

Occidental College Music Department  
*Junior Recital*



**Ava Chenok**

voice

piano accompaniment provided by  
William Schmidt

**Saturday, April 10, 2021**

**4:45 PM**

**Online**

## PROGRAM

|                                                                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Che si può fare                                                                  | Barabara Strozzi<br>(1619-1677) |
| “Gretchen am Spinnrade”<br>from <i>Faust</i>                                     | Franz Schubert<br>(1797-1828)   |
| Du bist die Ruh<br>Rastlose Liebe                                                |                                 |
| Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie<br>from <i>Clairières dans le ciel</i> | Lili Boulanger<br>(1893-1912)   |
| Sombrero                                                                         | Cecile Chaminade<br>(1857-1944) |
| Hai Luli                                                                         | Pauline Viardot<br>(1821-1910)  |
| Blue Moon                                                                        | Richard Rodgers<br>(1902-1979)  |
| Lover Man                                                                        | Jimmy Davis<br>(1915-1997)      |
| The Lady is a Tramp<br>from <i>Babes in Arms</i>                                 | Richard Rodgers<br>(1902-1979)  |

## PROGRAM NOTES

### **Strozzi, “Che si può fare”**

Barbara Strozzi set multiple poems by 17th-century poet Gaudenzio Brunacci, who was, along with Strozzi’s father, a member of the “Academy of the Unknowns,” an intellectual society of noblemen who promoted musical theater. Simpler than her later works, “Che si può fare” is, nevertheless, no less effective as emotional theater. The repeated descending figure in the bass, called an *ostinato* (“obstinate”), elegantly summarizes the singer’s relentless suffering.

### **Schubert, “Gretchen am Spinnrade”**

Excerpted from Goethe’s play *Faust*, “Gretchen am Spinnrade” shifts the focus from Faust’s dilemma to Gretchen’s heartache. The most prominent feature of the song is the constant whirring of the piano accompaniment, which evokes the spinning of Gretchen’s spinning wheel. In this accompaniment figure, Schubert captures Gretchen’s constant yearning for Faust, as though she is both chained to her wheel and imprisoned by her longing and dread.

### **Schubert, “Du bist die Ruh”**

Schubert sets Rückert’s serene poem to a simple, sweet melody. Rückert’s text casts romantic love as a religious experience, with words such as *weihe* (consecrate) and *erhellte* (radiance). Schubert responds with a musical setting that grows from serene delight to gentle rapture.

### **Schubert, “Rastlose Liebe”**

Goethe wrote this poem during a snowstorm in 1776, when his relationship with Charlotte von Stein was beginning to flourish. Schubert translates the excitement and ferociousness of Goethe’s text as whirling piano accompaniment and urgent vocal line, giving the effect of the music almost rushing past you, like flakes in a snowstorm.

### **Boulanger, “Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie”**

Often eclipsed by her more famous older sister Nadia, who taught some of the 20th century’s most famous composers (from Aaron Copland to Philip Glass), Lili Boulanger was a gifted composer, the first woman to win the Prix de Rome, in 1913. She created a stunning body of work, despite dying young after a lifelong chronic illness. Francis Jammes’s poem “Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie” conveys detached, almost journalistic appreciation of the woman or young girl (“jeune fille”) who goes down to the meadow. It is Boulanger’s musical setting that results in a song of mild ecstasy.

### **Chaminade, “Sombrero”**

Cécile Chaminade was a Parisian composer who wrote tuneful and chromatic music characteristic of late French Romantic music. More popular song than art song, “Sombrero” has the quick tempo, charm, and wit of the song text’s “coquette.” Listen for Chaminade’s light word-painting touches, such as a trumpet-like blare on the word “fanfare.”

### **Viardot, “Hai Luli”**

Pauline Viardot was both a prolific composer and accomplished performer in 19th century France. She was connected to many familiar faces of the time, from being taught piano by Franz Liszt as a girl to playing duets with Chopin. George Sand even modeled her protagonist in her 1843 novel *Consuelo* after Viardot. French writer Xavier de Maistre’s poem “Hai Luli” comes from his 1825 novel *The Prisoners of the Caucasus*. Viardot’s long relationship with the Russian author Ivan Turgenev may have been what attracted her to de Maistre’s Russian tale. Viardot’s poignant and wistful setting became her most popular composition.

### **Rodgers, “Blue Moon”**

This is the only hit of Rodgers and Hart’s collaboration that was not made popular by a Broadway musical or Hollywood film. The memorable tune and lyrics have made it one of the most jazz standards, covered by singers ranging from Frank Sinatra to Cyndi Lauper.

### **Davis, “Lover Man”**

This swinging plea for love gained widespread popularity with Billie Holiday’s 1945 orchestrated version. The distinctive timbre and sly lilt of Holliday’s voice suit the song, so much so that her version was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame in 1989.

### **Rodgers, “The Lady is a Tramp”**

Originally from Rodgers and Hart’s 1937 musical *Babes in Arms*, “The Lady Is a Tramp” enjoyed popularity for 20 years, with covers by Lena Horne, Rosemary Clooney, Anita O’Day, and Ella Fitzgerald, among others. It became an even bigger hit after it appeared in the 1957 film adaptation of Rodgers and Hart’s 1940 musical, *Pal Joey*, where Frank Sinatra sang it. This song that spoofs New York high society became a signature song for Sinatra, and has since been covered by over a hundred different singers, including a recent popular duet version with Tony Bennett and Lady Gaga.

# TRANSLATIONS

## **Che si può Fare**

Che si può fare?  
Le stelle ribelle non  
hanno pietà;  
se 'l cielo non dà un influsso  
di pace al mio penare,  
che si può fare?

Che si può dire?  
Dag'l'astri disastri mi piovano  
ognor;  
se perfido amor un respiro  
diniega  
al mio martire,  
che si può dire?

## **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

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

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

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

## **What can I do?**

What can I do?  
The stars have no pity and work against  
me;  
if heaven will give me no gesture  
of peace for my pain,  
what can I do?

What can I say?  
The heavens are raining disasters  
on me;  
if love will not grant me a moment of  
breath  
to relieve all my suffering,  
what can I say?

## **Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I will find it never  
And nevermore.

Where I do not have him,  
Is to me the grave;  
The whole world  
Is spoiled for me.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Is shattered.

It's only for him  
I look out the window,  
It's only for him  
I go out of the house.

### **Gretchen am Spinnrade cont.**

Sein hoher Gang,  
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 solt

### **Du bist die Ruh**

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild.  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir,  
Und schliesse du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.

### **Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel cont.**

His high bearing  
His noble form,  
His smiling lips,  
His powerful eyes,

And his words  
Magically flowing,  
His handclasp,  
And ah, his kiss!

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

And kiss him  
As I please,  
And in his kisses  
I should perish!

### **You are peace**

You are repose,  
and gentle peace.  
You are longing  
and what stills it.

Full of joy and grief  
I consecrate to you  
my eyes and my heart  
as a dwelling place.

Come in to me,  
and softly close  
the gate  
behind you.

Drive all other grief  
from my breast.

**Du bist die Ruh cont.**

Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll' es ganz.

**Rastlose Liebe**

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?  
Wälderwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!

Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

**You are peace cont.**

Let my heart  
be full of your joy.

The temple of my eyes  
is lit  
by your radiance alone,  
O, fill it wholly!

**Restless Love**

Into the snow, the rain,  
and the wind,  
Through steamy ravines,  
Through mists,  
Onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way  
Through suffering  
Than endure so much  
Of life's joy.

This affection  
Of one heart for another,  
Ah, how strangely  
It creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!

Crown of life,  
Happiness without peace –  
This, O love, is you!

**Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie**

Elle était descendue au bas de la  
prairie,  
et, comme la prairie était toute

**She had gone down to the bottom of  
the meadow**

She had gone down to the bottom of the  
meadow,  
and because the meadow was full of

**Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie  
cont.**

fleurie  
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser  
dans l'eau,  
ces plantes inondées je les avais  
cueillies.

Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le  
haut de cette  
prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.  
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec  
la grâce  
dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop  
grandes.  
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de  
lavande.

**Hai Luli**

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir.  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends ici seulette.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Où peut donc être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fil se casse dans ma main:  
Allons!  
je filerai demain,  
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient  
village  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'a qu'à brûler  
Et moi-même avec le village!  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

**She had gone down to the bottom of  
the meadow cont.**

flowers  
that like to grow  
in the water,  
I had gathered the drowned plants.

Soon, because she was wet, she came  
back to the top  
of that flowery meadow.  
She laughed and moved with the lanky  
grace  
of girls who are too  
tall.  
She looked the way lavender flowers do.

**Hai Luli**

I am sad, I am troubled,  
I no longer know what will happen!  
My lover ought to come,  
And I await him here alone.  
Hai luli, hai luli  
Could I have lost my love?

Alas, I languish in waiting,  
And the ingrate enjoys himself far from  
me!  
Perhaps he betrays his oath to me  
Beside a new lover.  
Hai luli!  
Ah! how sad it is without my love.

Ah! if it is true; if it is true that he is  
faithless,  
If one day he should abandon me,  
The only thing is for the village to burn  
And myself with the village.  
Hai luli!  
What use is it to live without my love?

## Sombrero

Qu'elle était mutine et coquette,  
La fillette  
Du vieux Pédro!  
Elle avait mis sur son oreille  
Si vermeille  
Un sombrero.

Elle avait un petit air crâne  
De Diane  
Courant le cerf;  
L'œil indompté d'une cavale  
Qui défile  
Dans le désert.

Autour de sa taille serrée  
Et cambrée  
Son corset noir  
Reluisait comme une cuirasse,  
Claire glace,  
Vivant miroir.

Elle avait pris son ton farouche  
Et sa bouche,  
Rose clairon,  
Sonnait une brève fanfare,  
Et, bizarre,  
Plissait le front.

Elle frappait contre la dalle  
Sa sandale  
Fiévreusement.  
Elle attendait impatiente,  
Défiante,  
Son jeune amant.

Il ne viendra pas, songeait-elle,  
L'infidèle, Il est trop tard!  
Elle tenait dans sa main blanche,  
Par le manche,  
Son fin poignard.

## Sombrero

Was there ever such a gay little coquette  
as she  
Or one so willful and dear!  
There with her quiet mantilla archly set  
Above her dainty ear!

Oh her madcap air and her delicate face  
The wild untutored light of her eyes  
The perfect arch of neck and poise of  
grace  
Such life in each sweet curve lies!

Was there ever such a sweet waist  
So rounded and slender  
Or curves so rare  
Or a bodice that seemed to lend her  
Light to mirror a form so fair

But ah! her face so petulant  
As of doubting, is growing now  
Her soft lips are pouting  
And she strangely knits,  
Knits her brow.

Lightly, quickly, beat on the path her  
light feet  
A sudden anger shines in her eyes,  
Her little heart begins defiant to beat  
That oft her lover sighs!

"He will come now" now, she is saying  
"He is late, or false has been"  
Stealthily grasping in her white hand  
Trembling, watching her dagger keen!

**Sombrero cont.**

Qu'elle était troublée, inquiète,  
La fillette  
Du vieux Pédro.  
Elle avait mis sur son oreille  
Si vermeille  
Un sombrero.

**Sombrero cont.**

Still I see her, I dream of her yet  
Tho' past is gone many a year  
There with her quaint mantill archly set  
Above her dainty ear!