

CCM

**CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES
PRESENTS**

**CCM VOCAL
CHAMBER MUSIC**

Dr. Gwen Coleman, vocal chamber music
coordinator

**Wednesday, November 29, 2023
Cohen Family Studio Theater
7:30 p.m.**

PROGRAM

Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno (RV 675)

Attributed to Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Aria: Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno

Recit: Povero cor, che pensi?

Aria: Pur ch'a te grata

Josh Klein, baritone
Benji Berners, cello
Evan Martschenko, harpsichord
Quinn Patrick Ankrum, coach
Michael Unger, coach

Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme, Viola und Klavier, Op 91

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

I. Gestillte Sehnsucht

II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

Natalie Corrigan, mezzo
Kody Dunford, viola
Sihan Zhang, piano
Elliot Madore, coach
Ayane Kozasa, coach

FROM Lute Songs

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Shall I Sue, Shall I Seek for Grace?

Time Stands Still

Now, Oh Now, I Needs Must Part

Zach Burnham, tenor
Özgür Cetindere, guitar
Quinn Patrick Ankrum, coach
Michael Unger, coach

PROGRAM

Quatre Sonnets à Cassandre

Frank Martin
(1890-1974)

1. *Qui voudra voir comme un dieu me surmonte*
2. *Nature ornant la dame qui devoit*
3. *Avant le temps tes tempes fleuriront*
4. *Quand je te vois, seule, assise, à part toi*

Nia Spaulding, mezzo
Aj Meyer, flute
Celeste Meisel, viola
Joseph Carey, cello
Karen Lykes, coach

Crossing Jordan

Maria Thompson Corley
(b. 1966)

His Name So Sweet
Deep River
Wade in the Water

Jadyn Riggs, soprano
Tu Gu, cello
Evan Martschenko, piano
Kenneth Griffiths, coach

INTERMISSION

PROGRAM

Dover Beach, Op. 3

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Emilio Vasquez, baritone
Yasmine Bougacha, violin
Rafael Roig-Francoli, violin
Murphy Combs, viola
Mengfan Jin, cello
Elliot Madore, coach

In Spanisches Liederspiel, Op. 74

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

1. *Erste Begegnung: Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter*
2. *Intermezzo: Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen, auf!*
3. *Liebesgram: Dereinst, dereinst, o Gedanke mein*
4. *In der Nacht*
5. *Es ist verraten*
6. *Melancholie*
7. *Geständnis*
8. *Botschaft*
9. *Ich bin geliebt*
10. *Der Contrabandiste*

Léa Nayak, soprano
Maya McGuire, mezzo
Grant Shields, tenor
Sam Dhobhany, baritone
Sihan Zhang, piano
Karen Lykes, coach

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Piango, gemo, sospiro e peno (RV 675)

Attributed to Antonio Vivaldi

I weep, I groan, I sigh, and I suffer

Anonymous

I weep, I groan, I sigh, and I suffer,
And the wound is in my heart.
I ask only for the peace of my heart,
That an even more fierce pain might kill me.

Poor heart, what are you thinking?
You catch fire and burn in the radiance of a handsome face
and yet it is necessary to keep the wound hidden.
because harsh reason wishes that you keep silent,
Because cruel law wishes that you die,
I will be silent, I will die without complaining,
But when I die at the feet of my beloved
May I at least be allowed to tell her : "I adore you."

So that my death will not be disturbing to you
I will also bear my death in silence.
Since my fate cannot be bettered
Through my faithful languishing for those eyes.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Zwei Gesänge für eine Altstimme, Viola und Klavier, Op 91

Johannes Brahms

I. Assuaged longing

Friedrich Rückert, trans. Richard Stokes

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly
With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring
In my heart without respite!
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens
On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

II. A sacred cradle-song

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

You who hover
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
O roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Oh, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels,
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

FROM Lute Songs

Shall I Sue, Shall I Seek for Grace?

John Dowland

Anonymous

Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace? Shall I pray, shall I prove?
Shall I strive to a heavenly joy with an earthly love?
Shall I think that a bleeding heart, or a wounded eye,
or a sigh can ascend the clouds to attain so high.

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams of a vain desire.
O bethink what high regard holy hopes do require.
Favour is as fair as things are. Treasure is not bought.
Favour is not won with words, nor the wish of a thought.

Justice gives each man his own, though my love be just.
Yet will not she pity my grief, therefore, die I must.
Silly heart then yield to die. Perish in despair.
Witness yet how fain I die, when I die for the fair.

Time Stands Still

Anonymous

Time stands still with gazing on her face.
Stand still and gaze for minutes, hours, and years: to her give place.
All other things shall change, but she remains the same.
Till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and down blinded with her fair eyes,
and fortune captive at her feet contemned and conquered lies.

Now, O Now, I Needs Must Part

Anonymous

Now, O now, I needs must part,
parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart:
joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love,
love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence,
this despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
it is she which then offends.

Dear, when I am from thee gone,
gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
in whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death do sense bereave,
never shall affection die.
Sad despair doth drive me hence,
this despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
it is she which then offends.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Quatre Sonnets à Cassandre

Frank Martin

1. Whoever wishes to see a god overcoming me

Pierre de Ronsard, trans. Peter Low

Whoever wishes to see a god overcoming me,
assailing me, vanquishing me,
making my heart flame and freeze repeatedly,
and taking pride in my shame...

whoever wishes to see a young man quick to pursue
in vain the object of his misery...
should read my words: he will see my suffering,
which is ignored by my goddess Cassandre, and by my god.

He will learn that love is irrational,
a sweet illusion, a beautiful prison,
a futile hope which feeds on empty air.

He will learn that one lets oneself down
when one mistakenly accepts
Eros the blind as guide, Eros the child as master.

2. Nature, when adorning that lady

Pierre de Ronsard, trans. Peter Low

Nature, when adorning that lady whose gentleness
would compel the most recalcitrant,
bestowed on her all the most beautiful features
that she had been saving up for centuries.

Everything fair and chaste and honourable
that Eros was avariciously guarding under his wings
went to sweeten the immortal graces
of her beautiful eyes which excited the gods themselves.

Scarcely had she descended from heaven
than I saw her, and, distracted,
became crazy about her... Proud Fate engraved her

in my heart with such a sharp arrow
that, whether alive or dead, I will never have the portrait
of any other lady imprinted on my heart.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

3. Your hair will prematurely blossom white

Pierre de Ronsard, trans. Peter Low

Your hair will prematurely blossom white;
your lifespan will be short;
your day will close before your evening;
your thoughts will perish with their hope betrayed;

your writings will wither without swaying me;
my destiny will cause your ruin;
your death will befall for love of me;
your descendants will ridicule your sighs;

you will become a laughing-stock;
you will build on unstable sand
and paint futilely on the skies!"

The nymph who drives me crazy was making these prophecies, when heaven as witness to her words
flashed before my eyes the sinister omen of a lightning-bolt.

4. When I see you sitting all by yourself

Pierre de Ronsard, trans. Peter Low

When I see you sitting all by yourself,
engrossed in your thoughts,
with your head somewhat lowered,
withdrawn from the crowd and from me,

then I often want to greet you, to interrupt
your moodiness; but my weakened voice,
excessively fearful, stays back
in my mouth, leaving me mute.

I cannot stand the brilliance of your appearance;
my soul quivers timorously in my body;
my tongue and vocal cords do not function.

Only my sighs, only my sad face
speak for me; and such passion
gives sufficient evidence of my love.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Dover Beach, Op. 3

Samuel Barber

Dover Beach

Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm to-night
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling
At their return, up the high strand
Begin and cease, and then again begin
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery: we
Find also in the sound a thought
Hearing it by this distant northern sea

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

In Spanisches Liederspiel, Op. 74

Robert Schumann

1. First encounter

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

I come from the rose-bush, O mother,
I come from the roses;

On the banks of those waters
I saw roses and buds;
I come from the roses.

On the banks of that river
I saw roses in blossom;
I come from the roses,

I saw roses in blossom,
Sighing I picked the roses
From the rose-bush, O mother;
I come from the roses.

And by the rose-bush, O mother,
I saw a young man;

On the banks of those waters
I saw a slim young man,
I saw a young man.

On the banks of that river
The young man also looked for roses,
Many roses he picked, many roses,

And smiling he picked the loveliest,
And sighing gave me the rose.
I come from the rose-bush, O mother,
I come from the roses.

2. Intermezzo

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

Though you sleep, my girl,
Rise, and let me in;
For the hour has come
When we must leave here.

And if you are shoeless,
Put no shoes on;
Through torrential waters
Our way shall lie.

Through the deep deep waters
Of the Guadalquivir;
For the hour has come
When we must leave here.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

3. Love's sorrow

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

One day, one day,
O my thoughts,
You shall be at rest.

Though love's ardour
Allows you no peace,
In cool earth
You shall sleep well,
And without pain
You shall be at rest.

What in life
You have not found,
When life is vanished
Shall be given you,
Then without wounds
You shall be at rest.

4. In the night

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

All have gone to their rest, O heart,
All are sleeping, all but you.

For hopeless grief
Frightens slumber away from your bed,
And your thoughts wander in silent
Sorrow to their love.

5. It cannot be concealed

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

That you are glowing with passion,
O sly ones, can easily be seen,
For your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

Ever revelling in sighs,
Ever weeping instead of singing,
Spending wakeful nights
And avoiding sweet sleep—
These are the signs of that passion
Your countenance reveals,
And your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

That you are glowing with passion,
O sly ones, can easily be seen,
For your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

Love, money and grief are to me
The hardest to conceal,
For even with the sternest souls
They force themselves to the surface.
Your restless mood
Betrays them too clearly,
And your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

6. Melancholy

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

When, when will the morning come,
When, O when!
That will free my life
From these bonds?
You my eyes,
So clouded by sorrow!
Saw only torment instead of love,
Saw no joy at all;
Saw only wound on wound,
Agony upon agony inflicted on me;
And in my long life,
Not a single cheerful hour.
If only the hour
Would finally,
Finally arrive,
When I could no longer see!

7. Confession

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

This is how I love you, beloved:
My heart does not dare
To express a single wish—
That is how I love you!
For if I dared to wish,
I would immediately hope;
Were I brash in my hope,
I know I would anger you.
And so I summon death alone
To appear,
For my heart does not dare
To express another wish;
That is how I love you!

8. A message

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

I gather carnations and jasmine,
And my heart thinks of him.

All you flame-red carnations
Which the morning presented me,
I send you to him as messengers
Of that passion which devours me.
And you dear white blooms—
Greet him gently with your fragrance.
Tell him I am pale with longing,
That I wait for him in tears.

I gather carnations and jasmine,
And my heart thinks of him.
A thousand flowers, drenched in dew,
I find in the valley, newly awakened;
Though all blossomed but today,
Their splendour will be gone
When the next smiling morning dawns.
Speak, O fragrant jasmine,
Speak, O flame-red carnations,
Can love too wither so quickly?
Ah, my heart thinks of him!

I gather carnations and jasmine,
And my heart thinks of him.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

9. I am loved

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Eric Sams

Let all evil tongues
Always say what they like:
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

Wicked, wicked rumour
Your tongues whisper mercilessly,
But I know they are merely
Hungry for innocent blood.
Never shall it worry me—
Gossip as much as you want;
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

Slandering is the only thing that's understood
By the one who has missed out on love and
affection,
Since he himself is so wretched
And no one woos and wants him.
That's why I think that love,
Which they revile, gives me honour;
Whoever loves me I love back
And I know that I am loved.

If I were made of stone and iron,
You might insist
That I should reject
Lover's greeting and lover's plea.
But my little heart is now unfortunately
Tender, as God grants us maidens;
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

10. The smuggler

Emanuel Geibel, trans. Richard Stokes

I am the smuggler,
And know well how to inspire respect;
I know how to defy everyone,
And I fear no one.
So let us be merry!
Who shall buy my silk and tobacco?
Truly, my little horse is tired,
I hurry, yes, hurry,
Otherwise the patrol will catch me,
And then things will go very badly!
Run, my merry horse,
Ah, my dear, good steed,
You know well how to carry me!

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