

Jenaveve Linabary, soprano
Senior Recital: March 9, 2013

Mio caro bene (from <i>Rodelinda</i>)	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Sie liebten sich beide (Heinrich Heine) Liebst du um Schönheit (Friedrich Rückert) Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen (Friedrich Rückert)	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Romance (Paul Bourget) Nuit d'étoiles (Théodore de Banville) Chanson triste (Jean Lahor)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918) Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
My Sweetheart and I (Félix Bovet) Ah, Love, but a day! (Robert Browning) i carry your heart (E. E. Cummings) Heart! We will forget him! (Emily Dickinson) How do I love thee? (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)	Amy Beach (1867-1944) John Duke (1899-1984) Libby Larsen (b. 1950)
<i>Intermission.</i>	
Amor (Arnold Weinstein) At the Last Lousy Moments of Love (Arnold Weinstein)	William Bolcom (b. 1938)
What Good Would the Moon Be? (from <i>Street Scene</i>)	Kurt Weill (1900-1950) (Words by Langston Hughes)
So in Love (from <i>Kiss Me, Kate</i>)	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
I'm a Stranger Here Myself (from <i>One Touch of Venus</i>)	Kurt Weill (1900-1950) (Words by Ogden Nash)
Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love (from <i>Leave It to Me!</i>)	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Maybe This Time (from <i>Cabaret</i>)	John Kander (b. 1927) (Words by Fred Ebb)

Program Notes and Translations

Love: a four letter word that has become so curiously ‘regular’ in today’s society, yet boasts such historical influence as the poet’s muse, the artist’s desire, and the composer’s obsession. As the selections for this program indicate, love sustains and devastates to such an extent that musical literature hinges on the juxtaposition of its unparalleled wonder and its inevitable misfortunes.

Rodelinda contrasts the assurance of love with the provisional nature of power. The opera premiered at the King’s Theatre in 1725 to immediate acclaim, becoming Handel’s third stunning success in less than a year. Reminiscent of the history of the Lombards, the action transpires in 17th century Italy within the walls of the royal palace. The queen, Rodelinda, believes her husband dead, yet perseveres even as the Duke, who has driven the king from his throne, solicits her affections. Her final aria, “Mio caro bene,” articulates the elation she experiences in reuniting with her husband. The aria is of the three-part *da capo* form customary of the Baroque period, and is characterized by a highly decorated melodic line.

Mio Caro Bene!

*Mio caro bene!
Non ho più affanni e pene,
Non ho più affanni al cor.
Vedendoti contento,
Nel seno mio già sento,
Che sol vi alberga amor.*

Nicola Francesco Haym (1678-1729)

My Dear Beloved!

My dear beloved!
I no longer know suffering and pain,
I have not a care in my heart.
Seeing you happy,
I already feel inside
As if only love resides there.

Perhaps the most famed musical alliance, the romance of Clara and Robert Schumann was marked by Clara’s dramatic separation from her father, pianist Friedrich Wieck, and Robert’s mental and emotional instability. Even so, in 1841, during the first year of their marriage, the couple published a volume of lieder celebrating married love with texts from Rückert’s poetic cycle *Liebesfrühling* (*Spring of Love*). Clara contributed No. 2 (“Er ist gekommen”), No. 4 (“Liebst du um Schönheit”), and No. 11 (“Warum willst du and’re fragen”). A year later, she composed “Sie liebten sich beide” as a gift for her husband; he thought it one of her most successful undertakings. Crafted with an earnest sincerity, her brilliantly conceived vocal lines, together with her evocative and often unmistakably virtuosic accompaniment, capture the tenderness and exhilaration of new love as well as the bittersweet ache of a love unrequited.

Sie liebten sich beide

*Sie liebten sich beide,
doch keiner wollt' es dem andern gestehn.
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.*

*Sie trennten sich endlich
und sah'n sich nur noch zuweilen im Traum.
Sie waren längst gestorben
und wußten es selber kaum.*

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

They loved each other

They loved each other,
but neither wanted to confess it to the other.
They saw each other as hostile,
and wanted to perish from love.

They finally parted
and met only sometimes in dreams.
They were long since dead
and hardly knew it themselves.

Liebst du um Schönheit

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

*Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

*Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

*Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immerdar.*

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
it is young each year!

If you love for treasures,
oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many clear pearls!

If you love for love,
oh yes, do love me!
Love me ever,
I will love you evermore!

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.*

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.*

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.*

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

He came in storm and rain

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
How could I know that his path
would become my own?

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly captured my heart.
Did he take mine? Did I take his?
Both came towards one another.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessed spring.
My love travels on, I watch him cheerfully,
for he remains mine, on any road.

The music of Duparc and Debussy finds its strength in sensitivity. Infused with the serene melancholy of which they speak, their compositions are invariably of an intense lyricism and striking expressive quality, imbued with a modesty unequalled in the works of their late-romantic contemporaries. This set combines two of Debussy's early chansons with one of Duparc's few surviving mélodies. Exposing the gravity of love's allure, Debussy suspends the dreamy and tranquil state of nostalgia through continually interrupted cadences ("Romance") and a rippling piano line ("Nuit d'étoiles"). Duparc employs similar devices to voice an escapist longing to find solace in a lover's arms.

Romance

*L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
 L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
 Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis
 Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
 Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
 Cette âme adorable des lis?
 N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
 De la suavité céleste
 Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
 D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
 Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
 De béatitude et de paix?...*

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Nuit d'étoiles

*Nuit d'étoiles,
 Sous tes voiles,
 Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
 Triste lyre
 Qui soupire,
 Je rêve aux amours défunts.*

*La sereine mélancolie
 Vient éclore au fond de mon coeur,
 Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
 Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.*

*Nuit d'étoiles,
 Sous tes voiles,
 Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
 Triste lyre
 Qui soupire,
 Je rêve aux amours défunts.*

*Je revois à notre fontaine
 Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
 Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
 Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.*

*Nuit d'étoiles,
 Sous tes voiles,
 Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
 Triste lyre
 Qui soupire,
 Je rêve aux amours défunts.*

Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Romance

The evaporated and suffering soul,
 The gentle soul, the soul fragrant
 Of divine lilies which I have gathered
 In the garden of your thoughts,
 Where, therefore, have the winds chased it,
 This charming soul of the lilies?
 Is not one perfume remaining
 Of the celestial sweetness
 Of days when you enveloped me
 In a supernatural mist,
 Made of hope, enduring love,
 Of bliss and of peace?

Night of stars

Night of stars,
 beneath your veils,
 within your breeze and your perfumes,
 sad lyre
 that sighs,
 I dream of love departed.

Serene melancholy
 arises in the depths of my heart,
 and I hear the soul of my love
 quiver in the dreamy woods.

Night of stars,
 beneath your veils,
 within your breeze and your perfumes,
 sad lyre
 that sighs,
 I dream of love departed.

I see again at our fountain
 your gaze as blue as the skies;
 This rose is your breath
 and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
 beneath your veils,
 within your breeze and your perfumes,
 sad lyre
 that sighs,
 I dream of love departed.

Chanson Triste

*Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.*

*J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.*

*Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;*

*Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresse[s]
Que peut-être je guérirai.*

Jean Lahor [Henri Cazalis] (1840-1909)

Sorrowful Song

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape this importunate life,
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past anguish,
My love, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will take my poor head,
Oh! now and then upon your knees,
And recite to it a ballad
Which will seem to speak of us;

And in your eyes full of sorrow,
In your eyes, then, I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Credited with a more intimate kind of romanticism, Amy Beach was the first woman in the United States to achieve wide recognition as a composer. Her setting of "My Sweetheart and I" depicts the recklessness of infatuation. In the original French text, the lover is like a butterfly attracted by the seductive flame of his beloved. Thus, the recurring rhythmic pattern in the accompaniment invokes the flickering flame and the coloratura passages for the voice, the butterfly's fluttering wings. The poignant "Ah, Love, but a day!" from *Three Browning Songs* is among Beach's most popular works; its appeal due in part to the sensitivity with which she sets the text.

My Sweetheart and I

Like springtime with colors so fair,
Like rosy flame entrancing, with its bright, joyous dancing,
Like the flow'ret pale, whose perfume fills the air,
So lovely thou art, Ah! My sweetheart!
Like the swallow that heralds the coming of May,
Like the fawn that doth follow the white flower away,
It's beauteous charm, his heart alluring,
Like fearless moth, who soon must fly,
Through the flame, his wings consuming,
His wings the flame consuming,
Ah! Am I!

Félix Bovet* (1824-1903)

**English translation unattributed*

Ah, Love, but a day!

Ah, Love, but a day!
And the world has changed!

The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Ah, Love, look in my eyes,
Wilt thou change too?

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

John Duke focused on a seamless and melodic assimilation of words and music, seldom employing the atonal techniques endemic to the twentieth century. “i carry your heart” is an emphatic declaration of love modeled after a poem by E. E. Cummings, the poet who revised grammatical and linguistic rules to suit his own purposes. Duke emulates Cummings’ poetic rhythm and meter, punctuating lines of text with rests and repeated motifs. Poet Emily Dickinson is also noted for freeing expression from conventional restraints. One of her most famous poems, “Heart! We Will Forget Him!” has been set by many composers. Duke’s interpretation honors Dickinson’s intent by rejuvenating the imperative inhabiting the poem.

**i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it’s you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you**

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

E. E. Cummings (1894–1962)

Heart, we will forget him

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I – tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave—
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I remember him!

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

The forty-four poems in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were written while she was being courted by Robert Browning. It is thought the title was an attempt to disguise the personal nature of the collection. "How do I love thee?" is the final song in Libby Larsen's cycle for soprano and piano designed around the sonnets. The cycle provides a contrast to girlish expectations of romance by relating a woman's journey of finding mature love. Larsen approaches Browning's poetry with a reverence, transforming unresolved questions into a harmonic language of suspension and unexpected resolution.

How do I love thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men might strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)

The collaboration of William Bolcom and Arnold Weinstein yielded four volumes of *Cabaret Songs*, which are voluptuously intoxicating, riotously humorous, and disparagingly candid. Written for Bolcom's wife, chanteuse Joan Morris, they demand a certain theatricality and engage principally the lower part of the vocal range. "Amor," with its rhythmic variance, inventively alludes to the satisfaction of a playful flirtation, while "At the Last Lousy Moments of Love" relies on chromatic tension to recall love's sting.

The German composer Kurt Weill is remembered for specific attempts to reform the musical stage by pursuing collaborations with the most highly regarded playwrights and lyricists of his time. The success of the provocative *One Touch of Venus*, which satirizes romantic and sexual morals, enabled Weill to

persuade Elmer Rice that his Pulitzer-Prize winning drama *Street Scene* could become a “Broadway opera.” For its distinctive synthesis of traditional opera and popular music, Weill received the first Tony Award for Best Original Score.

They say love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired. Cole Porter certainly understood this principle. His sophisticated melodies, ranging from bright to sensual, are filled with witty lyrics and daring sexual innuendo. *Kiss Me, Kate*, Porter’s most successful musical, chronicles the affair of an estranged couple battling on and offstage while starring in a musical version of Shakespeare’s *Taming of the Shrew*. His musical *Leave It to Me!* is of more limited fame, in part because its comic treatment of the Soviets and Nazis seemed misplaced after World War II. “My Heart Belongs to Daddy” and “Most Gentlemen Don’t Like Love” are two of the show’s legacies, the latter revived in the 1975 film *At Long Last Love*.

By the 1960s, Broadway musicals had become more cynical with ambiguous conclusions and emerging amoralities. *Cabaret* was the first major success of Kander and Ebb, the duo also responsible for *Chicago*. Set in the tumultuous city of Berlin during the rise of Nazi Germany, the plot revolves around performer Sally Bowles and her volatile relationship with a young American writer. Though not in the original stage production, “Maybe This Time” has appeared in subsequent revivals and remains one of Broadway’s most memorable ballads.

“Love requires a never ending process, joy and pain for as long we are willing and able to live in it.”

–Libby Larsen, on *Sonnets of the Portuguese*

Jenaveve Linabary will graduate from Linfield College in June with degrees in music (vocal performance emphasis) and elementary education. In high school, she invested her time in the theatre, appearing in a number of productions, including the Idaho premiere of *The Wedding Singer: The Musical Comedy* as Julia Sullivan. While at Linfield, Jenaveve has studied voice under Natalie Gunn and has continued to perform as Cinderella in Gallery Theatre’s production of *Into the Woods* and as Diana in Linfield College Theatre’s *Lend Me a Tenor*. She has been featured with the Linfield Opera Theatre in scenes from *Così fan tutte* (Dorabella) and *Cenerentola* (Angelina) and in cabarets and musical revues at Linfield and in the Portland area. Jenaveve is an Oregon Music Teachers’ Association scholarship winner and a regional winner of the NATS Musical Theatre Auditions. She was honored to participate in the Region VII Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival as an acting partner in 2011. After graduation, Jenaveve plans to pursue a career uniting her passions for performance and education.