



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
GRADUATE RECITAL

**Zoë Simone García, soprano**  
**John Cozza, piano**

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Ich folge dir gleichfalls (*Johannes Passion*)

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

with Soraya Roman, flute

Che si puo fare

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

with Patricio Morales, guitar and Jasmine Anibaba, cello

Amor dormiglione

with Patricio Morales, guitar and Shane Jewell, viola

"Endless Pleasure" from *Semele*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Seligkeit, D. 433

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Nachtviole, D. 752

Rastlose Liebe, D. 138

Ständchen, Op. 17 No. 2

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Die Nacht (Letzte Blätter), Op. 10 No. 3

Schlagende Herzen, Op. 29 No. 2

INTERMISSION

Quatre chansons de jeunesse

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. Pantomime

II. Clair de lune

III. Pierrot

IV. Apparition

*continued on reverse*

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TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
MAY 6, 2025  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Sunflowers (The Sunflowers)

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

Selections from *Newer Every Day: Songs for Kiri*

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

I. Silence

II. I'm nobody! Who are you?

IV. That I did always love

"Chacun le Sait" from *La Fille du Régiment*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.  
Zoë Simone García is a student of Julie Miller.*

## NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

Zoë García Graduate Recital – May 6, 2025

### **Ich folge dir gleichfalls** (*Johannes Passion*), J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls* is one of the two soprano arias in J.S. Bach's oratorio work, *St. John Passion*. The oratorio is the earliest of his surviving passions and had been carefully revised four times throughout his lifetime. This work was intended to be performed for Good Friday to remember the significance of the crucifixion through the musical exploration of the Gospel of John. Bach is known for his steadfast faith in God and would often sign prayers on his musical manuscripts. At the beginning of each work he would write JJ – an abbreviation for "Jesu Juva," meaning "Jesus, help me" asking God to guide him in his musical process. At the completion of a work, he would sign SDG which stands for "Soli Deo Gloria" meaning "The final aim and reason of all music is nothing other than the glorification of God and the refreshment of the spirit" With this, Bach prays that each piece of music will be for the purpose of honoring the glory of God. This sentiment of gratitude and longing for God's guidance is seen in this aria, as soprano expresses her devotion and joy in following Jesus, saying "I will follow you with joyful steps, and leave you not. For you are my life and my light."

#### **Ich folge dir gleichfalls**

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten  
Und lasse dich nicht,  
Mein Leben, mein Licht.

Befördre den Lauf  
Und höre nicht auf,  
Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu schieben, zu bitten.

#### **I follow thee also with joy in my footsteps,**

I follow thee also with joy in my footsteps,  
And leave not thy sight,  
My life and my light.

O hasten my way,  
And cease not I pray,  
Thy presence to draw me, to lead me, to call me.

### **Che si può fare**, Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

*Che si può fare* is a beautiful example of Strozzi's emphasis on letting the human voice speak for itself, in combination with the gentle outline of the basso continuo. The piece is set in the style of a lament aria, which is composed of lengthy melodic lines full of longing. The text explores the depth of sorrow, by the repeating question "What can be done, what can be done, If not cry?" The aching chromatism models a cry motif, appropriate as the answer to the question is in accepting your sorrow and tears.

#### **Che si può fare?**

Che si può fare?  
Le stelle rubelle  
Non hanno pietà.  
Che s'el cielo non dà  
Un influxo di pace al mio penare,  
Che si può fare?

Che si può dire?  
Da gl'astri disastri  
Mi piovano ogn'hor;  
Che le perfido amor  
Un respiro diniega al mio martire,  
Che si può dire?

#### **What can be done?**

What can be done?  
The stars have no pity and  
work against me;  
If heaven will give me no gesture  
Of peace for my pain,  
What can I do?

What can I say?  
The heavens are raining disasters on me;  
If Love will not grant me  
a moment of breath,  
to relieve all my suffering,  
What can I say?

## **Amor Dormiglione**, Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

*Amor dormiglione* looks at the absence of love in a playful way, through criticizing love (or perhaps, cupid) for being sleepy. The piece has a sense of urgency and frustration in that the singer looks at love's shortcomings, being weak and cowardly. The repetition of "su" (telling love to get up) embodies the urgency and eagerness the singer longs for with love. The piece opens—and continues throughout—with the repeated Italian word for love, "amor," sung on a perfect fifth. This interval evokes a sense of openness and possibility, reflecting love's emotional duality: the potential to awaken and flourish, or, in its absence, to lie dormant and unfulfilled.

### **Amor dormiglione**

Amor, non dormir più!  
Su, su, svegliati omai  
Che mentre dormi tu  
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai  
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!  
Strali, strali, foco  
Strali, strali, su, su  
Foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo  
Tu non hai senso  
Amor melenso  
Amor codardo!  
Ahi quale io resto  
Che nel mio ardore  
Tu dorma Amore:  
Mancava questo!

### **Love in Slumber**

Love sleep no more!  
Up, up now you must wake  
For while you sleep  
My joys sleep also, and troubles are awoken  
Love do not, do not fail me!  
Arrows, arrows, fire  
Arrows, arrows, arise, arise  
Fire, fire, arise, arise!

Oh, lazy, sluggish Love  
You are nonsensical  
Lumpish  
Cowardly!  
Ah, while I languish  
In burning passion  
You, Love, are sleeping:  
And what good is that!

## **"Endless Pleasure"** from *Semele*, G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

This aria expresses pure elation and indulgence in pleasure, portraying a world of eternal joy, love, and rapture. In *Semele*, a mortal woman (Semele) becomes the lover of Jupiter, king of the gods. The music is lively and buoyant, mirroring the ecstasy and excitement conveyed in the lyrics. The piece is set in a typical Baroque Da Capo, ABA with ornamentations in the return of the A section to show virtuosic and interpretive singing and to add to the sense of yearning desire to experience love.

Endless pleasure, endless love,  
Semele enjoys above!  
On her bosom Jove reclining,  
Useless now his thunder lies;  
To her arms his bolts resigning,  
And his lightning to her eyes.

## **Seligkeit**, D. 433, Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

The Austrian composer Franz Schubert is known for his prolific output of lieder, his melodic beauty, and his ability to show profound sensitivity to poetry. He composed over 600 pieces of music set to German poetry and literature all created in his 32 short years of life. Schubert revolutionized art song by transforming the piano from simple accompaniment, into a vital force that shapes the mood, embodies characters, and evokes the atmosphere of the piece. In *Seligkeit*, the piano's arpeggios in the upper register add to the shimmering, and almost idealized view of love. This short Schubert piece uses the poetry of Friedrich Rückert. The title translates to "bliss," and explores the fantastical hope of heaven. In the third verse, the singer comes to the conclusion that they have found heavenly bliss here on Earth in just a simple smile of their loved one looking back at them.

**Seligkeit**

Freuden sonder Zahl  
 Blühn im Himmelssaal  
 Engeln und Verklärten,  
 Wie die Väter lehrten.  
 O da möcht' ich sein,  
 Und mich ewig freu'n!

Jedem lächelt traut  
 Eine Himmelsbraut;  
 Harf' und Psalter klingen,  
 Und man tanzt und singet.  
 O da möcht' ich sein,  
 Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,  
 Lächelt Laura mir  
 Einen Blick, der saget,  
 Daß ich ausgeklaget.  
 Selig dann mit ihr,  
 Bleib' ich ewig hier!

**Bliss**

Joys without number  
 Bloom in the halls of Heaven  
 For angels and transfigured souls,  
 As our fathers taught us.  
 How I'd love to be there  
 And rejoice eternally!

A heavenly bride smiles  
 Sweetly on everyone;  
 Harp and psalter resound,  
 And there's dancing and singing.  
 How I'd love to be there  
 And rejoice eternally!

I'd sooner stay here  
 If Laura smiles on me  
 With a look that says  
 I've to grieve no more.  
 Blissfully then with her  
 I'd stay forever here!

**Nachtviolen**, Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Georgia O'Keefe once said, "If you take a flower in your hand and really look at it, it's your world for a moment," Schubert's *Nachtviolen* mirrors this sentiment exactly. This piece both poetically and sonically, provides for listeners the "bliss" of immersing oneself in the "velvety blue" while gazing at a violet. Musically, the lines are long and indulgent. The effect of longing is seen in this piece through the echo-like call addressing violet through the usage of a sigh motive; a short melodic figure that mimics the sound or emotional effect of a sigh. It's typically characterized by a descending interval, which is often slurred creating a natural "falling" sensation. The anthropomorphic descriptors noting the flower's "dark, soulful eyes" and the connection to the flower as a "sacred union," add to the feeling of enchantment in this Lied.

**Nachtviolen**

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen,  
 Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
 Selig ist es, sich versenken  
 In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,  
 Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;  
 Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
 In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
 Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
 Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten,  
 Fort die heilige Verbindung.

**Dame's Violets**

Dame's violets,  
 dark, soulful eyes,  
 it is blissful to immerse myself  
 in your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
 to brighten you, to adorn you;  
 but you gaze, solemn and silent,  
 into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
 you have pierced my faithful heart,  
 and now, in silent nights,  
 our sacred union blossoms.

**Rastlose Liebe**, Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

*Rastlose Liebe* which translates to "restless love" explores how nature is a reflection of the madness of falling in love. The text paints images of a snowstorm, wind, and rain; and how these natural forces continue to move without rest. The cascading arpeggios in the accompaniment are seen throughout the entirety of the piece,

creating an effect similar to a gushing waterfall or raging river. This musical choice expresses the poetic sentiment the speaker is noticing about the ever in motion temperament of both love and nature. "Bliss without peace – Love, that is what you are!" "Rastlose Liebe" embodies the unstoppable, turbulent, and inevitable, pull of love.

### **Rastlose Liebe**

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?  
Wälderwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

### **Restless Love**

Into the snow, the rain,  
and the wind,  
through steamy ravines,  
through mists,  
onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way  
through suffering  
than endure so much  
of life's joy.  
This affection  
of one heart for another,  
ah, how strangely  
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!  
Crown of life,  
happiness without peace –  
this, O love, is you!

### **Ständchen**, Op. 17 No. 2, Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

The word "Ständchen" translates to serenade, as the piece is about the speaker trying to convince his romantic interest to join him for a romantic night in the forest. The vivid imagery describes how quiet the night is; "the brook (that) hardly murmurs," and "the breeze (that) hardly moves." The speaker then proceeds to recommend that his love interest sneak out quietly to avoid waking up those who are asleep. The shimmering piano accompaniment embodies these natural images and adds to the feeling of magic. Throughout the piece, the speaker portrays nature as a companion in their enchanting escape to the forest. Yet in the final line, the roles reverse—their love is so powerful that even the roses seem to glow at their rising, as if nature responds to their presence.

### **Ständchen**

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!  
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

### **Serenade**

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,  
So that no one's roused from slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly  
moves A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!  
With steps as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are fragrant in sleep  
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

### **Die Nacht** (Letzte Blätter), Op. 10 No. 3, Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

After exploring the magic of the night in "Ständchen," Strauss explores the theme of night from an introspective, and somewhat melancholic approach in "Die Nacht." This piece discusses what is lost in the night, both visually and emotionally. The speaker observes that the world looks different at night. The silver from the stream is no longer silver, the colors and lights of the world dim, and the gold from the cathedral's copper roof is no longer the same hue. After a long description of the changing world around the speaker, they then share their innermost fear reflecting on the ephemeral nature of both sunlight and love; "Oh, I fear the night will also steal you from me."

#### **Die Nacht**

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:  
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

#### **The Night**

Night steps from the woods,  
Slips softly from the trees,  
Gazes about her in a wide arc,  
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,  
All the flowers, all the colours  
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves  
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,  
Takes the silver from the stream,  
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof  
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:  
Draw closer, soul to soul,  
Ah the night, I fear, will steal  
You too from me.

### **Schlagende Herzen**, Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

*Schlagende Herzen* is a lied by Strauss about "beating hearts." My interpretation of this piece is that it is written in a way that embodies three characters: a narrator, and two lovers. It begins with a boy walking through a lush, green meadow. He is admiring the golden ring on his finger thinking of his love. He describes the scenery that surrounds him and is in awe of how beautiful the world is when you are in love. Despite the distance between them, he is drawn to his love from across the hills, and both characters feel this shared magnetism. The effervescent and repeated "kling klangs" seem to have the dual meaning of the shimmering of their rings, and the beaming of their hearts for one another.

#### **Schlagende Herzen**

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,  
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring,  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

#### **Beating Hearts**

A boy was walking across meadows and fields,  
Pit-a-pat went his heart,  
A golden ring gleamed on his finger,  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

"Oh Wiesen, oh Felder,  
Wie seid ihr schön!  
Oh Berge, oh Täler  
Wie schön!  
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,  
Du goldene Sonne in Himmeshöh'n!"  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,  
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit,  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.  
"Über Wiesen und Felder  
Weht Frühlingswind,  
Über Berge und Wälder  
Weht Frühlingswind.  
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,  
Der treibt zu Dir mich leise, lind!"  
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädel stand,  
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz,  
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,  
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.  
Über Wiesen und Felder,  
Über Berge und Wälder  
Zu mir, zu mir schnell kommt er her!  
Oh wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon wär!"  
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

"O meadows, O fields,  
How fair you are!  
O mountains, O valleys,  
How fair!  
How good you are, how fair you are,  
You golden sun in heaven above!"  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

The boy hurried on with happy steps,  
Pit-a-pat went his heart,  
Took with him many a laughing flower,  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.  
"Over meadows and fields  
A spring wind blows,  
Over mountains and woods  
A spring wind blows.  
A spring wind is blowing in my heart,  
Driving me to you, softly and gently!"  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Between meadows and fields a young girl stood,  
Pit-a-pat went her heart,  
She shaded her eyes with her hand as she gazed,  
Pit-a-pat went her heart.  
'Over meadows and fields,  
Over mountains and woods,  
To me, to me he's hurrying!  
Ah! would he were with me, with me already!'  
Pit-a-pat went her heart.

### **Quatre Chansons de Jeunesse, Claude Debussy**

French composer Claude Debussy is known for his harmonic innovation in using whole tone and pentatonic scales. He was also known for his unconventional harmonies, such as layering 4th intervals to create an atmospheric effect. Debussy is well respected by his listeners for his nuanced settings of great French Poetry. In this cycle, which translates to "Four Songs of Youth," he brings to life the poetry of Verlaine, Banville, and the glorious, yet ambiguous writings of Mallarmé.

The cycle playfully opens, with *Pantomime* which describes a bizarre scene from *Commedia dell'arte*, an Italian comedy form that looks at stereotypical stock personalities. We first see Pierrot, a sad clown far from the romantic ideal of a Clitandre, pragmatically drinking and cutting into pâté (a savory meat dish), grounded in the reality of his simple pleasures. Meanwhile, Cassandre, at the end of the avenue, reflects with sadness on the disinheritance of his nephew, evoking a sense of solitude. Harlequin, ever the trickster, plots the abduction of Columbine, his pirouettes adding a whimsical, mischievous energy. Columbine, caught in a moment of introspection, dreams of love and the mysterious voices in her heart, as her emotions flutter like the breeze. Throughout this cycle, Debussy brings to life the complexities of human nature within the playful world of *commedia dell'arte*.

#### **Pantomime**

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,  
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,  
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

#### **Pantomime**

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,  
Gulps down a bottle without delay  
And, being practical, starts on a pie.



Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,  
Verse une larme méconnue  
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine  
L'enlèvement de Colombine  
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise  
De sentir un coeur dans la brise  
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,  
Sheds an unnoticed tear  
For his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes  
How to abduct Colombine  
And pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed  
To sense a heart in the breeze  
And hear voices in her heart.

The cycle then changes mood, in the lyrical and dream-like landscape of *Clair de Lune*. While the "Clair de Lune" for solo piano is far more famous, both pieces have a unique charm, and still retain similar luminous qualities. Interestingly, they both stay in the same tonal field through the shared key of Db-flat major. This vocal piece paints the otherworldly scene of a moonlit night, music, elegant marble statues, and "fountains that sob with ecstasy." Verlaine's poetry paired with Debussy's idealistic harmonies model a true impressionist nature.

### **Clair de Lune**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

### **The Light of the Moon**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
playing the lute and dancing and almost  
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key  
of conquering love and life's favours,  
they do not seem to believe in their fortune  
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

On the theme of moonlight, the third piece focuses on Pierrot, who is wandering around the street at night. The poem captures Pierrot in a moment of quiet detachment, wandering dreamily through the boulevard after Harlequin's wedding. A flirtatious girl fails to catch his attention, while the moon—silent and devoted—watches over him like an old friend, evoking both the character's timeless melancholy and a subtle homage to the mime Jean-Gaspard Debureau.

### **Pierrot**

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.  
Une fillette au souple casaquin  
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,  
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureau  
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse  
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau.

### **Pierrot**

Good old Pierrot, watched by the crowd,  
Having done with Harlequin's wedding,  
Drifts dreamily along the boulevard of the temple.  
A girl in a flowing blouse  
Vainly leads him on with her teasing eyes;  
And meanwhile, mysterious and sleek,  
Cherishing him above all else,  
The white moon with horns like a bull  
Ogles her friend  
Jean Gaspard Debureau.

The final piece in the set is *Apparition*, which reflects the wondrous and bittersweet nature in remembering the first kiss with a lover. The title along with the haunting and suspenseful accompaniment, add to the ghostly theme of something beautiful that now only exists in the singer's imagination. The opening passage describes a

“sad moon,” “weeping seraphim”, and “white sobs” over the blue Corolla flowers. Like many of the poems Debussy sets, there is a theme of moments in nature and love that are so beautiful you feel as if you will weep. The French poet Paul Valéry once said, “Whoever wants to write his dream, must be completely awake.” Debussy’s setting invites listeners into a dreamscape that blurs the line between dream and reality. Leaving listeners suspended in a world that feels both imagined and vividly real.

### **Apparition**

La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme  
des fleurs Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violettes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des corolles.

—C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse

La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a cueilli.  
J’errais donc, l’oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,

Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue

Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue

Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.

### **Apparition**

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,  
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy  
flowers, drew from dying violets  
white sobs that glided over the corollas’ blue.

—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, glad to torment me,  
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—

the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper’s heart.  
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving  
stones,  
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street and in the  
evening,  
you appeared laughing before me and I thought I  
glimpsed

the fairy with her cap of light who long ago  
crossed my lovely spoilt child’s slumbers,  
always allowing from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

### **Sunflowers** (*The Sunflowers*), Lori Laitman (1955)

“Bring me the sunflower crazed with the love of light.” – Eugenio Montale

The poetry of Mary Oliver and music of Laitman’s “Sunflowers” takes us through a tender journey in a field of sunflowers. The speaker describes all the nuances of the sunflowers throughout their life cycle and “the long work of turning their lives into a celebration.” I see this poem not as a dialogue, but as a quiet reflection on the speaker’s lifelong collection of moments shared with sunflowers. The tempo and rhythm of this complex work is very fluid, as the tempo marking changes 22 times and the meter changes 48 times. I believe that the fluctuating tempo represents the fleeting nature of the sunflower’s life cycle lasting only a mere 10-14 weeks.

### **Sunflowers**

Come with me into the field of sunflowers.  
Their faces are burnished disks,  
their dry spines creak like ship masts,  
their green leaves, so heavy and many,  
fill all day with the sticky sugars of the sun.  
Come with me to visit the sunflowers,  
they are shy but want to be friends;  
they have wonderful stories of when they were young –  
the important weather, the wandering crows.  
Don’t be afraid to ask them questions!

Their bright faces, which follow the sun,  
will listen, and all those rows of seeds – each one a new life!

Hope for a deeper acquaintance; each of them, though it stands  
in a crowd of many, like a separate universe, is lonely,  
The long work of turning their lives into a celebration is not easy.  
Come and let us talk with those modest faces,  
the simple garments of leaves,  
the coarse roots in the earth so uprightly burning.

## **Newer Every Day: Songs for Kiri, Jake Heggie (1961)**

### **I. Silence**

*Silence* is the opening piece in Jake Heggie's song cycle, and the text used in this song cycle for soprano and piano is written by Emily Dickinson. This short but powerful poem reflects on the significance, fear, and wonder of silence. The first line "silence is all we dread," is a bold statement that proclaims that silence is the thing we fear the most. Perhaps silence in a conversation, or even the silence that follows us after we pass. Our culture has grown so uncomfortable with silence, that we have forgotten the importance, the mystery and even the musicality of it. The third line, "but silence is infinity" reminds us of the wonder of the unknown, and the peace in the eternal nature of silence.

Silence is all we dread.  
There's Ransom in a Voice—  
But Silence is Infinity.  
Himself have not a face.

### **II. I'm Nobody! Who are you?**

*I'm Nobody* is the second piece in Jake Heggie's song cycle. The cycle was commissioned by the Ravinia Festival in honor of Kiri Te Kanawa's 70th Birthday. The text used in this song cycle for soprano and piano is written by Emily Dickinson. This poem is playful and sarcastic yet reflects on deeper themes such as solitude and societal expectations. The poem opens with an introduction, yet instead of sharing the speaker's name, they refer to themselves as "Nobody." The capitalized "N" indicates that while they are a "Nobody," perhaps that is not necessarily a bad thing, and they may even feel empowered by this. Dickinson was known for being elusive and a hermit, never leaving her father's home throughout her life. She suffered severe social anxiety and while she wrote nearly 2,000 poems, only 10 were published during her lifetime. The poem continues on poking fun at people who are a "somebody" using words like "public frog" and "bog." This poem to me reflects on the societal pressures of being a "somebody." Dickinson humorously observes that oftentimes the people who try to prove their importance are actually masking their insecurities. This poem celebrates the bliss of anonymity and enjoying the peace of your own company.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you – Nobody – too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!  
How dreary – to be – Somebody!  
How public – like a Frog –  
To tell one's name – the livelong June –  
To an admiring Bog!

### **IV. That I Did Always Love**

Heggie's setting of this Dickinson poem encapsulates a whole lifetime with a loved one in only two pages. The opening piano introduction moves from a peaceful harmony to a sense of brief uneasiness through the dissonance between the Bb and C natural. These moments of dissonance embody the frustrating realization that it is hard to prove something as intangible and all-encompassing as love. The tempo choice of 54 beats per minute, which is slower than the common heartbeat tempo, also creates a sense of uneasiness, mixed with a feeling of transcending time through the slow passages. The final line "then have I nothing to show but calvary"

changes the whole interpretation of the piece. They suggest that if their love is doubted, the only true proof left is the ultimate sacrifice—being willing to give up their own life for another.

**That I did always love**

That I did always love,  
I bring thee proof:  
That till I loved  
I did not love enough.

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?  
Then have I  
Nothing to show  
But Calvary.

That I shall love always,  
I offer thee  
That love is life,  
And life hath immortality.

**Chacun Le Sait** (*La Fille Du Regiment*), Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)

In this lively and invigorating scene from Donizetti's *La fille du régiment*, Tonio is brought in as a prisoner after being spotted near the regiment's camp. Marie intervenes just in time, revealing that Tonio once saved her life, earning him the regiment's respect and a toast to his bravery. In a joyful expression of camaraderie and patriotism, Marie is prompted to sing the beloved regimental song, "Chacun le sait," a spirited aria that celebrates the pride and unity of the 21st Regiment. The aria radiates with youthful energy and pride, capturing the infectious spirit of the soldiers and Marie's deep connection to them. Marie's dazzling coloratura, soaring high notes, and fiery spirit serve as a powerful reminder of the strength and resilience women possess.

**Chacun Le Sait**

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,  
Le régiment par excellence  
Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit  
Dans tous les cabarets de France...  
Le régiment, en tous pays,  
L'effroi des amants des maris...  
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!

Il est là ,il est là ,il est là ,morbleu!  
Le voilà , le voilà , le voilà , corbleu!  
Il est là , il est là , le voilà ,  
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Il a gagné tant de combats,  
Que notre empereur, on le pense,  
Fera chacun de ses soldats,  
A la paix, maréchal de France!  
Car, c'est connu le régiment  
Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,  
Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.  
Il est là ,il est là ,il est là ,morbleu!  
Le voilà , le voilà , le voilà , corbleu!  
Il est là , il est là , le voilà ,  
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

**Everyone Knows It**

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,  
It is the regiment without equal,  
The only one to whom credit is given  
In all the cabarets of France...  
The regiment, in all countries,  
The terror of lovers and husbands...  
But of supreme beauty!

It's there, it's there, it's there, the devil!  
There it is, there it is, there it is, oh my!  
There it is, there it is, there it is,  
The marvelous Twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,  
That our emperor, we think,  
Will make each of his soldiers,  
To peace, Marshal of France!  
For, it is known, the regiment  
The most victorious, the most charming,  
That one sex fears, and the other loves.  
There it is, there it is, there it is, oh my!  
There it is, there it is, there it is, oh my! It is, here it is,  
here it is,  
The marvelous Twenty-first!