Tell Me A Story; Hell Hath No Fury
A set of voice recitals on the overlap of Music, Literature, and Classics, and their treatment and
depiction of women

Senior Project Submitted to
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by
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Artist Statement

Over the past four years, I have had the privilege of answering the question, “what is your major?” My reply exists in various degrees of specificity. I am a Music major. I am a Classical Voice major. I am a voice major who is concentrating in Medieval Studies. Layer upon layer is added. The more specific I am, the more niche it all seems to become. Yet, that which I love exists in these niches, the in-between spaces where different areas of academia come together to create something new. Something that I have always appreciated about art, in general, is its fluidity. Art does not try to exist in a vacuum. Music takes its influence from all aspects of the world: nature, literature, mythology, history, even math. I have loved being able to explore these spaces, bringing together the different aspects of my study as opposed to keeping them isolated from one another.

There is, in particular, a strong overlap between music, literature, and Classics; three of my most frequent studies at Bard. This became the prompt for my first concert, as well as an overall guiding theme of my repertoire. *Tell Me A Story* is a program constructed around the tales of my childhood, the ones that inspired me and guided me to the path I am on. From stealing my mother’s copy of the *D’Aulaires Book of Greek Myths* to trying to read Shakespeare sonnets in Third grade, I have been driven by a love of stories, how they change, and the many ways in which they are told. I was beyond thrilled to discover that pursuing a study of music would allow me to embrace all those in-between spaces, and more so, bring new color and light to the books and poems that brought me so much joy in my youth.

Diving deeper still, I am passionate about Early Music. Anything before 1750 AD is where I find my greatest satisfaction. I love the challenge the music gives, often a puzzle one has
to put together, whether it is filling in figured bass, determining how to set the verses of your
text, or, when all else fails, digging through digital archives to find facsimiles of the manuscripts
these songs come from. It is also amazing to see the innovations that occur, the drastic
developments to Western music composition, shifting landscapes immensely. It also just so
happens that much of Early Music borrows from the Classics in terms of narrative. It also just so
happens that all sacred music was composed in Latin. It also just so happens that these topics
keep overlapping the more niche we become. It just so happens that I do not have to choose
between what I love, and instead have found where each aspect meets.

All this being said, I still look at music and stories of the past with a critical eye, as
should every scholar. Lessons I have learned include: old does not equal good, tradition does not
validate bias, and art exists to be challenged, not propped up on a pedestal. In particular, I have
been struck by the treatment of women in Western music, both as composers and characters.
This resulted in my second program, *Hell Hath No Fury*, a concert dedicated to the disrespected
and maligned female voice. All of these women, in one way or another, have been undermined,
underestimated, or underappreciated by the patriarchal structure in which we live. Nevertheless,
the female characters express their desires, contemplate their hardships, find their own strength,
and are honest to themselves about their experiences. The composers, against all odds, pushed
forth their music, preserved it, and proved they were just as talented as the men, exploring the
depths of praise, love, sorrow, loss, and grief. These women are not niche, not a subset; they are
a part of the whole of music, literature, and classics, and, as a result, do not deserve to get lost in
the in-betweens. While I am happy I found them in my exploration, it is my desire to bring them
up into the light for everyone to love.
Tell Me A Story

A Senior Recital

Special Thanks to my Senior Project Board. To Erika, for making sure I took care of myself when life was craziest. To Rufus, for fueling my love for the old and dusty. To Ilka, for always being there and grounding no matter what. To Emily for joining me on this wild journey. To Adam, for putting me on this path. To my friends and loved ones for staying by my side. To Mom and Dad, for picking up the phone and reminding me that I can do whatever I set my mind to. I love you both, so much.

Alexandra Gilman, Mezzo-Soprano
Erika Switzer, Piano
Emily Han, Piano
November 11th, 8:15 pm
Bito CPS
Tell Me A Story

Come unto these Yellow Sands  
**John Banister**  
(1625-1679)

Church Bell at Night  
**Samuel Barber**  
(1910-1981)

Mélodies Populaires Grecques  
**Maurice Ravel**  
(1873-1937)

Heigh-ho the Wind and the Rain  
**English Folk Song**

Mouth So Charmfu  
**Polly Pen**  
(b. 1954)

Promiscuiy  
**Antonio Lotti**  
(1667-1740)

Amour Viens Aider  
**Camille Saint-Saëns**  
(1835-1921)

Intermísion

Dame a vous sans retollir  
**Guillaume de Machaut**  
(1300-1377)

Hébé  
**Amédée-Ernest Chausson**  
(1855-1899)
“If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,
Dashes the fire out.”
(William Shakespeare, The Tempest, I. ii. 1-5)

Come unto these Yellow Sands------------------------Banister
Come unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss’d
The wild waves whist,
Foot it gently here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow
The watch-dogs bark!
Bow-wow, Bow-wow
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.
“Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
(Edgar Allen Poe, The Bells, IV. 1-6)

Church Bell at Night-----------------------------------------Barber
Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
than be with a light and foolish woman.
“On high the roof—Hymenaios!—rise up, you carpenters—Hymenaios! the bridegroom is coming.”
(Sappho, Fragment 111)

Mélodies Populaires
Grecques---------------------------------Ravel
❖ Chanson de la mariée
Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks;
my heart is on fire!

Vois le ruban d’or que je t’apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

❖ Là-bas, vers l’église
Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église Ayio Costanndino,  
Se sont réunis,  
 Rassemblés en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
Du monde tous les plus braves!  

Quel Galant m'est comparable  
Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?  
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu…  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!  

Quel Galant m'est comparable,  
What gallant compares with me,  
Among those one sees passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!  
See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved sword.  
And it is you whom I love  

*C'est, ô lady resplendent with gifts, queen Dëö, bringer of hôrai,  
both you and your daughter, the most beautiful Persephone.  
Think kindly and grant, in return for this song, a rich means of livelihood that suits the thûmos.  
And I will keep you in mind throughout the rest of my song.*  
[Hymn to Demeter, l. 492-495].

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques  
Ô joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon coeur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher ;  
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
Ô lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  

Ô joie de mon âme,  
joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of my soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more handsome than an angel.  
O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
Before our eyes,  
Like a fine, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,
Hélas ! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent !

Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

❖ Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

Everyone is joyous, joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!

"Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged; and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.'

(William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, V.i.393-400).

Heigh-ho the Wind and the Rain-----------------------------Anon.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tosspots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.

"Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
‘Come buy our orchard fruits.
Come buy, come buy.
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpeck’d cherries.
Melons and raspberries.
Bloom-down-cheek’d peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries.
Wild free-born cranberries.
Crab-apples, dewberries.
Pine-apples, blackberries.
Apricots, strawberries—
All ripe together
In summer weather.—
Morns that pass by.
Fair eves that fly.
Come buy, come buy"

(Christina Rossetti, The Goblin Market, 149)
Mouth So Charmful---------------------------------------------Lotti
Mouth so charming,
O tell me now, o tell me
Why thy sweetness lures me so, so,
That in thee all bliss is mine
Ah! ah! ah! fount of joy divine..

"Pourgh pride and pourgh glotonie,
We habben iliued in lecherie,
Sope wiȝ dode and wiȝ pought,
Vnkyndeliche wiȝ mi bodi wrought."
(Anonymous, On the Seven Deadly Sins, 43-46)

Promiscuity-----------------------------------------------Barber
I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

"Then went Samson to Gaza, and saw there an harlot, and went in unto her...
And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek,
whose name was Delilah" (Judges 16:1-4)

Amour viens aider-------------------------------------------Saint-Saëns
Samson, recherchant ma présence,
Ce soir doit venir en ces lieux.
Voici l’heure de la vengeance
Qui doit satisfaire nos dieux!

Amour! viens aider ma faiblessë!
Verse le poison dans son sein!
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,
Samson soit enchaîné demain!

Il voudrait en vain de son âme
Pouvoir me chasser, me bannir!
Pourrait-il éteindre la flamme

Samson, desirous of my presence,
tonight will come to this place.
The hour of vengeance is here,
which will satisfy the gods.

Love, come help my weakness!
Pour the poison is his heart!
See that, defeated by my skill,
Samson be in chains tomorrow!

He wishes in vain from his soul
To chase and banish me
Could he ever quench the flame
Qu'alimente le souvenir?
Il est à moi! c'est mon esclave!
Mes frères craignent son courroux;
Moi seule, entre tous, je le brave,
Et le retiens à mes genoux!

Amour! viens aider ma faiblessé!
Verse le poison dans son sein!
Fais que, vaincu par mon adresse,
Samson soit enchaîné demain!

Contre l'amour, sa force est vaine;
Et lui, le fort parmi les forts,
Lui, qui d'un peuple rompt la chaîne,
Succombera sous mes efforts!

"Neiper in word no in dede;  
&tvix hem tvai of blod & bon  
Trewer loue nas neuer non  
In gest as-so we rede."
(Anonymous, Amis and Amiloun, 89-92)

Dame a vous sans retollir-------------------------------Machaut

Dame, a vous sans retollir
Dong cuer, pensée, désir,
Corps, et amour,
Comme a toute la millour
Qu'on puist choisir,
Ne qui vivre ne morir
Puist a ce jour.
Si ne me doit a folour
Tourner, se je vous âour,
Car sans mentir,

Lady, I give to you without taking
back
My heart, thought, desire,
Body and love,
As the best of all
That any could choose
Or who can have lived or died
To this day.

So I need not turn to folly
If I adore you,
Bonté passés en valour, 
Tonte flour en douce odour
Que on puet sentir.
Vostre biauté fait tarir
Toute autre et anïentir,
Et vo doucôur
Passe tout; rose en coulour
Vous doi tenir,
Et vo regars puet garir
Toute dolour.

For without a lie
You surpass goodness in worth,
And In sweet perfume every flower
that can be smelled.
Your beauty makes all others
Dry up and extinguishes them,
And your sweetness
Surpasses all; I must maintain
You are a rose by your complexion,
And your glance can cure
Every pain

"What viands and beverages, what harmonies of music and flowers of various hue, what delights of touch and smell will you assign to the gods, so as to keep them steeped in pleasure? The poets array banquets or nectar and ambrosia, with Juventas or Ganymede in attendance as cup-bearer."

(Cicero, De Natura Deorum, 1. 40)

Hébé------------------------------------------------------Chausson

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s’avancait.
Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l’enfant la remplissait.

Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l’envi.
Quel est le vin qu’y verse la Déesse?
Nous l’ignorons; il enivre et ravit.

Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Immortally graceful, Hebe smiles
Hébé s’éloigne; on la rappelle en vain. and walks away; there’s no calling her back.

Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,
our time is still long on the road eternal,
Notre oeil en pleurs suit l’échanson divin.
we follow with tearful gaze the divine cup-bearer.

“Oh all the money that e’er I spent
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e’er I’ve done
Alas, it was to none but me
And all I’ve done for want of wit
To memory now I can’t recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all”
(The Parting Glass)

Worldes
Blis----------------------------------Anon.

Worldes blis ne last no þrowë;
it went and wit awey anon.
Þe langer þat ich hit iknowë,
The longer that I know it,
þe lass ich findë pris þaron;
the less I find value thereon;
for al it is imeind mid carë
for all it is mingled with care,
mid serwen and mid evel farë,
with sorrows and with evil fare,
and attë lastë povre and bare
and at the last poor and bare
it lat man, wan it ginth agon.
it leaves man, when it begins to be gone.
Al þe blis þis heer and þare bilucth at endë weep and mon.
All the bliss that is here and there encompasses at end weeps and moans.

Al þe blis of *þisse live þu shalt, man, enden ine weep
All the bliss of this life you shall, man, end in weeping —
of hus and hom, of child and wive.
[A.] sali man nim þarof keep!
For þu shalt al bileven heere
Þet eiȝte warof lord þu weere
wan þu list, man, upon þe beere
and slapst þat swithe dreeri slep,
shaltu have with þee no feere
but þine werkes on a hep.

“And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him. Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.”
(Gospel of Matthew 26:75)

The Crucifixion----------------------------------------------Barber
At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary’s Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

“But when the noon wax’d bright
Her hair grew thin and grey.
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.”
(Christina Rossetti, The Goblin Market, 276-280)

Mirage-----------------------------------------------------------Pen
The hope I dreamed of was a dream
Was but a dream and now I wake
I wake exceeding comfortless and worn
For a dream’s sake
Lie still my aching heart
My silent heart, lie still and break
Life and the world and mine own self are changed
For a dream’s sake

"Queen Dido, of loveliest form, reached the temple,
with a great crowd of youths accompanying her.
Just as Diana leads her dancing throng on Eurota's banks...
such was Dido, so she carried herself, joyfully,
amongst them, furthering the work, and her rising kingdom."
(Vergil, Aeneid II. 496-55)

When I am Laid in Earth-------------------------------------Purcell

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me
On thy bosom let me rest
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest
When I am laid in earth, May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate

"Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns ... 
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered 
the hallowed heights of Troy.
Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds, 
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea, 
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home. 
But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove — 
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all, 
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun 
and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return. 
Launch out on his story. Muse, daughter of Zeus, 
start from where you will — sing for our time too" 
(Homer, The Odyssey 1-12)
Invocation--------------------------------------Sentoni
Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms... by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire... Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my most potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.
Notes

John Banister was an English Baroque composer and violinist known for his adaptations of Ariel's songs from William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

Samuel Barber, a 20th century American composer, wrote *The Hermit Songs* as a commission for the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress. Premiered by Leontyne Price, the text of each song was taken and translated from the margins of Medieval manuscripts.

Maurice Ravel, a French Impressionist composer, wrote his “Cinque Mélodies Populaires” based off of traditional Greek folk melodies. Playing with time signature and harmony, Ravel honors the roots and culture of the original tunes while orchestrating its sound to become a popular song cycle amongst recitallists.

William Shakespeare is the textual source of many of the texts in this recital. This includes, “Heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,” which is the ending song of *Twelfth Night* sung by the fool character, Feste. This rendition of the melody is based off of an old English folk song.

The *Goblin Market* by Polly Pen and Peggy Harmon is a musical adaptation of its namesake poem by Christina Rossetti. Included here are two pieces from the adaptation, “Mouth so Charmful” and “Mirage.” However, I discovered that “Mouth so Charmful” is not an original composition. Rather it was written by Antonio Lotti, an Italian Baroque composer, and is, in fact, one of the *Twenty-Four Italian Art Songs and Arias*. It was a fascinating surprise.

Camille Saint-Saëns, a French Romantic composer, completed his opera *Samson et Dalila* in 1877. “Amour viens aider” is the moment where Delilah is solidifying her determination to bring about Samson’s undoing.

Guillaume de Machaut is a Medieval French composer known for both sacred and secular music, however decidedly exists in his own genre of *Ars Nova*. Machaut is considered one of the first “celebrity” musicians.

Amédée-Ernest Chausson published his *7 Mélodies, Op. 2* in 1882. “Hébé,” the sixth sixth song of the set, centers around Hebe, the Greek goddess of youth and cupbearer to the gods.
Notes

Worldes Blis is a Medieval song from ~13th century England. Preserved in a few manuscripts, this version of the song is from the Rawlinson Manuscript, housed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Here is a sample of it below:

Henry Purcell wrote Dido and Aeneas to be performed in 1689. Based off of Vergil's Aeneid, the opera follows the relationship between Dido, Queen of Carthage, and Aeneas, son of Venus who is fleeing from the aftermath of the Trojan war. The opera, unlike the poem, focuses on Dido and her eventual downfall as a result of the wayfaring Trojan.

Adam Sentoni, an American composer, honors more recent approaches to The Tempest in his musical adaptation by casting his Prospero as a woman. History as an actor and composer, Sentoni is currently an educator at The Hudson School, a private institution in Hoboken, NJ… and my alma-mater.

This collection of songs has been wonderful to put together. Each piece was selected due to its connection with a book or poem that struck me in my youth. From my mother reading me Romeo and Juliet when I was eight to taking my first Latin classes, I am who I am because of the things I have read. I think literature, poetry, and music are inseparable, relying on each other to create beautiful art. I am forever grateful to the friends and mentors who have enabled me to cultivate this worldview and to take the paths that I have. Go, read a book, and appreciate everything that those pages have to offer. Who
knows, you might feel inspired to put on a recital! My sincerest love and thanks
- Alexandra Gilman.
Hell Hath No Fury

A chantar m'er do so qu'eu non volria
Delitie d’amore
Di misera regina
Ah Belinda!
Occhi io vissi di voi
Lizzie Lizzie, Have You Tasted

La Comtessa de Dia (12th/13th c.)
Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Claudia Sessa (1570 - 1613/9)
Polly Pen (b. 1954)

Intermission

Columba aspexit
Che si può fare
Please Say You Will
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Fable

Hildegard Von Bingen (1098-1179)
Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
Scott Joplin (1867/8-1917)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Adam Guettel (b. 1964)
A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu non volria

I must sing of that of which I would rather not,
So bitter am I toward him, whose love I am.
For I love him more than anything else. With him mercy and courtliness are of no use,
Nor my beauty, nor my merit, nor my sense.
And so, I am deceived and betrayed, as I should be if I were ungracious.

La Comtessa de Día

A chantar m'er do so qu'eu non volria,
Tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia,
Car ieu l'am mais que nuilla ren que sia;
Vas lui no.m val merces ni cortesia
Ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens,
C'atressi.m sui enganad' e trahia
Com degr'esser, s'ieu fos desavinens.

D'aisso.m conort, car anc non fi faillensaa,
Amics, vas vos per nuilla captenenssa,
Anz vos am mais non fetz Seguis Valensa,
E platz mi mout quez eu d'amar vos venssa,
Lo meus amics, car etz lo plus valens;
Mi faitz orguoill en ditz et en parvenssa,
Et si etz francs vas totas autras gens.

I take comfort in the fact that I was never false,
My love, in my behavior towards you. Instead, I love you more than Seguin loved Valesia
And it pleases me that my love is greater than yours,
My love, because you are the most valiant.
You are contemptuous towards me word and deed,
And yet you are kindly towards others.

Meravill me com vostre cors s'orguoilla,
Amics, vas me, per qu'ai razon qu'ieu.m duoiolla
Non es ges dreitz c'autr'amors vos mi tuoilla
Per nuilla ren qe.us diga ni acuoilla;
E membre vos cals fo.l comenssamens

I marvel at how arrogant you are,
My love, towards me, for which I have reason to grieve.
It is not right that another love should take you from me,
No matter what she may say to you. And remember how it was at the beginning of our love. God forbid
That I should be the cause of our
De nostr’amor ja Domnedieus
non vuolla
Qu’en ma copa sia l departimens.

Proesa grans, qu’el vostre cors
s’aizina
E lo rics pretz qu’avetz, m’en
ataina,
C’una non sai, loindana ni vezina,
Si vol amar, vas vos no si’aclina;
Mas vos, amics, etz ben tant
conoissens
Que ben devetz conoisser la plus
fina,
e membre vos de nostres
covinens.

The great prowess that you
possess
And your merit retain me.
For I know no woman, far or near,
Who would not, if she wants to
love, be drawn to you.
But you, my love, are so
discerning
That you must discern the finest
And remind yourself of our
agreement.

Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos
paratges
E ma beltatz e plus mos fins
coratges,
per qu’ieu vos man lai on es
vostr’estatges
esta chansson, que me sia
mesatges.
Ieu vuoill saber, lo mieus bels
amics gens,
Per que vos m’etz tant fers ni tant
salvatges,
Non sai, si s’es orguoills o
maltalens.

My merit and my lineage should
help me,
And my beauty and above all my
faithfulness,
Which is why I send to you where
you dwell
This song, so that it might be my
messenger.
I want to know, my most noble
love,
Why you are so harsh and cruel
towards me.
I do not know whether it is
arrogance or malice.

Mais aitan plus voill qu’us diga l
mesatges
Qu’en trop d’orguoill ant gran dan
maintas gens.

But above all I want to tell him,
Messenger, that too much pride
has harmed many.

Translation by Richard Taruskin and Christopher Gibbs
Delitie d'amore

Pleasures of love,

Deh più non tardate
hasten to fill me with your
Afar mi goder;
rapturous delights
Sul fervido core,
On my burning heart,
Benigne versate
let you pleasures gently flow
I vostri piacer

V’aspeto, vi bramo,
I’m waiting for you, I desire you:
Se più mi stancate,
if you make me wait any longer, I
Mi sento cader.
will faint
Tesori vi chiamo,
I name you Treasures without
Se ben non provate,
having experienced you yet,
Se non col pensier
except in thought.

Chi non sà Ciò, che se d’amore
If you do not know the pleasures
gioir,
of love,
Lo dimandi à chi’l provò.
ask someone who has
Dir non può Ciò, che sia felicità
experienced them.
Chi bacciata non bacciò
She can not say what happiness
is, she who has not kissed or been
kissed.

Non godè vera gioia di quà giù
He cannot enjoy true joy here
Chi’l suo cor non strinse al sen:
below
Vero ben Riconoscer non può già
who never clasped to his breast
Chi’l suo amor non abbracciò:
his own sweetheart.
Chi no’l sà
He cannot recognise true love
Lo dimandi à chi’l provò.
who never embraced his own
love.
Demand that he who does not
know this
Should try it.
Maritate, ò voi beate!
In otio sterile
Le notti gelide
Voi non passate
In piume povere,
Trà brame inutili
Voi non penate

Married women, how happy you are!
You do not spend frozen nights in sterile leisure.
You do not suffer in a desolate bed from useless longings.

Translation by Festival d'Aix-en-Provence

Di Misera Regina
Monteverdi

Di misera Regina
Non terminati mai dolenti affanni!
L’aspettato non giunge,
E pur fuggono gl’anni.
La serie del penar è lunghi, ahi troppo!
A chi vive in angoscia il Tempo è zoppo.
Fallacissima speme,
Speranze non più verdi, ma canute;
A l’invecchiato male
Non promettete più pace e salute.
Scorsero quattro lustri
Dal memorabil giorno
In cui con sue rapine
Il superbo Troiano
Chiamò l’altra sua patria a le ruine.
A ragion arsa Troia,
Poiché l’Amor impuro,
Ch’è un delitto di foco,

Of a miserable queen, anxious sorrows never end!
The expected one does not arrive, and yet the years fly by.
The series of suffering is, oh, too long.
Time is lame for whoever lives in anguish.
Most false hope, hopes no longer green but hoary, to my pain grown old you no longer promise peace nor healing.
Two decades have passed since the memorable day in which, with his abduction, the proud Trojan brought his illustrious homeland to ruin.
Troy burned justly, for impure love, which is a fiery crime, is purged by fire.
Si purga con le fiamme.
Ma ben contra ragion, per l’altrui fallo,
Condannata innocente
De l’altrui colpe io sono
L’aflitta penitente.
Ulisse accorto e saggio,
Tu che punir gl’adulteri ti vanti,
Aguzzi l’armi, e susciti le fiamme,
Per vendicar gl’irrori
D’una profuga Greca, e in tanto lasci
La tua casta consorte
Fra in menici rivali
In dubio de l’onor, in forse a morte.
Ogni partenza attende
Desiato ritorno,
Sol tu del tuo tornar perdesti il giorno...

But against reason, and for another’s fault,
condemned, innocent for another’s guilt, I am the afflicted penitent.
Shrewd, wise Ulisse, you who boast of punishing adulterers,
sharpen your weapons and feed the flames to avenge the misdeeds of a Greek refugee, and you leave your own chaste wife among enemy rivals, her honor, perhaps her life at stake.
Every departure awaits the desired return.
You alone have missed the day of your return.

Translation by Ellen Rosand

Ah Belinda
Ah! Belinda,
I am pressed with torment not to be confessed.
Peace and I are strangers grown.
I languish till my grief is known
Yet would not have it guessed.

Occhi io vissi voi
Eyes, I lived by you while you existed, but first extinguished, then alive, from

Translation by Ellen Rosand

Ah Belinda Purcell
Ah! Belinda,
I am pressed with torment not to be confessed.
Peace and I are strangers grown.
I languish till my grief is known
Yet would not have it guessed.

Occhi io vissi voi Sessa
Eyes, I lived by you while you existed, but first extinguished, then alive, from
Infelice alimento
che mi nutre al tormento
e mi manca al gioire
per far vivace morte al mio
martire.

your death
Unhappy food
That nourishes me to torment
And I miss rejoicing
To give my suffering a lively
death

Lizzie Lizzie, Have You Tasted

Pen
You must not look at Goblin men,
You must not buy their fruit.

Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted.

One hauled a basket,
One bore a plate,
One lugged a golden dish of many pounds weight.
I heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves.
No, no, no, no.

We must not look at Goblin men,
We must not look.

One had a cat’s face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat’s pace,
One crawled like a snail.
I must not look at Goblin men,
I must not buy their fruits.

Look at our apples,
Russet and dun.
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Bite at our citrons,
Bite at our dates,
Pluck them and suck them

Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted.

Undone in mine undoing,
And ruin’d in my ruin,
Thirsty, canker’d, goblin-ridden?”

---

**Columba Aspexit**

Columba aspexit per cancellos fenestrae
ubi ante faciem eius
sudando sudavit balsamum
de lucido Maximino.

Calor solis exarsit et in tenebras resplenduit
unde gemma surrexit in edificatione templi
purissimi cordis benivoli.

Iste turris excelsa,
de ligno Libani et cipresse facta,
iacintco et sardio ornata est,
urbs precellens artes aliorum artificum.

Ipse velox cervus cucurrit

---

**von Bingen**

The dove beheld Through the lattices of the window
Where before its face Perspiring, balsam sweated
From shining Maximinus

The heat of the sun inflamed And shone brightly in darkness
From which rose up buds On the edifice of the temple
Most pure of the benevolent heart

That high palace Made of cypress wood of Lebanon
Decorated with Jacinth and Carnelian
The city having surpassed arts Of other artists

The swift stag himself runs
ad fontem purissime aque
fluentis de fortissimo lapide
qui dulcia aromata irrigavit.

To the fount with pure water
Flowing from the most strong stone
Which refreshes with a sweet aroma

O pigmentarii
qui estis in suavissima viriditate
hortorum regis,
ascendentes in altum
quando sanctum sacrificium
in arietibus perfecistis.

Oh Unguent-makers
That are in the sweetest green
Of the garden of the king
Ascending on high
When you have completed among the rams the sacred sacrament

Inter vos fulget hic artifex,
paries templi,
qui desideravit alas aquile
osculando nutricem Sapientiam
in gloriosa fecunditate Ecclesie.

Between you shines this maker
The house wall of the temple
Who desired the wings of an eagle
Kissing the nurse Wisdom
In the Church’s glorious fecundity

O Maximine,
mons et vallis es,
et in utroque alta edificatio
appares,
ubi capricornus cum elephante
exivit,
et Sapientia in deliciis fuit.

Oh Maximinus
You are mountain and valley
And you appear in both a tall edifice
Where the goat with elephant went
And Wisdom was in delight

Tu es fortis
et suavis in cerimoniiis
et in choro scatianae altaris,
ascendens ut fumus aromatum
ad columna laudis.

You are strong
And sweet in ceremony
And in the brilliance of the altar
Ascending just as aromatic fumes
To the pillars of praise

Ubi intercedis pro populo
qui tendit ad speculum lucis,
cui laus est in altis

When you intercede for the people
Who extend toward a mirror of light
Whose praise it is on high
Che si può fare?  
Le stelle  
Rubelle  
Non hanno pietà.  
Che s'el cielo non dà  
Un influsso 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?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna,  
Gl'innocenti condanna:  
Così l'oro più fido  
Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene,  
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.

Sì, sì, penar deggio,  
Sì, che darei sospiri,  
Deggio trarne i respiri.  
In aspri guai per eternarmi  
Il ciel niega mia sorte  
Al periodo vital  
Punto di morte.

Voi spirti dannati  
Ne sete beati  
S'ogni eumenide ria
Sol’ è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia. are intent only on torturing my soul.

Se sono sparite Since the furies of Diss
Le furie di Dite, have disappeared,
Voi ne gl’elisi eterni you spend your days in the Elysian
I dì trahete io coverò gl’infernì. fields while I molder in hell.

Così avvien a chi tocca Thus it happens that he who
Calcar l’orme d’un cieco, follows
al fin trabbocca. the shadow of a blind god
stumbles in the end.

Translated by Candace A Magner

Please Say You Will

Joplin

Closed in the parlor we are alone
Happy to be one that I love
I’ll ask you kindly oh Mamie Dove
Do speak just a few words to bind us in love
I will confess that I have been false
The other girl was really the cause
She is a flirt too and never still
I don’t love none but you please say you will

Must I plead must I kneel and you not forgive
Has your heart love been sealed do you love me still
You have always been true now why not forgive
I don’t love none but you please say you will.

Oh Mamie loved one don’t treat me so
You have forsaken where will I go,
Bowed on my knees I pray once again
Forgive me my loved one for I am to blame
Once you were kind and kissed me so sweet
The other girl has fooled me complete
Now I will live true why not forgive
I don’t love none but you please say you will

Now we must part love I’ll ask again
Don’t let this pleading be all in vain
You know I love you why not forgive
For my heart is broken oh please say you will
Let us agree love open your heart
Don’t let that flirt now keep us apart
I am so humble and pleading still
I don’t love none but you please say you will

_Gretchen am Spinnrade_  
_Schubert_

Meine Ruh’ ist hin,  
My peace is gone
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
My heart is heavy;
Ich finde sie nimmer  
I shall never
Und nimmermehr.  
Ever find peace again.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab’  
When he’s not with me,
Ist mir das Grab,  
Life’s like the grave;
Die ganze Welt  
The whole world
Ist mir vergällt.  
Is turned to gall.

Mein armer Kopf  
My poor head
Ist mir verrückt  
Is crazed,
Mein armer Sinn  
My poor mind
Ist mir zerstückt.  
Shattered.

Nach ihm nur schau’ ich  
It’s only for him
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
I gaze from the window,
Nach ihm nur geh’ ich  
It’s only for him
Aus dem Haus.  
I leave the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
His proud bearing
Sein’ edle Gestalt,                  His noble form,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,              The smile on his lips,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.               The power of his eyes,

Und seiner Rede                      And the magic flow
Zauberfluss.                        Of his words,
Sein Händedruck,                     The touch of his hand,
Und ach, sein Kuss!                 And ah, his kiss!

Mein Busen drängt sich               My bosom
Nach ihm hin.                        Yearns for him.
Ach dürft’ ich fassen               Ah! if I could clasp
Und halten ihn.                     And hold him,

Und küssen ihn                      And kiss him
So wie ich wollt’                   To my heart’s content,
An seinen Küssen                    And in his kisses
Vergehen sollt’!                   Perish!

Translated by Richard Stokes

Fable                              Guettel
You can look in the forest         You can look in the forest
For a secret field                 For a secret field
For a golden arrow                 For a golden arrow
For a prince to appear             For a prince to appear
For a fable of love that will last forever

You can look in the ruins         You can look in the ruins
For a wishing well                 For a wishing well
For a magic apple                  For a magic apple
For a charioteer                   For a charioteer
For a fable of love that will carry you

To a moon on a hill                To a moon on a hill
To a hidden stream                 To a hidden stream
A lagoon and a red horizon dream   A lagoon and a red horizon dream
Silhouette set away from time forever
To a valley beyond the setting sun
Where waters shine and horses run
Where there's a man who looks for you

But while you look you are changing, turning
You're a well of wishes
You're a fallen apple

No! No!
Love's a fake
Love's a fable

Just a painting
On a ceiling
Just a children's fairy tale
Still you have to look
And look

For the eyes
On a bridge in a pouring rain
Not the eyes but the part you can't explain
For the arms you could fall into forever

For the joy that you thought you'd never know
For here at last away you go
To a man who looks for you

If you find in the world
In the wide, wide world
That someone sees
That someone knows you
Love
Love
Love if you can, Oh, my Clara
Love if you can
And be loved

May it last forever
Clara

The light in the piazza
La Comtessa de Dia proves a bit of a mystery for musicologists. There is not much information about her, and what little there is conflicts at times. A medieval trobairitz (female troubadour), de Dia’s music appears in a collection of troubadour music, including also a short vida. The information it provides, however, is not always clear. Current scholarship suggests that she is Beatriz de Dia, daughter of Count Isouard de Dia and wife of Guilhem de Poitiers. Nevertheless, she was one of many women welcome into the career path of the troubadour. The songs of the trobairitz were similar to those of their male counterparts, dealing with themes of courtly love, but were spoken from the female perspective. Additionally, it was inappropriate for the woman to be anything but venerated, above the man with whom she is in conversation. There is something fascinating but also saddening in seeing female musicians being both popular and praised in the 12th century, culturally and musically put in an upstanding position, but then disappearing later on into the Renaissance and Baroque period.

Francesco Cavalli was a prolific early baroque Italian composer. He was the most performed, and perhaps the most representative, composer of opera in the quarter-century after Monteverdi and was a leading figure, as both composer and performer, in Venetian musical life. While more well-known for his operas Giasone, Didone, and Calisto, his work Elena (1659) is a hidden gem of a piece, a bizarre combination of mythology and Commedia Dell’arte, and is considered one of the first comedic operas. His myth of choice, however, is an odd pick for a comedy, focusing on the kidnapping of a young Helen of Troy (nee of Sparta) at the hands of Theseus and his friend Pirithous. This, of course, is second to her most famous kidnapping at the hands of Paris, which started the Trojan War. The opera is multifaceted, including Helen’s desire for love in a (somewhat) positive exploration of female sexuality and agency, albeit played for laughs and buried in a plot where she is literally kidnapped. She is not a particularly complicated character, the majority of the opera focusing on Menelaus, her love interest, trying to both woo her and rescue her, and doing it all in drag. That being said, while her entrance
aria, “Delitie d’amore,” is not particularly complicated; it is earnest in its examination of love and desire, and becomes more emphatic with each repetition. In the end, she is not punished for her outward wantonness, unlike many other similar characters. She is returned home to a happy life with Menelaus (until Paris shows up).

*Claudio Monteverdi* came into his own at the end of the Renaissance, just as music and interests were evolving into something new. What is more, Monteverdi was coming of age during the Humanist revival, which was eminent in Italy at the time. Born in Cremona, Monteverdi got his start at a young age by composing madrigals in the style of renaissance polyphony. Over the course of his career he ended up composing eight books of madrigals, and due to the long timeline, scholars are able to document the changes happening in music and his style as Italy pivoted from the Renaissance into the Baroque. This shift is most strongly heard first in the *Seconda Pratica*, the second practice, which was a style of composing that leaned heavily on text and emotional expression. Compositionally, this was often achieved through the use of monody, more frequent dissonance, and the *Stile Rappresentativo*, a style representing human speech and expression. Taking these new musical innovations, he pushed it to the next level, composing what is generally agreed upon to be the first opera, *l’Orfeo* in 1607. From there, he composed a hearty catalog of operas, including *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*. This opera, like many early operas, draws from the Classics and tells the tale of Odysseus making his way back home from the end of the Trojan War to his wife, Penelope. *The Odyssey*, in brief, documents the ten-year-long journey of Odysseus in his return to Ithaca. It also recounts the trials of Penelope, thought to be a widow, fending off one hundred suitors for years in the hope that Odysseus would return. Penelope’s story is one that shows love and loyalty, wit and strength. She cleverly keeps these noblemen at bay, asserting herself as the mistress of the house. “Di Misera Regina” is a culmination of Monteverdi’s developments in music and the depth of character in Penelope, embodying her pain, yet still displaying constancy, showing that she has not given up her hope or her strength.

*Henry Purcell* was a prolific English composer during the Baroque Era. A talented musician in his own right, engaged for a time as the
Westminster Abbey organist, he was most famous for composing masques, combinations of music, dance, and theatre, stemming from his employment as a court composer. Interestingly, it was only in the last few years of his life that he dove into theatrical pieces. Despite having a portfolio of many classically-inspired works, Purcell composed Dido as his first and only opera. The difference is that unlike his masques or semi-operas, Dido is a continuous stream of music, never breaking for speech or dialogue. Instead, it uses recitativo, a narrative style of singing over sustained bass, to convey its conversations and arias to encompass the swaths of emotion felt by the characters. This consistency of sound creates an ease of communication between the audience and performers in order to relay all the themes of the narrative. Purcell’s adaptation strives to show Dido as a whole figure, what she suffers from and who she has impacted. We, as spectators, get to go with her on this journey. The opera is not a retelling of a book out of the Aeneid; it is an intimate exploration of the relationship between Dido and Aeneas, making it the center point as opposed to a part of a larger story. Moreso, it wants to explore the identity and character of Dido herself as opposed to her being a part of someone else’s story.

Claudia Sessa was a nun at Lateran Canoness house of Santa Maria Annunciata. Both a singer and composer, Sessa is remembered for her only preserved pieces, her two arias, the “Canoro pianto di Maria Vergine.” Little else is known about her. Her pieces employ monody, a vocal style that uses a single melodic line over instrumentation to emphasize both the poetry of the song and the skill of the singer, a new favorite of the Early Baroque.

Polly Pen is an American composer known for her work in Musical Theater. Currently adjunct faculty at New York University TISCH, Pen is an Obie Award winner. Her production, The Goblin Market, with book by Peggy Harmon, premiered Off-Broadway in 1985 and received five Drama Desk nominations. The musical explores “The Goblin Market,” a poem written by Christina Rosetti, the story of two sisters and their conflicts with the fantastical as well as the mundane. Lizzie, the older sister, goes on a journey of self-discovery, tasting maturity as both the sweet fruit and bitter pill that it is. Laura, the younger sister, takes the path to find self-confidence and strength, being able to help her sister
when she needs it most. The poetry is often regarded as being in conversation with sexual exploration, although the musical leaves that up more to interpretation. With a sumptuous and creative score, *The Goblin Market* is also a show that is rooted in femininity, sisterhood, and agency. The representation of a female poet, female composers, and the only two characters being women, in a show about their sorority, gives hope to a more diverse musical future.

*Hildegard von Bingen* is many things. As a singer and a Medievalist, I have noticed a strange phenomenon with von Bingen. Depending on the focus, be it literature, art, or music, Hildegard always fits into the conversation. Yet, what I have found surprising is that there is little overlap among these divisions. People are surprised when they discover each of these aspects of her character. Hildegard was not just a poet, or an artist, or a composer. She was all three and much more. She was an abbess, running her own convent in Trier. She was a scholar, studying science and medicine in addition to religious doctrine. She was a herbalist and dietician, trying to live and impart knowledge for the healthiest life possible. From a young age, she reported having visions, which current scholarship attributes are connected to her chronic migraines. These visions created vivid and bizarre inspiration for her works, as we can see in the text of “Columba Aspexit.” Between strange animal imagery and the bejeweled nature of the text, “Columba Aspexit” stands out as a great example of what Hildegard was capable, not just as a musician, but as a poet. Her influence on music, however, should not go unacknowledged. Hildegard was a pioneer in the evolution of early music, developing *neumatic* writing forms, pushing the bounds of vocal range and composing the first liturgical drama set to music of which we have record. Anyone who knows me well has heard me gush about Hildegard Von Bingen at least once. The main reason I usually do, and why I wanted to include her in this program, is that Hildegard is often cited as the first capital “C” Composer, where we have music that has her name on it. This might not seem revolutionary, but I have found it significantly resonant that our first composer, in a male-dominant artform, in a male-dominant time period, is a woman. Up until recently, it seems that musicology often forgot or ignored the women in its history, but there is no forgetting the origin point, our (0,0), especially when she was, literally, a visionary.
Barbara Strozzi was born into a family that appreciated the arts and had a great deal of wealth to enjoy them. She also was born in Venice during a time of humanist enlightenment, where Greek and Roman story, art, and philosophy came back in style. She received music education from Francesco Cavalli, a notable early baroque composer. From there she sang for various academies in Venice, who praised her for her voice, and went on to publish eight collections of music. Despite notoriety in her time, it seemed in many ways that music history forgot Strozzi, as she died with little renown or money. However, thanks to contemporary scholarship, her music has been brought to new light. Her mastery of the Seconda Pratica shows her skill as a composer. Her pieces require heightened levels of study and training in order to perform, specifically in regards to the voice. All the while, what she did at the time was not condoned by popular society, people commenting on her chastity and virtue. However, without her, the world would be lacking a beautiful collection of music. “Che Si Può Fare” embodies many themes of this concert program, delving into the concepts of despondency and lack of agency that women face. This resonates all the more when written by the hand of a woman who pushed up against social expectations to express her passions.

Scott Joplin was an American composer with a prolific catalog of repertoire. Most notably, Joplin is hailed as the “King of Ragtime Writers,” codifying the genre with some of his most famous rags “The Entertainer” and the “Maple Leaf Rag.” In addition to his career as an instrumental composer, he also spent time with a vocal ensemble, the Texas Medley Quartette. Published in 1895, “Please Say You Will” is one of Joplin’s few remaining vocal compositions. It is a parlour song, a genre that began in 19th century Europe, eventually crossing the ocean to the United States, as music made its way out of concert halls and into homes. Western music before this, specifically the Classical and Romantic genres, had become something special, to which only certain people could have access. Performances were limited to those with cultivated training, while viewing was limited to those of high enough status, either via the clergy or the state. That, however, is not where it would stay. Compositions, like parlour songs, were the opening of the door to incorporate music into the daily lives of average people, bringing the art of the aria to the amateur.
Franz Schubert, although his life was short and full of troubles, composed enough music for decades worth of a career. Born near Vienna, he was a child prodigy, composing his first symphony at age 16. Suffering from illness for most of his life, he nevertheless composed some of classical music’s most beloved pieces like “Winterreise” and “Die schöne Müllerin.” Themes of hardship and struggle did indeed permeate aspects of his composing, drawing inspiration from dire narratives. “Gretchen am Spinnrade” based on Goethe’s Faust, is one of these, diving deep into the internal conflicts people face in regards to their own desires, vices, and emotions. Gretchen, also known as Marguerite, is torn in her love for Faust, knowing that he is bad for her, but that she nonetheless desires him. This constant circling back and forth is embodied in the motion of the piano, which depicts her sitting at her spinning wheel.

Adam Guettel is a contemporary American composer known for his classical and musical theater compositions, with one of his most famous pieces, The Light in the Piazza, making its Broadway debut in 2005. Adapting the 1960 novella by Elizabeth Spencer, the show follows a mother-daughter duo on vacation from the American South to 1950’s Italy. The daughter, Clara, ends up falling in love with a local young man by the name of Fabrizio. The show follows their relationship together, as well as with their families, navigating young love, language barriers, and well-kept secrets. “Fable,” sung by Clara’s mother, Margaret, reflects on the nature of young love, having some jaded opinions from her own marriage, how love is first beautiful and magical, but can become fickle and corrupted. Filled with enchanting harp, lush strings, English and Italian text, vivid imagery, and a sweeping score, The Light in the Piazza leaves you enraptured. So, “love if you can and be loved... may it last forever.”

I cannot even begin to describe how grateful I am to everyone who has helped me put this program together. Ilka, my voice teacher, thank you for taking me on this journey and guiding me every step of the way. Erika, thank you for supporting me through thick and thin, always reminding me I had the strength to pull through. Rufus, thank you for encouraging the Early Musician in me and giving me the opportunity to sing a role of my dreams. Marisa, thank you for letting me join Medieval
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