

Kaitlyn Atchison, soprano
Gustavo Castro-Ramirez, piano

with

Christian Robison, clarinet
Maya Montebianco, cello
Gustavo Castro-Ramirez, harpsichord

Thursday, April 7, 2022
7:30 p.m.
Haddock Performance Hall

Program

***Der Hirt auf dem Felsen* Franz Schubert**
(1797-1828)

Christian Robison, clarinet

Selections from *Le Musiche* (1609) Sigismondo d'India
(1582-1629)

Intenerite voi lagrime mie
Piangono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi
Io viddi in terra angeli ci costumi

Maya Montebianco, cello
Gustavo Castro-Ramirez, harpsichord

Fiançailles pour rire **Francis Poulenc**
(1899-1963)

- I. La Dame d'André*
- II. Dans l'herbe*
- III. Il vole*
- IV. Mon cadavere est doux comme un gant*
- V. Violon*
- VI. Fleurs*

Intermission

Dies Natalis **Gerald Finzi**
(1901-1956)

- II. Rhapsody*
- III. The Rapture*
- IV. Wonder*
- V. The Salutation*

Program Notes

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Schubert's vocal masterpiece is a wonderful introduction to any musical program, with its expressive range of emotions from deep despair, to hope, love, excitement, and wonder. The shepherd's call begins with the song of the clarinet. Perhaps this is the call of the shepherd's lover from below. Perhaps it is the vocalist's inner feelings reflected back to him. I believe it is the voice of his lover, but I will let you decide. Whichever it may be, the clarinet falls largely silent as the second section brings on the shepherd's lament. His grief has overwhelmed him. He is alone. However, something in the clarinet's song brings back his hope. The third section, with lively interaction between the voice and clarinet, sings of the hope of spring. All is not lost. He will see his love again! Although this piece was written only six weeks before Schubert's death, he spared no energy in creating a piece that expresses deep emotions and effectively shows off the virtuosity of both voice and clarinet.

D'India

These pieces are beautifully expressive and are excellent examples of early Baroque arias. During this time period, composers like D'India sought to move the listener's emotions through speech-like melodies and word painting, not yet having developed the more formal styles of the later Baroque.

The first monody, *Intenerite voi lagrime mie* expresses despair and heartache. The singer is crying out for her tears to either soften the heart of her love or drain the life from her. She can no longer live shunned by a hard heart. In *Piangono al pianger mio*, the singer is so depressed and lonely that all the world joins in her sorrow. This *romanesca* provides the perfect canvas for the singer's word-painting. Its repeating bass line and instrumental interludes provide stability for the piece as the voice part flows over with emotional ornamentation. *Io viddi in terra angeli ci costumi* is a welcome glimpse of light and rejoicing. This sonnetti is the singer's expression of joy and wonder at the beauty she has seen on earth. Contrasting with the other pieces, her weeping comes directly from happiness and awe. In many ways, this piece serves to connect the program, as it looks forward to the last set you will hear tonight, which also points to the wonder and joy of a person experiencing the beauty of the world.

Fiançailles Pour Rire

Poulenc set the poems of Louise de Vilmorin, his good friend, as both a way to remember her after she moved away and to provide a feminine poetic voice for the soprano. I love this song set for its great variety of emotions and musical expressions. As a vocalist, exploring all these different characters and moods is a great joy. Although these songs together do not tell a story and could easily be standalone pieces, there are still wonderful connections between them. All of them speak about love in one form or another: young love, till death did us part, an unfaithful partner, emotional death, sensual love, and remembrances of love long gone. These pieces challenge both the vocalist and pianist, and I encourage you to listen closely to both parts. The piano provides extra insights into the meanings of the text through its interesting turns of harmony and rhythm. Expect the unexpected!

Dies Natalis

What is it like to be a newborn? To see and experience the world for the first time? Having no knowledge of right and wrong, good and evil? Using the words of Thomas Traherne, a poet and theologian, Finzi explores these questions. I will say that these songs contain the most outspoken newborn I have ever met! But what is said is fantastic. In "Rhapsody" the child glories in the gifts that have been given, though he is a stranger new to the world, he fully sees and experiences the glories of God on earth. "The Rapture" focuses on the joy of living and contemplates where this gift of joy came from. He recognizes the divinity that lives in him and rejoices in God who made him in His image. "Wonder" is more introspective, with a much slower, contemplative feeling. The child revels in the works and creation of God, eventually experiencing the excitement and deep feeling in his spirit, moved by what he has seen and heard. The final piece, "The Salutation", ends the set by looking back into the child's past nothingness, and contrasting it with the present. "Look at all these gifts! My hands, my eyes, my life. The earth, the seas, the skies; they are all mine. Though I was nothing and am now a stranger new to this earth, yet, although I deserved none of them, God has given me all of these gifts."

Translations

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wilhelm Müller (Karl August Varnhagen von Ense)

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.
Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.
My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the
wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That it draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.
Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Intenerite voi lagrime mie

Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Intenerite voi, lagrime mie,
Intenerite voi quel duro core
Che 'n van percoss' Amore.
Versat'a mille a mille,
Fate di piant' un mar, dolenti stille.
O che 'l mio vago scoglio
D'alterezz'e d'orgoglio
Ripercosso da voi men duro sia,
O se n'esca con voi l'anima mia.

Soften, My Tears

Soften, my tears,
soften that hard heart
that love assails in vain.
Fall in your thousands,
create a sea of tears, O bitter drops.
Either make that comely rock
of pride and arrogance
less hard by beating against it,
or let my life flow out upon your tide.

<http://theologicalcollege.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/08/song-translations.pdf>

Piangono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi

Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Piangono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi
A miei caldi sospir traggon sospiri.

L'aer' d'intorno nubiloso fassi,
Mosso anch' egli à pietà de miei martiri.
Ovunque io volgo, ovunque giro i passi
Par che di me si pianga, e si sospiri;
Par che dica ciascun, mosso al mio duolo,

Che fai tu qui, meschin, doglioso e solo?

Io viddi in terra angeli ci costumi

Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
Ed udì' sospirando dir parole
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i
fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
Facean piangendo un più dolce contento
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

The Wild Beasts Weep at my Weeping

The wild beasts weep at my weeping
And the stones heave sighs at my fervent
sighing;

The surrounding air mists over,
Moved to pity by my suffering.
Wherever I go, wherever I turn my steps,
I'm the cause of weeping and sighing.
Moved by my sorrow, everything seems to say:

Poor fellow, why are you here, so sad and alone?

Translation by Paul Archer
(paularcher.net)

I Saw Angelic Virtue on Earth

I saw angelic virtue on earth
and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,
so I am sad and joyful at the memory,
and what I see seems dream, shadows, smoke:

and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,
that made the sun a thousand times jealous:
and I heard words emerge among sighs
that made the mountains move, and halted
rivers.

Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,
made a sweeter chorus of weeping
than any other heard beneath the moon:

and heaven so intent upon the harmony
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,
so filled with sweetness were the wind and air.

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Fiançailles pour rire

La Dame d'Andre

Louise de Vilморin (1902-1969)

André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un cœur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?

Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?

A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?

Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?

Dans l'herbe

Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.
Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant
En m'appelant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
E que sa voix ne portait plus

Il es mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
E je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.

Betrothal for Laughs

André's Woman Friend

André does not know the woman
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the hay stacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her colour,
for her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

In the Grass

I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death
outside
under the tree of the Law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.
He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling
calling me.
But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer carried

he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

Il vole

En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec des mes ciseaux de vermeil.

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles.
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd sa raison.

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

He Flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for a lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effaces
Font de mes yeux des Cailloux blancs.

Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombrés encore d'un secret
E lourds du poids mort des images.

Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyées au creux de mes plaints
Au nœud de mon cœur arrêté.

Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.

Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! J'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de fraise,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Fleurs

Fleurs promises, fleurs tendues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la
cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

My Corpse is as Limp as a Glove

My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two hidden pupils
make two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the centre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the mountains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violon

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the chord of uneasiness.
In chords on the chords of the hanged
at the hour when the Laws are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis of a step,
who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes
and in the fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.

Translations by Pierre Bernac

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO LIONEL HAMPTON

School of Music

COLLEGE OF LETTERS, ARTS AND SOCIAL SCIENCES