



Karlie Saenz, mezzo-soprano
*A senior recital in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for a Bachelor of Arts in Music*

Susan Azaret Davies,, piano

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Saturday, 3:00 p.m.

Mt. Carmel Lutheran Church

1701 Fredericks Street

San Luis Obispo

Sponsored by the Cal Poly Music Department & College of Liberal Arts



Program

Karlie Saenz, mezzo-soprano

Susan Azaret Davies, piano

Cantata 199 Johann Sebastian Bach
 Recitative “Doch Gott muß mir genädig sein” (1685-1750)
 Aria “Tief gebückt und voller Reue”

Così fan tutte Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
 Al desio di chi t’adora (1756-1791)

pause

Neun Gesänge, Opus 69 Johannes Brahms
 I. Klage I (1833-1897)
 II. Klage II
 III. Abschied
 IV. Des Liebsten Schwur
 V. Tambourliendchen
 VI. Vom Strande
 VII. Über die See
 VIII. Salome

pause

Six Chansons de Théâtre, Opus 151b Darius Milhaud
 I. La Bohémienne la main m’a pris (1892-1974)
 II. Un petit pas, deux petit pas
 III. Je suis dans le filet
 IV. Chacun son tour, les animaux
 V. Mes amis les cygnes
 VI. Blancs sont les jours d’été

Cantata 199

*Doch Gott muß mir gnädig sein,
weil ich das Haupt mit Asche,
das Angesicht mit Tränen wasche.
mein Herz in Reu und Leid zerschlage,
und voller Wehmut sage:
Gott sei mir Sünder gnädig! Ach ja!
Sein Herze bricht, und meine
Seele spricht:*

Aria:

*Doch Gott muß mir gnädig sein,
Weil ich das Haupt mit Asche,
Das Angesicht mit Tränen wasche,
Mein Herz Reu und Leid zerschlage
Und voller Wehmut sage:
Gott sei mir Sünder gnädig!
Ach ja! sein Herze bricht,
Und meine Seele spricht:
Tief gebückt und voller Reue
Lieg ich, liebster Gott, vor dir.
Ich bekenne meine Schuld,
Aber habe doch Geduld,
Habe doch Geduld mit mir!*

Al desio di chi t'adora

*Al desio di chi t'adora,
vieni, vola, o mia speranza!*

*Morirò, morirò, se indarno ancora
tu mi lasci sospirar.*

*Le promesse, i giuramenti
deh! rammenta, o mio tesoro!*

*e i momenti di ristoro,
che mi fece Amor sperar,*

*Ah! ch'io mai, più non resisto,
all'ardor che in sen m'accende,
Chi d'amor gli affetti intende,
compatisca il mio penar.*

Neun Gesänge

I. Klage I

*Ach mir fehlt, nicht ist da,
was mich einst süß beglückt,
Ach mir fehlt, nicht ist da,
was mich erfreut!
Was mich ein süß beglückt
ist wie die Well, entrückt.
Ach mir fehlt, nicht ist da,
was mich erfreut!*

*Sagt, wie man ackern kann
ohne Pflug, ohne Roß?
Sagt, wie man ackern kann,
wenn das Rad bricht?
Ach, wie solch Ackern ist,
so ist die Liebe, die Liebe auch,
küßt man sich nicht!*

But God to me will surely bend,
my head is heaped with ashes.
A flood of tears my countenance washes.
My heart in penitence abase thee,
and in thy sorrow Pray thee;
God pity me a sinner! O Joy!
His heart doth melt, and all my
soul may sing.

But God must be gracious to me
because I wash my head with ashes
my face with tears,
I beat my heart in remorse and sorrow
and full of grief say:
God, be gracious to me, sinner
Ah yes! His heart breaks
and my soul says:
Deeply bowed and full of remorse,
I lie, dearest God, before you
I acknowledge my guilt,
but still have patience,
still have patience with me.

Let my longing and supplication

Let my longing and supplication
Bring you, wing you to me, Beloved.

I shall die if you leave me
Still to sigh in vain,

The promise, and vows;
of those! Remember, my darling!

And those moments of solace
Which love made me hope for

Ah, I can no longer resist
The passion that is burning
Let those who understand the pain of love,
Have sympathy with my suffering.

Lament No. I

How I miss it- it no longer is here-
that which once made me wonderfully happy
How I miss it- it no longer is here-
That which gladdened me!
That which made me wonderfully happy
Has passed by like ocean waves
How I miss it-
That which gladdened me!

Tell me, how can one till the soil
without a plough without a horse?
Tell me, how can one plough
when the wheel breaks?
Ah, just like that kind of plowing
is love, Love too,
if the lovers do not kiss!

Zwingen mir fort nur auf,
was mit Qual mich erfüllt;
Zwingen mir fort nur auf,
was meine Pein.
Geben den Wittwer mir,
der kein ganz Herze,
kein ganz Herze hat:
Halb ist's der ersten Frau,
Halb nur wärs mein

II. Klage II

O Felsen, lieber Felsen,
was stürztest du nicht ein,
als ich mich trennen mußte
von dem Geliebten mein?
Laß dämmern, Gott, laß dämmern,
daß bald der Abend wink'
und daß auch bald mein Leben,
in Dämmerung versink!

O Nachtigall, du traute,
o sing' im grünen Hain,
erleichtere das Herz mir
und meines Herzens Pein!
Mein Herz, das liegt erstarret
zu Stein in meiner Brust,
es findet hier auf Erden
an nichts, an nichts mehr Lust.

Ich frei' wohl einen Andern
und lieb' ich ihn auch nicht;
ich tue, was mein Vater
und meine Mutter spricht.
Ich tue nach des Vaters
und nach der Mutter Wort,
doch heiße Tränen weinet,
mein Herz in einem fort.

III. Abschied

Ach, mich hält der Gram gefangen,
meinem Herzen ist so weh,
denn ich soll von binnen ziehen
über jenes Berges Höh!

Was einst mein war, ist verloren,
alle, alle Hoffnung flieht;
ja, ich fürchte, daß, o Mädchen,
dich mein Aug nicht weidersieht.

Dunkel wird mein Weg sich dehnen,
wenn ich scheiden muß von hier:
steh ich dann auf jenem Berge,
seufz' ich einmal noch nach dir.

IV. Des Liebsten Schwur

Ei, schmolte mein Vater
nicht wach und im Schlaf,
So sagt' ich ihm,
wen ich im Gärtlein traf.
Und schmolle nur, Vater,
und schmolle nur fort,
Ich traf den Geliebten
im Gärtlein dort.

Ei, zankte mein Vater
nicht wieder sich ab,

They constantly compel me to do things
that only fill me with distress;
They constantly force upon
me only things that pain me:
They give me the widower
who is completely heartless
completely heartless:
Half of him belongs to his first wife,
only half would be mine!

Lament No. II

O cliff, dear cliff,
why didn't you crumble
when I had to part
from my darling?
Let twilight fall,
so that evening soon beckons
and soon my life too,
can sink into twilight!

O nightingale, you dear one,
sing in the green grove,
relieve my heart
and my heart's pain!
My heart has turned to stone
within my breast;
here on earth it finds,
it finds no more pleasure in anything.

To be sure, I am engaged to another man
even though I don't love him;
I do what my father and my mother say.
I obey my father's and my mother's command,
I do what my father and my mother say.
I obey my father's and my mother's word,
but hot tears pour forth
from my heart unceasingly

Farewell

Alas, I am a prisoner of sorrow,
my heart hurts so much,
for I must leave this place
and wander over that mountain height!

All, all hope flees;
What once was mine is lost;
yes, I am afraid, my dear girl,
that my eyes will not look upon you again.

My path will stretch darkly before me
when I must depart from here:
when I then strand upon that mountain,
I will sigh for you one more time.

My Sweetheart's Promise

Oho, if my father were not so grumpy
both waking and sleeping,
I would tell him
whom I met in the little garden.
Just keep sulking, Father,
go on sulking—
I met my darling
in the little garden there,

Oho, if my father
wouldn't start bickering again,

*So sagt' ich ihm,
was der Geliebte mir gab.
Und zanke nur,
Vater, mein Väterchen du,
Er gab mir ein Küßchen
und eines dazu.*

*Ei, klänge dem Vater
nicht staunend das Ohr,
So sagt' ich ihm,
was der Geliebte mir schwor.
Und staune nur, Vater,
und staune noch mehr,
du gibst mir doch einmal
mit Freuden noch her.*

*Mir schwor der Geliebte
so fest und gewiß,
Bevor er aus meiner
Umarmung sich riß:
Ich hätte am längsten
zu Hause gesäumt,
Bis lustig im Felde
die Weizensaat keimt.*

V. Tambourliedchen

*Den Wirbel schlag' ich gar so stark,
Daß euch erzittert
Bein und Mark,
Drum denk' ich ans
schön Schützelein,
blaugrau, blau
ist seiner Augen Schein.*

*Und denk' ich an
den Schein so hell,
Von selber dämpft
Trommelfell, das Trommelfell
den wilden Ton,
klingt hell und rein.
Blaugrau, blau sind
Liebchens Augelein.*

VI. Vom Strande

*Ich rufe vom üfer verlorenes Glück,
Die Ruder nur schallen
zum Strande zurück.*

*Vom Strande, lieb' Mutter,
wo der Wellenschlag gebt,
da fahren die Schiffe,
Mein Liebster drauf steht.
Je mehr ich sie rufe,
Je schneller der Lauf,
wenn ein Hauch sie entführet,
wer hielt sie auf?*

*Der Hauch meiner Klagen
die Segel nur schwillt,
Je mehr mein Verlangen
zurück sie hält!
Verbielt' ich die Klagen:
Es löst' sie der Schmerz,
und Klagen und Schweigen
Zersprengt mir das Herz.*

Ich rufe vom üfer verlorenes Glück,

I would tell him
what my darling gave me.
Just keep bickering, Father,
my little Father—
He gave me a little kiss
and another one to go with it.

Oho, if it wouldn't sound amazing
to my father's ears,
I would tell him
what my darling promised me.
Just to be, amazed, Father,
and be even more amazed all the same,
you will give him my hand
with pleasure one day;

My darling promised me
so firmly and so surely,
before he tore himself
from my embrace,
That I would tarry
at home no longer than the time
When the planted wheat
merrily sprouts in the field,

Little Song of the Drummer

I sound a drumroll so powerfully,
That you all tremble
in your inmost being
And so I think about
my pretty sweetheart,
Blue-gray, blue, blue
bare my darling's dear eyes.

And when I think about
their bright color,
The drumhead
of its own accord subdues
the wildness of its tone
and emits a bright, pure sound,
Blue-gray, blue, blue
bare my darling's dear eyes.

From the Beach

From the shore I call to my lost happiness;
Only the sound of the oars
returns to the beach.

From the beach, dear mother,
where the waves beat,
there sail the ships;
my sweetheart is on one.
The more I call to them,
the faster they travel;
if a wind carries them off,
who could restrain them?

The wind of my lamentations
merely swells the sails,
the more my desire
holds them back!
If I kept back my lamentations,
and my heart is torn apart
between lamenting
and keeping silent.

From the shore I call to my lost happiness;

*Die Ruder nur schallen
zum Strande zurück.*

*So flüchtige Schlösser,
wer könnt' ihn'n vertrau'n
und Liebe, die bliebe,
mit Freuden d'rauf bau'n?
Wie vögel im Fluge,
wo ruhen sie aus?
So eilige Wand'rer,
sie finden kein Haus,
Zertrümmern der Wogen
grünen Kristall,
und was sie berühren,
verwandelt sich all.
Es wandeln die Wellen
und wandelt der Wind,
Meine Schmerzen im Herzen
beständig nur sind.*

*Ich rufe vom üfer verlorenes Glück,
Die Ruder nur schallen
zum Strande zurück.*

VII. Über die See

*Über die See, Fern über die See,
ist mein Schatz gezogen,
Ist ihm mein Herz voll Ach und Weh,
bang ihm nachgeflogen.*

*Brauset das Meer,
wild brauset das Meer,
stürme dunkel jagen,
sinket die Sonn, die Welt wird leer,
Muß mein Herz verzagen.*

*Bin ich allein, Ach, immer allein,
Meine Kräfte schwinden.
Muß ich zurück in matter Pein,
kann dich nimmer finden.*

VIII. Salome

*Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink,
sing ich Nachtigallensang;
ist mein Liebster ein Luchs,
O so bin ich eine Schlang!*

*O ihr Jungfrau im Land,
vom Gebirg und über See,
Überlaßt mir den Schönsten,
sonst tut ihr mir weh!*

*Er soll sich unterwerfen
zum Ruhm uns und Preis!
Und er soll sich nicht rühren,
nicht laut und nicht leis!*

*O ihr teuren Gespielen,
Überlaßt mir den stolzen Mann!
Er soll sehn, wie die Liebe
ein feurig Schwert werden kann!*

Only the sound of the oars
returns to the beach.

Such fleeting castles
who could trust them
and joyfully build upon them
a love that would last?
Like birds in flight,
where do they rest?
Such hurried travelers,
they find no house,
They destroy
the green crystal of the waves
and whatever they touch
is completely transformed.
The waves move on,
the wind moves on;
only the sorrows in my heart
remain steadfast.

From the shore I call to my lost happiness;
Only the sound of the oars
returns to the beach.

Over the Sea

Over the sea, far over the sea
my darling has wandered;
My heart, full of sorrow and pain,
has fearfully flown after him.

The ocean roars,
the ocean roars wildly;
storms drive darkly on;
the sun sinks, the world becomes empty,
and my heart must despair.

I am alone, alas, always, alone;
my strength is vanishing.
I must go back, exhausted by sorrow;
I can never find you.

Salome

If my sweetheart sings like a finch,
then I sing a nightingale's song;
if my darling is a lynx,
oh, then I am a serpent,

O you maidens in the land,
from the hills and over the sea!
Leave the handsome man to me,
or else you will cause me pain;

He shall acknowledge defeat,
to our glory and praise!
And he shall not make a move
or make the slightest sound!

O my dear playmates,
leave the dear man to me!
He shall see how love
can become a flaming sword!

Six Chansons de théâtre

- I. *La Bohémienne la main m'apris:
La vieille tzigane le sort m'a dit;
Elle m'a prédit:
Ah regarde, Enfant, prends garde!
C'est un méchant garçon
C'est un méchant, un très méchant,
C'est un mauvais garçon,
C'est un mauvais un très mauvais,
Un très très très mauvais, méchant garçon.*

- II. *Un petit pas, deux petits pas
Le petit chien au trot s'en va
Sur la route bien longue qui s'ouvre.
Le petit chiens' vataá Douvres.
Un petit pas, deux petits pas
Le petit chien au trot s'en va.
Sur la route trouve un ruisseau;
Fait oh, oh puis un grand saut oh.
Un petit pas, deux petits pas,
Le petit chien au trot s'en va,
Sur la route trouve la Nuit,
Fait, oh, oh et puis Do Do Do.*

- III. *Je suis dans le fillet
Sans aucune espérance.
Le ciel devient immense
Mais, c'est pour m'étouffer.
Qu'ai-je fait à la nuit
Qui de son poids m'opprime,
N'es-tu plus rien, Jeunesse,
Qu'on te bafoue ainsi?
Étoiles, au secours
De mon secret amour.
Lune, ouvre-moi la porte,
Ou je suis une morte.*

- IV. *Chacun son tour, les animaux
J'apporte remède à vos maux.
Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous croirez être délivrés!
Vache, c'est pour ton pis,
Cheval, pour mieux hennir,
Lion, pour ta crinière
Et serpent, pour ton bien,
Eléphant, pour ta trompe,
Pour tes ailes, oiseau,
Bête de fantaisie,
C'est pour ta poésie!
Et pendant que vous mangerez,
Vous croirez être délivrés.*

- V. *Mes amis les cygnes,
Prisonniers de la glace,
Délivrez vous, délivrezvous
de l'enchantement.*

- VI. *Blancs cont les jours d'été
Où ira-t-il l'oiseau sans ailes?
Blanche est la nuit d'été,
Que fera-t-il l'oiseau sans ailes?
Apprendra, oubliera, parlera,
pleurera, cueillera les fleurs pâles
sur le sol désolé*

Six Songs of the theater

The gypsy woman took my hand:
The old gypsy told my fortune;
She predicted:
Ah, look out, Child, be careful!
He's a wicked fellow,
He's wicked, very wicked.
He's a bad fellow,
He's bad, a very bad fellow.
A very very very bad fellow.

One little step, two little steps
The little dog trots along
The very long road that opens out before him.
The little dog is going to Dover.
On little step, two little steps
The little dog trots along.
A stream crosses the road;
He say oh, oh then makes a big jump oh.
One little step, two little steps
The little dog trots along
On the road he find the Night,
He says, oh, oh and then Sleep, Sleep.

I am trapped
Without a hope.
The heavens grow vast
To the point of smothering me.
What have I done to the night
That oppresses me with its weight,
Are you reduced to nothing, Youth,
That you are ridiculed so?
Stars, come to the aid
of my secret love.
Moon, open the gate for me,
Or else I am dead.

To each in turn, animals.
I bring relief to your complaints.
And while you are feeding,
You will believe yourselves rescued.
Cow, for the sake of your udder,
Horse, to whinny better,
Lion, for your mane,
And snake, for your own good,
Elephant, for your trunk,
For your wings, bird,
Imaginary beast,
For your poetry!
And while you are feeding,
You will believe yourselves rescued

My friends the swans,
Prisoners of the ice,
Free yourselves
from the enchantment.

White are the summer days,
Where will the wingless bird go?
White is the summer night,
What will the wingless bird do?
He will learn, forget, speak,
weep, pick pale flowers
on the desolate ground.

Program Notes

Cantata 199, *Tief gebückt und voller Reue*

Johann Sebastian Bach was a prolific German composer and organist whose sacred, secular, orchestral, and solo works drew together Baroque music and brought it to its maturity. Bach was born March 21, 1685, in Eisenach, Germany, and was the youngest son of Johann Ambrosius Bach. By the age of seven, Bach began attending the Lateinschule where he was taught both a humanistic and theological curriculum. Even though he was absent many days of his class, Bach still ranked higher than his older brother and was noted for having an unusually good treble voice. At the death of his parents in 1694, his older brother Christoph Bach took him in. Christoph, who was a very strict harpsichord teacher, began giving lessons to Johann. Johann's genius began showing itself during these years when he learned composition by copying music by moonlight. In 1700 Bach moved to Lüneburg where he began learning to play other instruments such as the organ.

At the end of 1703, eighteen-year-old Sebastian traveled to the town of Arnstadt. Bach began his family life by marrying his cousin, Maria Barbara, on October 17, 1707, and resided as organist in Arnstadt until 1708. Bach could not refuse the attraction of a higher salary, so he moved to Weimar where six of his children were born. He was appointed to the Duke's 'Capelle und Kammermuik' and wrote much of his organ music in Weimar. Bach stayed until 1717 until he accepted the post of Kappelmeister in Cöthen. When he asked the Duke, not too politely, for permission to leave, the Duke had Bach thrown in jail from November 6, 1717, to December 2, 1717. Maria Barbara's funeral, held on July 7, 1719, came as a shock to Bach, which may have been why he directed his services back to the church. Nevertheless, it did not stop him from entering into a second marriage, and on December 3, 1721, he and Anna Magdalena Wilcke were married. They had thirteen children together, though many did not make it past infancy. Later, he applied for the position of Cantor at Leipzig where he and his family moved; he would remain there for the rest of his life. In his final years, Bach had increasing trouble with his eyes. He died on the evening of July 28, 1750, from a stroke.

The recitative, "Doch Gott muß mir genädig sein," and the following aria "Tief Gebückt und voller reue," come together to create one of the most moving sections of Bach's Cantata 199. Cantata 199 was composed in 1741 during Bach's time at Weimar. This particular cantata was written for the eleventh Sunday after Trinity and the readings are taken from Corinthians 9:1-10 (Christ's Resurrection) and Luke 18:9-14 (the Parable of the Pharisee and the Innkeeper). The cantata was revised a total of three times, and this work contains some of the most tortured, dark music Bach ever composed. Movements three and four are a recitative, which speaks of hopefulness ("But God to me will surely bend"), and an aria, in which the soprano confesses her sins with great sorrow. The words and music in the aria "Tief gebückt und voller Reue" join to create long beautiful lyric lines. The soprano bewails the fall of humanity and eventually finds relief in God's redemption. The sinner then goes on to acknowledge her sins once more and the aria ends by asking God to have patience.

Al desio di chi t'adora

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was one of the greatest musical prodigies in Western music history. He was born in Salzburg on January 27, 1756, and began composing minuets at the age of five and symphonies at age nine. Mozart's father Leopold was in charge of both Mozart's and his older sister Maria Anna's education. When Mozart was only five, he and his sister performed a series of concerts in Europe's courts and major cities. By age thirteen Mozart had already achieved a significant local reputation as both a composer and performer. He and his father set out for Italy where they paused at any town where a concert could be given or where an influential nobleman might wish to hear them play. The last summer Mozart spent in Salzburg was in 1780. During this time, he received a commission to compose a serious opera, *Idomeneo*. The following years were filled with much acclaim and he was named one of the finest keyboard players in Vienna. Mozart's works have kept him, to this day, in the ranks of the most praised musicians.

The tranquil melodious aria "Al desio di chi t'adora" is from one of Mozart's most successful works, *Le nozze di Figaro* (The Marriage of Figaro). The opera was composed in 1785 and first appeared at the Burgtheater in Vienna on May 1, 1786. *Le Nozze di Figaro* is a comic opera that provided a satire that was revolutionary for its time. Its story is a sequel to *The Barber of Seville*, composed by Gioachino Rossini, although he and Mozart had nothing to do with each other. The French writer Beaumarchais had written both plays, and Lorenzo Da Ponte adapted the second play into a libretto for Mozart. Da Ponte also retained most of the complicated and satirical parts of the play. These more contentious parts of the play are reflected in the social standings of various characters. For instance, Figaro, who is the Count's servant, plots to thwart the Count, who wants to sleep with Figaro's fiancée Susanna. At the time this was seen as controversial because it threatened the customs of society.

"Al desio di chi t'adora" was written by Mozart to replace one of Susanna's arias. He wrote this alternate aria specifically for Adriana Ferrarese, who was known for her ability to negotiate large vocal leaps and for her vocal agility, all of which are featured in the new piece. In the aria Susanna sings to Figaro, who is hiding, and makes him think her song is for the count. The first half of the song is mellow and calm while Figaro sits happily listening to Susanna. As Susanna continues on, Figaro becomes increasingly jealous, which is Susanna's intention. Mozart shows the agitation in the music by making both the vocal line and the piano accompaniment increasingly more agitated.

Neun Gesänge, Opus 69

Johannes Brahms, born in Hamburg, Germany, is considered to be the successor of the great Schubert and Beethoven. Brahms showed his brilliance at the early age of seven when he was given lessons on the piano, cello, and horn. He studied the music of Bach and other German-speaking composers, which heavily influenced his compositions. The roots of folk and popular music, apparent in Brahms' compositions, began when he would perform at private music gatherings. Brahms loved folk poetry, tales, and music, which are characterized in Opus 69, *Neun Gesänge* (Nine Songs). In the 1840s, he studied the music of the Baroque era, and by 1853 Brahms began touring. On the road Brahms met famous and influential composers such as Robert and Clara Schumann, with whom he would later develop a life-long friendship. After Robert

Schumann's death in the year 1856, Brahms studied orchestration, particularly for the string quartet and the symphony, genres that had been dominated by Beethoven. In the 1880s Brahms adhered to an intense performing schedule, and in 1896 he made his last appearance on the podium, conducting his two piano concertos in Berlin. Brahms died April 3, 1897, and was privileged by being buried in a grave of honor near the remains of Beethoven and Schubert.

Neun Gesänge was published in 1877, with four other song cycles, each of which used at least one text by Karl Candidus and one by Carl Lemcke. Musical aspects, such as diatonic melodies, repetition of the last words of a verse, consistent rhythmic patterns, and the omission of lengthy piano introductions can all be heard in this cycle. Brahms, wanting Clara Schumann's approval, sent Opus 69 through 72 to her on April 24, 1877.

The first two songs of Opus 69, both entitled "Klage" ("Lament"), are poems written by Joseph Wenzig. In each poem, a woman bemoans her separation from her lover, and "Klage I" asks questions such as "How can I till the soil without a plow, without a horse?" "Klage II" speaks of a girl's parents who have forced her to become engaged to a man she does not love. The folk theme is apparent, and there is a clear diatonic melody as well as a repetition of the final line of each strophe.

The third piece of the cycle, "Abschied" ("Farewell"), is the parting speech of a man who must leave his wife. This song features a continuously flowing melody, which contrasts with the dotted figure in the introduction. "Die Liebsten Schwur" ("The Sweetheart's Promise"), uses a Bohemian text. A young girl tells of her secret liaisons with her lover in her father's garden. The leaping melody expresses the heightened expectations of the young woman.

The fifth song of the cycle is "Tambourliedchen" ("Drummer's Song"). The text, by Karl Candidus, paints the picture of a drummer's instrument changing tones while thinking of his sweetheart. Each verse ends with a refrain that describes the blue-gray color of his sweetheart's eyes. The sixth song, based on Josef von Eichendorff's "Vom Strande" ("From the Shore"), is a translation of a traditional Spanish poem. This piece describes a woman calling from the shore to a ship carrying away her loved one. He does not hear her, and her lamentations fill only the sails of the ship that has stolen her love. In this dramatic piece, Brahms portrays the rising and falling of ocean waves with a difficult piano accompaniment that moves between 6/8 and 3/4.

"Über die See" ("Across the Sea"), by Carl Lemcke, is also a lament sung by a woman whose sweetheart has sailed away. Characteristic of most of the pieces in this cycle, "Über die See" opens without a piano introduction. Brahms used a simple strophic setting, creating a marked contrast with the magnificence of "Vom Strande."

Gottfried Keller's "Salome" describes the plot of a woman wanting to subjugate and defeat a man. An unusual varied strophic setting reflects the metric difference between the two verses of this text. This is clearly heard when the piano begins playing triplets against a half-note and quarter-note rhythm in the voice.

Six Chansons de Théâtre

Darius Milhaud was a French pianist, teacher, and one of the most prolific composers of the 20th century. His compositions are particularly noted for their influence by jazz and for their use of polytonality. Milhaud was born September 3, 1892, and by age three,

he was already playing piano duets with his father. When Milhaud was a teenager he went off to the prestigious Paris Conservatoire where he was exposed to a much wider range of music; he stayed in Paris until 1915. During this time, World War II broke out, but Milhaud was unable to join because of medical reasons. Nevertheless, he suffered directly from the war when his best friend Léo Latil was killed in 1916. In January 1917 Milhaud left all of his belongings and took off for Brazil, where the sounds of the tropical rainforest would forever leave traces in his music. His official duties in Brazil included translating official coded messages, but he was also able to organize concerts and lectures to aid the Red Cross.

While in Brazil, Milhaud listened to the nation's music; its rhythms had a liberating effect on his works. After Milhaud returned to Paris he took several important journeys, where he met Schönberg, Berg, and Webern, all of whom were all crucial to his development as a composer. By 1940 Milhaud was forced to immigrate to the United States because his name was on the Germans' wanted list of prominent Jews. He taught at Mills College in Oakland, and from 1940 to 1951 he was made honorary director of the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara. Although Milhaud liked the United States, he longed for home, and in 1947 he returned to Paris to become a professor of composition at the Conservatoire.

Six Chansons de Théâtre are charming little pieces drawn from three stage productions with which Milhaud was involved during 1936 and 1938. All of the pieces are uncomplicated and seem as though they were written in a hurry and never revised. This set is not one of Milhaud's more well-known works but it shows how tuneful and inventive he can be.

In Chanson I, "La Bohémienne la main m'apris," a Gypsy fortune-teller gives a repeated exaggerated warning about a bad boy. The lyrical diatonic vocal line is brought to life by dissonant chords in the piano. The second chanson, "Un petit pas, deux petit pas," is reminiscent of a bedtime story read to a child. There is a little dog, briskly trotting down the road, leaping over a stream, encountering the night and going onward. Chanson three, "Je suis dans le filet," contrasts sharply with the preceding pieces because of its subdued mood and its conciseness. Milhaud sets the vocal line syllabically to maintain this melancholy mood. It tells of a woman who gives a passionate cry because her feelings threaten to suffocate her. Rhythmic chord patterns dominate the piano accompaniment through the entire piece.

The fourth song, "Chacun son tour, les animaux," returns to the same style as the beginning of the cycle. This song contains an added element of rhythmic interest, resulting from groupings of three notes in the voice against two notes in the piano. The song talks about what to give animals (a cow, horse, lion, snake, elephant, and bird) to cure their ills. Although the song is somewhat intense, it is still charming and resembles some of Gershwin's blues tunes. The fifth song, "Mes amis les cygnes," is very short: only eleven measures long! In this chanson, the narrator cries to the swans, which are prisoners, to free themselves. The chromatic lines in the piano and voice overlap, creating dissonance and tension. In the final song, "Blancs sont les jours d'été," the listener is reminded of Milhaud's interest in jazz and dance music, as can also be heard in Milhaud's better-known works. The narrator asks where the wingless bird will go during the white summer days; all the bird does now is learn, forget, speak, weep, and pick pale flowers on the desolate ground.

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