



Maxwell Trochlil, *tenor*

Master's Degree Recital

Featuring Tamara Albahari, Desheng Huang, Lara Turner, David Stultz, and Erin Taylor
Dror Baitel, *Collaborative Pianist*

Erwäge from *Passio secundum Joannem BWV 245*

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Tamara Albahari and Desheng Huang, Violin
Lara Turner, Cello
David Stultz, Continuo

Dear Theo

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

1. The Red Vineyard
2. I Found a Woman
3. Little One
4. The Man I Have to Paint
5. When I'm at Work
6. Already Broken
7. Souvenir

Intermission

La mort du Nombre

Olivier Messiaen
(1908-1992)

Erin Taylor, soprano
Desheng Huang, violin

Ruhe, meine Seele *No. 1, Op. 27*
Heimliche Aufforderung *No.3, Op. 27*
Morgen! *No. 4, Op. 27*

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz from *Das Land des Lächelns*

Franz Léhar
(1870-1948)

LaBar Recital Hall
Sunday, April 16, 2023, 4:00 pm

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

Text and Translations

Erwäge (*German*)

Erwäge, wie sein blutgefärbter Rücken
In allen Stücken
Dem Himmel gleiche geht,
Daran, nachdem die Wasserwagen
Von unsrer Sündflut sich verzogen,
Der allerschönste Regenbogen
Als Gottes Gnadenzeichen steht!

- *Barthold Heinrich Brockes (1680-1747)*

Dear Theo

The Red Vineyard

“Dear Theo... my brother... if only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine.

In the distance it turned to yellow, and then a green sky with the sun, and the earth after the rain, violet, sparkling yellow here and there where it caught the reflection of the setting sun.” (*November 1888*)

“Oh Theo, brother... I think that I must have a starry night with cypresses, in blue and yellow light, or surmounting a field of ripe corn...there are such wonderful nights here...I am in a continual fever of work! ... I hope the weather is as fine in Paris as it is here.

Write as soon as you can.

Ever yours, Vincent” (*April 1888*)

Little One

“Often I think of your little one, Theo, and what he means to you now in your life. Surely it's better to have a child than to expend all one's vigor as I have.

Often I think of him there in his cradle. But for myself, I'm too old, too old to desire something else. Yet often I think of your baby, your baby. Oh Theo, I'm hard at work and still I say it's better by far to have a child. But, for myself, that desire was gone long ago. Long ago. Gone.” (*Adapted from letter of July 1890*)

Consider (*English*)

Consider, how his blood-stained back
in every aspect
is like the sky,
In which, where after the deluge
from our flood of sins was released,
there appears the most beautiful rainbow
as a sign of God's mercy!

- *Translated by Pamela Dellal*

I Found a Woman

“I found a woman, not young, not beautiful. But oh, this woman, she had a charm for me. It's not the first time I was unable to resist that feeling of affection, yes affection and love for these women, who are so damned and condemned. I do not condemn them...

Would you think that I have never felt the need for love? We talked, about her life, about her cares, about her misery... about everything...” (*December 1881*)

The Man I Have to Paint

“I think of the man I have to paint. Terrible in the furnace of the full ardor of the harvest at the heart of the south. Hence the orange shades like storm flashes, vivid as red hot iron, and hence the luminous tones of the old gold in the shadows. Oh my dear boy, and the nice people will only see the exaggeration as caricature! ...The only choice I have is between being a good painter and a bad one. I choose the first. But the needs of painting are like those of a ruinous mistress:

The Man I Have to Paint *(cont.)*

You can do nothing without money. And you never have enough of it... If you should happen to send a little extra this month I would be most grateful.” *(August 1888)*

Already Broken

“At times I feel already...broken, and what will come of it I do not know...my deepest hope remains the same, as you well know, brother, that I might be a lighter burden in your life...but I can see a time that’s just on the horizon, a time when you might show my pictures with no shame.” *(Summer 1887)*

“It’s true I’m often sick and troubled, but there is harmony inside of me. For in the poorest little hut I see a picture, and I believe that very soon you will be proud to show my work; you will be satisfied...you will have something for your sacrifices, brother.” *(July 1882)*

When I’m at Work

“But when I’m at work I feel an unlimited faith in art and that I shall succeed... And when doubt overwhelms me I try to defeat it by setting to work once again...Poverty is at my back but I’m still at work. I’m still at work...Gauguin and I, our arguments are electric!...And when that delirium of mine shakes all I dearly love, I do not accept it as reality...I’m still at work. I’m still at work.” *(from various letters)*

Souvenir

“I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that I might offer in the shape of something true, the shape of drawings and of pictures.

I must leave a souvenir, a souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see, to those with eyes who care to see that this man felt deeply... I know I’ll never do what I intended.

Success requires a nature unlike mine. My strength has been depleted far too quickly, but for others, Theo, there is a chance. There is a chance for something more...

If only you had been there when I saw the red vineyard, all red like red wine...

There is a chance for something more. A souvenir that might remain to say to those who care to see that here was someone who felt deeply, brother, dear brother, dear Theo.”

(adapted from letters of August 1883, November 1888 and September 1889)

- Vincent Van Gogh (1853-1890)

**The texts are based on or adapted from the first English translation of letters written by Vincent van Gogh to his brother Theo entitled The Letters of Vincent van Gogh (Constable, 1927). A majority of the letters in the collection were translated by Van Gogh’s sister-in-law, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger, who died in 1925.*

La mort du Nombre (French)

Deuxième âme:

C'était un rayon de soleil qui dormait dans ta main. Tu levas très haut tes petits doigts.
Il se mit à briller d'un tel éclat que je ne vis plus que lui.
Et il se déroula et devint si long qu'il embrassait les quatre confins.
En montant il m'enveloppa et me conduisit vers ton âme sereine.
Je suis encore très loin de toi.
Qui m'en éloigne davantage?
Pourquoi l'adieu?
Rien ne peut détruire le rêve!

Première âme:

L'eau dormante ne fuit pas la fleur qui la regarde.

Deuxième âme:

Je veux m'approcher.
Quelle force invisible m'arrête?
Pour qui ces liens?
Pour qui ces chaînes?
Je ne peux plus vouloir?
Pourrai-je monter ainsi cet escalier sans fin?

Première âme:

Il faut dissoudre les nuées, combler les océans.

Deuxième âme:

Ô longue, ô triste attente!
Ô souffrance, cercle de feu!
Meurent le temps et l'espace!
Loin, la joie!
Loin, la lumière!
Cloches d'horreur! breuvage affreux!
mur qui m'écrase!
La terre s'entr'ouvre, les astres croulent,
le monde est enseveli!
La fin, qui la dira?
Je souffre!

The Death of Plurality (English)

Second spirit:

It was a sunbeam, sleeping in your hand.
You raised your little fingers up high.
It began to shine with such radiance
That I could see nothing else.
Then it unfolded and became so long
That it embraced the ends of the earth.
Rising, it enveloped me
And carried me towards your serene spirit.
I am still so far from you.
Who is keeping me away from you?
Why this goodbye?
Nothing can destroy the dream!

First spirit:

Resting water does not flee the flower,
The flower that watches it.

Second spirit:

I want to come near
What invisible force is stopping me?
Why these bonds?
Why these chains?
I can have no more desire!
How could I climb this infinite staircase?

First spirit:

We must dissolve the clouds,
Fill the oceans.

Second spirit:

Oh long, sad waiting!
Oh suffering, Circle of fire!
Die, time and space!
Far away, joy!
Far away, light!
Horrid bells! terrible drink!
Wall that crushes me!
The earth opens, The stars crumble,
The world is buried beneath them!
The end, the end, who will announce it?
I suffer! I suffer! I suffer!

Première âme:

Attends! espère!
Plus légers que des oiseaux de plumes, Plus légers
que le vide,
Plus légers que ce qui n'est pas,
Nous planerons au-dessus d'un rêve.
Le poids du nombre sera mort.
Il sera mort!
Entends le chant de notre âme unique! Clair sourire,
regard pur,
tremblante extase,
Il monte plus haut que cette âme
Et s'élance vers des clartés nouvelles, Dans un
éternel printemps!

- *Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)*

Ruhe, meine Seele (*German*)

Nicht ein Lüftchen, regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not—
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Und vergiss, was dich bedroht!

- *Karl Friedrich Henckell (1864-1929)*

Heimliche Aufforderung (*German*)

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke
ich still wie du ...
Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer

First spirit:

Wait! hope!
Lighter than feathered birds,
Lighter than emptiness,
Lighter than that which is no longer,
We will float above a dream.
The weight of the number will be dead.
The weight of the number will be dead.
It will be dead! dead!
Hear the song of our unified soul.
Clear smile, pure gaze, trembling ecstasy,
It rises still higher than this soul and rushes towards
a new brightness,
In an eternal spring!

- *Translated by Naomi Woo*

Rest, my Soul (*English*)

Not even a soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep the wood rests;
Through the leaves' dark veil
Steal the bright sunbeams,
Rest, rest, my soul,
Your storms were wild,
You raged and trembled,
Like the breakers when they surge!
These times are violent,
Cause heart and Mind distress—
Rest, rest, my soul,
And forget what threatens you!

- *Translated by Richard Stokes*

Secret Invitation (*English*)

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
And drink at this joyful feast
your heart to health.
And when you raise it, give
me a secret sign,
Then I shall smile, and drink
as quietly as you ...
And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes

Der trunknen Schwätzer—verachte
sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,—
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,
Und will an die Brust dir sinken
eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht—
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

- John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

Morgen! (*German*)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde
und zu dem Strand, dem weiten Wogenblauen,
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

- John Henry Mackay

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz! (*German*)

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein,
so, wie die Blume welkt, wenn sie nicht küßt
der Sonnenschein.

Of drunken gossips—do not
despise them too much.
No, raise the glittering goblet,
filled with wine,
And let them be happy
at the noisy feast.
But once you have savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company
of happy revellers,
And come out into the garden
to the rose-bush,—
There I shall wait for you
as I've always done.
And I shall sink on your breast,
before you could hope,
And drink your kisses,
as often before,
And twine in your hair
the glorious rose—
Ah! come, O wondrous,
longed-for night!

- Translated by Richard Stokes

Tomorrow! (*English*)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...
And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on
us ...

- Translated by Richard Stokes

You are my heart's delight! (*English*)

You are my heart's delight!
Where you are, I long to be.
You make my darkness bright, when like a star
you shine on me.

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied, weil es allein
aus der Liebe erblüht. Sag' mir noch einmal,
mein einzig Lieb, oh, sag' noch einmal mir:
Ich hab' dich lieb!

Wohin ich immer gehe, ich fühle deine Nähe!
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
und beten dir zu Füße, sinken, dir, dir, allein!
Wie wunderbar ist dein leuchtendes Haar!
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang
ist dein strahlender Blick.
Hor' ich der Stimme Klang, ist es so wie Musik.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz!
Wo du nicht bist, kann ich nicht sein,
so, wie die Blume welkt, wenn sie nicht küßt
der Sonnenschein.

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied, weil es allein
aus der Liebe erblüht. Sag' mir noch einmal,
mein einzig Lieb, oh, sag' noch einmal mir:
Ich hab' dich lieb!

- *Fritz Löhner-Beda (1883-1942)*

You are my beautiful song, the whole night
through, your love binds me. Tell me again,
My only love, oh, I shall hear you whisper
I love you!

Wherever I am I feel you are near!
I want to drink your breath
and kneel adoringly at your feet, yours alone!
How wonderful is your shining hair!
Dreamy and full of longing
is your radiant gaze.
Your voice is music to my ears.

You are my heart's delight!
Where you are, I long to be.
You make my darkness bright, when like a star
you shine on me.

You are my beautiful song, the whole night
through, your love binds me. Tell me again,
My only love, oh, I shall hear you whisper
I love you!

- *Translated by Sharon Krebs*

