower of the grain droops,
And the birds,
skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the wild rose.

Rest, oh Phidylé!

But, when the sun,
descending on its dazzling arch,
Sees its ardor subside,
Let your most beautiful smile and your best kiss
Reward me for waiting!

Italian vocal music of the 19th and early 20th centuries is commonly equated with opera, thanks to the acclaimed works of the *bel canto* composers in the early to mid-1800s and the beloved classics of Giuseppe Verdi, Giacomo Puccini, and their verismo successors around the turn of the century. However, Italian songs of the late 19th and early 20th centuries remain some of the most unexplored pieces in art song literature. Beyond the beautiful, late Romantic songs of Francesco Paolo Tosti and Stefano Donaudy, this literature offers a look into Italian musical tradition and provides musical gems for the concert and recital stage.

The 20th century was an international rollercoaster for humanity, and thus, composition. With impending world war unrest, stylistic battles rooted in philosophical differences, the Second Viennese School pushing to break tonality, jazz, blues, and cabaret music stirring the underground music scene, Broadway taking off, art music connoisseurs holding onto tradition, avant-garde styles offering new insights, and technology making music accessible to all, the 20th century saw a vast array of compositional output, and the battle for a platform was underway. However, in the wake of progressive and popular swells internationally, Italian art song continued to be rooted in tradition.

Francesco Santoliquido remains an unknown name in the world of song. Though his compositional output ranges from symphonies to operas and from chamber music to solo works, his compositional career lasted only about 35 years and never “pushed the envelope” in terms of musical progressiveness. Thus, he, like so many others throughout history, was lost to the test of time. Despite his lack of canonization, Santoliquido’s songs offer a taste of late Romantic Italian tradition, showcasing the influences of Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy, and Arabian culture all with an inarguable Italian flare. In 1908, Santoliquido wrote *I canti della sera* (The songs of evening), setting his own poetry to music. The set follows the meeting of a once-was couple. Told from the perspective of the man, he meets his past love once again, recalling the memories, the hurt, and the love that they once shared.

L'assiolo canta

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.
Vieni, ti voglio dir quel che non dissi mai.
E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle,
magici fiori.

Inoltriamoci insieme
e là nel folto ti dirò
perchè piansi una triste sera che non c'eri.
Inoltriamoci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

Alba di luna sul bosco

Guarda, la luna nasce tutta rossa
come una fiamma congelata nel cielo,
Lo stagno la riflette
e l'acqua mossa dal vento
par rabbrivire al gelo.
Che pace immensa!
il bosco addormentato,
si riflette nello stagno.
Quanto silenzio intorno!
Dimmi: È un tramonto
o un'alba per l'amor?

Tristezza crepuscolare

È la sera.
Dalla terra bagnata sale l'odore
delle foglie morte.
È l'ora delle campane,
è l'ora in cui respiro il vano profumo
d'un amore passato.
E sogno e piango.

È la sera.
È la sera, una sera piena di campane,
una sera piena di profumi,
una sera piena di ricordi
e di tristezze morte.

The Owl Sings

Come! Upon the woods shines
The summer night and the owl sings.
Come, I want to tell you what I never said.
And on the path, the stars bloom,
Magical flowers.

Let's go forward together
And there, in the thicket, I will tell you
Why I cried one sad night that you were not there.
Let's go forward together.
A mystery invites us,
Hear: the owl sings.

Moonrise over the Woods

Look, the moon rises all red
Like a frozen flame in the sky,
The pond reflects it,
And the water, moved by the wind,
Seems to shiver in its frost.
What immense peace!
The sleeping forest
Is reflected in the pond.
So much silence around!
Tell me: is it a sunset,
Or a dawn for love?

Twilight Sadness

It is evening.
From the wet earth rises a smell
Of dead leaves.
It is the hour of the bells,
It is the hour when I breathe the vain perfume
Of a past love.
And I dream and I cry.

It is evening.
It is evening, an evening full of bells,
An evening full of scents,
An evening full of memories
And of dead sadness.

Piangete, piangete campane della sera,
Empite tutto il cielo di malinconia.
Ah! Piangete ancor...
Questa è l'ora dei ricordi,
è l'ora in cui l'antica fiamma s'accende
nel cuore disperatamente e lo brucia

Campane.
Odore di foglie morte.
Tristezze dissepolte!

L'incontro

Non mi ricordo più
quando noi c'incontrammo
la prima volta
ma fu certo una lontana sera
tutta soffusa di pallide tristezze
lungo un benigno mar!

A noi giungevano di lontano suoni
di campane e di greggi
ed una pace strana ci veniva dal mare.
Questo rammento!

Cosa dicemmo quel giorno,
Lo rammentate?
Io non ricordo più.
Ma che importa?

Oggi mi fiorisce in cuore
la dolcezza appassita di quell'ora lontana.
E m'è dolce stringere nella mia
la vostra mano bianca
e parlarvi d'amor,

anch'oggi vengono di lontano suoni
di campane e di greggi
e anch'oggi il mar come allora
ci sorride lontano.
Ma oggi forse m'amate un poco,
non sorridete più.
Ah! La vostra mano trema.

Se oggi le belle labbra voi mi darete
non scorderemo più questa dolce ora d'amor!

Weep, weep evening bells,
Empty the whole sky with melancholy.
Ah! Weep still...
This is the hour of memories,
It is the hour when the ancient flame ignites
In my heart desperately and it burns.

Bells.
Smell of dead leaves.
Unearthed sadness!

The Meeting

I no longer remember
When we first met

But it was certainly a distant evening
All suffused with pale sadness
Along a benign sea!

Sounds, came to us from afar,
Of bells and flocks
And a strange peace came from the sea.
This I remember!

What did we say that day,
Do you remember?
I do not remember anymore,
But what does it matter?

Today, in my heart, blooms
The withered sweetness of that distant hour.
And it is sweet to hold
Your white hand in mine
And to speak to you of love,

Also today, sounds come from afar
Of bells and flocks
And also today, the sea, as it did then,
Smiles at us from far away.
But today, perhaps you love me a little,
You do not smile anymore,
Ah! your hand trembles.

If today you give me your beautiful lips
We will no longer forget this sweet hour of love!

Since the inception of the Great White Way, Broadway musicals have dazzled audiences with heart-felt stories, mesmerizing dance breaks, and showstopping musical numbers, leaving crowds uplifted, impacted, challenged, and, most likely, humming a favorite tune on the way home. Over the past century, Broadway composers, lyricists, and book writers have created theatrical masterpieces that have made theater lovers out of multitudes. I too am one of those individuals. I remember seeing the revival of *West Side Story* in 2010 or 11 with my family during the tour stop at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood, CA. As Act 1 came to a close, there lay Riff and Bernardo center stage with Jets and Sharks alike scattering at the sound of nearing police sirens. The curtain went down for intermission, and I sat there thinking... "I want to do that." I got involved with my first community theater production (*The Music Man*, a classic!), and the rest is history. Although I've done a lot of classical singing in recent, musical theater always feels like "home" to me. This set is a little love letter to my "theater kid" self.

A Gentleman's Guide to Love & Murder follows the story of Monty Navarro, who suddenly learns that he is a member of the D'Ysquith line – the aristocratic family of Earldom. Shocked by his new-found identity and prospect, he excitedly tells his beloved, Sibella, who dismisses it as a fantasy, for she requires proven financial prospect to accept his hand in marriage. Distraught, he concocts a scheme to kill off all eight heirs ahead of him and assume the role of Earl. Little by little, Monty maneuvers his way into the family and, one by one, picks off the D'Ysquiths. (As an aside, the D'Ysquith family – all 8 heirs – is played by a single actor whose commitment to character, comic genius, and some incredibly fast quick changes is nothing short of brilliant! So, fear not, it's not quite as dark as you may think.) Despite an engagement on the horizon, Monty is still deeply in love with Sibella and maintains an ongoing affair with her. In "Sibella," he makes his true feelings known, but with his murderous escapade, will it last?

After immense success with *Guys & Dolls*, Frank Loesser wrote *The Most Happy Fella*, which took to the Great White Way in 1956. Melding styles of classic Broadway and high-drama opera, the story follows the tale of age-gapped "pen pals-turned-couple," Tony, an Italian immigrant vintner, and Rosabella. As their written relationship gets serious, Tony fears he is not attractive enough for Rosabella, so he sends her a picture of his handsome foreman, Joe. Unknowingly, Rosabella starts to fall for Tony's personality but Joe's face. A vagabond type, Joe shares with Tony that he is ready to be off on his next adventure ("Joey, Joey, Joey"), but when he learns that Rosabella is coming to town, he decides to stick around a bit longer to meet her...

Bock & Harnick's beloved 1963 classic *She Loves Me* is based on the play *Parfumerie* (the inspiration for *The Shop Around the Corner* and *You've Got Mail*) and tells the story of perfumery co-workers Amalia Balash and Georg Nowack, who, unbeknownst to them, are anonymous, romantic pen pals. Despite constantly being at odds with each other at work, the two have developed genuine affection via their anonymous letters, always with the greeting: "Dear Friend." They finally decide to meet, and upon approaching the restaurant, Georg realizes the situation at hand. Choosing not to reveal his identity, the two share a less-than-friendly encounter, leaving both hurt and disappointed. The next day, Amalia is home ill, so Georg pays her a visit to share his favorite sick-day snack - vanilla ice cream. Despite the evening prior, they share a moment of genuine care, with Amalia even confessing that she does like Georg. He leaves her to rest, secretly ecstatic knowing that truly... "she loves me!"

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