



Valerie Elizabeth Loera, mezzo soprano
with John Cozza, piano

From *Le jardin clos*, Op. 106 Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Exaucement
Quand tu plonges
Je me poserai
Dans la pénombre
La messagère

From *6 Liriche, Series 2* Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Notte
Su una violetta morta
Il giardino

In dem Schatten meiner Locken (*Spanisches Liederbuch*) Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen
Verschwiegene Liebe (*Eichendorff Lieder*)
Ich hab' in Penna (*Italienisches Liederbuch*)

INTERMISSION

Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32/1 Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Alt-Spanisch, Op. 38 Erich Korngold (1897-1957)
Liebesbriefchen, Op. 9
Allerseelen, Op. 10/8 Richard Strauss

This heart that flutters Ben Moore (b. 1960)
I will always love you Ned Rorem (b. 1923)
O you whom I often and silently come

A la orilla del palmar Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)
Estrellita
"Canción de la gitana" (*La alegría del batallón*) Jose Serrano (1873-1941)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.
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Gabriel Fauré is often considered to be the “Father” of French *mélodie*(song), having composed over 100 *mélodies*. Fauré’s style evolved over time due to various influences from mentors and colleagues such as Saint-Saëns, Niedermeyer, and the Viardots. In the early stages of his compositional style, Fauré used traditional harmonies and many of the songs revolved around themes of love and youth. Fauré began to experiment further outside of the bounds of traditional harmony and structure. *Le jardin clos* is a reflection of Faure’s experimentation with Impressionistic music. The song cycle is characterized harmonically by unresolved chords, atypical chord progressions, and repetitive rhythmic motives. The text for *Le jardin clos* is also impressionistic in style, with its use of metaphoric language to describe nature and love.

Exaucement

Alors qu'en tes mains de lumière
Tu poses ton front défaillant,
Que mon amour en ta prière
Vienne comme un exaucement.

Alors que la parole expire
Sur ta lèvre qui tremble encore,
Et s'adoucit en un sourire
De roses en des rayons d'or;

Que ton âme calme et muette,
Fée endormie au jardin clos,
En sa douce volonté faite
Trouve la joie et le repos.

Quand tu plonges

Quand tu plonges tes yeux dans mes yeux,
Je suis toute dans mes yeux.
Quand ta bouche dénoue ma bouche,
Mon amour n'est que ma bouche.

Si tu frôles mes cheveux,
Je n'existe plus qu'en eux.
Si ta main effleure mes seins,
J'y monte comme un feu soudain.

Est-ce moi que tu as choisie ?
Là est mon âme, là est ma vie.

Je me poserai sur ton cœur

Je me poserai sur ton cœur
Comme le printemps sur la mer,
Sur les plaines de la mer stérile
Où nulle fleur ne peut croître,
A ses souffles agiles,
Que des fleurs de lumière.

Je me poserai sur ton cœur
Comme l'oiseau sur la mer,
Dans le repos de ses ailes lasses,
Et que berce le rythme éternel
Des flots et de l'espace.

Dans la pénombre

À quoi, dans ce matin d'avril,
Si douce et d'ombre enveloppée,

Fulfillment

When in your hands of light,
you rest your weary head,
may my love into your prayer
come as a fulfillment.

When the words expire
on your still trembling lips,
and soften into a smile
of roses in golden rays of light;

May your soul, calm and silent,
asleep like a fairy in an enclosed garden
with its sweet desire fulfilled
find delight and peace of mind.

When you plunge your eyes

When you plunge your eyes into my eyes,
I exist entirely in my eyes.
When your mouth seeks my mouth,
My love exists solely in my mouth.

When you graze my hair,
I exist only there.
When your hand grazes my bosom,
I rise up like a sudden fire.

Is it me that you have chosen?
There is my soul, there is my life.

I shall rest upon your heart

I shall rest upon your heart
Like the spring upon the sea,
On the plains of the sterile sea
Where no flower can ever grow,
With its agile breaths,
Like flowers of light.

I shall rest upon your heart,
Like the bird upon the sea,
Resting its weary wings,
And cradling the eternal rhythm
Of waves and of space.

In the shadows

And what, on this April morning,
so soft and shadowy,

La chère enfant au cœur subtil
Est-elle ainsi tout occupée ?

is this child with the far-seeing heart
doing so busily?

Pensivement, d'un geste lent,
En longue robe, en robe à queue,
Sur le soleil au rouet blanc
A filer de la laine bleue.

Pensively and slowly,
in a long gown, a gown with a train,
on the sun's white spinning wheel,
she spins blue wool.

A sourire à son rêve encor,
Avec ses yeux de fiancée,
A travers des feuillages d'or
Parmi les lys de sa pensée.

She smiles as she dreams
of her betrothed,
braiding golden leaves
among the lilies of her thoughts.

La messagère

Avril, et c'est le point du jour.
Tes blondes sœurs qui te ressemblent,
En ce moment, toutes ensemble
S'avancent vers toi, cher Amour.

The messenger

An April dawning.
Your blonde sisters, so like you,
are all at this moment
walking toward you, Love.

Tu te tiens dans un clos ombreux
De myrte et d'aubépine blanche;
La porte s'ouvre sur les branches;
Le chemin est mystérieux.

You wait, shaded
by myrtle and hawthorn.
The doorway opens between the branches.
The pathway is mysterious.

Elles lentes, en longues robes
Une à une, main dans la main
Franchissent le seuil indistinct
Où de la nuit devient de l'aube.

Slowly, in their long dresses,
one by one and hand in hand,
they cross the blurred threshold
where night becomes dawn.

Celle qui s'approche d'abord,
Regarde l'ombre, te découvre,
Crie, et la fleur de ses yeux s'ouvre
Splendide dans un rire d'or.

The first in line
searches the shadows and, with a
cry, finds you. The flower of her eyes opens,
splendid in golden laughter.

Et, jusqu'à la dernière sœur
Toutes tremblent, tes lèvres touchent
Leurs lèvres, l'éclair de ta bouche
Éclate jusque dans leur cœur.

Each one, to the last sister,
each trembles as your lips touch her
lips and the lightning of your mouth
explodes to their heart.

Ottorino Respighi was a popular Italian composer during the 20th century. Whose style was influenced by various composers, most notably Rimsky-Korsakov, Strauss, Ravel and Tchaikovsky. Respighi's style combined lush orchestral sounds with lyric and dramatic vocal lines. Respighi published "Notte", "Su una violetta morta", and "Il giardino" as part of his second series of *Sei Liriche*. Although written for solo voice and piano, much of the accompaniment for Respighi's art songs were orchestral in style. In the three pieces mentioned above, the piano functions as strings, harp, and woodwinds to help create mood changes that reflect the tension of the text.

Notte

Sul giardino fantastico profumato di rosa
la carezza de l'ombra posa.
Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito
La quiete suprema,
L'aria come per brivido trema.

Night

In the fantastic garden, perfumed with roses
the caress of the-shadow rests
yet there is a thought and a pulse
the absolute stillness,
the air as if shivering, trembles

La luttuosa tenebra
Una storia di morte
Racconta alle cardenie smorte?

The mournful darkness
tells a story of death
to the pale gardenias?

Forse perché una pioggia di soavi rugiade
Entro socchiusi petali cade,
su l'ascose miserie
E su l'ebbrezze perdute, sui muti sogni
e l'ansie mute.

Su le fugaci gioie
Che il disinganno infrange
La notte le sue lacrime piange...

Su una violetta morta

È vanito l'odor di questo fiore,
Che, come il bacio tuo,
tenero ardente respirava su me.
Anche di questo fior fuggì il colore,
Che rilucea deliziosamente di te, solo di te.

Forma languida e vana ella riposa
Sul mio povero cuor, che non oblia,
povero stanco cuor;
Immobile, di gel, silenziosa
Ella irride così l'anima mia,
l'anima calda ancor.

In vano, in vano io piango a lei d'accanto;
E sospirando invan su lei mi chino:
oh! tutto in lei finì!
Il suo destino è muto, senza pianto.
Il suo destino è muto.
Oh! il mio destino dovrebbe esser così!

Il giardino

Mormora nel giardino a piè del colle
Una musica dolce, un'armonia
Di note gravi ne la sera pia,
Mentre l'effluvio de le pie corolla
Sommessamente in lievi onde,
In lievi onde si estolle,
Balsamando di sé tutta la via.
Muore nel cielo e palpita una stria
Ultima d'oro; e su da l'erba mole
I mille trilli tremano dal lago,
Dove l'acqua specchiante
Abbrivisce tacita al suono
Vanescente e vago di quella
Triste musica di sera...
Il giardino nel sonno illanguidisce
Voluttuoso de la primavera.

Perhaps because a shower of gentle dew
within the half-closed petals falls,
upon the hidden sorrows
and upon lost delights, upon mute dreams
and silent fears.

Upon the fleeting joys
that the disillusion shatters
the night its tears weeps.

On a dead violet

The odor of this flower is gone.
Which, like your kiss,
with passionate tenderness breathed on me.
Also the color from this flower has flown
which glowed delightfully of you, only of you.

Its feeble and empty form rests
on my poor heart, which never forgets,
poor tired heart;
Immobile, frozen, silent
it mocks my heart
my still warm heart.

In vain, in vain I weep next to it
and sighing in vain I bend over it:
Oh! with it everything ended!
Its destiny is muted, without tears.
Its destiny is muted.
Oh! my destiny should also be so.

The garden

In the garden at the foot of the hill there murmurs
sweet music, a harmony
of low notes in the peaceful evening,
while the sweet scent of generous flowers
subtlety, in faint waves,
in faint waves it rises
perfuming the whole path.
In the sky, the last golden streak throbs and dies
and in the soft grass
thousand thrills trembling from the lake,
where the mirror of the water
ripples silently to the
vanishing and dying sound of this
sad music of evening...
In its sleep, the garden portrays languidly
the voluptuousness of spring.

Hugo Wolf was a driving force in pushing the bounds of traditional harmony in *lied*, following in the footsteps of Wagner by experimenting beyond conventional harmony and form. Wolf composed about 300 *lied* over his lifetime, and he carefully selected his text settings, drawing upon texts by Goethe, Mörike, Heyse, and Eichendorff. Wolf was meticulous in his compositional process, paying particular attention to how the text and music worked together. Wolf's greatest works include the *Mörike*, *Goethe*, and, *Eichendorff Lieder*, *Spanisches Liederbuch* and *Italienisches Liederbuch*.

In dem schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Sorglich ströhlt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich eine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach nein!

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen,
Ich sterbe vor Liebe.
Dass die Luft mit leisem Wehen
nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe,
Bedeckt mich!

Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Düfte
Von Blumen.
Von Jasmin und weissen Lilien
sollt ihr hier mein Grab bereiten,
Ich sterbe.

Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
sag' ich: Unter süßen Qualen
vor Liebe.

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

In the shade of my curls

In the shade of my curls
my lover has fallen asleep
Shall I wake him now? Ah no!

With care I combed my curls
each morning early,
but vain is my work
for the winds disorder them.
Curls' shade, soothing wind
have lulled my love to sleep.
Shall I wake him now? Ah no!

I'll have to hear his sorrow
over languishing so long,
how life is bestowed and taken
by this my dusky cheek,
and he calls me a serpent
and yet he fell asleep at my side.
Shall I wake him now? Ah no!

Cover me with flowers

Cover me with flowers,
I am dying of love.
So the wafting breeze
shall not bear the perfume from me,
cover me.

For it is all the same,
breath of love or scents
of flowers.
Of jasmine and white lilies
shall you here prepare my grave,
I am dying.

And if you ask me: Of what?
I say: In sweet torment,
of love.

Silent Love

Over trees and corn
into the gleam -
who may guess them,
retrieve them? -
thoughts go swaying,
the night is silent,
thoughts are free

One alone guesses
who has thought of her,
as the woods murmur,
when no one keeps watch
but the clouds that fly -
my love is silent
and beautiful like the night.

Ich hab' in Penna

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein anderer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

I have a lover in Penna

I have one lover living in Penna,
another in the plain of Maremma,
one in the lovely port of Ancona,
for the fourth I've to go to Viterbo;
another lives there, in Casentino,
the next – where I live,
and I've yet another in Magione
four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

Richard Strauss is one of the most prolific German composers of all time. He composed for *lieder*, operas, orchestral works, chamber music, and works for solo piano. His most notable operas include *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Elektra*, *Salome*, and *Ariadne auf Naxos*. He met with equal acclaim for his art songs: his *Four Last Songs* are some of the most performed of his works. Strauss composed over 200 *lieder*; his early songs were firmly planted in the German romantic style. His later works were heavily influenced by his operatic style, more like orchestral *Gesänge*. “Ich trage meine Minne” and “Allerseelen” are both part of the *Gesänge* style of Strauss *lieder*, where the piano mimics an orchestral texture with long, sweeping lines.

Erich Korngold was an Austrian child prodigy whose fame brought him to Los Angeles where he mastered the symphonic film score. Korngold remained in Los Angeles composing for film after the annexation of Austria into Nazi Germany. Korngold stated that he treated each film score as an “opera without singing”. He employed the use of leitmotifs for each character. Although Korngold is most well-known for his film scores, he also composed art songs, operas, and song cycles.

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne, vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir beschieden sind.

I bear my love

I bear my love, with rapture mute
about with me in heart and thought.
Yes, that I have found you, sweet child,
will cheer me all my allotted days.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe, kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden, so tut mir's weh,
Die erge muß erblinden vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

And though skies be dim, the night coal-black,
bright shines the gold sun's splendor of my love.
And though the world may sinfully lie, I'm sorry -
the bad world must be blinded by your purity's snow.

Alt-Spanisch

Steht ein Mädchen an dem Fenster,
In die Ferne schweift ihr Blick.
Blaß die Wangen, schwer ihr Herze,
Singt sie von entschwundnem Glück:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Old Spanish

A girl stands at her window,
She gazes into the distance.
With pale cheeks and heavy heart
She sings of past happiness:
'My love does not return!'

Der Abend dämmert sacht,
Ein Stern ersehnt die Nacht.
Und im Winde klinget leise
eine bange Traummusik.
Wie ein Echo tönt die Weise:
'Mein Lieb kehrt nicht zurück!'

Evening draws in gently.
A star yearns for night,
and in the wind, gently,
a fearful dream music can be
Like an echo the melody sounds:
'My love does not return!'

Liebesbriefchen

Fern von dir denk' ich dein, Kindelein,
Einsam bin ich, doch mir blieb, treue Lieb'.
Was ich denk', bist nur, nur du,
Herzensruh.
Sehe stets hold und licht dein Gesicht.

Love-letter

Far from you, I think of you, dear child
I am lonely, but with a true heart
In my thoughts are you, and you alone,
my love's peace
I always see your face, lovely and bright.

Und in mir immerzu tönest du.
Bist's allein, die Welt mir erhellt.
Ich bin dein, Liebchen fein, denke mein, denk' mein!

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

and you resound in me forever.
You alone light up my world.
I am yours, beautiful dear, think of me, think of me!

All Souls

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes
bring in the last red asters,
and let us speak of love again,
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
if people see, I do not care;
give me but one of your sweet looks,
as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,
for one day of the year the dead are free,
come close to my heart, and so be mine again,
as once in May.

Ben Moore is an American composer and painter. Moore's compositions include art song, opera, musical theatre, cabaret, chamber music, and choral music. "This Heart that Flutters" is set to a text by James Joyce. Moore's style is characterized by traditional harmony and structure, most reflective of the Romantic era with sweeping melodic lines over a moving piano accompaniment. Moore's compositions put the voice as the focal point of every piece.

Ned Rorem is one of the leading American art song composers of the 20th century. He studied at Northwestern University, The Curtis School of Music, and Julliard, where he completed both his BA and MM. He has composed over 400 songs for solo voice and piano. He is known for his use of polytonal passages, altered chords, and modified serialism. The most striking feature of Rorem's music is his attention to the text. In addition to being known for his compositions, Rorem is an accomplished writer. This is reflected in his emphasis on the clarity and naturalness of the text in his musical settings.

This heart that flutters

This heart that flutters near my heart
My hope and all my riches is,
Unhappy when we draw apart
And happy between kiss and kiss;
My hope and all my riches - yes! -
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
The wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
Though love live but a day?

O you whom I often and silently come

O you whom I often and silently come
where you are that I may be with you,
As I walk by your side or sit near,
or remain in the same room with you,
Little you know the subtle electric fire
that for your sake is playing within me.

I will always love you

I will always love you
though I never loved you
a boy smelling faintly of heather
staring up at your window
the passion that enlightens
and stills and cultivates, gone
while I sought your face
to be familiar in the blueness
or to follow your sharp whistle
around a corner into my light
that was love growing fainter
each time you failed to appear
I spent my whole self searching
love which I thought was you
it was mine so briefly
and I never knew it, or you went
I thought it was outside disappearing
but it was disappearing in my heart
like snow blown in a window
to be gone from the world
I will always love you.

Known as one of the 20th century pioneers of Mexican classical music, Manuel Ponce helped develop a Mexican national music style. Ponce began his studies at the Iglesia de San Diego in Aguascalientes. He would then go on to study in Bologna with Cesare Dall'Olio and the Martin Krause in Berlin. Ponce then returned to Mexico and became a piano professor at Conservatorio Nacional in Mexico City. Ponce's style combined Mexican folk and popular music with European classical style. Ponce arranged over fifty Mexican folk songs for classical voice, such as "Cielito lindo" and "A la orilla del palmar". In addition to his arranging of Mexican vocal works, he also composed his own vocal works, the most famous of which is "Estrellita", which he wrote in the *nostalgia viva* style or "live nostalgia".

A la orilla de un palmar

A la orilla de un palmar
yo vide una joven bella
Su boquita de coral,
sus ojitos, dos estrellas.
Al pasar le pregunté
que quién estaba con ella
y me respondió llorando:
'Sola vivo en el palmar'.

Soy huerfanita ¡ay!
No tengo padre ni madre
ni un amigo ¡ay!
que me venga a consolar.
Solita paso la vida
a la orilla del palmar
Y solita voy y vengo
como las olas del mar.

Estrellita

Estrellita del lejano cielo
que miras mi dolor
que sabes mi sufrir,
baja y dime si me quiere
un poco, porque yo no puedo
sin su amor vivir

Tú eres ¡Oh! Estrella!
mi faro de amor
tú sabes que pronto he de morir

At the edge of the palm grove

At the edge of the palm grove
I saw a beautiful young woman
her mouth of coral
her eyes, two stars.
As she passed I asked her
who was with her
and she responded crying:
'I live alone in the palm grove'.

I am an orphan, Oh!
I don't have a father or mother
not even a friend, oh!
who would come to console me.
I live life alone
at the edge of the palm grove
and alone I come and go
like the waves of the sea.

Little Star

Little star in the distant sky
who sees my pain
who knows my pain
come down and tell me if they love
a little, because I can not
live without their love

You are oh little star
my beacon of love
you know that soon I will die

Zarzuelas were Spain's response to the growth of opera throughout Europe. Zarzuelas are short dramas that alternate between sung and spoken scenes, often incorporate popular music and dances into the dramas. José Serrano is one of the most famous Spanish Zarzuela composers. He composed *La alegría del batallón* in 1909 and revolves around a soldier who steals jewels from a shrine of the Virgin Mary, to give to his gypsy lover, Dolores. In "Canción de la gitana", Dolores recounts the story of a poor gypsy girl who fell in love with a gypsy boy, who leaves her before they marry.

Canción de la gitana

A una gitana presiosa
mú serrana y mú pulía
traspasaíto de achares
su gitano le desía:
¡Mi nena! Morena, ven tú paca

Dame er calor de tú cuerpo,
cara de mayo floría,
dame er calor de tú cuerpo,
mía que me muero de frío.

Song of the gypsy

To a gorgeous gypsy
most proud and true,
transported with jealousy
her gypsy lover said to her:
My darling! My dark beauty, come here

Yield me the warmth of your body,
your face like flowers in May,
yield me the warmth of your body,
look, I'm dying of cold.

¡Morena! ¡Mi nena, ten caría!

No orvies lo que te dije que por tus amores
Me estoy gorviendo barlú
Que lo que tengas conmigo, ramito de flores,
con naide lo tendrás tú,
quíereme por tu salú

¡Que gana tengo gitana de que nos bendiga er cura,
pá verte er pelito suerto sobre la esparda desnuda!
¡Mi nena! ¡Morena, cuando será!

Y al ver al probe gitano rendió por la amargura
se enternesió la chavala antes de hablar con er cura
Y con la pena en los ojos y el corasón dolorio
hoy va la probe gitana
buscando el bien que ha perdido ¡Ay!

My dark beauty! My darling, take pity!

Don't forget what I told you,
that for your love, I'm going round the bend.
That what you have with me, sprig of flowers,
you'll never have the same with anyone else,
love me for your own well-being.

How I long, gypsy, for the priest to bless us,
to see the hair hang loose on your naked back!
My darling! My dark beauty, when will it be?

And seeing the poor gypsy boy torn with suffering
the girl felt pity, before speaking to the priest.
And now with pain in her eyes and a heavy heart,
now the poor gypsy
girl searches for what she has lost. Oh!