

ABSTRACT

Title of dissertation: THE GROWTH OF A BASS-BARITON,
THROUGH THE COMBINED EXPERIENCE OF
PERFORMING AN OPERATIC ROLE, A
GENERAL RECITAL AND A SONG CYCLE
RECITAL

Kwang Kyu Lee, Doctor of Musical Art, 2008

Dissertation directed by: Professor François Loup, voice division
School of Music

My desire for the project was to establish and address the growth of a bass-baritone through the combined experience of performing an operatic role, a general recital and a song cycle recital. This dissertation-performance project consists of three different programs presenting two solo recitals and an operatic role written for a bass-baritone. The first performance was a solo concert of Franz Schubert's *Winterreise*, a song cycle consisting of twenty-four individual songs composed after poems by Wilhelm Müller. The recital was performed on December 7, 2004 in the Gildenhorn Hall of the University of Maryland.

The second program was a solo recital which included works performed in four different languages. This performance took place in the Kennedy Center Terrace Theatre, and was sponsored by the Korean Embassy in celebration of the new presidential inauguration of the Republic of Korea on February 24, 2008. The performance program was Handel's cantata *Dalla guerra amorosa*; Schubert's

An die Musik, Frühlingsglaube and *Erlkönig*; 5 songs from R. Vaughan William's *Songs of Travel*; J. Ibert's *Chansons de Don Quichotte*; Mozart's concert aria *Per questa bella mano*, and two arias: “*La Calunnia*” from Rossini’s *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and “*O wie will ich triumphieren*” from Mozart’s *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

The third project was an operatic role from Mozart’s masterpiece, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. I performed the role of Osmin in this opera with The Bel Cantanti Opera Company, under the direction of François Loup. Osmin is the central character. This is a pivotal role, and he is onstage throughout most of the opera. Osmin’s voice requires an unusual extension (from low D to high F). The music for this character spans a colorful range of emotions from love to fear, hysteria and outrage. The opera was sung with spoken recitatives in German, and performed on February 29 and March 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 2008 at the Randolph Theater in Silver Spring, Maryland.

THE GROWTH OF A BASS-BARITONE, THROUGH THE COMBINED
EXPERIENCE OF PERFORMING AN OPERATIC
ROLE, A GENERAL RECITAL AND
A SONG CYCLE RECITAL

by

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1. Introduction

This dissertation-performance project consists of three different programs presenting two solo recitals and an operatic role written for a bass-baritone. I will show how gratifying and educational it is for a young artist to experience three completely different genres in the vocal field at the time of the final academic achievement, and before the first steps in a career. I will also show what these various artistic approaches have in common and how indispensable it is for a singer to be able to master all styles and genres before any attempt to enter the professional world.

2. Overview

Recital I

899 #2: Recital: **Die Winterreise** by **Franz Schubert**.

The Gildenhorn Hall, Dec 7. 2008. 8:00PM)

(A CD recording is available, as well as a related paper).

David Ballena, Piano

The first performance was a solo concert of Franz Schubert's *Winterreise*, a song cycle consisting of 24 individual songs composed after poems by Wilhelm Müller. It is widely considered as one of the pinnacles of Schubert's work and a colossal peak of the art of this genre. The recital was performed on December 7, 2004 in the Gildenhorn Hall of the University of Maryland.

Recital II

899 #2: Recital: **Mixed songs and opera excerpts**.

The Kennedy Center, Feb 24. 2005. 8:00PM

(A CD recording is available, as well as a related paper).

Joy Puckett Schreier, Piano

Ira Gold, Double Bass

The second program was a solo recital which consisted of four different languages. This performance took place in the Kennedy Center Terrace Theatre, and was sponsored by the Korean Embassy in celebration of the new presidential inauguration of the Republic of Korea on February 24, 2008. The performance program was Handel's cantata *Dalla guerra amorosa*; Schubert's *An die Musik*,

Fruhlingsglaube, Erlkonig; 5 songs from R. Vaughan William's *Songs of travel*; J. Ibert's *Chansons de Don Quichotte*; Mozart's concert aria *Per questa bella mano*, and two arias: *La Calunnia* from Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *O wie will ich triumphieren* from Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

Recital III

899. #3: an opera performance of **Die Entführung aus dem Serail** by W.A. Mozart in which I performed the role **Osmin**.
(A CD recording is available, as well as a related paper).

Cast

Constanze , beloved of Belmonte	Amy Call
Belmonte , a Spanish nobleman	Patrick Layton
Blondchen , Konstanze's English maid	Meghan McCall
Pedrillo , Belmonte's servant	David Bitler
Osmin , overseer for the Pasha	Kwang Kyu Lee
Pasha Selim	Charles Williams
Guards	John white, Aaron Mcneil, Tom O'Grady
Village girls	Celine Loup, Rachel child

Stage Director: Francois Loup
Artistic Director: Katerina Souvorova

The third project was an operatic role of Mozart's masterpiece, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. I performed the role of Osmin in this opera with The Bel cantanti Opera Company, under the direction of François Loup. Osmin is the central character, containing three arias, duets with other characters, important ensembles and spoken recitatives. The character of Osmin requires a singer to have a voice of wide range (from low D to high F). The music for this character spans a colorful range of emotions from love to fear, hysteria and outrage. This

performance, the last of my project, demonstrates that an operatic role, such as Osmin, can bring a variety of skills such as expressivity, comic attitudes and technical situations. The opera was sung with spoken recitatives in German, and performed on February 29 and March 1, 2, 7, 8, 9 at the Randolph Theater in Maryland.

3. Program Notes I

Program

Winterreise

Gute Nacht (*Good Night*)
 Die Wetterfahne (*The Weather-vane*)
 Gefrorene Tränen (*Frozen Tears*)
 Erstarrung (*Numbness*)
 Der Lindenbaum (*The Linden Tree*)
 Wasserfluth (*Torrent*)
 Auf dem Flusse (*On the Stream*)
 Rückblick (*Retrospect*)
 Irrlicht (*Will o' the wisp*)
 Rast (*Rest*)
 Frühlingstraum (*Dream of Springtime*)
 Einsamkeit (*Loneliness/Solitude*)
 Die Post (*The Post*)
 Der greise Kopf (*The Grey Head*)
 Die Krähe (*The Crow*)
 Letzte Hoffnung (*Last Hope*)
 Im Dorfe (*In the Village*)
 Der stürmische Morgen (*The Stormy Morning*)
 Täuschung (*Deception*)
 Der Wegweiser (*The Signpost*)
 Das Wirtshaus (*The Inn*)
 Mut (*Courage*)
 Die Nebensonnen (*The Phantom Suns*)
 Der Leiermann (*The Organ Grinder*)

Franz Schubert
 (1797-1828)

“come to Schober’s today and I will play you a cycle of terrifying songs; they have affected me more than has ever the case with any other songs” He then, with a voice full of feeling, sang the entire *Winterreise* for us. *“These songs please me more than all the rest, and in time they will please you as well.”*¹

¹ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, *Schubert’s Songs*, translated by Kenneth S. Whitton, (N.Y., Alfred A. Knopf, 1978.) 258.

Schubert's *Winterreise* consists of twenty four individual songs. This cycle is divided into two parts, each containing twelve songs, the first group set in February 1827 and second in October 1827. *Winterreise* shows his artistic culmination of dealing with text and music and expresses his suffering of illness through each piece; His genius appears in the music by interpretation of poetic expression in musical terms. German poetry in the eighteenth century had risen to great heights. Zumsteeg's individuality of expression may have awakened Schubert's inclination to German song. It seems clear that the urge to song writing was a gradual development of a youthful attraction. In *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, Müller's simple and genuine emotions allows Schubert unlimited freedom of expression. In the first song of each work, he evokes wandering rhythm, partly by use of recurring upbeat; otherwise both are totally different.

In *Winterreise*, Schubert raised the importance of the pianist to one equal to that of the singer; the piano part shows the mood of the poet, like the scurrying triplets never ceasing in *Erstarrung*, the distinctive rhythm of *Auf dem Flusse*, the restless syncopated figures in *Rückblick* and the dramatic tremolos in *Einsamkeit*. Also Schubert describes images of nature in the piano part: the wild surge of storm, the crying wind, the water under the ice, the rippling brook, the repeated melody of hurdy-gurdy, the heart throbs of the lover, the birds singing, dogs barking, the rusty weathervane grating, the post horn calling and tears dropping, stepping on the thin ice. In *Im Dorfe*, there is how Schubert describes the sleeping dreamer all through the

part A and repeated A section.

Strophic song took on a wide variety of character from the simple melody of *Gute Nacht* to the complexity of *Das Irrlicht*, or became completely recitative as *Der Leiermann*. His favored ternary form (also called lied form A-B-A) often appeared in the song cycle, as in *Der Lindenbaum*, *Einsamkeit*, *Die Krähe* and *Die Nebensonnen*. In many cases, the difference between sections is subtle. There is a powerful contrast of phrasing in *Wetterfahne*. He marked *leise* and *laut* in the music, which is one of the few cases in which Schubert gives specific directions to the singer.

His major-minor alternation is so famous that many examples are well known. Although some writers have emphasized the minor aspect of Schubert music, he concentrated much more on the major chord. Even though sixteen songs in the *Winterreise* are in the minor, only two of them commence on the mediant; several of them open with a phrase on the notes of the tonic chord or on the dominant. For example, the first note of *Gute Nacht* is the highest and upbeat one in the phrase, and it starts the word *Fremd*, a key word in the song cycle, in a tonic minor mode. *Letzte Hoffnung*, *Der Lindenbaum*, *Das Wirthshaus*, *Die Post* and *Frühlingstraum* commence in the major mood.. “No other composer has quite the same power to make the major mode sound even sadder and more poignant than the minor, as in *Das Wirthshaus*, with its pianissimo modulation to major for the last

verse, and infinite sadness of the final cadence.”²

He often used the diminished seventh more than any other chromatic chord. “One of the most pathetic appearances of this chord is in the *Wasserflut* at the word *Weh*. Here, the voice has ascended in a minor scale to the tonic.”³ This simple passage of the descending melodic minor scale with the *fp* shows Schubert’s genius for poetic expression with simple material. Another such instance is in third bar of *Der Wegweiser*. It enters into the long chromatic conclusion of the latter song (Bars 57, 60, 62, 71), where one is startled by the mere change of position in a continuing diminished harmony. Also it occurs several times in *Letzte Hoffnung*. In his latter works, flowers are sought as a symbol of warmth, but here they are left standing by the roadside. *Der Leierman* presents a tragically ironic self-portrait.

For interpretation, the singer must understand the relationship between text and music. For example, *Gute Nacht* is a song in the wandering rhythm, like the first song of *Die Schöne Müllerin*. But what a contrast! This song opens a story. It is not continuation of an exciting drama as in *Die Winterreise*. There is barely a hint here of what has gone before; the music starts actually at the end of the plot. Why is the young man leaving? He was in love with a girl, and believed that she loved him, but he recognized that she loves a rich suitor. Now all is over. Life has lost its meaning; he longs for the end. Schubert emphasized the downward turn in the lover’s

² John Reed, *Schubert The Final Years*, (N.Y., St. Martin’s Press, 1972.) 123.

³ Ernest G. Porter, *Schubert’s Song Technique*, (London, Dennis Dobson, 1961,) 57.

fortunes by stressing the recurring upbeat at the beginning of each verse. Also he marked in prelude ‘Mässig, in gehender Bewegung’ (Moderato, in a walking movement). The weathervane on the roof of the girl’s house seems to mock the fugitive wanderer and becomes a symbol of fickleness. Some songs like *Irrlicht* are recitative like or declamatory writing in the vocal part with simple accompaniment. The appearance of a crow is an omen of the death.

Schubert reordered Müller’s setting and made a few changes to the words.

in Erstarrung, Mein Herz is wie erfroren instead of erstorben
 (My heart is frozen) (dead)
 in Irrlicht, unsre Freuden, unsre Wehen instead of unsere Leiden
 (Our joys, our sorrows) (our suffering)
 in Der Wegweiser, weiser stehen auf dem Strassen instead of auf dem Wegen
 (Signposts stand on the streets) (on the roads)

Müller

Schubert

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Gute | 1. Gute Nacht |
| 2. Die Wetterfah | 2. Die Wetterfahne |
| 3. Gefrorene Tränen | 3. Gefrorene Tränen |
| 4. Erstarrung | 4. Erstarrung |
| 5. Der Lindenbaum | 5. Der Lindenbaum |
| 6. Die Post | 6. Wasserfluth |
| 7. Wasserfluth | 7. Auf dem Flusse |
| 8. Auf dem Flusse | 8. Rückblick |
| 9. Rückblick | 9. Irrlicht |
| 10. Der greise Kopf | 10. Rast |
| 11. Die Krähe | 11. Frühlingstraum |
| 12. Letzte Hoffnung | 12. Einsamkeit |
| 13. Im Dorfe | 13. Die Post |
| 14. Der stürmische Morgen | 14. Der greise Kopf |
| 15. Täuschung | 15. Die Krähe |
| 16. Der Wegweiser | 16. Letzte Hoffnung |
| 17. Das Wirtshaus | 17. Im Dorfe |
| 18. Irrlicht | 18. Der stürmische Morgen |

19. Rast	19. Täuschung
20. Die Nebensonnen	20. Der Wegweiser
21. Frühlingstraum	21. Das Wirtshaus
22. Einsamkeit	22. Mut
23. Mut	23. Die Nebensonnen
24. Der Leiermann	24. Der Leiermann

More than one hundred of poets including anonymous shows in Schubert's songs. Nevertheless, many poets were used for only one, two or three songs.⁴

36 with one song
15 with two songs
7 with three songs

Such poets had a great influence on Schubert for several years. Müller's powerful poetry was Schubert's preference during his last years.

Frequency of poems sources

Goethe	70 songs
Mayrhofer	47 songs
Müller	45 songs
Schiller	42 songs
Matthisson	26 songs
Hölty	22 songs
Kosegarten	21 songs
F. Schlegel	21 songs
Seidl	12 songs
Schober	12 songs
Schulze	9 songs

⁴ Ernest G. Porter, *Schubert's Song Technique*, (London, Dennis Dobson, 1961,) 140.

4. Program Notes II

Program

Dalla guerra amorosa <i>Recit</i> , Dalla guerra amorosa <i>Aria</i> , Non v'alletti un occhio nero, no, no <i>Recit</i> , Fuggite, sì fuggite, ahi! <i>Aria</i> , La bellezza è com' un fiore	G. F. Händel (1685-1759)
An die Music Frühlingsglaube Erlkönig	F. Schubert (1797-1828)
The Vagabond Let Beauty Awake The Roadside Fire Youth and Love Whither must I wander? from Songs of Travel	R.V. Williams (1872-1958)
Per questa bella mano	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Chansons de Don Quichotte Chanson du Départ de Don Quichotte Chanson á Dulcinée Chanson du Duc Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte	J. Ibert (1890-1962)
O, wie will ich Triumphieren from <i>Die Entführung aus dem Serail</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
La Calunnia from <i>Il barbiere di Siviglia</i>	G. Rossini (1792-1868)

The cantata for bass and continuo *Dalla guerra amorosa* was composed in Italy during 1708 to 1709 by G.F. Handel. This work is delicate and even poignant. The aria, *La bellezza è come un fiore* (Beauty is like a bloom), contemplates the fading of beauty. The cantata has a refrain (Fuggite, sì fuggite), and ends with a delightful arioso following the last refrain. He composed sixty cantatas for voice and continuo; most of them were written for soprano and alto, but just two for bass. *Dalla guerra amorosa* is thought to be among those cantatas written for Ruspoli in the Arcadian Academy, possibly after Handel's return from Naples, as the manuscript source is a copy made for Ruspoli in August 1709. This music can be divided into five parts; two arias, two recitatives and a closing section.

In the concert, I put Schubert's three early masterpieces, which show his ability to balance singer and a pianist. Schubert's vocal line is not always self-contained. It is often so interwoven with the figures and harmonies of the accompaniment that the voice is not independent, but it is entirely reliant on the harmonies. *Erlkönig* is one of the best of his many riding-songs with tempestuous driving accompaniment in Octave triplets. The pedals are often used effectively, as in the sixth stanza, when at the child's cry, the minor thirds in the outer voices form crushing dissonance with the inner F natural.

Songs of Travel, by Ralph Vaughan Williams, is a song cycle of nine songs written for the baritone voice, with selected poems by R.L. Stevenson. He

composed this cycle in 1901 as another noteworthy cycle, *The House of Life*. This song cycle was published in three separate installments. The first book contained *The Vagabond*, *Bright is the Ring of Words* and *The Roadside Fire* published by Boosey & Co in 1905, which was orchestrated. The second book consisted in *Let Beauty Awake*, *Youth and Love* and *In Dreams* in 1907. After the composer's death, the Ninth song was discovered among his papers. The complete cycle was published in 1960 by Boosey and Hawkes.

R. V. Williams was an influential English composer especially for English folk song and choral music. The cycle could be called a kind of English Winterreise. *The Vagabond*, the most popular one, introduces the traveler with heavy trudging chords in the piano depicting a rough journey. *Let Beauty Awake* shows impressively long arabesques in the piano. In *The Roadside Fire*, the piano provides a playful atmosphere for the singer, and then turns to a serious mood to remind of his love, until the opening returns. *Youth and Love* depicts the departure from home of determined youth, bird songs, waterfalls and trumpet fanfares. This song starts in a very delicate mood with light piano accompaniment, but later it turns to operatic development. *Whither must I wander?* is a strophic song that recalls the traveler's happy day in the past, but now he can not go back to his past. In this performance, I sang five of nine songs because of the length of the program. The other songs are also beautiful and remarkable. *In Dreams* is very much the dark center of the cycle. *The infinite shining Heavens* brightens the mood of the song cycle. *Bright is the*

Ring of words reminds that all wanderers must eventually die. The final song, “*I have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope*,” has some quotes from *The Vagabond*, *Bright is the Ring of Words* and *Whither must I Wander!*”

Original Song List

1. The Vagabond
2. Let Beauty Awake
3. The Roadside Fire
4. Youth and Love
5. In Dreams
6. The infinite shining Heavens
7. Whither must I wander?
8. Bright is the Ring of words
9. I have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

Mozart’s concerto aria *Per questa bella mano* is for a bass singer and an obligato double bass. This piece is a challenge for the bass player. The reason is that the obligato section demands technical efficiency against sustained long vocal line and unusually wide range for the double bass instrument. Otherwise, a singer carefully listens to the instrumental line. This aria is full of youthful and fresh emotion. The meaning of “obligato” in the eighteenth century was “essential part,” but in the nineteenth century, the meaning changed to an indication giving the performer cadenza-like liberty. This aria was dedicated to the double bassist Friedrich Pischelberger and the singer Franz Xaver Gerl, who sang the part of Sarastro in the premiere of the Magic Flute. Both were Mozart’s colleagues in Vienna.

Even though J. Ibert's music is considered to be typically light in character, he composed in a remarkable variety of genres - operas, ballets, incidental music, orchestral pieces and film scores - with a considerable diversity of mood. In his earlier career, between 1920 and 1930, he was concentrated on the *Mélodie*. Thereafter he intended to write songs only as part of dramatic works. *Chansons de Don Quichotte*, in this program, is one of his master pieces. He was not member of Les Six in France, which included his contemporaries, Poulenc, Milhaud, Honegger and others, but his music shows their influence, especially as he collaborated with Honegger to work in his two operas; *L'aiglon* and *Les petites cardinal*. In *Chansons de Don Quichotte*, he avoided either the atonal or serial, but sometimes wrote polytonally with lyrical and inspired vocal melodic line. The orchestration is transparent and closely related to the classical tradition.

Romantic Bel Canto opera can be first discussed with the composer, Giacomo Rossini, one of the greatest composers of opera buffa. He composed thirty seven Italian operas and two French operas; *Guillaume Tell* and *Le Conte Ory*. Although his operas seria are historically important, his operas buffa are humorous and comic in nature, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and more popular. His melodies are often memorable with simple accompanying harmonies. His style is beautiful lyric lines, wit and comic delineation. In *La Calunnia*, the use of crescendo is wedded perfectly to a text depicting the cancerous growth of rumor. There is frequent use of

staccato and pizzicato. Piccolo and trombone contribute to the depiction of a thunderstorm. The Bel Canto opera emphasized the vocal line. Music was especially composed to show off the beauty of the voice, florid delivery, sharp phrasing and effortless technique.

5. Program Notes III

Die Entführung aus dem Serail

The Belcantanti Opera Co.
 Director: François Loup
 Conductor: Katerina Souvorova

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
 (1756-1791)

Die Entführung aus dem Serail represents Mozart's virtuosic culmination of the German *Singspiel*. It contains spoken dialogue and employs numerous Turkish folk melodies. Mozart is noteworthy for his ability to delineate characters, for his mastery of the ensemble and finale, and for adapting the dynamic sonata style to opera. The role of *Osmin* is a demanding basso buffo role requiring a good deal of legato vocal line and flexibility. The role requires a dark and agile voice, which demands the singer to utilize all of technical skill singing through Low D to High F.

Why don't we think more of Mozart's Osmin in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*? How much had Mozart been thinking in terms of Osmin? Osmin is an overseer of the Pasha's country estate. He sings in seven of his eight scenes; three arias, two duets, a trio and an ensemble. Osmin often has to show temper, humor and exhilaration, and these characteristics require a strong mastery of vocal and scenic skills. In the course of the opera, the Turkish musical references Mozart adopted for Osmin arias have a very comic effect on the character's interpretation.

For example, the passage *Drum beim Barte des Propheten*, a section of his second aria, needs to show a growing anger on the part of the singer, without altering the tempo of the movement.

Mozart's artful blend of traditional Turkish features and general musical tokens of rage is remarkably displayed in this aria: frequent *Forte piano* punctuation and incisive dynamic contrast, irregular phrase lengths, obsessive repetition of figures rising step by step, menacing half-tones, low sustained notes and heavily accented cut time. Furthermore, these motifs of Osmin could be interpreted as a Turkish feature, for they are part and parcel of Mozart's Turkish manner. C.F.D. Schubart mentioned about Turkish music's vigorous character: "No other genre of music requires such a firm, decided, and overpoweringly predominant beat. The first beat of each measure is so strongly marked with a new and manly accent that it is virtually impossible to get out of step."⁵

Good Mozartian singers always have to combine the skills of the typical singer-actor. Even though some music has unclear indication of staging, good singers know exactly how the inner essence of some moment is to be felt and acted. If they don't get the hang of it, they cannot fully interpret the role. But when they combine the art of acting with that of singing, the result is a direct theatrical experience, for the singer and for the audience: full blooded, infinitely vivid and

⁵ Thomas Bauman, *W.A. Mozart Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, (N.Y., Cambridge University Press, 1987,) 62.

natural, not only funnier and more coherent, but more moving in all aspects and more convincing.

Recitative is always in controversy. Some one regards it as apart of aria. Therefore singers still need to sing with full voice, but others says it is a speaking moment in opera, so it requires singer to speak rather than singing. Mozart's approach to secco recitative or spoken dialogue is the same as his approach to the composition of accompanied solos and ensembles. In his style, the two genres are treated with equal care and create a perfect and coherent work. However, some singers have thought the secco recitative and spoken dialogues should be regarded as an oasis in the desert. This concept is dangerous, and could lead to loss of concentration on the whole show. In my earlier experience, singing Sarastro in the Magic Flute and Figaro in Le Nozze di Figaro, if I could change one thing about these performances understanding the importance of recitative and spoken dialogue, I would rather choose a better delivery of my recitvtive.

7. Recommended Resources

Scores

The Oratorio Anthology for Bass and Baritone, Hal Leonard.
 The Opera Anthology for Bass and Baritone, G. Schirmer.
 24 Italian Songs and Arias for Medium or Low Voice, G. Schirmer, Inc
 30 Italian songs of the 17th and 18th Centuries, Low in 2 Volumes,
 International Music Co.
 Aria Antiche for medium and Low Voice, Sae-Kwang, Inc
 Mozart: Concerto Arias for Bass or Baritone
 Mozart: 10 Arias from Operas for Bass
 50 German Songs, International Music Company
 Schubert: 200 Songs in 3 Volumes, International Music Co.
 Schumann: 90 Songs, International Music Co.
 Brahms: 70 Songs, International Music Co.
 Wolf: 65 Songs, International Music Co.
 Mahler: 24 Songs, International Music Co.
 40 French Songs Selected and Edited Sergius Kagen in 2 Volumes
 Debussy: 34 Songs, International Music Co.
 Fauré: 30 Songs, International Music Co.
 50 Songs. Hal Leonard Corporation
 Duparc: 12 Songs, International Music Co.
 J.S. Bach: Christmas Oratorio, Barenreiter.
 J.S. Bach: Magnificat, Barenreiter.
 J.S. Bach: St. Matthew Passion, Barenreiter.
 G.F. Handel: Messiah
 45 Arias from Operas and Oratorios, low in 3 Volumes, International Music Co.
 Haydn: Creation
 R.V. Williams: Songs of Travel, Boosey & Hawkes

Vocalises

Giuseppe Concone Op. 9, 10, 17.
 Salvatore Marchesi Op. 15, Schirmer, Inc.

Books on Song, repertoire, and Pedagogy

Bernac, Pierre, *The Interpretation of French Song*, N.Y., W.W Norton & Co.
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Winterreise

Translated by Arthur Rishi

1. Gute Nacht

As a stranger I arrived,
As a stranger again I leave.
May was kind to me
With many bunches of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage, -
Now the world is bleak,
The path covered by snow.

I cannot choose the time
Of my departure;
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
With a shadow cast by the moonlight
As my traveling companion
I'll search for animal tracks
On the white fields.

Why should I linger, waiting
Until I am driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house;
Love loves to wander
God has made her so
From one to the other.
Dear love, good night!

I will not disturb you in your dreaming,
It would be a pity to disturb your rest;
You shall not hear my footsteps
Softly, softly shut the door!
On my way out I'll write
"Good Night" on the gate,
So that you may see
That I have thought of you.

2. The weather-vane

The wind plays with the weathervane
Atop my beautiful beloved's house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling at the poor fugitive.

If he had seen it before,
The crest above the house,

Then he never would have looked for
A woman's fidelity in that house.

The wind plays with hearts within
As on the roof, but not so loudly.
What is my suffering to them?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. Frozen tears

Frozen tear drops
fall from my cheeks:
Can it be that, without knowing it,
I have been weeping?

O tears, my tears,
are you so lukewarm,
That you turn to ice
like cold morning dew?

Yet you spring from a source,
my breast, so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
all of the ice of winter!

4. Numbness

I search in the snow in vain
For a trace of her footsteps
When she, on my arm,
Wandered about the green field.

I want to kiss the ground,
Piercing the ice and snow
With my hot tears,
Until I see the earth below.

Where will I find a blossom?
Where will I find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
The turf is so pale.

Is there then no souvenir
To carry with me from here?
When my pain is stilled,
What will speak to me of her?

My heart is as if dead,
Her image is cold within,
If my heart should one day thaw,
So too would her image melt away!

5. The linden tree

By the fountain, near the gate,
There stands a linden tree;
I have dreamt in its shadows
So many sweet dreams.

I carved on its bark
So many loving words;
I was always drawn to it,
Whether in joy or in sorrow.

Today, too, I had to pass it
In the dead of night.
And even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if calling to me:
"Come here, to me, friend,
Here you will find your peace!"

The frigid wind blew
Straight in my face,
My hat flew from my head,
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
Away from that spot,
And still I hear the rustling:
There you would have found peace!

6. Torrent

Many tears from my eyes
Have fallen into the snow;
Whose icy flakes thirstily drink
My burning grief.

When the grass begins to sprout,
A mild wind will blow there,
And the ice will break up
And the snow will melt.

Snow, you know my longing,
Tell me, to where will you run?
Just follow my tears
And then before long the brook will take you in.

It will take you through the town,
In and out of the lively streets.
When you feel my tears glow,

That will be my beloved's house.

7. On the stream

You who rushed along so merrily,
You clear, wild stream,
How quiet you have become,
You offer no parting words.

With a hard, solid crust
You have clothed yourself.
You lie cold and motionless
Stretched out in the sand.

On your surface I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my beloved
And the hour and the day:

The day of our first meeting,
The day I went away:
Name and numbers entwined
By a broken ring.

My heart, in this brook
Do you recognize your own image?
Is there, under your surface, too,
A surging torrent?

8. Backward glance

A fire burns under the soles of my feet,
Though I walk on ice and snow;
Yet I'll not pause for a breath
Until the towers are out of sight.

I have stumbled on every stone,
So hastily did I leave the town;
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones
at my hat from every house.

How differently did you welcome me,
You town of infidelity!
At your bright windows sang
The lark and the nightingale in competition.

The round linden trees were blooming,
The clear streams rushed by,
And, ah, two maiden eyes were glowing, =
Then you were done for, my friend.

When that day comes into my thoughts
I wish to glance back once more,

I wish I could stumble back
And stand in silence before her house.

9. Will-o'-the-wisp

Into the deepest chasms
A will-o'-the-wisp enticed me;
How I will discover a path
Does not concern me much.

I am used to going astray;
Every path leads to one goal;
Our joys, our woes,
Are all a will-o'-the-wisp game!

Down the mountain stream's dry course
I will calmly wend my way.
Every stream finds the sea,
Every sorrow finds its grave.

10. Rest

Now I first notice how weary I am
As I lie down to rest;
Wandering had sustained me
As I walked a desolate road.
My feet do not ask for rest,
It was too cold to stand still;
My back felt no burden,
The storm helped me blow along.

In a coal-burner's narrow hut
I have found shelter.
Still, my limbs cannot rest,
So fiercely my wounds burn.
You too, my heart, in struggles and storm
So wild and so bold,
Only now in the quiet do you feel the sharp sting
of the worm that lives within you!

11. A dream of springtime

I dreamt of colorful flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

But there on the window panes,
 Who painted those leaves?
 Do you laugh at the dreamer,
 Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of requited love,
 Of a beautiful girl,
 Of hearts and of kisses,
 Of bliss and happiness.

And when the roosters crowed,
 My heart awoke.
 Now I sit here alone,
 And think about my dream.

I shut my eyes again,
 My heart still beats warmly.
 When will you leaves on the window turn green?
 When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

12. Loneliness

As a dark cloud
 Passes through clear skies,
 When a faint breeze wafts
 Through the tops of the pine trees:

So I make my way
 With heavy steps,
 Through bright, joyful life,
 Alone and ungreeted.

Ah, the air is so calm,
 Ah, the world is so bright!
 When the tempests were raging,
 I was not so miserable.

13. The post

A posthorn sounds from the street.
 What is it that makes you leap so,
 My heart?

The post brings no letter for you.
 Why do you surge, then, so wonderfully,
 My heart?

And now the post comes from the town
 Where once I had a true beloved,
 My heart!

Do you want to look out
 And ask how things are back there,

My heart?

14. The grey head

The frost sprinkled a white coating
All through my hair;
It made me think I was already grey-haired,
And that made me very happy.

But soon it thawed,
Again my hair is black,
And so I grieve to have my youth -
How far still to the funeral bier!

From dusk to dawn
Many a head has turned grey.
Who would believe it? And mine has not
In the whole course of this journey!

15. The crow

A crow was with me
From out of the town,
Even up to this moment
It circles above my head.

Crow, strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you intend, very soon,
To take my corpse as food?

Well, it is not much farther
That I wander with my staff in hand.
Crow, let me see at last
A fidelity that lasts to the grave!

16. Last hope

Here and there may a colored leaf
Be seen on the trees.
And often I stand before the trees
Lost in thought.

I look for a single leaf
On which to hang my hope;
If the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble all over.

Ah! if the leaf falls to ground,
My hope falls with it;
And I, too, sink to the ground,
Weeping at my hope's grave.

17. In the village

The hounds are barking, their chains are rattling;
Men are asleep in their beds,
They dream of the things they do not have,
Find refreshment in good and bad things.

And tomorrow morning everything is vanished.
Yet still, they have enjoyed their share,
And hope that what remains to them,
Might still be found on their pillows.

Bark me away, you waking dogs!
Let me not find rest in the hours of slumber!
I am finished with all dreaming
Why should I linger among sleepers?

18. The stormy morning

See how the storm has torn apart
Heaven's grey cloak!
Shreds of clouds flit about
In weary strife.

And fiery red flames
Burst forth among them:
This is what I call a morning
Exactly to my liking!

My heart sees its own image
Painted in the sky
It is noting but winter,
Winter, cold and savage!

19. Deception

A friendly light dances before me,
I followed it this way and that;
I follow it eagerly and watch its course
As it lures the wanderer onward.

Ah! one that is wretched as I
Yields himself gladly to such cunning,
That portrays, beyond ice, night, and horror,
A bright warm house.
And inside, a loving soul. -
Ah, my only victory is in delusion!

20. The signpost

Why do I avoid the routes

Which the other travelers take,
To search out hidden paths
Through snowy cliff tops?

I have truly done no wrong
That I should shun mankind.
What foolish desire
Drives me into the wastelands?

Signposts stand along the roads,
Signposts leading to the towns;
And I wander on and on,
Restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost stands before me,
Remains fixed before my gaze.
One road I must take,
From which no one has ever returned.

21. The inn

My path has brought me to a graveyard.
Here would I lodge, I thought to myself.
You green death-wreaths might well be the signs,
That invite the weary traveler into the cool inn.

But in this house are all the rooms taken?
I am weak enough to drop, fatally wounded.
O unmerciful innkeeper, do you turn me away?
Then further on, further on, my faithful walking stick.

22. Courage

The snow flies in my face,
I shake it off.
When my heart cries out in my breast,
I sing brightly and cheerfully.

I do not hear what it says,
I have no ears,
I do not feel what it laments,
Lamenting is for fools.

Merrily stride into the world
Against all wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
We are gods ourselves!

23. The phantom suns

I saw three suns in the sky,
I stared at them long and hard;
And they, too, stood staring
As if unwilling to leave me.

Ah, but you are not my suns!
Stare at others in the face, then:
Until recently I, too, had three;
Now the best two are gone.

But let the third one go, too!
In the darkness I will fare better.

24. The hurdy-gurdy-man

There, behind the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy-man,
And with numb fingers
he plays the best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,
he staggers back and forth,
And his little plate
remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him,
no one looks at him,
And the hounds snarl
at the old man.

And he lets it all go by,
everything as it will,
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
is never still.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?

8. Texts and Translations

Dalla guerra amorosa

Recitativo

Dalla guerra amorosa
 or che ragion mi chiama,
 o miei pensieri, fuggite pur, fuggite,
 vergo gnosa non è in amor la fuga,
 che sol fuggendo un'alma
 del crudo amor può riportar la palma.

Aria

Non v'alletti un occhio nero, no, no
 con suoi sguardi lusinghiero,
 che da voi chieda pietà,
 Che per far le sue vendette,
 e con arco e con saette ivi amor nascoso sta.

Recitativo

Fuggite, sì fuggite, ahi!
 di quanto veleno, amore asperge i suoi piaceri,
 ah! quanto ministra duol, e pianto,
 a chi lo segue, e le sue leggi adora.
 Se un volto v'innamora, sappiate, o pensieri miei,
 che ciò che piace in brev'ora svanisce, e poi dispiace.

Arioso

La bellezza è com' un fiore
 sul mattin vivace e bello,
 sul matin di primavera,
 Che la sera langue e more,
 sì scolora e non par quello.
 Fuggite, sì fuggite,
 a chi servo d'amor vive in catena,
 è dubbioso il gioir, certa la pena.

From the war of amorous passion

Take flight, take flight, my thoughts,
 From the war of amorous passion.
 Called back by reason, I know now that
 Flight from love brings no shame,
 For only through flight can
 A soul be victorious over cruel Love.

No, no! Do not be swayed by a lovely eye,
 With its siren-like glances,
 begging you for mercy.
 For, all the while, to take revenge,
 Love hides within [the eye] with bow and arrow.

Take flight, take flight!
 With how much venom Love swathes its pleasures,
 Oh, how much grief and tears it bequeathes on
 Those who follow him and obey his laws.
 If a lovely face enamours you, take heed; Oh my thoughts,
 for what is pleasing quickly disappears and then brings sorrow.

Beauty is like a bloom:
 Alive and lovely on a spring morning,
 But when evening comes, it loses its color
 And all semblance of its former self:
 then it wilts and dies.
 Take flight, take flight.
 Joy is doubtful and torment is certain
 For one who lives enchained, a servant of Love.

Translated by Dr. Robert J. Rodini

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
 Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
 Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
 Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
 Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
 Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
 Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

To Music

Oh sacred art, how oft in hours blighted,
 While into life's untamed cycle hurled,
 Hast thou my heart to warm love reignited
 To transport me into a better world!

So often has a sigh from thy harp drifted,
 A chord from thee, holy and full of bliss,
 A glimpse of better times from heaven lifted.
 Thou sacred art, my thanks to thee for this.

Translation by Walter Meyer

Frühlingsglaube

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
 Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
 Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
 O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
 Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
 Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
 Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
 Das Blühen will nicht enden;
 Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
 Nun, armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!
 Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

Spring faith

Balmy breezes are awakened,
 They whisper and move day and night,
 And everywhere creative.
 O fresh scent, o new sound!
 Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
 Now all, all must change.

With each day the world grows fairer,
 One cannot know what is still to come,
 The flowering refuses to cease.
 Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
 Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
 Now all, all must change.

Translated by David Gordon

ErlKönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
 Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
 Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
 Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so [bang]² dein Gesicht?
 Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
 Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?
 Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.

Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
 Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
 Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
 Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
 Was Erlenkönig mir [leise]⁴ verspricht?
 Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
 In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
 Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
 Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
 Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?
 Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
 Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.«

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
 Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.
 Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
 Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
 Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
 Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
 In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The Erl King

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?
 It is the father who's holding his child;
 He's tucked the boy secure in his arm,
 He holds him tight and keeps him warm.

My son, why hide you your face in fear?"
 See you not, father, the Erl King near?
 The Erl King in his crown and train?"
 My son, 'tis but a foggy strain."

Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
 What wonderful games I'll play with thee;
 Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
 My mother for you has garments of gold."

My father, my father, and can you not hear
 What Erl King is promising into my ear?"
 Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
 The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine."

Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
 My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
 My daughters conduct each night their song fest
 To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest.

My Father, my father, and can you not see
 Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?
 My son, my son, I see it clear;
 The ancient willows so grey do appear.

I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;
 And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm.
 My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!
 Erl King has done me a painful harm!"

The father shudders and onward presses;
 The gasping child in his arms he caresses;
 He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,

He holds in his arms the child who has died.

Translated by Walter Meyer

Songs of Travel

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above,
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river -
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I seek, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
 Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger.
 White as meal the frosty field -
 Warm the fireside haven -
 Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
 Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.
 Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I ask, the heaven above,
 And the road below me.

Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
 Beauty awake from rest!
 Let Beauty awake
 For Beauty's sake
 In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
 And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
 Awake in the crimson eve!
 In the day's dusk end
 When the shades ascend,
 Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
 To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
 Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
 I will make a palace fit for you and me
 Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
 Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
 And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
 In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
 The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
 That only I remember, that only you admire,
 Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
 Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
 Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
 Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
 Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
 Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
 Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
 Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
 Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Whither Must I Wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
 Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
 Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
 Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
 Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
 The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -
 Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
 Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
 Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
 Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
 Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
 Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
 Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
 The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
 Spring shall bring the sun and the rain, bring the bees and flowers;
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
 Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
 Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
 Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
 But I go for ever and come again no more.

Per questa bella mano

Per questa bella mano
 Per questi vaghi rai
 Giuro, mio ben, che mai
 Non amero che te

L'aure, le piante, i sassi,
 Che i miei sospir ben sanno,
 A te qual sia diranno
 La mia costante fe

Volgi lieti o fieri sguardi,
 Dimmi pur che m'odo o m'ami,
 Sempre accessc ai dolci dardi
 Sempre tuo vo' che mi chiami,
 Ne cangiar puo terra o cielo
 Quel desio che vive in me

By this fair hand

By this fair hand,
 by these lovely eyes,
 I swear, my dearest, that never
 will I love anyone but you

The breezes the plants, the stones,
 which know my sighs full well,
 will tell you how constant
 is my fidelity.

Turn your proud gaze happily on me
 and say whether you hate or love me!
 Ever inflamed by your tender glances,
 I want you to call me yours forever;
 neither earth nor heaven can change
 that desire which dwells within me.

Chansons de Don Quichotte

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
 Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre
 Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire
 où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,
 Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
 Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,
 Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit admire
 Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte
 Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
 Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race
 Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
 Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux
 Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

Don Quixote's Song of Departure

This new castle, this new building,
 enriched with marble and porphyry,
 where love built a castle for his empire
 and all of heaven added their skills,
 a rampart, a fortress against vice,
 is whose virtuous mistress hides herself away,
 that the eye beholds and the spirit admires,
 forcing hearts to her service.

It is a castle, made in such a way
 that none may approach its door
 unless he has saved his people from the Great Kings,
 victorious, valiant and loving.
 No knight, no matter how adventurous,
 can enter without being such a person.

Chanson à Dulcinée

A un an, me dure la journée Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée

Mais, amour a peint son visage. Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,

Dans la fontaine et le nuage, dans chaque aurora et chaque fleur.

A un an, me dure la journée Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine, Etoile de mes longs chemins,

Le vent m'apporte son haleine Quand il passé sur les jazmines

A un an, me dure la journée Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée

Song for Dulcinea

A day lasts a year if I don't see my Dulcinea.
 But Love, to sweeten my languishing, has painted her face
 in the fountain and the cloud, in each dawn and each flower.
 A day lasts a year if I don't see my Dulcinea.
 Ever near and ever far, star of my long journeys.
 The wind brings me her breath when it blows over the jasmine flowers.
 A day lasts a year if I don't see my Dulcinea.

Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la dame de mes singes Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
 Son coer de diamante ert vierge de mensonges La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en servage
 J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les perjures Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre, Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
 Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

Song of the Duke

Here let me sing the lady of my dreams,
 who raises me above this muddy century.
 Her diamond heart has never known a lie.
 The rose hides itself at the sight of her cheek.
 It is for her that I attempted high adventures.
 My arm freed the princess from servitude.
 I defeated the enchanter and confused the forsworn.
 I bent the universe to pay her homage.
 Lady for whom I roam alone on this earth,
 the only one not a prisoner of false appearances,
 I maintain before any foolhardy knight
 your peerless brilliance and excellence.

Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Ne pleure pas Sancho Ne pleure pas, mon bon Ton maitre n'est pas mort il n'est pas loin de toi
 Il vit dans une ile heureuse ou tout est pur et sans mensonges

Dans l'ele enfin trouvée où tu viendras un tour Dans l'ile désiée O mon ami Sancho
 Les livres sont brulés Et font un tas de cendres

Sitous les livres m'ont tué Il suffit d'un pou que, Je vive Fantôme dans la vie, Et réel dans la mort
 Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte .

Song of the death of Don Quixote

Don't cry, Sancho. Don't cry, my good fellow.
 Your master isn't dead, he hasn't left you.
 He lives on a happy island
 where everything is pure and there are no lies.
 He has found his island at last,
 and some day you will join him
 on this long-desired island, Friend Sancho!
 Books burn to piles of ashes.
 If books killed me,
 I just need one to live.
 A phantom in life and real in death -
 such is the strange fate of poor Don Quixote.

Translation by Faith J. Cormier

O wie will ich triumphieren (Aria of Osmin)

W.A.Mozart, Die Entführung aus dem Serail, Act3

O, wie will ich triumphieren,
 Wenn sie euch zum Richtplatz führen
 Und die Häse schnüren zu!
 Hüpfen will ich, lachen, springen
 Und ein Freudenliedchen singen,
 Denn nun hab' ich vor euch Ruh.
 Schleicht nur säberlich und leise,
 Ihr verdammten Haremsmäse,
 Inser Ohr entdeckt euch schon,
 Und eh' ihr uns könnt entspringen,
 Seh ich euch in unsern Schlingen,
 Und erhaschet euren Lohn.

Ah, how I shall triumph

Ah, how I shall triumph
 when they lead you to the gallows
 and string you up by the neck!
 I shall gambol, laugh and skip
 and sing a little song of joy,
 for then I shall be rid of you.
 However softly and cautiously
 you creep, you damned harem-mice,
 our ears soon detect you,
 and before you can escape
 you find ourselves in our snare
 and receive your just deserts.

Translation by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

La calunnia (Aria of Don Basilio)

Gioachino Rossini, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, act I

La calunnia è un venticello
un'auretta assai gentile
che insensibile, sottile,
leggermente, dolcemente,
incomincia a sussurrar.

Piano piano, terra terra,
sotto voce, sibillando,
va scorrendo, va ronzando;
nelle orecchie della gente
s'introduce destramente,
e le teste ed i cervelli
fa stordire e fa gonfiar.

Dalla bocca fuori uscendo,
lo schiamazzo va crescendo:
prende forza a poco a poco,
scorre già di loco in loco.
Sembra il tuono, la tempesta
che nel sen della foresta,
va fischiando, brontolando,
e ti fa d'orror gelar.

Alla fin trabocca e scoppia,
si propaga si raddoppia
e produce un'esplosione
come un colpo di cannone,
un tremuoto, un temporale,
un tumulto generale
che fa l'aria rimbombar.

E il meschino calunniato,
avvilto, calpestato,
sotto il pubblico flagello
per gran sorte va a crepar.

Slander

Slander is a little breeze,
a gentle little zephyr,
which, insensibly and subtly,
lightly and softly,
begins to murmur.

Very softly, quite prosaically,
under one's breath, with a hiss,
it flows, it buzzes;
into the ears of the public

it deftly introduces itself,
and it stupefies heads and brains
and makes them swell up.

Exiting from the mouth
the cackling swells:
it gathers strength little by little,
it flies from one place to another.
It seems to be the thunder, the storm
that, in the heart of the forest,
whistles and rumbles,
and makes you freeze in horror.

Finally it issues forth and bursts,
it spreads and redoubles
and produces an explosion
like a cannon shot,
an earthquake, a thunderstorm,
a general uproar
that makes the air echo.

And the miserable victim of slander,
humiliated, downtrodden,
under the scourge of the public,
by good luck, drops dead.

Translation by Miles Rind

9. SYNOPSIS

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

written by Johann Gottlieb Stephanie

Background to the story

This is the tale of Constanze and Belmonte, two young Spaniards of noble birth. Constanze, her English maid, Blonde, and Pedrillo, Belmonte's servant, fell into the hands of pirates who attacked their ship. The pirates sold their captives at a slave market to Pasha Selim. After month of searching for them in despair, tormented by not knowing what had become of his beloved Constanze and the two servants, Belmonte sets out to find them.

Act One

Belmonte has arrived on the distant Turkish shore and approaches the high wall surrounding the seraglio. Here he encounters Osmin, the Pasha's right-hand man, and questions him about the people he is seeking. Osmin, however, has not the slightest intention of giving this stranger any information whatsoever and sends him on his way.

Belmonte continues to look for a way to get into the seraglio. Through a prison window, he manages to catch a glimpse of Pedrillo. This confirms that Constanze and Blonde are also being held prisoner in the harem.

Pasha Selim has chosen Constanze to be the object of his affections. He visits the harem every day and does everything in his power to persuade her into accepting his suit. Constanze remains steadfast in adamantly refusing to succumb. She has no idea yet that her beloved Belmonte is so near.

Meanwhile, Belmonte has disguised himself as an architect and enters the First Courtyard of the seraglio. He teams up with Pedrillo and together they try to get past Osmin into the Second Courtyard.

Act Two

Osmin has taken a fancy to Blonde, but his persistent advances are met with resistance by the young English woman. The two of them are involved in constant battles of wit, which Osmin just can't win.

Constanze makes it increasingly difficult for the Pasha to approach her and he finally loses patience. He threatens to punish her if she does not soon accept his suit.

Blonde learns about the plan for their escape from Pedrillo. Before they can put the plan into action, however, they first have to outwit Osmin. Pedrillo manages to persuade Osmin to help him empty a bottle of wine and the latter then falls into a deep sleep. The two couples are able to meet and plan their escape.

Act Three

Belmonte, still disguised as an architect, smuggles Pedrillo out of the Seraglio and they head for Belmonte's ship. There they wait for night to fall.

At midnight, Belmonte and Pedrillo row round the coast to the foot of the harem. Pedrillo serenades his Blonde as a signal. Osmin discovers them in the boat and sends a fleet of ships out to capture them again. The death penalty awaits them, but Pasha Selim decides to forgo revenge and sets the captives free.

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