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**Faculty Recital Series****2021–2022 Season**

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Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Tuesday, February 15, 7:30 PM

**Steven Groth, baritone  
Brock Tjosvold, piano**Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre  
from *Carmen*Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

La vague et la cloche

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)Four Selections by Josephine Lang  
Frühes Sterben  
Sängers Trost  
Und noch von dir kein Wort  
Nach dem AbschiedJosephine Lang  
(1815-1880)*I Said to Love*I need not go  
At Middle-Field Gate in February  
Two Lips  
In five-score summers!  
For Life I had never cared greatly  
I said to LoveGerald Finzi  
(1901-1956)

Four Neapolitan-Inspired Songs of Love

Il Marechiaro\*

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

L'ultima canzone

Core 'ngrato\*

La Danza

\*sung in Neapolitan

Where is the Life that Late I led  
from *Kiss Me, Kate*Cole Porter  
(1891-1964)**Translations:****Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre (Toreador Song)  
*Carmen* – Georges Bizet**I can reciprocate your toast,  
gentlemen, for with soldiers,  
Yes, bullfighters can agree:  
For pleasure, they have fights!  
The arena is full; it's a holiday!  
The arena is full from top to bottom.  
The spectators, losing their heads,  
Heckle each other boisterously!  
Insults, screams, and commotion  
Pushed to the point of frenzy!  
For it's the celebration of courage!  
It's the celebration of people of spirit!  
Let's go – on guard! Ah!Toreador, on guard!  
And do keep in mind – yes,  
Keep in mind, while fighting,  
That a dark eye is watching you  
And that love awaits you!  
Toreador, love awaits you!  
All of a sudden the people are silent.  
Ah, what is happening?  
No more screaming – this is the moment!  
The bull rears,  
Bounding out of the pen!  
He rears, he enters, he strikes!  
A horse rolls over, dragging along a picador.  
“Ah, well done, bull” roars the crowd!  
The bull goes, comes, and strikes again!  
Shaking his banderillas,  
Full of rage, he runs!  
The arena is strewn with blood!  
People are running away;

They are leaping over the railings!  
It's your turn now!  
Let's go – on guard! Ah!

### **La vague et la Cloche - The Wave and the Bell**

Once, overwhelmed by a powerful potion,  
I dreamt that amidst the waves and the noise of the sea,  
I was sailing without a lantern in the darkness,  
A dispirited sailor beyond hope of reaching the shore

The ocean spat its foam into my face  
and the wind froze me with horror to the very marrow,  
The waves crashed like walls  
in that slow rhythm broken by silence ...

Then, everything changed ...  
The sea and its black chaos were stilled ...  
Beneath my feet the deck of the ship gave way ...  
And I was alone in an old belfry,  
Furiously astride a ringing bell.

I clung to the clanging monster  
Desperately, convulsively, closing my eyes with the effort;  
The rolling made the old stones tremble,  
So fiercely did I continue its heavy swinging.

Why did you not say,  
O dream, where God is leading us?  
Why did you not say whether they would not end,  
The pointless labor and unending hubbub  
That are the stuff of life, alas, of human life!

**Josephine Lang** considered her songs to represent her diary and as such, she utilizes an extremely personal approach to setting song texts. One of the most prolific female composers of her day, she composed nearly 300 songs. Most would never be published even after her death. Her compositional output, often stunted by her domestic duties of raising her six children, was in-part made possible due to the persistence of her friends; Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann, and Ferdinand Hiller. Whether the texts are interpreted literally or metaphorically, *Frühes Sterben*, *Sängers trost*, *Und noch von dir kein Wort*, and *Nach dem Abschied* all address the theme of the pain and loss of losing someone dear. In honor of our dear friend Lonel Woods, too soon departed, I am dedicating these selected *lieder* in the hopes that Josephine Lang's diary of song can provide both peace and love to all.

### **Frühes Sterben - Early Death**

Just as the waves come to rest  
After the soft evening breeze,  
Just as a mother solicitously  
Puts her dear child to rest,  
Thus would I like to rock to sleep  
The hot yearning in my soul,  
The hot yearning in my soul,  
And the old, evil lament  
Would therewith have faded away.

Playing with the breezes of spring,  
The flower turns rose-red,  
But in the tender chalice  
Sleeps, too, its early death!  
Thus it happens to my love  
In my ever restless heart;  
As soon as its loving has begun,  
It already feels the pangs of death.

### **Sängers Trost - Singer's Lament**

Even if someday no beloved  
Weeps tears onto my grave,  
The flowers still drop down  
Their gentle dew.  
Even if no wanderer  
Lingers there while passing by,  
The moon during his journey  
Looks down upon that place.  
Even if on these fields  
Soon no earthling remembers me,  
The meadow and the quiet grove  
Do remember me.  
Flowers, grove, and meadow,  
Star and moonlight,  
Do not forget their singer.

### **Und noch von dir kein Wort - And Still not a Word from You**

And again a day has passed,  
And still no word from you.  
I know not how I crept about  
All day until Evening!

I know not how I stood and walked,  
What my eye did and my ear,

For oh, before my soul there hung  
A black shroud.  
I know not what I thought in my pain,  
For whatever I wanted to think,  
It was as if a hammer struck my heart,  
As if it was about to burst.  
I know not with whom I walked and spoke,  
For everything other than you  
Floated away before and behind me  
Like phantoms!  
Thus I stand here in solitude,  
Abandoned by the one thing in the world  
Upon which all my deeds  
And thoughts were focused.  
In vain I reach out to you,  
You declare me an outlaw.  
Our love's bond, torn,  
Flutters away into the night.

### **Nach dem Abchied - After the Farewell**

The sun sinks into the lap of the sea,  
But the light - the sky does not release it.  
It blossoms and glows and turns night into day,  
The lament of the nightingale into a paean of joy.

Thus you departed, but the light of your being  
Does not depart from the sky of my soul.  
Wherever I may wander and rest on earth,  
Night and sadness can never arise within me.

### **Il Marechiare - The Marechiare**

When the moon rises above the Marechiare  
Even the fishes make love,  
The waves toss on the sea  
and change color for joy,  
When the moon rises above the Marechiare

At the Marechiare there is a window,  
tapped by my passion;  
a carnation adorns the sill.  
The water passes below, murmuring:  
at the Marechiare there is a window.

Those who say the stars are bright  
haven't seen your two eyes.  
I alone know these two stars:  
they have touched my heart.

Who says the stars are bright?

Come down, Carulì, the air is mild;  
How long have I waited?  
To accompany my song  
I have brought a guitar tonight.  
Come down, Carulì, the air is mild!

### **L'ultima canzone - The Last Song**

They've told me that tomorrow,  
Nina, you're to be wed,  
and yet I still sing my serenade to you!  
There, on the empty plains,  
There, in the shady valley,  
how often I've sung it to you!  
"Rose-petal,  
o amaranth flower,  
even though you marry,  
I'll be with you still,  
rose-petal"

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded  
by celebration, smiles and flowers;  
you won't give a thought to our old love.  
But night and day, forever,  
filled with passion,  
lamenting, my song will come to you:  
"Leaf of mint,  
flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
the kisses I gave you!  
Leaf of mint!"

### **Core 'ngrato - Ungrateful Heart**

Catari, Catari,  
Why do you tell me  
Only words of bitterness,  
Why only things  
That torment me, Catari?  
Don't forget  
That once I gave you my heart,  
Catari, don't forget!

Catari, Catari, why do you  
Say these things  
That make me suffer?  
You never think of my pain,  
You never think of it,

You don't care.  
Ungrateful heart,  
You wrenched my life from me  
And now it's all over,  
You no longer think of me!

### **La danza - The Dance**

Already the moon dips into the sea,  
My goodness, she'll jump right in;  
The hour is pleasant for dancing,  
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,  
My dear ladies, come to me,  
See a handsome smiling fellow  
Willing to dance with every one.

While the evening star shines in the sky  
And the moon glows brightly,  
The most handsome with the fairest  
Will dance the night away.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,  
Every couple circling round,  
Back and forth and over again  
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,  
Take the brunette here and there,  
take the redhead for a turn,  
the wallflower you better don't touch.

Hooray for dancing round and round,  
I'm a king, a pasha too,  
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,  
And the dearest passion?!

Mamma mia, my goodness...

This four song set represents four stages of an Italian love story. **Il Marechiaro** is the story of a romantic young man serenading his love at the window, full of passion and desire. **L'ultima canzone** represents the irrationality of love and the continuation of his love despite the impending marriage tomorrow that guarantees to cut it short. **Core 'ngrato** sinks into the inevitable despair of realizing that there is no way that unrequited love can persist and recognizing the tremendous pain that it causes. Finally **La danza** represents the resiliency of the romantic spirit through a night of dancing and searching for the next person to start the cycle of love and hope anew.

I was first exposed to Italian dialects when I had the pleasure of working with a Venetian coach during a summer festival while in Italy. Since then I have continued to become more and more familiar with the variations on the Italian language and to share these dialects with the American audience. **Il Marechiaro** and **Core 'ngrato** are two of the more well-known staples from Neapolitan song and will be shared in the original Neapolitan today. With the kind assistance of my friend and conductor, Joseph Resigno, who grew up speaking Neapolitan on the eastern seaboard, I have prepared this language as faithfully to the dialect as possible.