

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) is a celebrated English composer from the baroque era. A child prodigy, Purcell began composing musical works as early as nine years old. Though much of his music was inspired by his time in the church either as a child or organist for Westminster Abbey, Purcell also composed secular musical dramas and England's only opera at the time, *Dido and Aeneas*. Featured in this recital are works from Purcell's *The Fairy-Queen* and *The Comical History of Don Quixote*. *The Fairy-Queen* is considered a semi-opera or "restoration spectacular" which was a style of theatre popular in the 17th-century. These restoration spectacles were elaborately staged works that featured scenic backdrops and farcical stage tricks like trapdoors and fireworks. The libretto is an anonymous adaptation of William Shakespeare's comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which, until the 20th Century, was lost shortly after its premier in 1692. *The Comical History of Don Quixote* is one of the first adaptations of Miguel de Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, premiering only 78 years after the death of Cervantes. This work is a three-part dramatization written by Thomas D'Urfey for which Purcell provided most of the music. The work itself was not well received after its premier in 1694 although some of Purcell's compositions from it, the famous mad scene "From rosy bow'rs" for instance, have become well known.

<https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-5000002310>

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847) grew up in Berlin and received a musical education from both her mother and composers Ludwig Berger and Carl Friedrich Zelter. Unfortunately due to social expectations of her time, much of Hensel's works were not credited to her originally and she was not allowed the artistic freedom to explore a career in music despite her skills being at a high caliber. Hensel received high praise for her works and her brother Felix even stated that she possessed greater talent than him when it came to the piano. At the young age of fourteen, Fanny Hensel could already play all 24 preludes from Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier* from memory.

Hensel's works include an orchestral overture, four cantatas, a piano trio and quartet, 125 pieces for solo piano, and over 250 lieder (German vocal music). Because of her musical education largely focusing on the works of Baroque composers, her music is very reminiscent of that era. Much of her vocal music features melismatic sections, melodic lines contoured by arpeggios, and the inclusion of ornamentation at the ends of lyrical phrases. Music historian Angela Mace Christian wrote that Fanny Mendelssohn "struggled her entire life with the conflicting impulses of authorship versus the social expectations for her high-class status ...; her hesitation was variously a result of her dutiful attitude towards her father, her intense relationship with her brother, and her awareness of contemporary social thought on women in the public sphere."

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Fanny-Mendelssohn>

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) was introduced to music at the ripe age of seven. He took piano lessons he took from Italian musician Jean Cerutti; his early musical education happened to the backdrop of his family's escape from the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. At age of ten, Claude Debussy was admitted to the Paris Conservatory where he would study musical performance and composition for the following eleven years. Debussy faced conflicting reactions from his professors at the conservatory. Some regarded him as charming and artistic while others held the opinion that his works were cavalier and questioned his artistic competence. Nevertheless, Debussy went on to achieve the Prix de Rome in 1884 with his cantata *L'enfant prodigue*. Following the recognition of the prestigious award, Debussy accepted a residence at the Villa Medici, a French musical academy in Rome.

Like his time at the Paris Conservatory, his works were the center of much controversy in the musical community of the time. Critics labeled his music as "impressionistic" despite Debussy rejecting the term for himself stating: 'I'm trying to write "something different"—realities in a way; imbeciles call it "impressionism" which is a term used as inappropriately as possible, particularly by art critics.' Since the concurrent impressionist artistic movement largely focused on the human perception of light and color, many compared the two art forms as sharing qualities of blurred lines and subtly. The term musical impressionism strongly suggests that he was doing something similar, painting pictures with sounds. Debussy instead, was concerned with creating a mood, feeling, and atmosphere that the listener could be suspended within while enjoying his music.

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Claude-Debussy>

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921) is a greatly celebrated French composer, performer, and conductor of the later Romantic Era. Making his first concert debut at the age of ten, Saint-Saëns was a child prodigy who began his musical studies at the age of three. Saint-Saëns was admitted to the Paris Conservatory at age thirteen and would go on to study piano, organ, and composition. The musical career of Saint-Saëns included working as a church organist and music teacher before gaining international recognition for his compositions over time. His list of compositions is quite extensive and includes 27 orchestral works, 42 chamber music works, and 13 operas. *Samson et Dalila* is one of his more well-known operas and follows the biblical tale of Samson and Delilah through the style of grand opera. Saint-Saëns was inspired by the choral works of Handel and Mendelssohn and originally planned to compose an oratorio to the story of Samson and Delilah. After talks with Ferdinand Lemaire about possibly writing the libretto for the music, Lemaire convinced Saint-Saëns that the story would be better suited for an opera. Following its premier, the opera was received with great praise and acclaim. *Samson et Dalila* is toned by dramatic expressions of lust, guilt, betrayal, and sacrifice.

<https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-0000024335>

Federico Mompou (1893-1987) was born in Barcelona to parents of French and Catalan origin. Mompou first studied piano at the Conservatori Superior de Música del Liceu before going to Paris to study at the Paris Conservatory. At the time, the conservatory was headed by Gabriel Fauré whose musical style largely inspired Mompou from a young age. He studied piano and composition at the conservatory before publishing his works. Mostly composing for solo piano, Mompou also published works for voice and guitar as well as one ballet and two choral pieces. After his return to Paris in 1921, Mompou was met with great praise for his works which were regularly being performed in the city. His works even inspired French critic, Émile Vuillermoz, to proclaim Mompou "the only disciple and successor" to Claude Debussy. Mompou's introverted nature allowed him to pursue a career behind the talent of his compositions. The style of Mompou is characterized by brief yet intimate and at times delicate music. The emotional expression in his music may be limited by time but is saturated with tones of introspection and reflection.

<https://www.wisemusicclassical.com/composer/3933/Federico-Mompou/>

Amy Cheney Beach (1867-1944) is often regarded as the first American female composer to realize a successful career writing art music. Although excluded from studying or teaching at top universities because of her gender, Beach was a child prodigy who studied piano, harmony, and counterpoint privately before teaching herself to compose by studying and playing works of composers she admired. With the financial backing of her husband, Beach became devoted to her compositions and pushed her works under her formal married name, Mrs. H.H.A. Beach. Beach was known for her large-scale works such as her Mass in E-Flat, Gaelic Symphony in E Minor, and Piano Concerto- all of which were well received. Composers that she admired included Brahms, Dvorak, Beethoven, Handel, and Chopin. Beach's *Three Browning Songs*, Op. 44, are dedicated to the Browning Society of Boston (Browning societies were groups who met to discuss the works of Robert Browning). Among Beach's most popular songs, they were often performed by soprano Emma Eames. At the time of her death, Beach had composed over 300 musical works and over 100 songs (a piano concerto, one act opera, many solo piano works, choral works, chamber music).

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Amy-Marcy-Beach>

TRANSLATIONS

Hark! How all things

Hark! how all things in one sound rejoice.
And the world seems to have one voice.
Hark! how all things in one sound rejoice.

<https://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/grovemusic/view/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.001.0001/omo-9781561592630-e-3000000159>

From Rosy Bow'rs

From rosy bow'rs where sleeps the god of Love,
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly:
Teach me in soft, melodious songs to move,
With tender passion, my heart's darling joy.
Ah! let the soul of music tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
And a frisk from the ground,
I will trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing,
Were three celestial bodies,
With an air and a face,
And a shape, and a grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis all in vain,
Death and despair must end the fatal pain,
Cold despair, disguis'd, like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast!

Bleak winds in tempests blow,
My veins all shiver and my fingers glow,
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice, my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself or drown?
Amongst the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze and crystal pillows,
Lay down my lovesick head.
Say, say, ye Pow'rs, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself or drown?

No, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled,
Love has no pow'r to charm.

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
Robes, locks shall thus be tore;
A thousand deaths I'll die

Ere thus in vain adore.

https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=16131

Morgenständchen

In den Wipfeln frische Lüfte, Fern melod'scher Quellen Fall Durch die Einsamkeit der Klüfte, Waldeslaut und Vogelschall, Scheuer Träume Spielgenossen, Steigen all' beim Morgenschein Auf des Weinlaubs schwanken Sprossen Dir [in's]1 Fenster aus und ein. Und wir nah'n noch halb in Träumen Und wir thun in Klängen kund, Was da draußen in den Bäumen Singt der weite Frühlingsgrund. Regt der Tag erst laut die Schwingen: Sind wir Alle wieder weit -- Aber tief im Herzen klingen Lange nach noch Lust und Leid.	In the treetops, fresh breezes; distant, melodious springs rustling through the solitude of the ravine; forest sounds and birdcalls. The playmates of shy dreams all ascend by the morning light on the grapevine's swaying branches in and out of your window and we come near, half in a dream, and we make known in our sounds what, outside among the trees, the wide Spring valley sings. Once the day loudly moves its wings, we are all once again far away; but deep in your heart resound
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	joy and sorrow for a long time afterward.
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https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=5241

Suleika

<p>Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen, West, wie sehr ich dich beneide: Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen Was ich in der Trennung leide! Die Bewegung deiner Flügel Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen; Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen. Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen Kühlt die wunden Augenlider; Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen, Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder. Eile denn zu meinem Lieben, Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen; Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen. Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden: Seine Liebe sei mein Leben, Freudiges Gefühl von beiden Wird mir seine Nähe geben.</p>	<p>Ah, West Wind, how I envy you Your moist pinions: For you can bring him word Of what I suffer away from him! The movement of your wings Wakes silent longing in my heart; Flowers, meadows, woods and hills, Dissolve in tears where you blow. Yet your mild, gentle breeze Cools my sore eyelids; Ah, I'd surely die of grief, Did I not hope to see him again. Hurry, then, to my beloved, Whisper softly to his heart; Take care, though, not to sadden him, And hide from him my anguish. Tell him, but tell him humbly: That his love is my life, His presence here will fill me With happiness in both.</p>
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<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/632>

Frühling

<p>Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte Hör' ich Wandervögel ziehn, Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte, Alles fängt schon an zu blühen.</p> <p>Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen, Lenz und Liebe muß das sein! Alle Wunder wieder scheinen Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.</p>	<p>Above the garden through the air I hear migrating birds That means spring scents, Everything is already beginning to bloom.</p> <p>I want to shout, I want to cry That must be spring and love! All miracles seem again In with the moonlight.</p>
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Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen,
Und in Träume rauscht der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen:
Sie ist dein, ja sie ist dein!

And the moon, the stars say
And the grove rustles in dreams,
And hit the nightingales:
She is yours, yes she is yours!

https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=53200

Nuit d'Etoiles

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 cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.
Nuit d'étoiles ...
Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.
Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.
Night of stars...
Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2754>

Voici que le printemps

Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger d'avril,
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé de roses
blanches.
Paraît leste, fringant et les poings sur les
hanches
Comme un prince acclamé revient d'un long
exil.
Les branches des buissons verdissent rendent
étroite
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant comme un
fol;
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un rossignol,
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaule droite.
Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les mousses

Behold the Spring, that delicate son of April,
A handsome page in green velvet
embroidered with white roses,
Behold how nimble, how dashing he is, with
hands on his hips,
Like a prince being hailed on his return from
long exile.
The branches of verdant bushes hem in
The path he dances along like a jester;
A nightingale perches on his left shoulder,
And on his right shoulder a blackbird has
alighted.
And the flowers that slumbered beneath the
forest moss

<p>des bois Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une ombre vague et tendre; Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent, pour entendre Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter à la fois. Car le merle sifflote et le rossignol chante; Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas aimés, Et pour les amoureux languissants et charmés, Le rossignol prolonge une chanson touchante.</p>	<p>Open their eyes, on which a vague tender shadow quivers; And their little feet stand on tiptoe to hear The two birds whistle and sing together. For the blackbird whistles and the nightingale sings; The blackbird whistles for those who are not loved, And for spellbound and languishing lovers The nightingale pours out a touching song.</p>
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<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2804>

Paysage Sentimental

<p>Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant, Où le soleil errait parmi [des]1 vapeurs blanches, Était pareil au doux, au profond sentiment Qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement Par [cette après-midi de rêves]2 sous les branches...</p> <p>Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle ne remuait, Branches noires [avec]3 quelque feuille fanée, -- Ah! que [mon âme s'est à ton âme]4 donnée Plus tendrement [encor]5 dans ce grand bois muet, Et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année !</p> <p>La mort de tout, sinon de toi que j'aime tant, Et sinon du bonheur dont mon âme est comblée, Bonheur qui dort au fond de cette âme isolée, Mystérieux, paisible et frais comme l'étang Qui pâlisait au fond de la pâle vallée.</p>	<p>The winter sky, so sweet, so sad, so slumbrous, where the sun wandered among pale mists, was like the sweet, deep feeling that made us happy in a melancholy way on that afternoon of kisses under the branches, dead branches not stirred by any breeze, black branches with a few withered leaves. Ah, how your lips were given to my lips more tenderly still in this great, mute woods and in this languor of the year's death, the death of everything except that I love you, and except for the happiness filling my soul, happiness that rests deep in this isolated soul, mysterious, peaceful and cool, like the pond that grew pale at the bottom of the pale valley.</p>
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https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=68500

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix

<p>Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix, comme s'ouvrent les fleurs aux baisers de l'aurore!</p>	<p>My heart opens to your voice Like the flowers open To the kisses of the dawn!</p>
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<p>Mais, ô mon bienaimé, 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, verse-moi l'ivresse! :</p> <p>Ainsi qu'on voit des blés les épis onduler sous la brise légère, ainsi frémit mon coeur, prêt à se consoler, à ta voix qui m'est chère! La flèche est moins rapide à porter le trépas, que ne l'est ton amante à voler dans tes bras! : Ah! réponds à ma tendresse! Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!</p>	<p>But, oh my beloved, To better dry my tears, Let your voice speak again! Tell me that you are returning To Delilah forever! Repeat to my tenderness The promises of old times, Those promises that I loved! Ah! respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy!</p> <p>Like one sees the blades Of wheat that wave In the light wind, So trembles my heart, Ready to be consoled, By your voice that is so dear to me! The arrow is less rapid In bringing death, Than is your lover To fly into your arms! Ah! respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy!</p>
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<https://lyricstranslate.com/en/mon-c%C5%93ur-souvre-%C3%A0-ta-voix-my-heart-opens-your-voice.html>

Damunt de tu només les flors

<p>Damunt de tu només les flors. Eren com una ofrena blanca: la llum que daven al teu cos mai més seria de la branca.</p> <p>Tota una vida de perfum amb el seu bes t'era donada. Tu resplendies de la llum per l'esguard clos atresorada.</p> <p>Si hagués pogut ésser sospir de flor! Donar-me com un llir a tu, perquè la meva vida s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit. I no saber mai més la nit que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.</p>	<p>Lying upon you, like a white Offering, there were flowers only. From them your body drew the light, Without them now the branch was lonely.</p> <p>And as they gave their kiss to you, Their life of fragrance was sent flowing. From your closed eyes the light shone through: You were resplendent, you were glowing.</p> <p>Could I but be a flower's sigh And, like a lily, give you my own self, so that my very being Would fade away upon your breast And never need again the rest</p>
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	Of night, that from your side is fleeing.
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Aquesta nit un mateix vent

<p>Aquesta nit un mateix vent i una mateixa vela encesa devien dû el teu pensament i el meu per mars on la tendresa</p> <p>es torna música i cristall. El bes se'ns feia transparència, si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall, com si abracéssim una absència.</p> <p>El nostre cel fóra, potser, un somni etern aixís de besos fets melodia i un no ser de cossos junts i d'ulls encesos amb flames blanques i un sospir d'acariciar sedes de lliur.</p>	<p>Last night, the same wind of the day, And the same sail, alive and burning, Were there to take our thoughts away On seas where tenderness and yearning</p> <p>Turn into music, into glass. Our kiss became transparency, And our embrace an emptiness. I was the mirror, you the sea.</p> <p>Our private heaven might inspire A dream of kisses, never-ending, Turned into song; of eyes on fire With white flames, and of bodies blending; A sigh, from disembodied breast, Of lily's silk as it's caressed.</p>
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Jo et pressentia com la mar

<p>Jo et pressentia com la mar i com el vent, immensa, lliure, alta damunt de tot atzar i tot destí.</p> <p>I en el meu viure com el respir I ara que et tinc veig com el somni et limitava. Tu no ets un nom ni un gest. No vinc a tu com a l'imatge blava d'un somni humà.</p> <p>Tu no ets la mar que és presonera dins de platges, tu no ets el vent pres en l'espai. Tu no tens límits; no hi ha, encar, mots per a dir-te, ni paisatges per sê el teu món, ni seran mai.</p>	<p>I had foreseen you like the sea And like the wind, immense and giving, High above chance and ever free Of common fate.</p> <p>And like a living breath in my life. Now that you're mine I see my dream had set you limits. You are no name, no sign.</p> <p>I come to you not as to the blue image Of human dreams. You aren't the sea, which is imprisoned among beaches, You aren't the wind, confined by air. You have no bounds. No words are there To tell of you, no land that reaches Your world, nor will there ever be.</p>
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<http://faculty.ce.berkeley.edu/coby/songtr/combat.htm>

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

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.
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?
Thou art a man,
But I am thy love.
For the lake, its swan;
For the dell, its dove;
And for thee — (oh, haste!)
Me, to bend above,
Me, to hold embraced.

I send my heart up to thee!

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/4253>