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Program

Theresa Riforgiate, mezzo-soprano Paul Woodring, piano

Magnificat, BWV 243
Airs du Droit du seigneur et 3 romances nouvelles Jean-Paul-Gilles Martini Plaisir d'amour (1741-1816)
L'absent
<i>Je te veux</i> Erik Satie (1866-1925)
~ Pause ~
Notte
Cinque canti all'antica
Tre liriche
L'ultima ebbrezza
~ Pause ~
Brettl-Lieder Arnold Schoenberg Jedem das Seine (1874-1951) Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien
Mass Leonard Bernstein A Simple Song (1918-1990) Our Father I Go On

scenes at the same time. The text talks about the lovers, while the singer sings the melody of the first section, with some musical references to the second section. At the same time, the piano plays "My Country 'tis of Thee" or "God save the Queen" in the accompaniment. Towards the end of the piece, the melody line is a stretched-out version of the opening melody, thus combining the parade tune with the slower tempo of the lovers' section.

Although "Arie aus dem Spiegel" is very repetitive, it is entertaining nonetheless. This Lied was written in 1901 and is the simplest song from the *Brettl-Lieder*. Schoenberg uses strophic form (AAA), repeating the same musical phrase three times, which puts focus on the text by Emanuel Schikaneder. Every time there is a natural pause or punctuation in the text, Schoenberg puts a rest or a long note in the vocal line. When the singer talks of jumping around "like a hopping rabbit," the music "hops" as well. Moreover, the "bum bum's" depict the excitement the singer feels when he merely glances at women. This song is written in the typical cabaret style. The singer is a woman, pretending to be a guy, who is love-struck. When this song was written, it was assumed that the audience understood this form of cabaret comedy.

Mass by Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein's parents would never guess that buying a piano for ten-year-old Bernstein would lead to one of the most popular theater compositions today. Bernstein was born in 1918 to a Jewish family. He studied conducting, composition, and piano. He went to Harvard and made a life-long friendship with Aaron Copland. In 1944, he became the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which instantly led to fame. Bernstein is most known for his eleven Emmy Awards and his theater compositions of *Peter Pan, Mass, Chichester Psalms, Candide,* and *West Side Story.*

Mass was composed in 1971 as a reaction to the Vietnam War, when many questioned their faith. Mass addresses the themes of faith, profanation, and rebirth, which seemed to be important to Bernstein because they had appeared in other works, though never in such a vernacular way as he presents them in Mass. "A Simple Song" is the most popular piece from Mass, starting out with a recitative-like introduction that leads into a ternary form. The phrasing is deceptively difficult with many half steps and leaps. In "I will lift up my eyes," the line slowly raises upwards, as is true for "I will lift up my voice to the Lord." During "to the hills from whence comes," the line moves back and forth between the pitches C and D, looking like a rolling hill. For the phrase, "the sun shall not smite me by day," the line rises up, followed by the descending musical line "nor the moon by night." The piano accompaniment makes the piece sound as if both the singer and the pianist are "making it up as they go along" through the piece.

"Our Father... I Go On" leaves the audience with hope, while also connecting to "A Simple Song." This song can be split up into two sections. The first part is the Lord's Prayer, and is sung slowly and reflectively. It sounds as if the singer is singing and listening to the words of the prayer for the first time, and finally is hearing them in her heart. In the second section, the singer begins to look at challenges with renewed perseverance. The singer realizes that no matter what, she can go on because the Lord is with her. With this discovery, the singer remembers her first exclamation of love to the Lord when she sang "A Simple Song," and the music contributes to the recollection by imitating the rhythmic patterns in "A Simple Song." Secondly, at the very end of "Our Father... I Go On," the singer also quotes "Lauda, Laude" from "A Simple Song." The accompaniment also shows, through dissonance, how the world is not in accord with God, and is now falling apart. At the same time, the accompaniment supports the singer in her rejuvenated hope. Every time the singer exclaims she will be strong, the accompaniment supports the vocal line with chords, matching the singer's notes.

repeated and go higher and higher throughout the song. These sequences become insistent as the singer describes his love's appearance, trying to help his love see her own beauty. In some parts of the piece, the piano seems to move in opposition to the vocal line, representing his love not believing his description of her appearance. At other times, the piano moves with the singer, depicting the couple's relationship.

"Nebbie" was written in 1906 when Respighi was twenty years old and depressed. He sat down at the piano and composed four pages that depicted his state of mind. That afternoon, a friend brought over a present of a volume of Ada Negri's poetry. While he was skimming through the book, he saw "Nebbie" (Fog) and recognized that the rhythm of the text matched the exactly what he had composed earlier that morning. He did not have to change a single note or comma when he set Ada Negri's poem to his previously composed music. This song was his first step towards fame, and became widely popular throughout Italy.

This late romantic song's phrasing almost seems labored, as if the singer was going through a range of negative emotions. Respighi gives some musical cues to his depression. The singer sings "son sola" (I am alone), depicting someone who feels she is isolated. There is an octave leap downwards with two very opposite dynamic marks. In this spot, the piano goes from all lower notes in the left hand to all higher notes in the right hand, further illustrating a sense of separation. The drastic dynamic changes during the octave leaps also help convey Respighi's disheartened mood.

Respighi uses music to express "I love you" in his song *L'ultima ebbrezza* (1896). Respighi employs word painting to illustrate someone who is ecstatic about being in love. During 'magico fiore intorno a me' (magical flowers surround me), the notes float above and below the staffline, providing the audience with the image of being surrounded by love. The higher the vocal line gets, the more rapturous the music becomes. Respighi also uses key changes to help explain love. The piece starts out in F Major, but as the singer tries to clarify her love, the music begins to floating around different keys, as if struggling to find words to describe her emotions. As the singer finally finds the right words, Respighi returns to F Major, leaving us satisfied that all has been resolved.

Brettl-Lieder by Arnold Schoenberg

While some would argue that Arnold Schoenberg's controversial compositions had something to do with his parents' lack of musical talent, Schoenberg made some important musical contributions that have helped to advance composition in the twenty-first century. Schoenberg's first few compositions used traditional harmony, but later he challenged listeners by abandoning tonality. He composed *Pierrot lunaire* in 1912, a song cycle that gained considerable popularity, leading to a tour through Austria and Germany. He moved to Los Angeles, California, in 1934 due to poor health and fear that his Jewish family was endangered by Hitler's regime. His health continued to decline and he passed away in 1951.

The only song from *Brettl-Lieder* (1908) that was ever performed while he was in Berlin was "Nachtwandler," because all of the other songs were considered too musically difficult and too technically demanding for the singers to manage. Nevertheless, one of those "unsung" pieces, "Jedem das Seine," has now become popular among classical artists. In this Lied, the singer is watching a parade when she sees a soldier. They catch each other's eye and proceed to become intimate.

In order to tell the story, Schoenberg divides the music into three sections. In the first section, the piano is very march-like, depicting the parade. In the second section, the piano becomes slower and more intimate when the lovers first meet and become friendly. The third section almost sounds as if it is a blend between the two, musically showing both

Texts and Translations

No. 3 Quia respexit

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae, ecce, ecce,enim ex hoc beatam, me dicent.

Plaisir d'amour

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment, Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie. J'ai tout quitté pur l'ingrate Sylvie, Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant. Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment, Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

"Tant que cette eau coulera doucement Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie, Je t'aimerai," me répétait Sylvie. L'eau coule encor, elle a changé pourtant Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment, Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

L'absent

Ô silence des nuits dont la vois seule est douce, Quand je n'ai plus sa voix, Mystérieux rayons, qui glissez sur la mousse Dans l'ombre de ses bois,

Dites-moi si ses yeux, à l'heure où tout sommeille Se rouvrent doucement Et si ma bien-aimée alors que moi je veille, Se souvient de l'absent.

Quand la lune est aux cieux, baignant de sa lumière Les grands bois et l'azure; Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière Vibre l'écho si pur,

Dites-moi se son âme, un instant recueillie S'élève avec leur chant, Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie Lui rappelle l'absent!

No. 3 For He hath regarded

For He hath regarded the lowliness, Of His handmaiden, Behold, from henceforth all generations Shall call me blessed.

The pleasures of love

The pleasure of love lasts but a moment
The sorrow of love lasts all life through.
I have given up everything for the ungrateful Sylvia.
She left me and took another lover.
The pleasure of love lasts but a moment,
The sorrow of love lasts all life through.

"As long as this water runs gently
Towards the brook that borders the meadow,
I shall love you," Sylvia told me.
The stream still flows, but she has changed.
The pleasure of love lasts but a moment,
The sorrow of love lasts all life through.

The Absent One

O silence of the night, whose voice alone is sweet When I no longer hear her voice, Mysterious rays, gliding over the moss In the shade of the woods,

Tell me if her eyes, at the hour when all sleeps Reopen gently And then if my beloved, when I am waking, Remembers the absent one.

When the moon is in heaven, bathing with its light The great forests and the sky; When the evening bells, tolling for prayer Awaken so pure an echo,

Tell me if her soul, musing for an instant Raises her voice with their song, And if the peaceful harmony of their sounds Reminds her of the absent one!

Ie te veux

J'ai compris ta détresse, Cher amoureux. Et je cède à tes vœux: Fais de moi ta maîtresse. Loin de nous la sagesse, Plus de tristesse, J'aspire à l'instant précieux Où nous serons heureux: Je te veux.

Je n'ai pas de regrets,
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon cœur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

J'ai compris ta détresse, Cher amoureux. Et je cède à tes vœux: Fais de moi ta maîtresse. Loin de nous la sagesse, Plus de tristesse, J'aspire à l'instant précieux Où nous serons heureux: le te veux

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico Profumato di rosa La carezza de l'ombra posa.

Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito La quïete suprema L'aria come per brivido trema.

La luttuosa tenebra Una storia di morte Racconta alle cardenie smorte?

Forse perchè una pioggia Di soavi rugiade Entro i socchiusi petali cade.

Su l'ascose miserie e su l'ebbrezze perdute, Sui muti sogni e l'ansie mute,

Su le fugaci gioie Che il de s'ingannò infrange La notte le sue lacrime piange.

I want you

I've understood your distress,
Dear lover.
And I yield to your desires:
Make me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion away,
No more sadness,
I long for the precious moment
When we will be happy:
I want you.

I have no regrets,
And only one desire:
Close to you, there, very close,
To live my whole life.
Let my heart be yours
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine,
And all my flesh yours.

I've understood your distress,
Dear lover.
And I yield to your desires:
Make me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion away,
No more sadness,
I long for the precious moment
When we will be happy:
I want you.

Night

In the fantastic garden Perfumed with roses The caress of shadows descends.

With both thought and pulse The supreme stillness Shakes the air like a shiver.

Does the mournful darkness Tell a story of death To the pale gardenias?

Perhaps, because a shower Of gentle dew falls Into the half-closed petals.

For rising miseries And for lost passions, For mute dreams and mute anxieties,

For fleeting joys Shattered by disillusion The night weeps for her tears. helps with the image of someone who is away from his love, and wants to know if she is thinking about him in the dead of night while he is away. For instance, the singer sings "Vibre l'écho si pur, l'écho si pur" (Awaken echo so pure, echo so pure), and in the second "l'écho si pur," Gounod increases the rhythmic duration by an eighth note, producing an echo. It is possible to imagine that the singer is standing by a door or window, looking out at the nighttime scene and asking questions about his love. The constant eighth notes in the piano represent the singer's constant thoughts throughout the piece. Gounod inserts dotted rhythms in the vocal phrases to help bring out the singer's longing.

Je te veux by Erik Satie

Erik Satie was very stubborn, and, even on his death bed, he refused to see friends with whom he had quarreled. Before he became known for his stubborn side, Erik Satie began his career in Montmartre in 1887, playing piano and conducting at the Chat Noir cabaret. In 1898, he moved to Arcueil-Cachan where he lived in self-imposed poverty. It was during this time that he began to stray away from tonal music. Satie joined the Communist party in 1921. Shortly after, he was hospitalized due to heavy drinking. He is known for his adventurousness in twentieth-century music, from organized total chromaticism to the ancestors of minimalism.

Despite Satie's unhappy demise, he left a legacy of enjoyable pieces. *Je te veux* (1901) was so popular that Satie not only composed a vocal score, but an orchestral and piano version as well. This cabaret song is structured in ternary (ABA) form. The waltz-like A section of the song is very catchy, which makes it very recognizable when it returns to finish the song. The B section has a smoother, more legato feeling to it. There are many moments in the song where the singer sings a hemiola, emphasizing every second beat instead of every third beat. At one point, the singer sings "Vivre toute ma vie" (Live all my life) and the phrase is stretched out, almost as if the singer is looking into the future, dreaming about her life with her beloved.

Ottorino Respighi

Ottorino Respighi, born in 1879, was so well known when he was alive that he was regarded as an equal to Puccini. He studied violin, viola, piano, and composition. In 1906, Respighi began transcribing music from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His adaptation of Monteverdi's *Lamento d'Arianna* caused his first significant public recognition outside of Italy. In 1919, he was hired at Conservatorio di S Cecilia and found he had a flair for teaching. Mussolini had a great interest in Respighi's orchestral works, which benefited Respighi during Mussolini's regime. Respighi was diagnosed with a heart murmur in 1931 and developed more serious heart problems in 1935, which lead to his death in 1936.

Notte (1905) was composed before Respighi achieved widespread fame, but he effectively evokes an enchanting nighttime stroll. For example, 'una storia di morte' (tell a story of death) is set to a descending line that goes down by half steps, depicting a progression toward the grave. The piano's role is to give a constant motion and movement, making it seem like a charmed evening that has many possibilities and opportunities. For most of the song, the piano elaborates one chord while the vocal line moves around. At the end of the song, the singer and the pianist switch. The singer repeatedly sings one note while the piano melody travels about, further depicting the delightful evening.

Similarly, Respighi employs subtle musical techniques to describe the beauty of his beloved in "Bella porta di rubini," the fourth song from *Cinque canti all'antica* (1906). The constant quarter notes throughout the piece depict the singer's enduring love for his beloved. There are small melodic phrases in both the vocal line and the piano accompaniment that are

Program Notes

"Quia respexit" from Magnificat by J. S. Bach

The death of a humble man on July 28, 1750, stirred little attention—but he would be remembered posthumously for his talent for centuries to come. Born in 1685, Johann Sebastian Bach was orphaned at age ten. He received organ and piano lessons, which helped launch a successful career. In 1707, J. S. Bach married Maria Barbara Bach; many of their children became famous for their talents while their father was alive. In May of 1723, Bach became the Kantor of the Leipzig Thomasschule where he wrote St. John's Passion, St. Matthew's Passion, and Magnificat. Bach began to have trouble with his eyesight in 1740 and was nearly blind for the rest of his life.

During the years of 1732-1735, Bach composed *Magnificat* for Christmas. It was frequently sung at Vespers as well. The Latin text is the exclamation of joy to the Lord that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, expressed to Elizabeth when Mary visited Elizabeth during her pregnancy. The fourth section of *Magnificat*, "Quia respexit," is written in binary (AB) form. The piano opens with a beautiful melodic theme that sets the reverent bliss of the piece. Bach uses descending vocal lines to paint the picture of the Lord bestowing blessings on Mary, his handmaiden. Then the vocal melody begins to rise, reflecting Mary's excitement; she exclaims "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed!" The vocalist sings 'ecce' (behold) in the second half (B) of the piece, expressing Mary's elation to do God's will.

Plaisir d'amour by Jean-Paul Martini

It must have been every impoverished French musician's dream to be discovered on the streets by an important figure such as the Duke of Lorraine—and for Jean-Paul Martini, this dream came true. A French composer of German birth, Jean-Paul Martini was born with an Italian last name on August 13, 1741, in Freystadt, Bavaria. He learned to play the organ first from his father, then at a Jesuit seminary in Neuberg. In 1760, he moved to Nancy where he was discovered by Stanislas I, who was the exiled King of Poland, Duke of Lorraine, and the father-in-law of King Louis XV. With his help, Martini composed military music for the Marquis of Chamborant's regiment before changing his focus to church music.

"Plaisir d'amour," composed in 1784, has caught the eye of many artists, including Elvis Presley who sang a song inspired by "Plaisir d'amour" in 1961 titled "Can't Help Falling in Love." "Plaisir d'amour" was part of Martini's *Airs du Droit du seigneur et 3 romances nouvelles.* This song employs a very catchy refrain throughout the song, but although the music itself sounds very happy and joyful, the words are bitter. The contrast between the accompaniment and the meaning and expression of the words sets the ironic mood of this piece.

L'absent by Charles Gounod

An early indication of Charles Gounod's success was his second-place prize in his first attempt at the Prix de Rome, when he was only nineteen years old. Born in Paris on June 17, 1818, Gounod began developing his skills as a French composer, organist, and conductor. He studied counterpoint, fugue, and composition at the Paris Conservatory. After his second-place win, Gounod went on to win the Grand Priz de Rome in 1839. In 1847, Gounod entered the St. Sulpice seminary; however, he later decided that the priesthood was not the path for him. One of his most popular pieces was his 1852 setting of the *Ave Maria* text to J. S. Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier*.

Gounod creates a sense of longing that sets the hopeful mood for *L'absent*. *L'absent* (1877) follows the form of its poetry. The piano accompaniment helps set the scene, for it portrays the night's constant, unresponsive silence as the singer is asking questions. Text expression also

Bella porta di rubini

Bella porta di rubini
Ch'apri il varco ai dolci accenti,
Senei risi peregrini
scopri perle rilucenti,
tu d'amor dolce aura spiri
refrigerio a miei martiri

Vezzosetta e fresca rosa, Umidetto e dolce labbro, Ch'hai la manna rugiadosa Sul bellissimo cinabro, Non parlar ma ridi e taci; Sien gli accenti i nostri baci

Occhietti amati che m'incendiate Perchè spietati omai più siete? Splendan sereni di gioia pieni Vostri splendori fiamme de' cori. Occhietti amati che m'incendiate Perchè spietati o mai piu siete?

Bocca vermiglia ch'hai per confini, O meraviglia perle e rubini, Bocca vermiglia ch'hai per confini, O meraviglia perle e rubini, Quando ridente quando clemente Dirai: "ben mio ardo anch'io"?

Nebbie

Soffro. Lontan lontano Le nebbie sonnolente Salgono dal tacente piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi, Fidati all'ali nere, Traversan le brughiere torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi Gli addolorati tronchi Offron, pregando, i bronchi nudi. Come ho freddo!

Son sola; Pel grigio ciel sospinto. Un gemito d'estinto vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni; È buia la vallata. O triste, o disamata Vieni! Vieni!

Beautiful portal of rubies

Beautiful portal of rubies
That opens the way to sweet words,
That in the wandering laughter
Uncovers shining pearls,
You breathe the sweet breeze of love,
Refreshment to my sufferings.

Caressing and fresh rose,
Moist and sweet lip,
You have the dewy manna
On your very beautiful cinnabar,
Do not speak but laugh and be silent;
May our kisses be the words

Beloved eyes that inflame me Why are you still pitiless? May then shine full of joy Your splendors, flames of hearts Beloved eyes that inflame me Why are you still pitiless?

Vermillion mouth, which has for borders O marvels, pearls and rubies Vermillion mouth, which has for borders O marvels, pearls and rubies When laughing, when merciful, Will you say: "my beloved, I burn too"?

Fog

I suffer. Far far away The sleeping fog Rises from the quiet plain.

Shrilly cawing, the crows, Trusting their black wings, Traverse the moors grimly.

To the raw bites of air
The sorrowful tree trunks
Offer, praying, their bare branches.
How cold I am!

I am alone; Driven through the gray sky. A groan of the dead soars;

And repeats to me: come; The valley is dark. The sad one, o unloved one, Come! Come!

L'ultima Ebbrezza

Un ultimo profumo inebriante versa, magico fiore intorno a me: spandi un ultimo raggio a me dinante astro di luce che mortal non è!
O melodia sublime, indefinita, un ultima tua nota io voglio udir,
Che m'eccheggi nell' anima
Rapita come ardente cadenza di sospir!

Un guardo ancor de li occhi tuoi possenti un sorriso un accento un bacio ancor! Dammi l'ultima ebbrezza che m'annienti nel fremito supremo dell'amor!

Iedem das Seine

Ebenes Paradefeld Kasper in der Mitte hält hoch auf seinem Gaul. König, Herzog um ihn 'rum, gegenüber Publicum, Regimenter bum bum. Das marschiert nicht faul.

Luft sich voller Sonne trinkt, Helm und Bayonett das blinket, sprüht und gleisst und glänzt.

Schattiger Tribünensitz, Bravo! Hurrah! Ulk und Witz, Operngläser Augenblitz. Hin und her scharwenzt.

Neben mir wer mag das sein, reizend nicht so furchtbar fein, doch entzückend schick.
Wird man kritisch angeschaut, heimlich ist man doch erbaut, und die Hüfte sehr vertraut kuppelt die Musik.

Kasper nimm was dir gebührt, und die Truppe recht geführt, schütze dich und uns. Aber jetzt geliebter Schatz, schleunig vom Paradeplatz. Hinterm Wall ein Plätzchen hat's fern von Kinz und Kunz.

Und da strecken wir uns hin, ich und meine Nachbarin, weither tönt's Trara.
Welche Lust Soldat zu sein, welche Lust es nicht zu sein wenn still fein allein zu zwein wir et cetera.

The Final Ecstasy

One last intoxicating sent, of magical flowers surrounds me: a final ray of light envelops me a shining star that is all but mortal! O sublime, evanescent melody, one final note I want to hear to set my soul in rapture with the warm rhythms of a sigh!

One final gaze from those eyes, a smile a word a kiss again! Give me the final ecstasy, the annihilating thrill Supreme of love!

To Each His Own

On the level parade ground
Kaspar sits in the centre,
high on his horse.
King and duke around him,
the public facing him,
regimental boom boom boom;
it's not going badly.

The air gulps up the sunlight, helmets and bayonets flash, sparkle and gleam and glisten

From grandstand seats in the shade Bravo! Hurrah! Jokes and quips, opera-glasses, flashing eyes, all in admiration.

Who can it be next to me, attractive, not so formidably refined, but enchanting and elegant? Although observed critically, there is a secret excitement, and hips move in intimacy along with the music.

Kaspar, take what is your due and lead your troops aright, protect yourself and us.
But now, dearest treasure, quickly away from the parade-ground.
Behind the wall there's a little place well away from all and sundry.

And there we lie down,
I and my neighbor,
while the cheering sounds from afar.
How splendid to be a soldier,
how splendid not to be the one
when the two of us are all alone,
et cetera.

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah, schlägt mir mein Herz so warm, es summt und brummt mir heir und da, als wie ein Bienenschwarm.
Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich, ihr Auge schön und klar, so schlaget wie der Hammerstreich mein Herzchen immerdar.
Bum, bum, bum, etc.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir, wenn's recht den Göttern wär'; da tanzt ich wie ein Murmelthier in's Kreuz und in die Quer.
Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt, da wollt' ich lustig seyn, ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's Feld, und's Herz schlüg immerdrein.
Bum, bum, bum, etc.

Wer weiber nicht zu schätzen weiss; Ist wederkalt noch warm, und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis in eines Mädchens Arm. Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann, ich spring' um sie herum; mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an und machet. Bum, bum, bum, etc.

A Simple Song

Sing God a simple song: Lauda, Laude. Make it up as you go along: Lauda, Laude.

Sing like you like to sing God loves all simple things, For God is the simplest of all, For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song.
To praise Him, to bless Him,
To bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live
All of my days.
Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude.
And walks in His ways.

I will lift up my eyes To the hills from whence comes my help. I will lift up my voice to the Lord Singing Lauda, Laude.

For the Lord is my shade, Is the shade upon my right hand, And the sun shall not smite me by day Nor the moon by night. Blessed is the man who loves the Lord, Lauda Lauda, Laude, And Walks in His ways.

Lauda, Lauda, Laude, Lauda, Lauda did a di day. All of my days.

Aria from "The Mirror of Arcadia"

Since I have seen sweet womankind, My heart beats to my knees, It hums and buzzes to and fro Just like a swarm of bees. And if, like mine, hers flames full heat, Her eyes aglow yet clear So striking like a hammer's beat, My pounding heart I hear, Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I'd wish a thousand women for me, And hope the gods were pleased, I'd dance around far off the ground Up, down, in all degrees. What life I'd live, what mirth, what song, Then I'd have joy and fun, I'd hop, and like a hare I'd run, My heart would skip along, Boom, boom, boom, etc.

The man who knows not woman's price Is neither cold nor warm.

And lies around, a block of ice,
On some young maiden's arm.

But I am quite a different sort,
I'd jump around the room,
My heart pressed close to hers in sport,
Would pound out
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

Our Father . . . I Go On

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowèd be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread And forgive us our trespasses As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. Amen.

When the thunder rumbles, Now the Age of Gold is dead And the dreams we've clung to dying to stay young Have left us parched and old instead,

When my courage crumbles, When I feel confused and frail, When my spirit falters on decaying alters And my illusions fail,

I go on right then, I go on again. I go on to say I will celebrate another day . . . I go on . . .

If tomorrow tumbles
And ev'rything I love is gone,
I will face regret
All my days, and yet I will still go on . . . on . . .
Lauda, Lauda, Laude,
Lauda, Lauda di da di day.