

# Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Kansas

## Department of Music

### *Graduate Recital*

#### THE ROMANTIC IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

JANIS DeCHICCHIO, Lyric-Coloratura Soprano

assisted by

Robert Schott, Clarinetist

Pam Gaston, Mezzo-Soprano

Henry Hendricks, Tenor

Carol Sue Maxwell, Pianist

David Gaston, Pianist

Monday, February 24, 1975

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p.m.

#### PROGRAM

##### I

Three Vocalises for Soprano and Clarinet ----- Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

1. Prelude (Moderato)
2. Scherzo (Allegro Moderato)
3. Quasi Menuetto (Moderato)

Ralph Vaughan Williams reflected perhaps more than any of his contemporaries music that was grounded on the English folk style. He did not content himself, like so many others, with choosing themes from folk music and turning them to use in a composition, but through them and through himself he brought to light the English spirit. In the vocalises he treats both the voice and clarinet as equal entities which weave and interact in a counterpoint which perhaps reflects his passion for the Bach idiom. And yet they retain a distinctively English folk quality.

##### II

Chansons de Ronsard ----- Darius Milhaud  
(1892-1974)

#### 1. A une Fontaine

*But listen, lively little fountain, who dost my thirst so oft appease,  
Reclining here beneath the mountain, idle in the refreshing breeze  
When frugal summer is reclaiming the fruit of Ceres' bared breast,  
With ev'ry threshing floor exclaiming beneath the weight of her bequest.  
O thus may thou remain forever, O sacred place for all those,  
Who, sick with life's eternal fever, share thy discourse, thy repose.  
And may the moon at midnight, glancing upon the valley always see  
The nymphs that rally here for dancing to leap and bound in revelry.*

#### 2. A Cupidon

*The day pursues the night, and evening's shades  
In turn put day to flight as sunlight fades,  
So summer yields to fall, no sound of thunder  
No rain, nor windy squall bursts calm asunder.  
But the fever of love torments me still,  
A thing I can't remove, do what I will.  
It was not at me, Boy, you should have aimed.  
Some other might enjoy being thus maimed.  
Pursue some idle beaux whom it amuses,  
But neither me nor those loved of the Muses.*

#### 3. Tais-Toi, Babillarde

*Be still you noisy little thing, or I shall pluck your pretty wing.  
First chance I get, or with one stroke I'll close for good that busy bill  
That prattles from the window sill and makes my morning sleep a joke.  
There in my chimney make your nest, and sing all day without a rest,  
All evening too, I shall not chide, but in the morning please be fair  
And let there be no music there to steal Cassandra from my side.*

#### 4. Dieu Vous Gard'

*God keep you, you who never fail to herald spring, lyric nightingale,  
Swallows, cuckoo, happy peewees, you doves, wild birds now northward winging  
Who with a hundred kinds of singing animate the air and the trees.  
God keep you, pretty company of butterflies who in the lea  
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food, and bees invading pretty bowers  
To steal the fruit of laden flowers and store it safe within the wood.  
A thousand times I greet anew, your lovely gentle spring debut,  
What lively thoughts does spring arouse with the sweet discourse of the stream  
Which kept me shuttered in the house.*

Milhaud was one of the original "Les Six" and helped to create that special form of French music called "Impressionism". Throughout the light, delicate impressionistic texture of the "Chansons" one can also detect the strong influence of French street music and that brand new idiom, jazz, that Milhaud dearly loved.

#### III

DUET: "Mir ist die Ehre" (The presentation of the silver rose)  
(DER ROSENKAVALIER) ----- Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Octavian: *To me has been accorded the honour that I may, in the name of  
my cousin, the Baron of Lerchenau, present to his noble and high-  
born bride this rose as token of his love.*

Sophie: *I am eternally indebted to your Honour. It has a strong scent  
of roses--living roses.*

Octavian: *Yes, there is a drop of Persian attar in it.*

Sophie: *Like heavenly, not earthly roses, like roses from the Kingdom  
of Paradise. Don't you think so too? It is like a greeting from  
Heaven. It draws one as if there were cords round one's heart.  
Where did I once before experience such heavenly rapture?*

Octavian: *Where did I once before experience such heavenly rapture?*

Sophie: *Tho' death await me, to that fair scene I must return. But why  
think of death? This is Time and Eternity in one blessed mo-  
ment, that I will never forget until my death.*

Octavian: *I was a boy and did not yet know her. Who am I then? What brings  
me to her? What brings her to me? If I were not a man, I would  
faint. This is a blessed moment which I will never forget until  
my death.*

Although Strauss wrote two earlier operas (ELEKTRA and SALOME) that were termed "hideously realistic", DER ROSENKAVALIER was written with Mozart's style in mind and had much of its source of inspiration in the brilliant Viennese waltzes of an earlier day. In this scene all the tenderness of love at first sight is portrayed. Strauss once said that he felt Octavian should be played by a woman to attain all the delicate emotional shading required.

#### IV

THREE SONGS ----- Ned Rorem  
(1923- )

In a Gondola (Robert Browning)

*The moth's kiss first!  
Kiss me as if you made me  
believe you were not sure this eve;  
How my face, your flower, had pursed its petals up.  
So here and there you brush it, til I grow aware  
Who wants me,  
And wide ope I burst.  
The bee's kiss now!  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.*

### The Snake (Theodore Roethke)

I saw a young snake glide  
Out of the mottled shade  
And hang limp on a stone:  
A thin mouth and a tongue  
Stayed in the still air,  
It turned, it drew away.  
Its shadow bent in half,  
It quickened and was gone,  
I felt my slow blood warm  
I longed to be that thing  
That pure and sensuous form.  
And I may be some day.

### The Silver Swan (Ben Jonson)

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more;  
Farewell, all joys; O, death, come close  
mine eyes;  
More geese than swans now live,  
more fools than wise.

### Four Dialogues (for Two Voices and Two Pianos) (Frank O'Hara) ----- Rorem

#### 1. The Subway

Man: "Hurricane Kills Thousand in Altoona", "Mayor Buys Milk in Schenectady", "Behaviorism Taught in Late June", "A Slump Foreseen in Electricity". Oh papers! Papers! Papers of my delight. Why wasn't the late edition ready tonight?

Woman: Oh blue skys of my ancestors. Ouch! I beg your pardon, sir, I'm not a couch!

Man: Your foot? Your foot! The delicate toot of your hand on my arm's made me all a foot! What is your name? I must have you!

Woman: No! No! No!

Man: What stop is this? Which one? Can you see?

Woman: It's Sheridan Square. No! It's Avenue B.

Man: No, darling, it's Grand Army Plaza and we're there!

Woman: Where? No, I'm not. Where?

Man: There! my darling place. Will you come? It's where I've parked my car. We'll drive to the airport and park and park and park! Will you come? Oh be my love for a night in the air where the stars are like garters and all is fair.

Woman: No, I can't, I must have dinner with my mother.

Man: And?

Woman: And afterwards I have to go to Symphony with brother.

Man: And?

Woman: And you must stop this or I'll probably smother

Man: And?

Woman: And I am already engaged to be married to another.

Man: Then you'll come?

Woman: Yes! I'll come!

#### 2. The Airport

Woman: What a lovely car, What a lovely parking lot.

Man: You see? The stars are big as garters. There's a lot I have to say to you, my darling. Look at those garters.

Woman: You're burning like fire.

Man: And it's you I desire.

Woman: But I'd burn in the fire.

Man: And it's me you desire.

Woman: But I fear the fire.

Man: Don't fear the fire.

Woman: And I fear your desire.

Man: Don't fear my desire.

Woman: And I fear my own fire.

Man: And you fear your desire.

Woman: But I fear most the fire and not your desire.

Man: And not your desire. Your fire!

Woman: You're burning like fire and it's you I desire. Burning like fire; burn in the fire, I fear the fire; fear your desire; you I desire. My fire. Your desire. I fear the fire.

Man: My own fire. Burn in the fire.

Woman: Fire.