

Katriana Kirby-Kopczynski and Hanyun Gu

March 19, 2022, 1:30 pm

Hatch Recital Hall

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Lagrimie mie, Op. 7.04, from Diporti di Euterpe (1659)

Text by Pietro Dolfino (17th century)

Adopted, probably illegitimate, daughter and sole heir to prominent Venetian opera figure Giulio Strozzi, Barbara Strozzi studied with the famed Venetian opera composer Francesco Cavalli within the *seconda prattica* tradition of the 17th century. Compared to Cavalli, her melismatic expansions are longer, repetitions of text more frequent, and her musical style is more lyrical and dependent on sheer vocal sound. Despite living and composing in Venice where opera reigned supreme, nearly all of Strozzi's surviving compositions are vocal chamber music works. *Diporti di Euterpe* was Strozzi's sixth volume of vocal music published within nine years, a feat matched by no other 17th century composer, and begins with four large cantatas, followed by ten ariettes and one smaller cantata for solo voice. *Lagrimie mie* is the fourth cantata within this Opus, and its opening melisma is an ideal representation of Middle Baroque aesthetics. Overall, this cantata is remarkable for its use of musical devices to sustain intensity, with its chromatic melodic lines, constant shifts between recitative and arioso, expressive melismas, and unsettled harmony.

Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?
Lidia, che tant'adoro,
Perch'un guardo pietoso, ahi, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
Sta la bella innocente,
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;
E quel che più mi duole
Ed' accresc'al mio mal tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione
Provi male il mio bene.
E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi
L'idol mio che tanto adoro;
Sta colei tra duri marmi,
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.
Se la morte m'è gradita,
Hor che son privo di spene,
Dhe, toglietemi la vita,
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.
Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentarmi
Maggiormente la sorte
Mi nega anco la morte.
Se dunque è vero, o Dio,
Che sol del pianto mio
Il rio destino ha sete,
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete? etc.

My tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?
Lidia, whom I so much adore,
because of a favorable glance she gave to me,
is imprisoned by her stern father.
Between two walls
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,
where the sun's rays can't reach her;
and what grieves me most
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,
is that my love
suffers on my account.
And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?
My tears, why do you hold back?
Alas, I miss Lidia,
the idol that I so much adore;
she's enclosed in hard marble,
so I sigh and yet do not die.
Because I welcome death,
now that I'm deprived of hope,
Ah, take away my life,
I implore you, my harsh pain.
But I well realize that to torment me
all the more fate
denies me even death.
Thus since it's true, oh God,
that wicked destiny
thirsts only for my weeping,
My tears, why do you hold back? etc.

Translation by Richard Kolb

Josephine Lang (1815-1880)

One of the most published women composers of the Romantic period, Josephine Lang's earliest compositions date from 1828 and almost all of her published works are Lieder, numbering around 150. She met and took theory lessons from Felix Mendelssohn in 1830, who spoke highly of her talent in letters to his sister and fellow composer, Fanny Hensel. In the 1830s, Lang taught voice and piano, composed, and was a professional singer for the Munich court. Her insight as a singer shows in her Lieder vocal melodies, which are often daring, while the accompaniments usually function independently. Lang identified strongly with her compositions, and declared them 'my diary.' Her "Erinnerung" was composed in 1839, one year before meeting her future husband, lawyer and amateur poet Christian Reinhold Köstlin. This Lied sets poetry by Lord Byron, and like so much of his writing is tinged with doom and despair. Lang composed "An den See" in 1841, working off a first draft of Köstlin's poem. This is interesting because it explains differences between the text set in Lang's Lied and the published version of the poem. This was also one of the few Lieder that she published during her husband's life. "Wie glänzt so hell dein Auge" was composed in 1866, after Köstlin's death. This and "Erinnerung" were published in 1882 as a part of Breitkopf & Härtel's posthumous collection of 40 Lieder.

"Erinnerung" (1839, published 1882)

Text by Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Mein Ende zeigt mir jeder Traum!
Mir lacht nicht mehr der Zukunft Raum!
Kaum weiß ich noch, was Freude sei,
In meines Lebens Frühling fiel
Des Unglück's wint'rig Flockenspiel,
Lust, Hoffnung, Liebe sind vorbei,
Ich wollt' Erinn'ung wär' dabei!

Every dream shows me my end!
The future no longer smiles upon me!
I barely know anymore what happiness is.
Into the springtime of my life fell
The wintry snowflakes of misfortune.
Joy, Hope, Love have passed away;
I wish Remembrance were among them!

"An den See," op. 14 (*Sechs deutsche Lieder*) no. 4 (1841, published 1848)

Text by Christian Reinhold (1813-1856)

Um dies Schifflin
schmiege,
Holder See, dich sacht!
Frommer Liebe Wiege,
Nimm sie wohl in Acht!

Nestle up around to this
little boat
Gently, lovely lake!
Cradle of devout love,
Guard it carefully!

Deine Wellen zittern
Vor der Sonne Glut;
Ob sie heimlich wittern,
Wie die Liebe tut?

Your waves tremble
Before the blazing of the sun;
Do they secretly sense
How love behaves?

Deine Wellen rauschen;
Rede nicht so laut!
Laß mich ihr nur lauschen,
Die mir viel vertraut!

Your waves are swooshing;
Do not speak so loudly!
Let me listen only to her
Who trusts me!

Weit und weiter immer
Rück den Strand hinaus!
Aus dem Himmel nimmer
Laß uns steigen aus!

Far and ever farther
Move away from the shore!
Let us never disembark
From this heaven!

Deine Wellen leuchten,
Spiegeln uns zurück
Tausendfach die feuchten
Augen voller Glück.

Your waves gleam,
A thousand-fold they reflect
Back to us our moist
Eyes full of happiness.

Fern von Menschenreden
Und von Menschensinn,
Als ein schwimmend Eden
Trag dies Schifflin hin!

Far from the gossip of people
And from their ponderings,
Like a floating Eden
Carry this little boat away!

"Wie glänzt so hell dein Auge" (1866, published 1882)

Text by Agnes von Calatin (1813-1844)

Wie glänzt so hell dein Auge,
So rein, so schön, so hehr!
Es ist ein klarer Himmel,
Es ist ein tiefes Meer!

How brightly beams your eye,
So pure, so beautiful, so sublime!
It is a clear heaven,
It is a deep sea!

Ach wär' ich doch die Perle
In diesem tiefen Meer!
Ach! wenn ich doch ein Sternlein
An diesem Himmel wär'!

Ah, if I were only the pearl
In this deep ocean!
Ah, if I were only a little star
In that heaven!

Translations by Sharon Krebs, ed. Katriana Kirby-Kopczynski

Eva Dell'Acqua (1856-1930)

Belgian composer born to an Italian painter, Eva Dell'Acqua lived through the “long 19th century” of profound cultural and economic changes. She was a well-known singer and composer of mostly vocal music, writing 15 operas and operettas throughout her career. Many of these large-scale works were privately performed in Brussels and Paris in the 1880s; however, five of her later works were widely performed throughout Belgium, including her *La ruse de Pierrette* in which Dell'Acqua sang the title role. Generally, Dell'Acqua's compositions make use of mostly syllabic writing, and limited dissonance. “Les roses de Saadi” sets poetry by French poet and woman of letters, Marceline Desbordes-Valmore. The publication of her innovative volume of elegies in 1819 marks her as one of the founders of French romantic poetry, and she is the only female writer included in Paul Verlaine's 1884 anthology, *Les Poètes maudits*. “Les roses de Saadi” appears in her 1860 collection, *Poésies inédites*, but the dates of Dell'Acqua's composition are more vague. “Villanelle” is a well-known coloratura showpiece performed today. Written in 1893, this song uses poetry by Dell'Acqua's contemporary and Belgian poet Frédéric van der Elst. Dell'Acqua also set his “Chanson provençale.”

“Les roses de Saadi” (published 1913)

Text by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore (1786-1859)

J'ai voulu ce matin te rapporter des roses;
Mais j'en avais tant pris dans mes ceintures closes,
Que les nœuds trop serrés n'ont pu les contenir.

This morning I wanted to bring you some roses;
but I had gathered so many into my knotted sashes
that the knots were too strained and couldn't hold them.

Les nœuds ont éclaté: les roses envolées,
Dans le vent, à la mer s'en sont toutes allées:
Elles ont suivi l'eau pour ne plus revenir.

They broke. The roses flew out
in the wind, and they all fell into the sea.
They floated off with the water and never returned.

La vague en a paru rouge et comme enflammée:
Ce soir, ma robe encore en est toute embaumée.
Respirez-en sur moi l'odorant souvenir.

They made the waves appear red as if on fire.
This evening, my dress is still strongly perfumed with their scent...
Breathe it in from me this fragrant memory.

Translation by Peter Low, ed. Kaylie Williams

“Villanelle” (1893)

Text by Frédéric van der Elst

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle
Dans le ciel pur du matin:
Elle allait, à tire-d'aile,
Vers le pays où l'appelle
Le soleil et le jasmin.
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux
Le vol de la voyageuse...
Depuis, mon âme rêveuse
L'accompagne par les cieux.
Ah! ah! au pays mystérieux!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle
Suivre le même chemin...
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle, etc.

I have seen the swallow fly over
In the clear morning sky:
She was flying by wing
To the land to which she is called
By the sun and the jasmine.
I have seen the swallow fly over!
I have followed for a long time with my eyes
The flight of the traveler...
Since then, my dreaming soul
accompanies her through the skies.
Ah! ah! to the mysterious land!
And I would have wished like her
to follow the same path...
I have seen the swallow fly over, etc.

Translation by Luk Laerenbergh

Grażyna Bacewicz (1909-1969)

Trzy pieśni do słów arabskich z X wieku (1938)

10th century Arabic texts, Translated into Polish by Leopold Staff (1878-1957)

Lithuanian-Polish composer, violinist, and pianist Grażyna Bacewicz is often considered the first woman to be accepted as an equal to her male peers in Poland, paving the way for future generations of female composers. After graduating from the Warsaw Conservatory of Music in 1932, she moved to Paris to study composition with Nadia Boulanger and violin with André Touret and Carl Flesch. At the request of the conductor Grzegorz Fitelberg, Bacewicz was the principal violinist of the Polish RO from 1936-1938. Her family was able to escape Warsaw at the start of World War II, and she returned afterwards to continue as a concert violinist until 1954. Many of her works feature the violin, but Bacewicz composed everything from piano sonatas, to symphonies, to stage works, to vocal works, and everything in between. Her works are usually labeled within the neoclassical style, but with a distinct stylistic evolution from an early influence of Szymanowski and assimilation of French neoclassicism pre-/during WWII, to her own mature neoclassical style post-WWII, and finally to a period of stylistic experimentation with avant-garde techniques beginning around 1960. Bacewicz composed *Trzy pieśni do słów arabskich z X wieku* in 1938, the version for voice/orchestra performed by the Polish RO while Bacewicz was principal violinist. This set of three songs uses 10th century Arabic texts which has been translated into Polish by the poet/translator and member of the Young Poland Movement, Leopold Staff

I. Mamidło

Zasnąłem i miałem sen.
Śniłem, że wycieńczona karawana ciągnęła pustynią, gdzieś
jej przewodził.
I że bajeczne mamidło powstało przed nami.
I że mamidłem tym byłaś ty
z jeziorami twych oczu i z sadami twego ciała.
I że rzuciłaś się ku mnie i że towarzysze moi zrozpaczeni
pokładli się, by umrzeć.
Wymówiłem właśnie twe imię by zacząć na nowo ten sen...
Niestety! nie widzi się nigdy dwa razy tego samego mamidła.

II. Inna

Dłoń moja przesunęła się po jej ciele.
Spała. Patrzyłem na nią.
Tymczasem myśl ma biegła ku innej.
Jakżeby dłoń jej umiała mnie uspić!
A tak mi trzeba snu...

III. Samotność

Czekam jej, jak co dzień. Czy wróci?
Myślę o wieczorze rozstania, o trzasku drzwi,
które zawarła w gniewie, o milczeniu, które zaległo
w mej duszy.
Czekam jej, jak co dzień. Czy wróci?
Weszłaby, mówiąc, by coś rzec:
"Mijałam twój dom i przychodzę spojrzeć, czy róże nie
ucierpiały od zimy."
Potem uśmiechnęłaby się do mego ogródka,
do spokojnego widnokągu i wiem, że nie odeszłaby już.

I. The Mirage

I fell asleep and I had a dream.
I dreamt that an exhausted caravan trailed along the desert,
where I led it.
And that a fabulous mirage arose before us.
And that you were this mirage
with lakes for eyes and with orchards for a body.
And that you rushed toward me, and that my desperate
comrades lay down to die.
I pronounced your name to start that dream again...
Alas! you never see the same mirage twice.

II. Another

My hand moved along her body.
She slept. I looked at her.
Meanwhile my thought was running toward another.
How her hand could lull me asleep!
And I need sleep so much...

III. Solitude

I await her every day. Will she come back?
I think about our parting evening:
the bang of the door that she shut in anger; the silence that
then settled in my soul.
I await her every day. Will she come back?
She would come in, just to say something:
"I passed by your house and I came to see if the roses have
suffered from the winter."
Then she would smile at my garden and at the calm horizon -
and I know that she would never leave again.

Translations by Marek Tomaszewski, ed. Katriana Kirby-Kopczynski

Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)

Tesla's Pigeon (2010)

Texts adapted from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Goethe's *Faust*, the poetry of George Sylvester Viereck, Serbian traditional song and poetry, and personal letters to Tesla

Born to refugee parents and raised in Australia, Dr. Melissa Dunphy immigrated to the U.S. in 2003 and received her B.M. in Theory and Composition from West Chester University and her Ph.D. in Music Composition from the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Dunphy gained national recognition in 2009 for her *Gonzales Cantata* while still pursuing her undergraduate degree and was a recipient of the 2020 Opera America Discovery Grant for *Alice Tierney*, a new opera commission by Oberlin Conservatory, set to premiere in 2023. Specializing in vocal, political, and theatrical music, Dr. Dunphy includes a Mission Statement on her website which states her commitment to bringing the voices of women and minorities to the stage and exploring real-world issues of social justice within her compositions. These statements are consistently shown throughout her work, making Dr. Dunphy exactly who classical music needs today and tomorrow. *Tesla's Pigeon* is her first song cycle and received several awards, including first place in the 2012 NATS Art Song Composition Award. As the story goes, Serbian-American scientist and inventor Nikola Tesla fell in love with a pigeon whom he believed had mystical knowledge in the 1920s-30s. One night this pigeon flew into his arms and died, after which he declared that he knew his life's work was finished. *Tesla's Pigeon* is sung from the pigeon's perspective in these final moments and explores parallels between the relationship between Tesla and his pigeon, and Prospero and Ariel in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. This work also comments on roles which women are forced to play both on stage and in society through the presentation of various female archetypes. Tesla shunned women throughout his life, believing his genius was connected to sexual abstinence. He held misogynistic views and was possibly repressing his sexuality which might have led him to project these repressed feelings onto a pigeon. Having very limited connection with women, the pigeon appears to Tesla in his moment of delusion as what he might have believed a woman "should be" as determined by literary themes and society.

Dr. Dunphy uses text from the "Ariel's Song" in Act I, scene ii of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, and the "Ariel's Song" in Act I, scene i of Goethe's *Faust, Part II*. Ariel is a symbol of magic as a spirit in both plays, relating the distortion of reality present in Tesla's life, *The Tempest*, and *Faust*. The wife of Tesla's friend and *The Century* magazine editor Robert Underwood Johnson, Katharine Johnson was rumored to have fallen in love with him, and text from a letter she sent to him in 1900 is used in *Tesla's Pigeon*. Dr. Dunphy also incorporates a traditional Serbian folk song, "Oj golube, moj golube," and a traditional Serbian epic poem, *The Downfall of the Kingdom of Serbia*, within her composition. "Queen Lilith" is from G.S. Viereck's 1912 collection of poetry, *The Candle and the Flame*. This poem is told from Lucifer's point of view after finding his beloved, Lilith. It is extremely important to note that Viereck was a nazi and spoke at Nazi rallies in New York where he lived. For this reason, Dr. Dunphy felt free to modify his poem, making it from Lilith's point of view instead of Lucifer's. It should also be noted that because Viereck and Tesla were close friends, Tesla was also either a nazi supporter or sympathizer, even if he wasn't as vocal as Viereck. *Tesla's Pigeon* is not meant to make Tesla into a hero - in fact it should do the opposite, bringing to light his negative views on women and his connection with Viereck. The cycle ends with Ariel's final line in *The Tempest*, and I believe this is representative of the woman, the pigeon, breaking free from the roles placed upon her throughout the cycle and finding her own voice.

I hope that this recital has provided a voice to the few forgotten and neglected composers I was able to incorporate into the program, and that you are inspired to find and uplift the voices of underrepresented artists when within a place of privilege.

I.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it feately here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel)

II.

I have been thinking of you
 all day and all evening as I do so often.
 I sat on a little hillside this afternoon
 looking over green meadows to the sea beyond
 and wishing that I could loan you my eyes
 that you might have my visions
 and drink in the beauty of the day.
 You are as silent as only you know how to be.

Katharine Johnson, Letter to Nikola Tesla,
 Aug 2, 1900

III.

I hunted thee where the Ibis nods,
 From the Brocken's crag to the Upas Tree,
 My lonesomeness was as great as God's,
 When He cast us out from His Holy See,
 But now at the last thou art come to me!

G. S. Viereck, "Queen Lilith" from
The Candle and the Flame

IV.

When the spring blossoms rain down,
 When the fields' green benediction shines on us,
 I will hurry to help where I can.
 I hover overhead in airy circles,
 Quieten your heart's grim trouble,
 Pull out the burning, bitter arrows,
 Cleanse your mind of sorrows,
 I lay your head on a cool pillow,
 Bathe you in milk of amnesia
 Loosen your stiffened limbs
 And return you to the holy light.

Goethe, *Faust* (Ariel)

V.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly.

I am thy lover, I am thy mother,
 Time cannot prison us, space cannot smother.
 Hark, hark! I hear the strain of strutting golube ...

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel);
 G. S. Viereck, "Queen Lilith" from
The Candle and the Flame

Oj golube, moj golube
 (O pigeon, my pigeon)

Traditional Serbian folk song

From Jerusalem, the holy city,
 Flying came a swift grey bird, a falcon,
 And he carried in his beak a swallow.
 But behold and see! 'Tis not a falcon,
 'Tis the holy man of God, Elias,
 And he does not bear with him a swallow,
 But a letter from God's Holy Mother.
 Lo, he bears the letter to Kosovo,
 Drops it on the Tsar's knees from the heavens,
 And thus speaks the letter to the monarch:

Serbian epic poem, *The Downfall of the
 Kingdom of Serbia*

VI.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them.

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel)

VII.

Hark! Time storms onward.
 Our ears ring.
 See another day has broken.
 The morning's gates creak and rattle
 Phoebus' wheels roll and crackle
 How noisy is the light!
 Its trumpets sound blinding eyes and astounding ears.
 Hear the deafening light!

Goethe, *Faust* (Ariel)

Was't well done?

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel's final words)