



THE UNIVERSITY *of* NORTH CAROLINA

**GREENSBORO**

School *of*  
Music, Theatre *and* Dance

**Lisa Foerster**

soprano

**Ināra Zandmane, piano**

Graduate Recital

Saturday, October 30, 2010

7:30 pm

Recital Hall, Music Building

*Program*

**Peine et plaisir**  
**Ballade**

**Maria Szymanowska**  
(1789-1831)

**O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte** from *Lobgesang*

**Fanny Hensel**  
(1805-1847)

**Sechs Lieder aus “Jucunde” Op. 23**

Was weinst du, Blümlein  
An einem lichten Morgen  
Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort  
Auf einem grünen Hügel  
Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag  
O Lust, o Lust

**Clara Schumann**  
(1819-1896)

*Intermission*

**Six Chansons Françaises**

Non, la fidélité  
Souvent un air de vérité  
Mon mari m'a diffamée  
Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera  
On a dit mal de mon ami  
Les trois présents

**Germaine Tailleferre**  
(1892-1983)

**The Lily of a Day**  
**Magdalen at Michael's Gate**  
**When I am dead, my dearest**

**Liza Lehmann**  
(1862-1918)

**Cowboy Songs**

Bucking Bronco  
Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly  
Billy the Kid

**Libby Larsen**  
(b. 1950)

**The Girl in Fourteen “G”**

**Jeanine Tesori**  
(b. 1961)

Lisa Foerster is a student of Dr. Nancy Walker

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In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the  
Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance

## **Maria Szymanowska**

### **Peine et plaisir**

Text by M. Serge Pushkin (1799-1837)

Peine et plaisir tout finira,  
Tu me l'as dit je veux le croire  
Mon âme un jour sur l'onde noire,  
Avec Caron s'embarquera  
Et lors peut être se dira  
Peine et plaisir tout finira.

Mais tant que la Parque inhumaine  
Mes tristes jours conservera  
Pour-rai je dire Oh! ma Climène  
Peine et plaisir tout finira.  
Ah! Dès l'instant ma jeune amie  
Que le destin nous sépara.  
Peine jamais ne finira.

### **Ballade**

Text by Mme. Sainte-Onge (?)

Quand un Amant fidèle et tendre  
Nous sert et s'attache à nos pas  
Pourquoi chercher à se défendre  
Qu'on est sotté de n'aimer pas.  
Mais quand on voit un infidèle  
Qu'on peut aisément enflammer,  
Qui voltige de belle en belle  
Ah! Que l'on est sotté d'aimer.

Au temps de l'aimable jeunesse  
Où l'on brille de mille appas,  
Lorsqu'à nous plaire tout s'empresse,  
Qu'on est sotté de n'aimer pas.  
Quand un amant sans constance  
Croit avoir droit de nous charmer  
S'il faut payer ses soins d'avance  
Ah! Que l'on est sotté d'aimer.

## **Fanny Hensel**

### **O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte**

Text by Johann Mentzer (1658-1734)

Ein Weib, wenn sie gebietet,  
So hat sie Traurigkeit,  
Denn ihre Stunde ist gekommen,  
Wenn sie aber das Kind geboren hat,  
Denkt sie nicht mehr an die Angst  
Um der Freude willen, daß der Mensch,  
Der Mensch zur Welt geboren ist.  
Der Herr, der Herr hat es ihr gegeben,  
Denn Liebe ist stark wie der Tod  
Und Eifer ist fest wie die Hölle;  
Ihre Glut ist feurig und eine Flamme des Herrn.

## **Pain and Pleasure**

Pain and pleasure all will end,  
You have told me, I want to believe  
My soul one day on the dark waves  
With Charon will embark.  
And then perhaps will be said,  
Pain and pleasure are all at an end.

But, in the inhuman park  
My sad days will be kept  
For that reason I say, oh, my Climène  
Pain and pleasure are all at an end.  
Ah, from the instant, young love,  
That fate separated us,  
Pain will never end.

### **Ballad**

When we serve a faithful and tender lover,  
And we are committed to our path,  
Why search to defend it,  
It is foolish to not have loved.  
But when one see an unfaithful one  
That is easily ignited  
By fluttering from woman to woman,  
Ah, that one is foolish to love.

In times of amiable youth  
When it sparkles with charms,  
When to please us it is totally eager,  
It is foolish to not have loved.  
When a lover is without constancy  
Believes he has the right to charm us,  
If it is necessary to pay him care beforehand  
Ah! That one is foolish to love.

## **Oh, if only I had a thousand tongues**

A woman, when she gives birth  
Has sadness  
Because her hour has come.  
But when the child is born,  
She thinks no more on the fear  
For the sake of joy, that the person,  
The person has come into the world.  
God gave it to her,  
Because love is as strong as death  
And eagerness is as firm as Hell,  
Its embers glow and are a flame from God.

O daß ich tausend Zungen hätte  
 Und einen tausendfachen Mund,  
 Mit allen Wesen um die Wette  
 lobt ich dann Gott aus Herzensgrund.  
 O daß doch meine Stimm erschallte bis dahin,  
 Wo die Sonne steht;  
 O daß mein Blut mit Freuden wallte,  
 So lang es durch die Adern geht;  
 O wär mein jeder Pulse ein Dank  
 und jeder Odem ein Gesang.  
 Ihr grünen Blätter in den Wäldern,  
 Bewegt und regt euch doch mit mir,  
 Ihr zarten Blumen auf den Feldern  
 Verherrlicht Gott durch eure Zier.  
 Für ihn müßt ihr, für ihn belebet sein.  
 Auch stimmt freudig mit mir ein.

**Clara Schumann**

**Sech Lieder aus "Jucunde", op. 23**

Text by Hermann Rollett (1819-1904)

*Was weinst du, Blümlein*

Was weinst du, Blümlein, im Morgenschein?  
 Das Blümlein lachte: Was fällt dir ein!  
 Ich bin ja fröhlich, ich weine nicht  
 Die Freudenträne durch's Aug' mir bricht.

Du Morgenhimmel bist blutig rot,  
 Als läge deine Sonne im Meere tot?  
 Da lacht der Himmel und ruft mich an:  
 Ich streue ja Rosen auf ihre Bahn, ja Rosen!

Und strahlend flammte die Sonn' hervor,  
 Die Blumen blühten freudig empor.  
 Des Baches Wellen jauchzten auf,  
 Und die Sonne lachte freundlich darauf.

*An einem lichten Morgen*

An einem lichtem Morgen,  
 da klingt es hell im Tal;  
 Wach' auf du liebe Blume,  
 ich bin der Sonnenstrahl!  
 Erschließe mit Vertrauen  
 Dein Blütenkämmerlein  
 Und laß die heiße Liebe  
 In's Heiligtum hinein.

Ich will ja nichts verlangen  
 Als liegen dir im Schoß  
 Und deine Blüte küssen,  
 Eh' sie verwelkt im Moos.  
 Ich will ja nichts begehren  
 Als ruh'n an deiner Brust  
 Und dich dafür verklären  
 Mit sonnenheller Lust.

Oh, if only I had a thousand tongues  
 And a thousand mouths  
 With all my being as much as I could I would  
 praise God from the bottom of my heart.  
 Oh, if only my voice would resound  
 As far as where the sun is;  
 Oh, if only my blood would surge  
 As long as it moves through my veins;  
 Let every pulse be a thank you  
 And every breath a hymn.  
 You green leaves in the woods,  
 Move and stir with me,  
 You sweet flowers in the fields,  
 Glorify God through your beauty.  
 For that reason you are alive  
 So tune joyfully with me.

**Six songs from *Jucunde***

*Little flower, why are you crying?*

Why are you crying, little flower, in the morning  
 sun?  
 The little flower laughed: what are you thinking!  
 I am happy, I am not crying,  
 Tears of joy are streaming from my eyes.  
 Morning sky, are you blood red,  
 As though the sun is laying dead in the sea?  
 The sky laughed and called to me:  
 I am spreading roses on your path, yes, roses!

And the sun shone forth as with flames,  
 The flowers bloomed with joy.  
 The stream chuckled with joy,  
 And the sun laughed on the scene.

*On a bright morning*

On a bright morning  
 It sounded clearly in the valley;  
 Wake up you dear flower,  
 I am the ray of the sun!  
 Open with trust  
 Your bloom chambers  
 And let warm love  
 Into the sanctuary.

I will not demand anything more  
 Than to lie in your lap  
 And to kiss your blossoms  
 Before they wilt in the moss.  
 I desire nothing more  
 Than to rest on your breast  
 And to transfigure you  
 With sun-bright pleasure.

*Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort*

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort,  
Verborg'nes Quellenrauschen,  
O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort,  
Laß mich des Lebens reinstes Wort  
In Zweig und Blatt belauschen.

Und schreit' ich in den Wald hinaus,  
Da grüßen mich die Bäume,  
Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus,  
Du schließest mich mit Sturm gebräus  
In deine kühlen Räume!

Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt,  
Ich will es treu bewahren,  
Und was mir tief zum Herzen dringt,  
Will ich, vom Geist der Lieb' beschwingt,  
In Liedern offenbaren!

*Auf einem grünen Hügel*

Auf einem grünen Hügel,  
Da steht ein Röslein hell,  
Und wenn ich rot, rot Röslein seh',  
So rot wie lauter Liebe,  
Möcht' weinen ich zur Stell'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel,  
Da stehn zwei Blümlein blau,  
Und wenn ich blau, blau Blümlein seh',  
So blau wie blaue Äuglein,  
Durch tränen ich sie schau'!

Auf einem grünen Hügel,  
Da singt ein Vögelein;  
Mir ist's, als säng's:  
Wer niemals Leid, recht großes Leid erfahren  
wird nie recht glücklich sein.

*Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag*

Das ist ein Tag, der klingen mag  
Die Wachtel schlägt im Korn,  
Die Lerche jauchzt mit Jubelschlag  
Wohl überm hellen, grünen Hag,  
Der Jäger bläst in's Horn.  
Frau Nachtigall ruft süßen Schall,  
Durch's Laub ein Flüstern zieht,  
Das Echo tönt im Widerhall,  
Es klingt und singt all überall,  
Das ist ein Frühlingslied.

*Secret Whispers here and there*

Secret whispers here and there,  
Hidden springs rustle  
Oh forest, you consecrated place,  
Let me hear life's purest words in your  
branches and leaves.

And walking into the woods,  
The trees greet me,  
You dear, free house of God,  
You surround me during the noise of the storm  
In your cool rooms.

What softly floats and rings around me,  
I will faithfully protect it,  
And that which goes deep into my heart,  
I will, exhilarated by the spirit of love,  
Pass on in songs.

*On a green hill*

On a green hill  
There stands a bright little rose  
And when I see the little red rose  
As red as real love,  
I want to cry on the spot!

On a green hill,  
There stand two blue little flowers,  
And when I see blue flowers  
As blue as blue little eyes,  
I look at them through tears!

On a green hill,  
A little bird sings;  
To me it is as if it sings:  
Who never suffers, real great suffering has,  
Will never really be happy.

*This is a day that sounds*

This is a day that sounds,  
The quail knocks about in the grain,  
The lark jubilantly rejoices  
Far above the clear green hedge,  
The hunter blows his horn.  
Mrs. Nightingale calls her sweet sound,  
Through the leaves rises a whisper,  
The echo repeats back,  
It rings and sings everywhere,  
This is a song of spring.

### *O Lust, O Lust*

O Lust, O Lust, vom Berg  
ein Lied in's Land hinab zu singen!  
Der kleinste Ton hinunter zieht,  
So wie auf Riesenschwingen!  
Der stillste Hauch aus lauter Brust,  
In Leid und Lust entruungen  
Er wird zum Klange unbewußt  
für alle Welt gesungen.

Es schwingt sich erd- und himmelwärts  
Der Seele klingend Sehnen  
Und fällt der ganzen Welt an's Herz  
Ob freudig ob in Tränen.  
Was still sonst nur die Brust durchzieht,  
Fliegt aus auf lauten Schwingen  
O Lust, o Lust, vom Berg  
ein Lied in's Land hinab zu singen.

### **Germain Tailleferre Six Chansons Françaises**

*Non, la fidélité...*  
Text by Lataignant (18<sup>th</sup> cent.)

Non, non, la fidélité  
N'a jamais été qu'une imbécillité.  
J'ai quitté par légèreté  
Plus d'une beauté,  
Vive la nouveauté!  
Mais quoi...la probité!  
Tra, la, Puérilité, Le serment répété!  
Style usité; A-t-on jamais compté  
Sur un traité  
Dicté par la volupté.  
Sans liberté?  
La, la, On feint, par vanité,  
D'être irrité;  
L'amant peu regretté  
Est invité;  
La femme, avec gaieté,  
Bientôt s'arrange de son côté.

*Souvent un air de vérité*  
Text by Voltaire (1694-1778)

Souvent un air de vérité  
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge;  
Une nuit, dans l'erreur d'un songe,  
Au rang des rois j'étais monté.  
Je vous aimais alors  
Et j'osais vous le dire.  
Les dieux, à mon réveil,  
ne m'ont pas tout ôté;  
Je n'ai perdu que mon Empire.

### *Oh Joy, Oh Joy*

Oh Joy, Oh joy, from the mountaintop  
To sing a song down to the valley!  
The smallest sound resounds,  
As if on huge wings!  
The very quietest breath from the breast  
Wrung from sorrow and joy  
It becomes unbeknownst a sound  
Sung for the whole world.

It swings earth and heavenward:  
The longing ringing of the soul  
And if the entire world weighs on the heart,  
Whether joyful or in tears.  
What now only flows through the breast  
Will fly out with loud swinging.  
Oh joy, oh joy, from the mountaintop  
To sing a song down to the valley.

*No, fidelity...*

No, no, fidelity  
Was nothing but an idiocy.  
I left by carelessness,  
Rather than by beauty,  
Hail novelty!  
But what...integrity!  
Tra, la...immaturity, repeating the oath!  
Usual style: as it is never counted  
As a treaty  
dictated by voluptuousness.  
Without liberty?  
La, la...we dissimulate by vanity  
to be irritated  
The little regretted lover  
Is invited;  
The wife, with gaiety,  
Soon settles at his side.

*Often an air of truth*

Often an air of truth  
Mixes with very crude lies;  
One night, in an error of a dream,  
To the rank of kings I rose.  
I loved you then  
And I dared to tell you.  
The gods at my awakening,  
Have not taken everything from me;  
I only lost my empire.

*Mon mari m'a diffamée*  
Text anonymous, 15<sup>th</sup> century

Mon mari m'a diffamée  
Pour l'amour de mon ami,  
De la longue demeurée  
Que j'ai faite avec que lui.  
Hé! Mon ami,  
En dépit de mon mari  
Qui me va toujours battant,  
Je ferai pis que devant!

Aucunes gens m'ont blamée,  
Disant que j'ai fait ami;  
La chose très fort m'agréee,  
Mon très gracieux souci.  
Hé! Mon ami,  
En dépit de mon mari  
Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc,  
Je ferai pis que devant.

Quand je suis la nuit couchée  
Entre les bras de mon ami,  
Je deviens presque pamée  
Du plaisir que prends en lui.  
Hé! Mon ami,  
Plût à Dieu que mon mari  
Je ne visse de trente ans!  
Nous nous don'rions du Bontemps.

Si je perds ma renommée  
Pour l'amour de mon ami,  
Point n'en dois être blamée,  
Car il est coincte et joli.  
Hé! Mon ami,  
Je n'ai bonjour ni demi  
Avec ce mari méchant.  
Je ferai pis que devant.

*Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera*  
Text anonymous (15<sup>th</sup> century)

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera  
Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra  
En sa chambre seule enfermée?  
Mon père m'a donné un vieillard  
Qui tout le jour crie:  
Hélas! Hélas! Hélas!  
Et dort au long de la nuitée.  
Il me faut un vert galant  
Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans  
Et qui dormit la matinée.  
Rossignolet du bois plaisant,  
Pourquoi me va ainsi chantant,  
Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée?  
Ami tu sois le bienvenu;  
Longtemps a que t'ai attendu  
Au joli bois, sous la ramée.

*My husband defamed me*

My husband defamed me  
For the love of my friend,  
For the long time  
That I stayed with him.  
Ha! My friend,  
To spite my husband  
Who always beats me  
I will do it worse than ever!

Nobody has blamed me  
Saying that I made a friend;  
The thing that is really admired,  
My very graceful concern.  
Ha! My friend,  
To spite my husband  
Who is not worth anything,  
I will do it worse than ever!

When I have slept the night  
Between the arms of my friend  
I almost swoon with pleasure  
That I take from him.  
Ha! My friend,  
Please God that I haven't slept with  
My husband of thirty years!  
We laugh at our good times.

If I lose my reputation  
For the love of my friend  
I don't have to be blamed  
Because he is attractive.  
Ha! My friend,  
I don't have hello or half  
With this nasty husband.  
I will do it worse than ever!

*True God, who supports me*

True God, who supports me  
When this false jealous person locks me  
In his room, enclosed alone?  
My father gave me to an old man  
Who cries all day:  
Alas! Alas! Alas!  
And sleeps all night long.  
I need a sprightly courteous one  
Who was about 30 years old  
And who slept in the morning.  
Nightingale of the pleasant wood,  
Why do you sing to me,  
Because I am married to the old man?  
Friend, you are welcome;  
Long time I have waited for you  
In the lovely woods under the leafy branch.

*On a dit mal de mon ami*  
Text anonymous (15<sup>th</sup> century)

On a dit mal de mon ami,  
Dont j'ai le cœur bien marri.  
Qu'ont-ils affaire quel il soit,  
Ou qu'il soit beau ou qu'il soit laid,  
Quand je lui plais et qu'il me plait?

Un médisant ne veut onc bien:  
Quand le cas ne lui touche en rien,  
Pourquoi va-t-il médire?  
Il fait vivre en martyr  
Ceux qui ne lui demandent rien.

Quand j'ai tout bien considéré,  
Femme n'est de quoi n'est parlé.  
Voilà ce qui m'avance  
De prendre ma plaisance.  
Aussi dit-on bien que je l'ai.

Plût or à Dieu qu'il fut ici  
Celui que j'ai pris et choisi,  
Puisqu'on en a voulu parler!  
Et, dussent-ils tous enrager,  
Je coucherais avec que lui!

*Les trois presents*  
Text by Sarasin (17<sup>th</sup> century)

Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir,  
De trois presents un à choisir.  
La belle, c'est à vous de prendre  
Celui des trois qui plus vous plait.  
Les voici, sans vous faire attendre:  
Bonjour, bonsoir et bonne nuit.

**Liza Lehmann**  
**The Lily of a Day**

Text by Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make men better be,  
Nor standing like an Oak three hundred year,  
To fall at last a log, dry, bald and sere.  
The lily of a day,  
Were fairer far in May,  
Although it droop and die that ought,  
It was the plant and flow'r of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*They said badly about my friend*

They said badly about my friend,  
Whose very sad heart I have.  
Is it their affair whether  
He is handsome or ugly  
When I please him and he pleases me?

A gossip wants indeed:  
When the thing doesn't touch him,  
Why does he speak ill?  
He lives like a martyr  
From whom he asks nothing.

When I quite well considered  
What the women were saying.  
Here is what moves me  
To sail on.  
So as it is indeed said that I have him.

Please God now that he were here,  
One that I took and chose.  
Since one wants to talk!  
And, if he must make all furious,  
I would sleep with him!

*The three presents*

I give you with great pleasure,  
A choice of one of three presents  
Beautiful, it belongs to you to take  
That of the three that pleases you more.  
Here, without keeping you waiting:  
Good morning, good evening and goodnight.

### **Magdalen at Michael's Gate**

Text by Henry Kingsley (1830-1876)

Magdalen at Michael's gate,  
Tirlèd at the pin;  
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,  
"Let her in! Let her in!"  
Hast thou seen the wounds? Said Michael,  
"Knowest thou thy sin?"  
"It is ev'ning," sang the blackbird,  
"Let her in! Let her in!"  
"Yes, I have seen the wounds,  
And I know my sin."  
"She knows it well," sang the blackbird,  
"Let her in! Let her in!"  
"Thou bring'st no offerings," said Michael  
"Nought save sin."  
"She is sorry," sang the blackbird,  
"Let her in! Ah, let her in!"  
When he had sung himself to sleep,  
And night did begin,  
One came and open'd Michael's gate,  
And Magdalen went in.

### **Libby Larsen Cowboy Songs**

*Bucking Bronco*

Text by Belle Starr (1848-1889)

My love is a rider, my love is a rider  
My true love is a rider wild broncos he breaks,  
Though he promised to quit for my sake.  
It's one foot in the stirrup and the saddle put on  
With a swing and a jump  
He is mounted and gone.  
The first time I met him it was early one spring  
A riding a bronco, a high headed thing.  
The next time I saw him 'twas late in the fall  
A swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball.  
He gave me some presents  
Among them a ring  
The return that I gave him  
was a far better thing;  
A young maiden's heart,  
I'd have you all know,  
That he won it by riding his bucking bronco.  
Now all young maidens, where-e'er you reside,  
Beware of the cowboy who swings rawhide.  
He'll court you and pet you and leave you to go  
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

### *Lift Me Into Heaven Slowly*

Text by Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

Lift me into heaven slowly,  
Cause my back's sore and mind's thoughtful  
And I'm not even sure I want to go.  
Lift me into heaven slowly, slowly.

### **When I am dead, my dearest**

Text by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me,  
Plant thou no roses at my head  
Nor shady Cypress tree;  
Be the green grass above me  
With show'rs and dewdrops wet,  
And, if thou wilt, remember,  
And, if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadow,  
I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on as if in pain;  
And dreaming through the twilight,  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

### *Billy the Kid*

Text anonymous

Billy was a bad man,  
Carried a big gun  
He was always after good folks  
and he kept them on the run.  
He shot one ev'ry morning  
to make his morning meal;  
Let a man sass him  
he was sure to feel his steel.  
He kept folks in hot water,  
Stole from ev'ry stage,  
When he was full of liquor  
he was always in a rage.  
He kept thing boilin' over,  
He stayed out in the brush,  
When he was full of dead eye  
Other folks'd better hush.  
Billy was a bad man.  
But one day he met a man  
a whole lot badder  
and now he's dead  
and we ain't none the sadder.

**Jeanine Tesori****The Girl in 14G**

Text by Dick Scanlan (b. 1960)

Just moved in to Fourteen "G",  
So cozy, calm and peaceful.  
Heaven for a mouse like me  
With quiet by the leaseful.  
Pets are banned, parties too,  
And no solicitations.  
Window seat with garden view.  
A perfect nook to read a book.  
I'm lost in my Jane Austen when I hear:  
Ah! Say it isn't so.  
Not the flat below.  
From an op'ra wanna be in Thirteen "G",  
A matinee of some cantata,  
Wagner's Ring and Traviata, Ah!  
My first night in Fourteen "G"  
I'll put up with Puccini.  
Brew myself a cup of tea.  
Crochet until she's *fini*.  
Half past eight, not a peep  
Except the clock tick tockin'.

Now I lay me down to sleep.  
A comfy bed to rest my head.  
A stretch, a yawn;  
I'm almost gone, then  
Doo-wee zwah...(scat)  
Now the girl upstairs  
wakes me unawares  
Blowin' down from Fifteen "G"  
Her reveille.  
She's scattin' like her name is Ella.  
Guess who answers a cappella  
I'm not one to raise my voice,  
Make a fuss or speak my mind,  
But might I query...  
Would you mind if...  
Could you kindly...Stop!  
*That felt good.* Stop!  
Thirteen, Fifteen, Fourteen "G".  
A most unlikely trio.  
Not quite three part harmony.  
All day, all night we're singin':  
Had my fill of peace and quiet.  
Shout out loud.  
I've changed my diet,  
All because of Fourteen "G"!

### ***Program Notes***

After deciding to put together a vocal recital consisting of works from a variety of women composers from the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries I was pleasantly surprised to find that I didn't need to look far to find a large variety of possibilities. In fact, I found far too many composers and pieces that I wanted to program and had to console myself with the idea that this will hopefully be just the first of many recitals of music by women that I will sing. In the following notes you will find some introductory information about the composers and pieces. Hopefully it will enhance your enjoyment of the music presented tonight and pique your interest in learning more about these women and their works.

**Maria Szymanowska** (born Marianna Agata Wołowska) was a Polish pianist and composer. During her lifetime she was known more for her talent as a pianist than as a composer. After leaving her husband of 10 years in 1820 (who would not allow her to pursue music professionally) she had an illustrious performing career throughout Europe. She performed often for royal courts, was praised by Goethe and was appointed the court pianist to the Russian Tsar in St. Petersburg in 1822. She wrote around 100 compositions, including many piano miniatures. While her piano writing is virtuosic, her approximately 20 songs tend to be very expressive.

**Fanny Hensel** (born Fanny Cäcilie Mendelssohn) was the older sister of the composer Felix Mendelssohn and the granddaughter of the Enlightenment philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. Along with her brother she was raised in a very artistic household and had a very fine musical education including studying composition with the composer Carl Friedrich Zelter. Fanny was discouraged from performing in public or publishing by her father, but had a rich outlet for her talent in the *Sonntagsmusik*, a salon held at her family home. The recitative and aria on this program comes from the cantata *Lobgesang* composed for, and performed at, her salon. The piano reduction, done by Fanny herself was a gift for a friend. This piece, which is written from the viewpoint of a mother's joy in childbirth was written a year after she gave birth to her only child, Sebastian.

**Clara Schumann** (born Clara Josephine Wieck) was a child prodigy on the piano and had an extensive performing career under the management of her father before she married the composer Robert Schumann. As a pianist she was admired by many leading artists of her day including Goethe, Paganini, Spohr, Chopin, Liszt and Mendelssohn. After her husband's early death from mental illness she returned to concertizing and teaching to support herself and her eight children. She was a close friend of Johannes Brahms, as well as Pauline Viardot and Jenny Lind. She also coached Liza Lehmann on the performance of Robert Schumann's songs, before Ms. Lehmann turned to composing. In 24 days in June of 1853 she wrote songs to six poems from the novel *Jucunde* by Austrian writer Hermann Rollett. Hearing that his songs had been set by "Schumann" Rollett wrote to Robert, only to find out from him that his wife had penned the songs.

**Germaine Marcelle Tailleferre** (born Germaine Marcelle Taillefesse, last name changed to spite her father who was against her music making) was the only female member of Les Six, a group of French composers who met at the Paris Conservatory. She wrote a large variety of works, most of which are unpublished and unknown, including short piano pieces, songs, chamber music, two piano concerti, ballets, operas as well as other orchestra and chamber music. After her divorce from the American caricaturist Ralph Barton in 1927 she wrote the *Six Chansons Francaises* to texts from the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries. Each song deals with relationships from a female point of view and each song was dedicated to a different friend of hers. The set can be seen as a reaction to the difficulties in her personal life.

**Liza Lehmann** (born Elizabeth Nina Mary Frederika Lehmann, first name pronounced Leeza, according to her autobiography) was born to a German father and British mother. She grew up in an artistic home and traveled widely as a child. She trained as a singer under Jenny Lind and sang professionally for nine years until her marriage. She then turned to composing, producing many songs, a musical, an opera and a comic opera. Remembered mostly for her comic and light pieces (such as *There are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden*) the songs on this recital show her more serious side. *The Lily of a Day* was the first piece written after 12 months of writer's block due to her son's death from pneumonia in 1916 while he was serving in the military. The dramatic *Magdalen at Michael's Gate* was Lehmann's favorite composition and was written for and performed by Nellie Melba. The last song Lehmann wrote, six weeks before her death was *When I am Dead, My Dearest*.

**Libby Larsen** was born in 1950, lives in Minneapolis and has written over 400 works to date. Her pieces range from songs to orchestral works and operas. She was a cofounder of the American Composers Forum and has won many awards for her works including a Grammy. As quoted from her website ([libbylarsen.com](http://libbylarsen.com)) she states "in not performing music composed by women we have missed out entirely on what half our population has to say to us through music."

**Jeanine Tesori** (born Jeanine Levenson in 1961) has composed music for a variety of musical theater productions including *Thoroughly Modern Millie*, *Caroline, Or Change*, and *Mother Courage and Her Children*. Her film credits include music for *Nights in Rodanthe*, *The Little Mermaid*, and *Shrek the Third*. She is known for her ability to write in a variety of styles, using pop, gospel and opera as inspiration. The piece *The Girl in Fourteen "G"* was written for Kristin Chenoweth's Album *Let Yourself Go*.