



Presents

The Stories We Tell Ourselves

A Masters Voice Recital

Lauren Lundy, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Mariah Boucher, *Collaborative Pianist*

“Sein wir wieder gut” from <i>Ariadne auf Naxos</i>	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Selections from <i>Mignon Lieder</i> So laßt mich scheinen Kennst du das Land?	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
“Sarah’s Aria” from <i>Patience and Sarah</i>	Paula Kimper (1956-present)

Intermission

“Una voce poco fa” From <i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i>	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
<i>Sei Romanze</i> In solitaria stanza Perduta ho la pace	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
“Mon cœur, s’ouvre à ta voix” from <i>Samson et Dalila</i>	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
Goodnight Moon	Eric Whitacre (1970-present)

Tippecanoe Place
620 W Washington St, South Bend, IN 46601
Friday, April 8, 2022 at 7pm

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music
Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.
Please silence all electronic devices.

Texts and Translations

Sein wir wieder Gut!

Sein wir wieder gut!
Ich sehe jetzt alles mit anderen
Augen!
Die Tiefen des Daseins sind
Unermeßlich!

Mein lieber Freund!
Es gibt manches auf der Welt
Das läßt sich nicht sagen.
Die Dichter unterlegen ja recht gute
Worte,
Jedoch, jedoch, jedoch -
Mut ist in mir, Mut Freund!
Die Welt ist lieblich!
Und nicht fürchterlich dem Mutigen.

Was ist denn Musik?
Musik ist eine heilige Kunst
Zu versammeln
Alle Arten von Mut wie Cherubim
Um einen strahlenden Thron
Und darum ist sie die heilige unter dem
Künsten
Die heilige Musik!

Mignon III

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von der schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten

Let us be Reconciled!

Let us be reconciled!
Now I see everything with different
Eyes!
The Profoundness of existence is
Immeasurable!

My dear friend,
There are many things in the world
Which cannot be expressed in speech.
The poets put down very good
Words,
And yet, and yet, and yet -
Courage is in me, friend.
The world is lovely!
And not frightening to the courageous man.

And what is music, then?
Music is a holy art,
To gather
All kinds of courage like Cherubim
Before a shining throne!
And therefore is music holy among
The arts!
The Sacred Music!

Translation: Rebecca Burstein, Program Notes
and Translations, "Sing to Cure MS" 2010

Mignon III

Let me appear an angel till I become one;
Do not take my white dress from me!
I hasten from the beautiful earth
Down to that impregnable house.

There in brief repose I'll rest,
Then my eyes will open, renewed;
My pure raiment then I'll leave,
With girdle and rosary, behind.

And those heavenly beings,
They do not ask who is man or woman,
And no garments, no folds

Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

Mignon (Kennst du das Land)

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach;
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Geht unser Weg! O mein Beschützer, ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Cover the transfigured body.

Though I lived without trouble and toil,
I have felt deep pain enough.
I grew old with grief before my time;
O make me forever young again!

Translated by Richard Stokes author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

Mignon (Do you know the Land)

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall?
Do you know it?
It is there! It is there!
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house? Columns support its roof;
Its great hall gleam, its apartments shimmer,
And marble statues stand and stare at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, It is there!
I long to go with you, my protector!

Do you know the mountains and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist,
Caverns house the dragons' ancient brood;
The rocks fall sheer, the torrent over it!
Do you know it?
It is there, It is there!
Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

Translated by Richard Stokes author of *The Book of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

Sarah's Aria (Oh Patience, Patience)

Oh, Patience, Patience

I wish I could write to you,

I wish I could tell you

How hard it is out here alone.

Patience, my love.

I stopped by your place as I left,

Just to ask you once more

If you might have changed your mind

Missus White came to the door

Instead of you,

She didn't know me as a boy.

She was almost pleasant at first,

But when I said who I was,

She shut the door all but a crack,

Like I was dangerous.

And she said you was gone,

Gone visiting.

Did she tell you I came by?

Did she tell you I said goodbye?

O Patience, Patience

I wish I could write to you,

I wish I could tell you

How hard it is out here alone.

Patience, my love.

Farmers out in these parts

Think that I'm a runaway.

I tell them my name is Sam,

They say I can't be twenty-one

Without no whiskers.

They won't hire no runaway,

Runaway apprentice.

How am I to work my west?

At least they believe I am a boy.

One place where I stopped for the night,

The farmer's daughter woke me up at dawn

She said, "Sam, hurry now,

You have to go,

Papa's gonna turn you in for the reward."
She gave me some food to eat,
Then she pushed me on my way,
And said, "Sam, you're sweet,"
And then she kissed me!
But it wasn't like your kisses,
Nothing to feel real deep.
Nothing that hurts when the kisses are gone,
But it made the miles fly.

Oh, Patience, Patience.
I wish I could write to you,
I wish I could tell you
How hard it is out here alone.
Patience, my love.

Una voce poco fa

Una voce poco fa
Qui nel cor mi risuonò;
Il mio cor ferito è già,
E Lindor fu che il piagò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,
Io giurai, la vincerò.

Il tutor ricuserà,
Io l'ingegno aguzzerò:
Alla fin s'accheterà,
E contenta io resterò.

Io sono docile,
Son rispettosa,
Sono ubbidiente,
Dolce, amorosa;
Mi lascio reggere,
Mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi toccano
Dov'è il mio debole,
Sarò una vipera,
E cento trappole
Prima di cedere farò giocar.

A voice, a little while ago,

A voice, a little while ago,
Echoed here in my heart;
My heart is wounded now,
And it was Lindoro who covered it with wounds.
Yes, Lindoro, will be mine -
I've sworn it, I shall win.

My guardian will object,
I quick-witted, will be sharp:
In the end he will acquiesce,
And I will be content.

I am submissive,
I'm respectful
I'm obedient
Sweet, affectionate.
I allow myself to be governed:
I let myself be guided.
But if they touch me
Where my sensitive spot is,
I will be a viper,
And I'll cause a hundred tricks
To be played before giving in.

Translated by Martha Gerhart, *Arias for Mezzo-Soprano*, Compiled by Robert Larsen (1991)

In solitaria stanza

In solitaria stanza
Lingue per doglia atroce;
Il labbro è senza voce,
Senza respirare il sen.

Come in deserta aiuola,
Che di rugiade è priva,
Sotto all vampa estiva
Molle narcisso svien.

Io, dall'affanno oppresso,
Corro per vie remote,
E grido in suon che puote
Le rupi intenerir:

Salvate, o Die pietosi,
Quella beltà celeste:
Voi forse non sapreste
Un'altra Irene order.

Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la Pace,
Ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
Trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba
Ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
È il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo
Confuse travolto;
Oh misera, il senno,
Il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,

In a Solitary Room

In a solitary room
She languishes in terrible pain;
The lips without voice,
Without breath her breast,

As in a deserted flower bed,
By dew abandoned,
Beneath the summer's blaze
A weak narcissus fades.

I, from anxiety oppressed,
Race through remote paths
And scream with cries that could
Stir the cliffs:

Save, O merciful gods,
This celestial beauty:
Perhaps you would not know
How to create another Irene.

Translated by Brian Pettey for lieder.net

I have Lost All Peace

I have lost all peace,
My heart is full of cares;
Ah, no, I can never hope
To find that peace again.

Wherever I don't see him
Is the darkness of the tomb;
Without him, the world
Is a desert for me.

My poor head is
Confused and distorted
All reason has been
Torn from me!

I have lost all peace,

Ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
Trovarla più mai.
S'io sto al finstrello,
Ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
Sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;
Oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
Che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole
Un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
Qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,
Ho in cor mille guai;
Ah, no, più non spero
Trovarla più mai.

Anela congiungersi
Al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
Tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
Far pago il desir!
Baciarlo! E Potessi
Baciata morir.

My heart is full of cares;
Ah, no, I can never hope
To find that peace again.
If I go to the window,
It is only to look for him
If I leave the house,
It is only to search for him.

Oh, his noble bearing,
His fair face!
What strength in his gaze,
What sweetness in his smile!

And his words that flowed
Like a magical river...
...and the grasp of his hand,
And, oh God, his kiss!

I have lost all peace;
My heart is full of cares
Ah, no, I can never hope
To find that peace again.

I want only to press
My breast against his,
To embrace him,
To hold him close!

If only I could kiss him
As I long to do!
To kiss him, and then
To die on that kiss!

Translated by Luigi Balestra in Verdi's First
collection of Romances (Teatro Nuovo)

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix
Comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
Aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
Pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
Que ta voix parle encore!
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila tu reviens
Pour jamais;
Redis à ma tendresse
Les serments d'autrefois -
Ces serments que j'aimais!

Ah! Réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
Les épis onduler
Sous la brise légère,
Ainsi frémit mon cœur,
Prêt à se consoler
À ta voix qui m'est chère!
La fleche est moins rapide
À porter le trépas
Que ne l'est ton amante
À voler dans tes bras!

Samson! Je t'aime!

My heart opens up at your voice

My heart opens up at your voice
As the flowers open up
At the kisses of dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
The better to dry my tears,
Let your voice speak again!
Tell me that to Dalila
You return forever;
Repeat to my tender love
The promises of bygone times -
Those promises I loved!

Ah, surrender to my love!
Fill me with rapture!

Just as you see
Ears of wheat undulate
In a light breeze,
So my heart sways,
Ready to be consoled
By your voice so dear to me!
The arrow is less swift
In carrying death
Than is your lover
To rush into your arms!

Samson, I love you!

Translated by Martial Singher for *An Interpretive Guide to Operatic Arias*.

Goodnight Moon

In the great, green room
There was a telephone, and a red balloon
And a picture of the cow jumping over the moon,
And there were three little bears sitting on chairs,
And two little kittens, and a pair of mittens,
And a little toy house, and a young mouse,
And a comb and a brush,
And a bowl full of mush,
And a quiet, old lady who was whispering hush.

Goodnight moon, goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon,
Goodnight light and the red balloon,
Goodnight bears, goodnight chairs,
Goodnight kittens, goodnight mittens,
Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks,
Goodnight little house, goodnight mouse,
Goodnight comb and goodnight brush,
Goodnight nobody, goodnight mush,
And goodnight to the old lady whispering hush.
Goodnight stars, goodnight air,
Goodnight noises everywhere.
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight noises everywhere.

Program Notes

A Land and Labor acknowledgement: I acknowledge my presence on the traditional homelands of Native peoples including the Haudenosaunee, Miami, Peoria, and particularly the Pokégnek Bodéwadmik/Pokagon Potawatomi, who have been using this land for education for hundreds of years, and continue to do so. I also acknowledge that much of what we know of this country today, including South Bend and the Northern Michiana region, has been made possible by the labor of enslaved Africans and their ascendants who suffered the horror of the trafficking of their people, chattel slavery, Jim Crow, and the brutalization of black bodies that still occurs today. I am indebted to their labor and acknowledge their sacrifice.

In attempting to compile my master's recital, I was interested in going back to what drew me to opera and classical music when I was first introduced as a child. From those early experiences, I was most interested in using the voice as a means of telling human stories. For this reason, I decided to focus entirely on stories that are pulled from literature, and were intentionally chosen to push me to the limits of what my voice was capable of, since the other thing that drew me was the superhuman feats of coloratura and stamina I witnessed in my early experiences at the opera.

This evening will begin with "Sein wir wieder gut" from Richard Strauss' opera *Ariadne auf Naxos*. The work is a show-within-a-show, with this aria sung at the beginning by the composer of the opera. The composer is a pants role, meaning a woman dressed as a man, and is therefore traditionally played by a mezzo-soprano, though the high tessitura lends itself to being sung by a soprano. This aria is the perfect concert opener because of its subject matter, being a furtive rant. The composer has been told that he must cut part of his opera for the show to end in time, and he becomes distressed because his intense passion for the music is standing in the way of making the cuts required of him. It ends with a solemn vow asserting the importance of music, saying "and therefore is music holy among the arts! The sacred music!" I could think of no better way to set the tone for what I set out to accomplish in this recital than that.

The next set is two art songs written by Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) based on Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahre*. The book follows a man named Wilhelm attempting to escape his empty life as a businessman by attempting to throw himself into the world of theater. Mignon is a tragic and abused girl, whom Wilhelm purchases to save her from a beating. The two songs I have chosen to highlight from this character are both deeply tragic and psychologically tumultuous. In "So laßt mich scheinen" Mignon is describing a vision of her transfigured body at her death. Though she is intended to be thirteen in the story, abuse and tragedy have made her soul old and tired, and she speaks of longing for the day when she can appreciate youth, which she insists will only come after death. The second song, "Kennst du das Land," is even more complex. In this piece, Mignon is telling Wilhelm about the land of her youth. Some have interpreted this as a seduction while others see this as an entreaty for a loving parental figure. There is textual evidence for both explanations. Goethe himself had fond memories of a childhood in Italy before moving back to Germany as a young adult, and many people have pointed out that this text, describing the beauty of Italy was most likely personal for Goethe. Mignon's description, however, is just as much a statement of personal trauma as it is an ode to the land of her childhood.

The final aria in our first act comes from a relatively new work, *Patience and Sarah*. This opera, written in 1998, was based on a lesbian pulp novel from the 1960s, which was in turn based on the real lives of two women named Mary Ann Wilson and Florence Brundage. Kimper adapted the story as someone passionate about new opera and wanting to see more LGBTQ+ representation in the artform. She didn't want the story to be misconstrued as friendship, as so often happens with these stories, so she intentionally made the two leads kiss in the very first scene of the opera. In this aria, Sarah has run away from home after her love with Patience, an upperclass woman, is made known to the townsfolk. She is working her way west through farm work where she can get it, and is living as a man to do so. The text of the aria is her attempting to reach out to Patience with a letter, but finding herself to afraid to do so.

The second act begins with one of the most famous opera arias in the mezzo-soprano canon, "Una voce poco fa" from Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The text of this work is from a play by the same title by Pierre Beaumarchais. In this aria, the young heroine Rosina lives as the charge of her guardian Don Bartolo. She is writing a letter declaring her love to who she believes to be a young servant. She anticipates Bartolo pushing against this arrangement and plots ways in which she can use her cunning and charm to prevail over the men who wish to stand in her way. True storytelling must run the gamut of emotional highs and lows, and what better example of a triumphant storytelling moment than this one?

Following this we have two art songs by Giuseppe Verdi. The first is from Goethe's epic poem, *Faust*. This text is an Italian translation of "Gretchen am Spinnrade" the most famous setting of this being Schubert's. Similar to Schubert's interpretation. You can hear the incessant pedalling of the spinning wheel in the background as Gretchen devolves into madness. The second art song, *In solitaria stanza*, pulls from a relatively unknown text, *Anacreontic Poems to Irene*, by Iacopo Vitorelli. Scholars have long pointed out the similarities of the long chromatic line from this piece, to Verdi's "Tacea la notte placida" from *Il trovatore*.

Following these pieces is *Mon soeur, s'ouvre a ta voix*. This iconic aria comes from *Saint-Saëns'* adaptation of the biblical story of Samson and Delilah. This aria is the epitome of the seductress archetype, and you can hear the swell of strings and thick, delectable orchestrations aide in giving this aria its sumptuous feel.

The final song in tonight's recital is a contemporary work originally for choir, Eric Whitacre's *Goodnight Moon*. This text is a well-known children's book from the 1940s by Margaret Wise Brown. The simple orchestration and vocal line gives credence to the interpretation of the original work as a cherishing of the way children imbibe their world with meaning.

Together, these pieces highlight literature from many different times and places, but hopefully come together to make a cohesive statement on the importance and vitality of stories in our artform. I hope you enjoy tonight's performance and will join us for a cocktail reception following. Thank you all!



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