



Robert Wells
baritone
James Douglass
piano

Faculty Recital

Wednesday, March 26, 2008
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Drei Gesänge D902

L'incanto degli occhi
Il traditor deluso
Il modo di prender moglie

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

La bonne chanson

Une sainte en son auréole
Puisque l'aube grandit
La lune blanche luit dans les bois
J'allais par les chemins perfides
J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
N'est-ce pas?
L'hiver a cessé

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Intermission

from the Mörike Liederbuch

Fußreise
Verborgenheit
Elfenlied
Um Mitternacht
Nimmersatte Liebe
Abschied

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Caberet Songs

Song of Black Max (As told to the de Kooning Boys)
Thius King of Orf
Angels are the Highest Form of Virtue
Waitin
Fur (Murray the Furrier)

William Bolcoln
(b. 1938)

Franz Schubert:
Drei Gesänge für Bass-Stimme mit Klavier
D902

Texts by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

L'Incanto degli occhi

Da voi, cari lumi,
Dipende il mio stato;
Voi siete miei Numi,
Voi siete il mio fato.
A vostro talento
Mi sento cangiar,
Ardir m'inspirate,
Se liete splendete;
Se torbidi siete,
Mi fate tremar.

Il traditor deluso

Recitativo:
Aime, io tremo!
Io sento tutto inondarmi
Il seno di gelido sudor!
Fuggasi, ah quale?
Qual'è la via?
Chi me l'addita?
Oh Dio! Che ascoltai?
Che m'avvenne?
Oh Dio! Che ascoltai?
Ove son io?

Aria:
Ah l'aria d'intorno lampeggia, sfavilla;
Ondeggia, vacilla l'infido terren!
Qual notte profonda d'orror mi circonda!
Che larve funeste, che smanie son queste!
Che fiero spavento mi sento nel sen!

Il modo di prender moglie

Or sù, no ci pensiamo,
Corraggio e concludiamo,
Al fin, s'io prendo moglie,
Sò ben perchè lo fò.

Lo fò per pagar i debiti,
La prendo per contanti,
Di dirlo, e di ripeterlo,
Difficoltà non ho.

Fra tanti modi e tanti
Die prender moglie al mondo,
Un modo più giocondo
Del mio trovar no sò.

Si prende per affetto,
Si prende per rispetto,
Si prende per consiglio

The Magic of Eyes

On you, beloved eyes,
Depends my life;
You are my gods;
You are my destiny.
At your bidding
My mood changes.
You inspire me with daring
If you shine joyfully;
If you are overcast
You make me tremble.

The Traitor Deceived

Recitativo:
Alas, I tremble!
I feel a cold sweat
Upon my brow!
I must flee; but where?
Where is the way?
Who will show it to me?
O God, what do I hear?
What is happening to me?
O God, what do I hear?
Where am I?

Aria:
The air around me flashes and sparkles;
The perfidious earth quakes and trembles!
The deep night surrounds me with horror!
What fearful creatures, what furies are these?
What raging terror I feel in my breast!

How to Choose a Wife

Now then, let's not think about it;
Courage, let's get it over with.
If in the end I have to take a wife
I know very well why I do it.

I do it to pay my debts.
I take her for her money.
I have no compunction in telling you,
And repeating it.

Of all the ways of choosing a wife
In the world,
I know of no happier way
Than mine.

One chooses a wife for love,
Another out of respect,
Another because he is advised to,

Si prende per puntiglio
Si prende per capriccio,
È vero, sì o nò?

Ed io per medicina
Di tutti i mali miei
Un poco di sposina
Prendere non potrò?

Ho detto e' l' ridico,
Lo fò per li contanti,
Lo fanno tanti e tanti
Anch'io lo farò.

Gabriel Fauré:

La bonne chanson (1892-1894)

Texts by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

I. Une Sainte en son auréole

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour;

La note d'or que fait entendre
Le cor dans le lointain des bois,
Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphante
Eclos dans des candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;

Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.

II. Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisqu'après m'avoir fui longtemps,
l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux
flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soir par des sentiers
de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encomrent le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis
Qu'elle m'écouterà sans déplaisir sans doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.

Another out of propriety,
Another for a whim.
Is it true or not?

And I,
Why can't I take a little wife
As remedy
For all my ills?

I've said it and I'll say it again:
I do it for the money.
So many do it,
I do it too.

The Good Song

I. A Saint in her halo

A saint in her halo,
A chatelaine in her tower,
All that human words contain
Of grace and love;

The golden note that can be heard
From the horn in the distance of the woods,
Combined with the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of long ago;

Withal the rare charm
Of a fresh, triumphant smile
Blooming in the purity of the swan
And the blushes of a woman-child.

A pearly sheen, white and pink
A sweet patrician harmony:
I see, I hear all the things
In her Carlovingian name.

II. Since dawn is breaking

Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,
Since hope, having eluded me
so long, is ready
To return, heeding my supplication,
Since all this happiness is to be mine,

Guided by you, lovely eyes alight
with tenderness,
Led by you, O hand in which my own hand trembles
I will walk ahead, be it by
mossy paths
Or tracks made rough by rocks and boulders;

And as if to beguile the slowness of the journey,
I will sing some simple airs, I tell myself
That no doubt she will listen without displeasure;
And truly I wish for no other paradise.

III. La lune blanche luit dans les bois

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

O bien-aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule nor
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

IV. J'allais par des chemins perfides

J'allais par des chemins perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore;
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: «Marche encore!»

Mon cœur craintif, mon somber cœur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,

Nous a réunis dans la joie!

V. J'ai presque peur, en vérité

J'ai presque peur, en vérité,
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,
Habite en ce cœur tout à vous,
Ce cœur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
A penser qu'un mot, qu'un sourire
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'œil

III. The white moon is shining in the woods

The white moon
Is shining in the woods;
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs...

O beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The outline
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, this is the hour.

A vast and tender
Peacefulness
Seems to descend
From the heavens
Made iridescent by the moon...

This is the exquisite hour.

IV. I followed treacherous paths

I followed treacherous paths,
Sadly insecure.
Your dear hands guided me.

Palely on the far horizon
Gleamed a faint hope of dawn;
Your eyes were the morning.

No sound, but of his own footsteps,
Encouraged the traveler.
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"

My heart full of fear, my despondent heart
Wept, alone, on the sad journey;
Love deliciously triumphant,

Has united us in joy!

V. In truth, I am almost afraid

In truth, I am almost afraid,
So closely do I feel my life linked
To the radiant conception
That possessed my soul last summer.

So constantly does your image, for ever dear,
Dwell in this heart, all yours.
This heart whose only longing
Is to love and to please you;

And I tremble, forgive me
For telling you so frankly,
When I realize that a word, a smile
From you is henceforth law to me,

And that a gesture is enough,
A word or the merest glance,

Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être somber
Et fécond en peines sans nombres,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême,
De me dire encore et toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

VI. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles
Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin;
—Mille caillies
Chantent, chantent dans le thym!—

Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour;
—L'alouette
Monte au ciel avel le jour!—

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
—Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé mûr!—

Et fais luire ma pensée
Là-bas, bien loin, oh! bien loin!
—La rosée
Gaîment brille sur le foin!—

Dans le doux rêve où s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor...
—Vite, vite,
Car voici le soleil d'or!—

VII. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été
Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été:
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encore votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisible des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

VIII. N'est-ce pas?
N'est-ce pas? Nous irons, gais et lents,
dans la voie
Modeste que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on nous voie

To plunge me into mourning
For my celestial illusion.

Yet I determine to look upon you,
Though the future were to be dark for me
And full of countless afflictions,
With only immense hopefulness,

Immersed in the supreme happiness
Of saying to myself again and for ever,
Despite returning dejection,
That I love you, that I love thee!

VI. Before you vanish
Before you vanish
Pale star of the morning;
A thousand quails
Are singing, singing in the thyme!

Turn towards the poet,
Whose eyes are full of love;
The lark
Rises up to the sky at daybreak!

Turn your gaze steeped
By the dawn in its azure;
What joy
Among the fields of ripe corn!

And make my thoughts shine
Yonder, far away, oh! far away!
The dew
Gleams brightly on the hay!

Into the sweet dream
Of my love who still stirs in sleep...
Quickly, quickly,
For here is the golden sun!

VII. So, it will be on a clear summer day
So, it will be on a clear summer day;
The great sun, accomplice of my joy,
Will make, clad in silk and satin,
Your dear beauty lovelier still;

The blue sky, like a tall canopy,
Will quiver magnificently, in long folds
Above our two brows, pale
With the emotion of happiness and anticipation;

And when evening comes, the breeze will be soft
Playing caressingly among your veils,
Amid the peaceful gaze of the stars
Will smile beneficently on the married lovers.

VIII. Is it not true?
Is it not true? Light of heart and unhurried,
We shall follow
The modest path which smiling hope has shown us,
Caring little if others are aware of us or not.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux cœurs, exhalant leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine

De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange, n'est-ce pas?

IX. L'Hiver a cessé

L'Hiver a cessé, la lumière est tiède
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.
Il faut que le cœur le plus triste cède
A l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme,
Et le vert retour du doux floral,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour.
La saison est belle et ma part est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.

Que vienne l'été! Que viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi décore
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

Hugo Wolf:
from the Mörike Liederbuch (1888)
Texts by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Fussreise

Am frisch geschnitten Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab;
Dann, wie's Vöglein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter lieber
Adam Herbst- und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeheartzte, nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie de strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisst immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweife
Eine solche Morgenreise!

Isolated in love as if in a dark forest,
Our two hearts breathing peaceful tenderness
Will be two nightingales singing at evening.

Without concern about our future
Fate, we shall walk along together
Hand in hand, with the child-like soul

Of those whose love is unalloyed, is it not true?

IX. Winter has ended

Winter has ended, the light is warm
And dances, from the earth to the clear firmament.
The saddest heart must yield
To the immense joy scattered in the air.

For a year I have not had the spring in my soul
And the green return of gentle maytime,
Like a flame encircles a flame,
Adds ideal to my ideal.

The blue sky extends, raises and crowns
The immutable azure where my love laughs.
The season is beautiful and my lot is good,
And each of my hopes has been fulfilled in turn.

Let the summer come! Let fall and winter
Come as well! And every season
Will be delightful to me, oh you, whom
This feeling and this reason adorn!

A Country walk

When, with a newly cut stave,
Early in the morning
I rove thus through woods,
Or up and down hills:
As the bird on the twig
Sings and bestirs itself,
And as the golden grape
Senses the spirits of rapture
In that first morning sun:
So too in me the dear old Adam
Feels the fever of autumn and spring
The God-protected, never frittered away
Bliss of the first-born in Paradise.

So you are not so bad, old
Adam, as hard preceptors say:
But keep on loving and lauding,
Singing and extolling,
As if each were a new day of Creation,
Your dear Creator and Keeper.

Would he grant it be so,
And my whole life
Were the gentle sweat
Of just such a morning journey.

Verborgenheit

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein:
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Elfenlied

Bei nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
"Elfe!"

Ein ganz kleines Elfenchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe!

Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also, tippe tapp,
Durchs haselholz ins Tal hinab
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treiben's in dem Saale.
Da guck' ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!;"
Pfui, stößt den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt! Du hast genug? Gukuk!

Um Mitternacht

Gelassen stieg die Nacht ans land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wange nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht, ins Ohr
Vom Tage, vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Das uralte alte Schlummerlied
Sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es müd;
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süßer noch,
Der flüchtigen Stunden gleich-geschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch fort
Vom Tage, vom heute gewesenem Tage.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb

Seclusion

Leave me in peace, O world!
Tempt me no more with your favours,
Leave this heart alone
With its joys and sorrows.

I know not why I mourn,
Some unknown grief consumes me;
Always through a veil of tears
I behold the sun's beloved light.

At times as though in a trance,
The radiance of happiness penetrates
The gloom which oppresses me
And joyously lightens my heart.

Elfin Song

At night in the village, the watchman called,
"Eleven!"

A tiny little elf was sleeping in the wood –
At the hour of eleven.

And thought that the nightingale
Was calling him by name from the valley,
Or that Silpelit had called him.
The elf rubbed his eyes,
Came out of his snail-shell house,
Like a drunken man,
Being only half awake;
And thus he hobbled tip-a-tap
Through the hazel-wood down into the valley,
Slipping along close to the wall
Where the glow-worms were sitting, light by light.
"What can these bright little windows be?
There must be a wedding within,
They will be sitting at the feast
And merry-making in the hall.
I will have a peep inside!"
Ouch! He hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, surely that is enough for you? Cuckoo!

At Midnight

Calmly night has climbed the eastern shore,
Reclines, dreaming, against the mountain side,
Her eyes now upon the golden scales
Of time quietly at rest in counterpoise.
And bolder, the rushing springs sing,
In their mother the night's ear,
Of the day, of the day that has been today.

That age-old lullaby
She pays no heed, weary of it;
Sweeter to her sounds the blue of heaven
The even-slung yoke of the fleeting hours.
But still the springs murmur on
And in sleep the waters sing on
Of the day, of the day that has been today.

Insatiable Love

Love is like that! Love is like that!
Not to be appeased with kisses.
Who is the fool who takes a sieve

Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr',
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb', hat alle Stund'
Neu wunderbarlich Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küßten.
Das Mädchen hielt in gutter Ruh,
Wei's Lämmlein unterm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: "Nur immer zu,
Je weher desto besser!"

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Abschied

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt abends bei mir ein:
"Ich habe die Ehr, Ihr Rezensent zu sein."
Sofort nimmt er das Licht in die Hand,
Besieht lang meinen Schatten an der Wand,
Rückt nah und fern:
"Nun lieber junger Mann,
Sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal
Ihre Nas so von der Seite an!
Sie geben zu, daß das ein Auswuchs is."
- Das? Alle Wetter – gewiß!
Ei Hasen! Ich dachte nicht,
All mein Lebtage nicht,
Daß ich so eine Welt Nase führt im Gesicht!!

Der Mann sprach noch Verschiednes hin und her,
Ich weiß, auf meine Ehre, nicht mehr;
Meinte vielleicht, ich sollt ihm beichten.
Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat ihm leuchten.
Wie wir nun an der Treppe sind,
Da geb ich ihm, ganz frohgesinnt,
Einen kleinen Tritt
nur so von hinten aufs Gesäße mit –
Alle Hagel! Ward das ein Gerumpel,
Ein Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!
Dergleichen hab ich nie gesehn,
All mein Lebtage nicht gesehn,
Einein Menschen so rasch die Treppe hinabgehn!

And fills it just with water?
You can pour for a thousand years,
And kiss for ever and ever;
You'll never do it to satisfaction.

Love, love, at all times it brings
New and strange joys;
We bit one another's lips sore
When we were kissing today.
The girl kept perfectly still
Like the lamb under the knife;
Her eyes said: "Just go on,
The more painful the better!"

Love is like that and has been so
As long as love has existed,
And no different was my lord Solomon,
The wise man, in his love-making.

Farewell

One evening, without knocking, in comes a gentlemen,
"I have the honor to be your critic."
At once he picks up the light,
Looks long at my shadow on the wall,
Stepping close and standing back:
"Now young man,
Do just kindly see how your nose
Looks from the side!
That, you will admit, is a nose and a half!"
Is it? Good heavens! – To be sure!
Bless my soul! I never imagined
In all my life that my face
Had such a world-sized nose!

Various other things the man said,
About this and that, I truly no longer remember;
Maybe he thought I should have made a confession.
At last he rose. I lit him out.
At the top of the stairs,
I gave him, merrily,
A wee kick
On the backside to be getting along with –
And the thunder! The rumbling,
The tumbling, the stumbling!
I ver saw the like before,
Never in all my life,
Have I seen a man go down the stairs so fast!

Program Notes

The penultimate year in the life of **Franz Schubert**, 1827, was marked by a decline in his health, the completion of his monumental song cycle, *Winterreise*, and the death of the composer, Ludwig von Beethoven. After completing the first twelve songs of *Winterreise* in February of that year, Schubert composed comparatively little for the next few months, and there has been much subsequent speculation about the degree to which Schubert's declining health and somber mood were the result of his efforts on the song cycle. Before returning to the poetry of Wilhelm Müller in October and November, Schubert did compose a small number of *Lieder* in the summer months of 1827, among them the *Drei Gesänge für Bass-Stimme mit Klavier*, D902. Schubert dedicated these three songs – which stand in sharp contrast to the songs of *Winterreise* – to the celebrated bass, Luigi Lablache (1794-1858), whom Schubert likely met and with whose performances Schubert would have been familiar. These three songs, each with a different character, are the last of Schubert's Italian settings of texts attributed to Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782). The first of the group, *L'Incanto degli occhi*, utilizes text from Metastasio's *Attilio Regolo*. It is a charming cavatina that is perhaps the most "Schubertian" in style of the three, yet still retains qualities that evoke and even poke fun at the musical conventions of Rossini and his counterparts in Italian opera composition. By contrast, *Il traditor deluso* (text from Metastasio's *Gioas, Rè de Juda*) is more overtly dramatic – to the point of melodrama. Written in *recitative* – *aria* structure, it is full of dramatic bluster, and it makes fine use of figurations and musical devices not uncommon in Italian opera composition of the time. In *Il modo di prender moglie*, a playful bit of mocking on the subject of marriage, we find a Schubertian tribute to the *opera buffa* aria and the influence on Schubert of works such as Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. The source of the text, originally attributed to Metastasio, remains unknown.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) is one of the handful of indisputable masters of French *mélodies*. Nowhere in his *oeuvre* would this be more evident than his masterful setting of the poems of Paul Verlaine in the cycle *La Bonne Chanson*. Composed in 1892, Fauré used nine of the twenty-one poems written by Verlaine in a set of the same name. The poems brim with an exuberance and optimism that are unmatched and, certainly, untypical in a culture that fully embraces the concept that all happiness must be tinged with some element of *mélancholie* in order to be valid. Verlaine had written his set as an engagement present for his fiancée, Mathilde Mauté. At this point in his chaotic life he was sincerely and deeply in love with Mathilde and, more importantly, with the prospect of joy, fulfillment, and the stability he believed their relationship would bring him. Unfortunately this bliss was short-lived, and within two years the marriage failed as Verlaine became involved with the young poet Arthur Rimbaud, a relationship that would complicate his life for many years. The married Fauré, on the other hand, had become blissfully and secretly involved with Emma Bardac (later to become the second wife of Debussy). It was, in fact, possibly the first truly happy relationship of his life, lasting several years. It seems to have inspired and moved him into a style of composing that began to show aspects of his mature style as well as a sense of freedom in composing for himself. It is no wonder that the unbridled joy of Verlaine's poetry connected with his soul.

Compositionally Fauré used thematic motives in a cyclic manner – a device he would also use in the Ballade for solo piano and the *Chansons de Venise*. Generally stated, there are five motives used in the songs with some recurring in more than one song. According to Carol Kimball (*Song: Guide to Style and Literature*) they are designated as follows: a) the Carolingian theme (songs 1, 4, 5, 9); b) the Lydia theme (songs 3, 5, 6, 8, 9); c) the "que je vous aime" theme (songs 5, 7, 8); d) the bird song theme (songs 6, 9); e) the sun theme (songs 7, 9). The Lydia theme (taken from an earlier *mélodie* of Fauré's in the song, *Lydia*) is heard most frequently and is widely believed to have been a leitmotif for Bardac. This thematic unity gives the impression that the work is not crafted of several parts but rather functions as one large single work. In the opening song *Une sainte en son auréole* the loved one is compared to the nobility and grace of a medieval princess (Mathilde was also the name of several medieval princesses), full if images that he sees and hears at the mere mention of her name. *Puisque l'aube grandit* compares the beginning of their love to the rising dawn – happiness has come back into his life and whether the journey is easy or rough, he wishes for no other paradise. *La lune blanche* (two poems blended as one) draws a parallel between love and the mysticism of a full moon's transforming light. In *J'allais par des chemins perdus* the poet tells of experiencing a journey along treacherous paths before love presents him hope and guidance. *J'ai presque peur, en vérité* shows the first small glimpse of angst, but only as the poet realizes that the depth of his love for her is such that even a gesture from her could make him mourn (this song is significant also because it is here that the formal use of the word "vous" changes to the informal "tu"). *Avant que tu ne t'en ailles* consists of another poem within a poem and speaks to two views of dawn. The first treatment is the poet telling the morning star to put his thoughts in his beloved's dream while the second describes a field scene at dawn. *Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été* describes the intense beauty of their wedding day with its inherent anticipation and excitement. With *N'est-ce pas?* we see the poet settling into the long term

concept of their relationship knowing that their love will provide everything they need. As Fauré concludes the cycle with *L'hiver a cessé* the poet emerges finally into the springtime of his life, warmed by the sun of his lover, confident in the seasonal and continual stability of their love.

Hugo Wolf's (1860-1903) creative life was, according to Eric Sams, "perhaps the shortest and most sporadic known to musical history." His reputation as a master composer rests almost entirely on the more than 240 *Lieder* published during his lifetime, the vast majority (over 200) of which were composed in brief, irregular outbursts from 1888 – 1891. Wolf absorbed and assimilated the compositional achievements of his predecessors, Schubert, Schumann, most notably Richard Wagner, in developing his own unique compositional style. His *Lieder*, noteworthy for the intimate relationship of text to music, capture, often in miniature, the complex harmonic language and extension of the boundaries of tonality that were prevalent in the music of the late nineteenth century. Preferring to set to music texts of earlier nineteenth-century poets, avoiding with few exceptions those poems he believed to have been successfully set by other composers, Wolf worked with feverishness on composing to texts of a single poet until such time as he had exhausted a particular source. Such was the case in the year 1888, during which he set to music the fifty-three poems that would comprise the *Mörike Liederbuch*. Wolf was undoubtedly drawn to the poems of Eduard Mörike (1804-1875), a relatively unknown poet at the time of his death, because of their profound nature, their variety of form, their exploration of the supernatural and the sacred, and their comic element. The six *Lieder* presented here are but a sample of the depth and breadth contained in Wolf's Mörike settings. *Fußreise* is a lively walk through the forest that is both exultant and blissful. Perhaps among the most well-known of the Wolf *Lieder*, *Verborgtheit* is a tender and personal expression of the desire to be alone with one's emotions. *Elfenlied* is a light-hearted, fantastical miniature cleverly contrived from a play on the word, "Elfe." Strophic songs are comparatively uncommon among Wolf's compositions, and in this way *Um Mitternacht* is unique. This lullaby to the day that makes use of alternating whole and half-steps in the accompaniment to evoke sleep and night – this thematic motive, as well as the tonal center are used by Wolf in other similar settings. *Nimmersatte Liebe* is a lighthearted exploration of insatiable love, complete with reference to the wisdom – not to mention the many wives – of King Solomon. The last song in the *Mörike Liederbuch*, *Abschied*, is a comic commentary on the personal, intrusive nature of artistic criticism.

The Pulitzer Prize winning composer **William Bolcom** (b. 1938) has created, along with the poet **Arnold Weinstein**, a collection of songs that broke new ground in hybrid styles. He has been called a polystylist composing in a musical language that includes methods as diverse as twelve-tone technique (to expand tonality, not replace it), atonality, tonality, rock and roll, jazz, microtonality, and serial methods. It is, however, his longtime interest in American popular music that continues to be a recurring source of inspiration for him. Along with his wife, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, Bolcom has built a dual career as a pianist/collaborator of American popular song from the early twentieth century. Out of this interest (and his long collaboration with Weinstein) came the *Cabaret Songs* in 1977 and 1978. They are comprised of four groups of several songs each that include such styles as ragtime, swing, blues, gospel, latin, spoken word, and cocktail piano. Within the collection the texts communicate ideas ranging from hilarious stories and characters, poignant emotions, and humorous slices of quasi-philosophical views to sophisticated urban scenes, epigrammatic fables, and sincere parodies. Weinstein, associated with the New York School of Poets, writes in a style that is somewhere between poetry and lyric prose (much like Bolcom's hybrid musical language) and is particularly known for his vivid imagery, direct language, characters, and a juxtaposition of darkness with humor. The duo state that the songs, while composed for Joan Morris, were not considered to be the exclusive domain of operatic voice classifications.