Old Dominion University
Faculty Recital

Dr. Brian Nedvin, tenor
Dr. Bridgid Eversole, soprano
Dr. Stephen Coxe, piano

Program

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée [Morand]  
   Chanson romanesque
   Chanson épique
   Chanson à boire
   Maurice Ravel  
   (1875-1937)

Ich stand in dunklen Traümen Op. 13, No. 1
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen Op. 12, No. 2
Liebst du um Schönheit Op. 12, No. 4
Warum willst du and’re fragen Op. 12, No. 11
Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage
   Clara Schumann  
   (1818-1896)

Winter Words [Hardy]
   At day-close in November
   Midnight on the Great Western
   Wagtail and Baby
   The little old table
   The Choirmaster’s Burial
   Proud Songsters
   At the Railway Station, Upway
   Before Life and After
   Benjamin Britten  
   (1913-1976)

Three Poems of Paul Verlaine
   En sourdine
   Clair de lune
   La lune blanche
   Stephen Coxe  
   (b. 1966)

Vier Duette, op. 78
   Tanzlied [Rückerr]
   Er und Sie [Kerner]
   Ich denke dein [von Goethe]
   Wiegenlied [Hebbel]
   Robert Schumann  
   (1810-1856)
Leonard Bernstein is quoted as saying: “This will be our reply to violence: to make music more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly than ever before.” In a time when there is such great uncertainty, when even Mother Nature seems to be more chaotic than before, musicians and their audiences have the opportunity to create something beautiful, to share in this communal event and leave the world of politics, mother nature, and all our other worldly problems behind. But sometimes, even this glorious cathedral - the recital hall - is not enough to cleanse away all the issues. It is often only after music has been chosen, learned, and polished that one sits down to write the program notes. When doing so, I am often surprised by what I learn. In this case, I learned that Paul Morand is not a person with whom I would like to associate, and now knowing this, I find myself in a dilemma. As I have learned, Morand believed in ethnic and anti-Semitic principles, and was an ambassador in Romania and Switzerland during World War II on behalf of the Vichy regime, who willfully collaborated with Nazi Germany. Morand after visiting New York City, wrote: “the Jews own New York, the Irish run it, and the Negroes enjoy it...Italians hardly can be assimilated.” Now knowing the type of man Mr. Morand was, should I refuse to sing his words? If so, do I refuse to sing Wagner as well? What happens when I find other composers, or poets, who created great works of art, but were anti-Semitic, or anti-“fill-in-the-blank”? When I shared this with my friend, and collaborator, Dr. Stephen Coxe, he immediately let me know that he was okay with cutting these songs from the recital. For that, I am grateful, but I have chosen to share these songs with you, and will carefully consider whether to do so in the future.

The three songs portray three different aspects of Don Quichotte: the lover, the holy warrior, and the drinker. Since each song clearly focused on a different facet of the man, Ravel chose a different dance for each of the songs. Starting with a quajira, a dance that alternates between 6/8 and 3/4. In time performed by a Basque song or dance in 5/8 time and dotted rhythm. This song is actually written in 5/4, and the holy affect is wonderfully set up with the opening two measures. The accompaniment evokes a church organ, the backdrop to Quichotte singing the holy praises of his lady. According to Merriam-Webster, the jota, the style in which the third song is composed, is a Spanish folk dance in 3/4 that is performed by a man and a woman to intricate castanet and heel rhythms. I promise not to dance, but you can imagine the heel rhythms on 1 and 3 throughout the song as Quichotte drinks to joy.

### Chanson Romanesque

*Si vous me disiez que la terre...*  
*Romanesque Song*

> If you told me the eternal turning  
> Of the world offended you.  
> I would send Sancho Panza:  
> you would see it stopped and silent.  
>
> If you told me you were bored by  
> the number of stars in the sky.  
> I would tear the heavens apart,  
> I would expunge the night in one swipe.  
>
> If you told me that the now-empty  
> space doesn’t please you,  
> God’s man, with a lance in hand.  
> I would fill the passing wind with stars.  
>
> But, my Lady, if you told me  
> that my blood is more mine than yours.  
> I would pale under the blame  
> And I would die while blessing you.  
>
> Oh, Dulcinée.

### Chanson épique

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir...*  
*Dramatic Song*

> Good Saint Michael, who gives me the chance  
> to see my Lady and to hear her.  
> Good Saint Michael who consents to choose me  
> to please and defend her.  
> Good Saint Michael you will descend  
> With Saint George to the altar  
> Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.  
>
> With a beam from heaven, bless my sword  
> Which its equal in purity  
> And its equal in piety  
> As in modesty and chastity, my Lady.  
>
> O Great Saint George and Saint Michael  
> The angel who will guard my watch  
> My sweet Lady, so much like you  
> Virgin in the blue mantle.  
> Amen.

### Chanson à boire

*Foin du bâtarde...*  
*Drinking Song*

> Ah! I drink to joy!  
> Joy is the only goal,  
> To which I go straight...  
> When I’ve drunk!  
>
> Ah! I drink to joy!  
> Joy is the only goal,  
> To which I go straight...  
> When I’ve drunk!  
>
> I drink to pleasure! ...

Clara Wieck Schumann (1818-1896) was known as “The Empress of the Piano” during her lifetime. She married Robert Schumann in 1840 after a long, tumultuous legal battle with her father, over the pending marriage. In 1839, Clara wrote in her diary, “I once felt that I possessed a creative talent, but I have since abandoned this idea. A woman should not want to compose- there still hasn’t been a female composer, why should I be the first? That would be presumptuous, a result of the misconception my father instilled in me in earlier years.” Though overshadowed by her famous husband, Clara was a successful composer in her own right. Although she is better known for her piano music, her Lieder are quite interesting.

The couple had eight children, which hindered Clara’s performance schedule as well as her compositional output. She was forced to give up composing all together when Robert became ill and was institutionalized in 1854. Robert did encouraged Clara to compose and most of her Lieder were composed for him. After his death Clara devoted her life to editing and performing her late husband’s works. “I stand in dunklen Traum” was composed as a Christmas gift for Robert in 1840. It was later published in 1844 as Number 1 in Opus 13, which was dedicated to the Queen in Copenhagen, Queen Caroline Amalie.

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Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
und starrte ihr Bildnis an, und
das geliebte Antlitz.
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmütern
Ergründte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab,
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Ich starrte ihr Bildnis an.

Er ist gekommen
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug bekommen
Mein Herz entgegen.

Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Daß seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.

Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen.

Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.

Der Freund zieht weiter, Ich seh' es heiter,

Liebst du um Schönheit
Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Lieber die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Schönheit
Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Lieber die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

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Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Lieber die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
The next-to-last poem is At the Railway Station, Upway. Here, we are introduced to a convict, whose heart is overjoyed at the fiddle playing of a small boy at the station. “Before Life and After” is the final song, in which the main theme of “the loss of innocence” is most strongly projected.  

At day-close in November

The ten hours’ light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like walters waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time,
Float past like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

Midnight on the Great Western (or The Journeying Boy)

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp’s oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
And the roof

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake

This plunge alone?

What if all Time were theirs.

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud

Whoever owns it anon,
And hears it, will never know
What a history hangs upon
This creak from long ago.

The Choirmaster’s Burial (or the Tenor man’s story)

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Is the thing for me!"

And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death’s dream,
Like the seraphim.
As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.

I think,” said the vicar,
A read service quicker
Than viol out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,

And it seems to me
It had better not be.

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be, To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But ‘twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The heastoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster’s grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud

None knew regret, starved hope, or heart
None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
Before the birth of consciousness,
And as, indeed, earth’s testimonies tell

Before Life and After

The convict, and boy with the violin.

As if all Time were theirs.

The things are brand-new birds of
Twelve-months’ growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nur, thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.

At the Railway Station, Upway (or The Convict and Boy with the Violin)

“Are there not enough that I can do,
For I’ve no money that’s quite my own?”
Spoke up the pitying child.
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in,
"But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one ‘tis, and good in tune!"

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang
With grimful gleam: "This life so free
Is the thing for me!"
And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in.
The convict, and boy with the violin.

Before Life and After

A time there was - as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth’s testimonies tell
Before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart

None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was

If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere renascence shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?

The poetry of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) resisted the move toward realism and held firmly to the romantic poetry of earlier poets. Verlaine’s poetry was set to music by Fauré, Debussy, Hahn, and now by Stephen Coxe. To get a feel for the world of Verlaine’s poetry, William Gaunt translates Verlaine’s words in The Aesthetic Adventure: “I love this world decadence, all shimmering in purple and gold. It suggests the subtle thoughts of ultimate civilization, a high literary culture, a soul capable of intense pleasures. It throws off bursts of fire and the sparkle of precious stones. It is redolent of the rouge of courtesans, the games of the circus, the painting of the gladiators, the spring of the wild beaste, the consuming in flames of races exhausted by their capacity for sensation, as the tramp of an invading army sounds.”

Fêtes galantes

**En sourdine [Verlaine]**

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langoureuses  
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout désespoir.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

**Clair de lune [Verlaine]**

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

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

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

La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois ;  
Le vaste et tendre  
Sous ta ramée...  
Calm  
Let us penetrate well our love  
With this profound silence.

Let us persuade  
To the soothing and sweet breath,  
Which comes, riding, to your feet  
On the waves of autumn grass.

And when, solemn, the evening  
Of the black oaks will fall,  
Voice of our despair,  
The nightingale will sing.

**Vier Duette für Sopran und Tenor, op.78**

These program notes were written by John Palmer (see footnote)The Vier Duetten (Four Duets), Op. 78 employs a triplet pattern in the piano accompaniment, linking the pieces. The only song that does not have the triplet pattern is the first, which is in triple meter.

"Tanzlied" (Dance Song), by Friedrich Rückerr (1788-1866), is the most cheerful of the four. The text is a conversation in which a woman begs her sweetheart to join her in a dance with other couples, but the man, whose heart is pounding, would rather not. As the man offers his objections, the harmony slips into G minor, conveying his dread of dancing in public. Throughout-composed, the song develops unity through repeated fragments of melody. It is the most adventurous of the set and was probably too difficult for the average amateur.

"Er und Sie" (He and She), by Justinus Kerner, is another conversation, but in this one the man and woman think along the same lines. Perhaps because of this they sing together more often than in "Tanzlied." In E flat major, the song features unusual passages of contrapuntal writing separated by a refrain, "Tret' ich an mein Fenster," which is always set to the same melody.

In contrast to the first two songs of Op. 78, "Ich denke dein" (I Think of You) contains voice parts that move in exactly the same rhythm, and set the same words, from beginning to end. This is appropriate for Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's (1749-1832) text, in which numerous aspects of the world make each person think of the other. Throughout, contrast between the triplets in the piano part and duplets in the voice parts create forward energy in the varied strophic setting that begins in E minor and closes in G major.

"Wiegenlied" (Lullaby), setting a poem by Friedrich Hebbel (1813-63), is framed by a refrain that juxtaposes the constant triplet motion of the bulk of the song with an eighth-note duplet rhythm in the piano. The refrain, "Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf" (Sleep, little child, sleep), also separates the two, strophically set verses. As in "Ich Denke dein," the voice parts move together and in duplets that contrast with the triplets in the accompaniment. "Wiegenlied" closes the set in G major.
Er:
Wehe! wie pocht mir das Herz,
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz?
Läßt dich umschließen,
Laß mich sortieren,
Ruhend im seligen Schmerz;
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz?

Sie:
Eia, der Walzer erklingt,
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt,
Mädchen und Bübchen,
Schelmchen und Liebchen;
Frisch, wo’s am dichtesten springt,
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt!

Er:
Wehe! mir sinket der Arm,
Mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm,
Wie sie dich fassen,
Swirling about today,
In the middle of this delightful brilliance!
Couple upon couple are swaying!

She:
Wie Du schläfst, so bist Du brav!
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Und mein Finger pflückt sie Dir.

She:
Eia, how the ribbons flutter on the wreath
Come dance with me, my dear!

He:
I can see them.
in forget-me-not full of dew
I can see them.

Schenk mir ein liebes Bild
In dem Stern zu sehen.

Tanzlied [Rückert]

Kann ich es erschauen.
Im Vergißmeinnicht voll Tau
Jetzt auch auf die Auen;
Ach! es blickt ihr Auge blau
now also at the meadow,
in the sunshine

Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,
Mögen alle schöner sein,
Blick ich nur auf einen;
Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,
Mögen alle schöner sein,
Blick ich nur auf einen;
I look only at one.

Eia, wie flattert der Kranz,
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!
Wollen uns schwingen,
Rasch uns erspringen
Mitten im wohnigen Glanz,
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!

Dance Song

He:
I look into the still valley,
where in the sunshine
flowers without equal are resplendent,
I look only at one.

Ah! her blue eyes are looking
now also at the meadow,
in forget-me-not full of dew
I can see them.

She:
Eia, look how the ribbons flutter on the wreath -
Come dance with me, my dear!

He:
Woe, how my heart pounds!
Tell me, what jest is this?
Let me embrace you,
Let me melt away,
Resting in blissful pain.
Tell me, what jest is this?

She:
Eia, the waltz is starting:
Couple upon couple are swaying,
Maidens and lads,
Rogues and sweethearts!
Quick, let’s jump in where the crowd is thick.
Couple upon couple are swaying!

Ich denke dein [von Goethe]

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meer strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich das Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen mahlt.

Ich seh dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf den schmalen Stegen
Der Wanderer hebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh’ ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenig schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seyst auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald
leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärst du da!

Wiegelnlied [Hebbel]

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!
Wie Du schlafst, so bist Du brav.

Draußen, roth im Mittagsscheine,
Glüht der schönsten Kirschen eine,
Wenn Du aufwachst, gehen wir,
Und mein Finger pflückt sie Dir.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Wie Du schlafst, so bist Du brav!

Immer süßer kocht die Sonne
Deine Kirsche, Dir zur Wonne,
Schlaf denn, Kindlein, leicht bedeckt,
Bis der Durst nach ihr Dich weckt.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Wie Du schlafst, so bist Du brav!

Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh’ ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenig schweigt.

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meer strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich das Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen mahlt.

Ich seh dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf den schmalen Stegen
Der Wanderer hebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh’ ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenig schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seyst auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald
leuchten mir die Sterne.
O wärst du da!

Lullaby

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.

Outside in the midday sun
There glows one of the finest cherries.
When you awaken, we shall go,
And my finger will pluck it for you.

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.

Ever sweeter the sun ripens
Your cherry, for your delight;
Sleep, then little child, lightly covered,
Until you awake with an appetite for it.

Sleep, little child, sleep!
As you sleep, you are so good.

-translated by Emily Ezust

-translated by David K. Smythe