

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  
The Division of the Arts of Bard College

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*

*Alexandra Gilman, Mezzo-Soprano*

*Erika Switzer, Piano*

*Emily Han, Piano*

*November 11th, 8:15 pm*

*Bito CPS*

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.

# *Tell Me A Story*

Come unto these Yellow Sands

*John Banister*

(1625-1679)

Church Bell at Night

*Samuel Barber (1910-1981)*

Mémoires Populaires Grecques

*Maurice Ravel*

(1873-1937)

Heigh-ho the Wind and the Rain

*English Folk Song*

Mouth So Charmful

*Polly Pen (b.*

1954)

*Antonio Lotti (1667-1740)*

Promiscuity

*Samuel*

*Barber*

Amour Viens Aider

*Camille Saint-Saëns*

(1835-1921)

## *Intermission*

Dame a vous sans retollir

*Guillaume de Machaut*

(1300-1377)

Hébé

*Amédée-Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)*

Worldes Blis  
Century)

*Anonymous (Late 13th*

The Crucifixion  
Barber

*Samuel*

Mirage  
Pen

*Polly*

When I am Laid

*Henry Purcell (1659-1695)*

Invocation

*Adam Sentoni (b. 1967)*

*"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 III)*

Mélodies Populaires

Grecques-----Ravel

❖ Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,	Awake, awake, my darling partridge, Open to the morning your wings.
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.	Three beauty marks;
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!	my heart is on fire!

Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte, Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.	See the ribbon of gold that I bring To tie round your hair.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!	If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!	In our two families, everyone is related!

❖ Là-bas, vers l'église

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

Yonder, by the church,  
By the church of Ayio Sidero,  
The church, o blessed Virgin,  
The church of Ayio Costandino,  
There are gathered,  
Assembled in numbers infinite,  
The world's, o blessed Virgin,  
All the world's most decent folk!

### ❖ Quel Galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant compares with me,  
Among those one sees passing by?  
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

See, hanging on my belt,  
My pistols and my curved sword.  
And it is you whom I love

*"Come, O lady resplendent with gifts, queen Dēē, bringer of hōrai,  
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 thūmos.*

*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 coeur,  
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,

O 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  
souponnent !

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 unpecked 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, 1-19)*

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..

*"Pouugh pride and pouugh glotonie,  
We habben iliued in lecherie,  
Bope wi3 dede and wi3 pought,  
Vnkyndeliche wi3 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!

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

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

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

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

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!

which memories nourish?  
He is mine, he is my slave!  
My brethren fear his wrath;  
I alone among all, I defy him  
and hold him down at my knees.

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

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

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!

Against love his strength is vain;  
and he, the strongest of the strong  
he who breaks the chain of a nation  
will succumb under my efforts!

*"Noi per in word no in dede:  
Gitvix hem tvaï 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, desir,  
Corps, et amour,  
Comme a toute la millour  
Qu'on puist choisir,  
Ne qui vivre ne morir  
Puist a ce jour.

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.

Si ne me doit a folour  
Tourner, se je vous äour,  
Car sans mentir,

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 anientir,  
 Et vo douçour  
 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'avançait.  
 Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur  
 coupe vide,  
 Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.

When Hebe, with eyes lowered,  
 blushing and artless  
 walked towards their banquet table,  
 the gods, charmed, would hold out  
 their empty cups  
 and the girl would fill them with  
 nectar.

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.

We all also, when youth comes past,  
 jostle to hold our goblets out.  
 What wine does the goddess pour?  
 One we don't know, which exalts and  
 enraptures.

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
Longtemps encor sur la route	back.
éternelle,	For a long time still, watching the
Notre oeil en pleurs suit l'échanson	eternal road,
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 away anon.  
þe langer þat ich hit iknowë,  
þe lass ich findë pris þaron;  
for al it is imeind mid carë  
mid serwen and mid evel farë,  
and attë lastë povre and barë  
it lat man, wan it ginth agon.  
Al þe blis þis heer and þare  
bilucth at endë weep and mon.

Worldly bliss lasts not a moment;  
it wanes and goes away anon.  
The longer that I know it,  
the less I find value thereon;  
for all it is mingled with care,  
with sorrows and with evil fare,  
and at the last poor and bare  
it leaves man, when it begins to be gone.  
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 ei3te 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.

of house and home and child and wife.  
Simple man, take care thereof!  
For you shall all relinquish here  
the possessions whereof you were lord;  
when you lie, man, upon the bier  
and sleep a very dreary sleep  
you'll not have with you any companion  
but your works on a heap.

*"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. 496-5-5)*

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 recitalists.

*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.

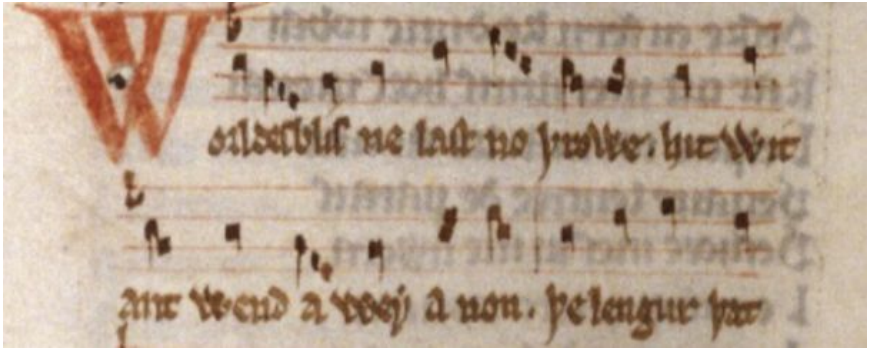
*Camille Saint-Saëns*, a French Romantic composer, completed his opera *Samson et Dalila* in 1877. "Amour viens aider" is the moment where Delilah is solidifying her determination to bring about Samson's undoing.

*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 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

*La Comtessa de Dia (12th/13th c.)*

Delitie d'amore

*Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)*

Di misera regina

*Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)*

Ah Belinda!

*Henry Purcell (1659-1695)*

Occhi io vissi di voi

*Claudia Sessa (1570 - 1613/9)*

Lizzie Lizzie, Have You Tasted

*Polly Pen (b. 1954)*

## *Intermission*

Columba aspexit

*Hildegard Von Bingen (1098-1179)*

Che si può fare

*Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)*

Please Say You Will

*Scott Joplin (1867/8-1917)*

Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Franz Schubert (1797-1828)*

Fable

*Adam Guettel (b. 1964)*

*A chantar m'er do so qu'eu non volria*

A chantar m'er de so qu'ieu 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  
captენenssa,  
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.

Meravill me com vostre cors  
s'orguoilla,  
Amics, vas me, per qu'ai razon  
qu'ieu.m duoilla  
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

*La Comtessa de Dia*

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.

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.

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 Dompnedieus  
non vuoilla  
Qu'en ma copa sia.l departimens.

parting.

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'acлина;  
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  
messatges.  
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 qe.us diga.l  
messatges  
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*

*Cavalli*

Delitie d'amore,  
Deh più non tardate  
Afar mi goder;  
Sul fervido core,  
Benigne versate  
I vostri piacer

Pleasures of love,  
hasten to fill me with your  
rapturous delights  
On my burning heart,  
let you pleasures gently flow

V'aspeto, vi bramo,  
Se più mi stancate,  
Mi sento cader.  
Tesori vi chiamo,  
Se ben non provate,  
Se non col pensier

I'm waiting for you, I desire you:  
if you make me wait any longer, I  
will faint  
I name you Treasures without  
having experienced you yet,  
except in thought.

Chi non sà Ciò, che se d'amore  
gioir,  
Lo dimandi à chi'l provò.  
Dir non può Ciò, che sia felicità  
Chi bacciata non bacciò

If you do not know the pleasures  
of love,  
ask someone who has  
experienced them.  
She can not say what happiness  
is, she who has not kissed or been  
kissed.

Non godè vera gioia di quà giù  
Chi'l suo cor non strinse al sen:  
Vero ben Riconoscer non può già  
Chi'l suo amor non abbracciò:  
Chi no'l sà  
Lo dimandi à chi'l provò.

He cannot enjoy true joy here  
below  
who never clasped to his breast  
his own sweetheart.  
He cannot recognise true love  
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 lungi, ahì  
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  
laschi  
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*

*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*

Occhi io vissi di voi  
mentre voi fosti voi ma spenti poi  
vivo di vostra morte

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*

*von Bingen*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ipsa velox cervus cucurrit

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 cerimoniais  
et in chorascatiane altaris,  
ascendens ut fumus aromatum  
ad columpnam 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*

*Strozzi*

Che si può fare? What can you do?  
Le stelle The stars,  
Rubelle contrary/intractable,  
Non hanno pietà. have no pity.  
Che s'el cielo non dà Since the gods don't give  
Un influxo di pace al mio penare, a measure of peace in my suffering,  
Che si può fare? what can I do?

Che si può dire? What can you say?  
Da gl'astri From the heavens  
Disastri disasters  
Mi piovano ogn'hor; keep raining down on me;  
Che le perfido amor Since that treacherous Cupid  
Un respiro diniega al mio martire, denies respite to my torture,  
Che si può dire? what can I say?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna, That's how it is with cruel destiny  
Gl'innocenti condanna: the powerful tyrant,  
Così l'oro più fido it condemns the innocent:  
Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene, thus the purest gold  
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene. of constancy and faithfulness, alas,  
is continually refined in the fire of  
pain.

Sì, sì, penar deggio, Yes, yes, I have to suffer,  
Sì, che darei sospiri, yes, I must sigh,  
Deggio trarne i respiri. I must breathe with difficulty.  
In aspri guai per eternarmi In order to eternalize my trials  
Il ciel niega mia sorte heaven denies the final period of  
Al periodo vital death  
Punto di morte. on the sentence of my lifespan  
to my destiny.

Voi spirti dannati You spirits of the damned,  
Ne sete beati you're blessed,  
S'ogni eumenide ria since all the cruel Eumenides

Sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima  
mia.

are intent only on torturing my  
soul.

Se sono sparite  
Le furie di Dite,  
Voi ne gl'elisi eterni  
I di trahete io coverò gl'inferni.

Since the furies of Diss  
have disappeared,  
you spend your days in the Elysian  
fields  
while I molder in hell.

Così avvien a chi tocca  
Calcar l'orme d'un cieco,  
al fin trabocca.

Thus it happens that he who  
follows  
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,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.

Sein hoher Gang,

His proud bearing



Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,

And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

*Translated by Richard Stokes*

*Fable*

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

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

To a moon on a hill  
To a hidden stream  
A lagoon and a red horizon dream  
Silhouette set away from time forever

*Guettel*

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

## Notes

*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 Prattica*, 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 Rossetti, 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."



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