

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Love is Human Nature

Xaria Siplin

Soprano

Christopher Thompson

Piano

Saturday, April 4, 2026

1:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Program

Part 1: Perspectives on Love

Fünf Romanzen und Lieder, Op. 84

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

- I. Sommerabend
- II. Der Kranz
- III. In den Beeren
- IV. Vergebliches Ständchen
- V. Spannung

Airs chantés

Francis Poulenc

(1899–1963)

- I. Air romantique
- II. Air champêtre
- III. Air grave
- IV. Air vif

Canciones Clásicas Españolas

Fernando Obradors

(1897–1945)

- I. La mi sola, Laureola
- II. Al Amor
- III. Corazón porque pasais
- IV. El majo celoso
- V. Con amores, la mi madre
- VI. Del Cabello más sutil
- VII. Chiquitita la novia

INTERMISSION

Please silence your cell phones

Photography and video/audio recording of Lamont concerts and recitals are prohibited without prior permission from the Manager of Marketing & Communications

Part 2: Love is Human Nature
Su-seon-hwa (Daffodil)

Dongjin Kim
(1913–2000)

Dongsimcho (One-Heart Flower)

Soung Tai Kim
(1910–2012)

Kkotkuu-reum ssoge (In Flowery Clouds)

Heung Lyeol Lee
(1909–1980)

Songs of the Seasons

Margaret Bonds
(1913–1972)

- I. Poeme d'automne
- II. Winter Moon
- III. Young Love in Spring
- IV. Summer Storm

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a
Master of Music Degree in Performance

Ms. Siplin is from the studio of Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

Text and Translations

Sommerabend

Die Mutter:
Geh' schlafen, Tochter, schlafen!
Schon fällt der Tau aufs Gras,
Und wen die Tropfen trafen,
Weint bald die Augen naß!

Die Tochter:
Laß weinen, Mutter, weinen!
Das Mondlicht leuchtet hell,
Und wem die Strahlen scheinen,
Dem trocknen Tränen schnell!

Die Mutter:
Geh' schlafen, Tochter, schlafen!
Schon ruft der Kauz im Wald,

Und wen die Töne trafen,
Muß mit ihm klagen bald!

Die Tochter:
Laß klagen, Mutter, klagen!
Die Nachtigall singt hell,
Und wem die Lieder schlagen,

Dem schwindet Trauer schnell!
– Hans Schmidt

Der Kranz

Mutter, hilf mir armen Tochter,
Sieh' nur, was ein Knabe tat:
Einen Kranz von Rosen flocht er,
Den er mich zu tragen bat!

Ei, sei deshalb unerschrocken,
Helfen läßt sich dir gewiß!
Nimm den Kranz nur aus den Locken,
Und den Knaben, den vergiß!

Dornen hat der Kranz, o Mutter,
Und die halten fest das Haar!
Worte sprach der Knabe, Mutter,
an die denk' ich immerdar!

– Hans Schmidt

Summer Evening

The Mother:
Go to sleep, daughter, sleep!
Already the dew is falling on the grass,
And whomever the drops touch,
soon weeps his eyes wet!

The Daughter:
Let him cry, Mother, let him cry!
The moon shines brightly,
And whomever the beams shine upon,
shall quickly dry his tears!

The Mother:
Go to sleep, daughter, sleep!
Already the screech owl is calling in
the forest,
And whoever hears those tones
must soon lament with it!

The Daughter:
Let him lament, Mother, let him lament!
The nightingale sings brightly,
And the one for whom those songs are
sung
shall soon lose his sadness!

Trans. Emily Ezust

The Wreath

Mother, help me, your poor daughter,
Look at what some boy has done:
He's woven a wreath of roses,
which he told me to wear!

Ah, don't be frightened by that;
it can certainly be helped!
Just remove the wreath from your hair,
and the boy: forget him!

The wreath has thorns, o Mother,
And they're holding tightly to my hair!
The boy spoke some words, Mother,
and I keep thinking of them!

Trans. Emily Ezust

In den Beeren

Die Mutter:

Singe, Mädchen, hell und klar,
Sing' aus voller Kehle,
Daß uns nicht die Spatzenschar
Alle Beeren stehle!

Die Tochter:

Mutter, mag auch weit der Spatz
Flieh'n vor meinem Singen,
Fürcht' ich doch, es wird den Schatz
Um so näher bringen.

Die Mutter:

Freilich, für so dreisten Gauch
Braucht es einer Scheuche,
Warte nur, ich komme auch
In die Beerensträuche!

Die Tochter:

Mutter, nein, das hat nicht Not:
Beeren, schau, sind teuer,
Doch der Küsse, reif und rot,
Gibt es viele heuer!

– Hans Schmidt

Guten Abend, mein Schatz

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wärst du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlösch'n wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh',
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

– Traditional Folk Song

In the Berries

The Mother:

Sing, my girl, brightly and clearly:
sing with a full throat,
so that the flock of sparrows doesn't
steal all our berries!

The Daughter:

Mother, even if the sparrow
flies from my singing,
I'm afraid that it might
bring my sweetheart nearer.

The Mother:

Of course, for such a brazen cuckoo,
we need a scarecrow;
Just wait, I'll join you
in the berry bushes.

The Daughter:

Mother, no... there's no need:
Look, berries are rare,
But kisses, ripe and red,
are plentiful this year!

Trans. Emily Ezust

Good Evening, my Treasure

Good evening, my treasure,
good evening, sweet girl!
I come from love of you,
Ah, open the door,
open the door for me!

My door is locked,
and I won't let you in:
My mother has advised me well!
If you came in,
It would all be over for me!

The night is so cold,
and the wind so icy
that my heart will freeze,
and my love will be extinguished!
Open for me, sweet girl!

If your love starts dying,
then let it be extinguished!
If it keeps dying,
go home to bed, and rest!
Good night, my boy!

Trans. Emily Ezust

**Gut'n Abend, gut'n Abend, mein
tausiger...**

Er:

Gut'n Abend, gut'n Abend, mein
tausiger Schatz,
Ich sag' dir guten Abend;
Komm' du zu mir, ich komme zu dir,
Du sollst mir Antwort geben, mein
Engel!

Sie:

Ich kommen zu dir, du kommen zu mir?
Das wär' mir gar keine Ehre;
Du gehst von mir zu andern Jungfrauen,
[Das hab' ich wohl vernommen, mein
Engel!]

Er:

Ach nein, mein Schatz, und glaub' es
nur nicht,
Was falsche Zungen reden,
Es geben so viele gottlosige Leut',

Die dir und mir nichts gönnen, mein
Engel!

Sie:

Und gibt es so viele gottlosige Leut',

Die dir und mir nichts gönnen,

So solltest du selber bewahren die
Treu'

Und machen zu Schanden ihr Reden,
mein Engel!

Er:

Leb' wohl, mein Schatz, ich hör' es
wohl,
Du hast einen Anderen lieber,
So will ich meiner Wege geh'n,
Gott möge dich wohl behüten, mein
Engel!

Sie:

Ach nein, ich hab' kein' Anderen lieb,
Ich glaub' nicht gottlosigen Leuten,
Komm' du zu mir, ich komme zu dir,
Wir bleiben uns beide getreue, mein
Engel!

**Good evening, Good evening my
Wonderous Treasure**

He:

Good evening, good evening, my
wondrous treasure,
I tell you, good evening;
Come to me, and I will come to you.
You must give me an answer, my angel!

She:

I come to you, and you come to me?
In that there would be no honor for me;
You go from me to other maidens:
that I have heard frequently, my angel!

He:

But no, my treasure, don't believe

what false tongues say:

there are so many godless people out
there

who tolerate nothing between you and
me, my angel!

She:

And if there are so many godless
people out there

who tolerate nothing between you and
me,

Then you should keep faithful

and make them ashamed of their
gossip, my angel!

He:

Farewell, my treasure, I understand you
well:

you prefer another man to me,
so I will go on my way;

May God protect you, my angel!

She:

Alas, no! I don't prefer anyone else!

I won't believe those godless people.

Come to me, and I will come to you;

I know we'll remain true to each other,
my angel!

Air Romantique

J'allais dans la campagne
avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin,
Sous les nuages bas;
Un corbeau ténébreux
escortait mon voyage,
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient
mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon
faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs
gémissements;
Mais la tempête était
trop faible pour mon âme,
qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses
battements.

De la dépouille d'or
du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant
butin,
Et le corbeau toujours,
D'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien
changer à mon destin.

– Jean Moréas

Air Champêtre

Belle source,
je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,

J'ai contemplé ton visage,
ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,
cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore
au souffle qui t'effleure
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

– Jean Moréas

Romantic Song

I walked in the countryside
with the stormy wind,
Beneath the pale morning,
Beneath the low clouds,
A sinister crow followed me
on my way
and my steps splashed through
the water puddles.

The lightning on the horizon
Unleashed its flame
And the North Wind
intensified its wailing;
But the storm was too weak for my soul
Which drowned the thunder
With its throbbing.

From the golden spoils
Of ash and maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant plunder,

And the crow still,
With inexorable flight,
Without changing anything,
accompanied me to my fate.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Pastoral Air

Lovely spring,
I shall never cease to remember
That on a day, guided by entranced
friendship,
I gazed on your face,
O goddess,
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained,
this friend whom I mourn,
o nymphe, a devotee of your cult,
to mingle once more
with the breeze that caresses you
and to respond to your hidden waters!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Air Grave

Ah! Fuyez à present,
 Malheureuses pensées!
 O colère, ô remords!
 Souvenirs qui m'avez
 Les deux tempes pressées,
 De l'étreinte des morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,
 Vaporeuses fontaines,
 Grottes profondes,
 Voix des oiseaux et du vent
 Lumières incertaines
 Des sauvages sous-bois.

Insectes, animaux,
 Beauté future,
 Ne me repousse pas
 ô divine nature
 Je suis ton suppliant

Ah! Fuyez à present,
 Colère, remords!

– Jean Moréas

Air vif

Le trésor du vegeer
 et le jardin en fête,
 Les fleurs des champs, des bois
 éclatent de plaisir
 Hélas!
 Et sur leur tête
 le vent enfle sa voix.

Mais toi, noble océan
 Que l'assaut des tourmentes
 Ne saurait ravager,
 Certes plus dignement
 Lorsque u te lamentes
 Tu te prends à songer.

– Jean Moréas

La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola Laureola
 La mi sola, Laureola
 La mi sola, sola, sola...

Yo el cautivo Leriano
 Aunque mucho estoy ufano

Grave Air

Ah! Begone now,
 Unhappy thoughts!
 O anger! O remorse!
 Memories that oppressed
 My two temples
 With the embrace of the dead.

Paths full of moss,
 Vaporous fountains,
 Deep grottoes,
 Voices of birds and wind,
 Fitful lights
 Of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals,
 Beauty to come-
 Do not repulse me,
 O divine nature,
 I am your suppliant.

Ah! Begone now,
 Anger, remorse!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Lively Air

The treasures of the orchard
 and the festive garden,
 the flowers of the fields, of the woods
 burst forth with pleasure
 Alas!
 And above their head
 the wind swells its voice.

But you, noble ocean
 Whom the assault of storms
 Cannot ravage,
 You will assuredly, with more dignity,
 Lose yourself in dreams
 When you lament.

Trans. Richard Stokes

My One and Only, Laureola

My one and only Laureola
 My one and only, Laureola
 My one and only, only...

I the captive Leriano
 Even though I am very vain

Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

Hurt by that hand
That in the world is only one.

La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

My one and only Laureola
My one and only, only.

– Juan Ponce

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

Al Amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos

Y tras ellos mil y ciento

Y después...

De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.

– Cristóbal de Castillejo

To Love

Give me, love, countless kisses
Clinging to my hair
And a thousand and a hundred after
them

And after those a thousand and a
hundred

And after...

Of many millions, three!
And because no one can hear it
We should start the count all over
And...count them all backwards.

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

¿Corazón porqué pasáis...?

¿Corazon, porqué pasais?

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis

Las noches de amor despierto

Si vuestro dueño descansa

En los brazos de otro dueño?

– Anonymous

Heart, Why Do You Pass?

Heart, why do you pass?

Heart, why do you pass

The night awake because of love

If the one who owns it is resting

In the arms of another owner?

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

El majo celoso

El majo celoso

Del majo que me enamora

He aprendido la queja

Que una y mil veces suspira

Noche tras noche en mi reja:

Lindezas, me muero

De amor loco y fiero

Y quisiera olvidarte

Mas quiero y no puedo!

Le han dicho que en la Pradera

Me han visto con un chispero

Desos de malla de seda

Y chupa de terciopelo.

Majezas, te quiero,

No creas que muero

De amores perdida

Por ese chispero.

– Anonymous

The Jealous Cutie

The jealous cutie

From the cutie that I am in love with

I have learned the complaint

That one and a thousand times he
sighs

Night after night at my window:

Beauties, I die

Of love crazy and fierce

And I wish I could forget you

But I want to and cannot!

They have told him that in the meadow

They have seen me with some nobody

Dressed in a silk shirt

And a jacket of velvet.

Cutie, I love you

Don't think that I am dying

Of lost love

For that lowlife.

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre
 Con amores, la mi madre,
 Con amores me dormí;
 Así dormida soñaba
 Lo que el corazón velaba,
 Que el amor me consolaba
 Con más bien que merecí.
 Adormecióme el favor
 Que amor me dió con amor;
 Dió descanso a mi dolor
 La fe con que le serví
 Con amores, la mi madre,
 Con amores me dormí!

– Juan Anchieta

With Loves, My Mother

With loves, my mother
 With loves, my mother,
 With loves I fell asleep;
 That way asleep I dreamt
 That which the heart safeguarded,
 That love consoled me
 With more goodness than I deserved.
 I was lulled to sleep with the kindness
 That love gave me with love;
 It gave rest to my pain
 The faith with which I served it
 With loves, my mother,
 With loves I feel asleep!.

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
 Del cabello más sutil
 Que tienes en tu trenzado
 He de hacer una cadena
 Para traerte a mi lado.
 Una alcarraza en tu casa,
 Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
 Para besarte en la boca,
 Cuando fueras a beber.

– Folk Song

Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair
 Of the softest hair
 That you have in your braid
 I should make a chain
 To bring you to my side.
 A jug in your house
 Little one, I would like to be,
 To kiss you on the mouth,
 When you go to drink.

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

Coplas de curro dulce

Chiquitita la novia,
 Chiquitito el novio,
 Chiquitita la sala,
 Y el dormitorio,
 Por eso yo quiero
 Chiquitita la cama
 Y el mosquitero.

– Folk Song

Couplets of Sweet Labor

Tiny the girlfriend,
 Tiny the boyfriend,
 Tiny the living room,
 And the bedroom,
 For that reason I want
 For the bed to be tiny
 As well as the mosquito net.

Trans. Lisette Oropesa

Su-seon-hwa

Geu-dae-neun chadichan ui-ji-ui
 nalgae-ro
 Kkeu-deom neun go do ge wi reul

 Na-reu-neun ae-dal-peun ma-eum
 Tto-han geu-rigo geu-ridaga jung-neun
 Ju-geo-ttaga dasi sara
 Tto dasi jung-neun ga-yeo-un neok
 -sseun anilkka?

Daffodil

You are, with cold wings of the will,

 A pitiful spirit flying over endless
 solitude,
 And who dies from endless longing,

 Comes back to life,
 Then dies again.

Buchil kko deom-neun jeong-nyo-reul
ga-seu-me gipi gamchuigo
chan barame sseul-seeul-hi
un-neun jeong-makan eol-guri yeo
geu-dae-neun si-nui changjakjip

ssoge-seo gajang a-reum-dap-kke

bin-na-neun bulmyeo-rui sogok
ttohan na-ui ja-geun ae-inini
a nae sarang su-seon-hyaya
nado geu-dae-reul ttara
jeo nunkki-reul geo-reu-ri...

– Myeong Dong Kim

A lonely face you are,
Smiling bitterly in the cold wind,
With a wandering passion
Hidden deeply in your heart.

You are the most luminous immortal
sonnet,
Among the creation,
And my little mistress.
Ah, Su-seon-hwa, my love!
I always will go with you
Over there to the snowy path...

Trans. Moon-Sook Park
You-Seong Kim

Dongsimcho

I. Kkonni-peun ha-yeo-meop-ssi
barame

Jigo mannal la-ren a-deuk-ta
Giyagi eom-ne
Mu-eo-ra mamgwa ma-meun
Maet-jji motago han-gattoe-i
Pullimman mae-jeu-ryeo-neungo

II. Barame kkochi jini
Sewol deo-deop-sseo
mannal kkireun tteun-gu-reum
giyagi eom-nae

mu-eo-ra mamgwa ma-meun
maet-jji motago han-gattoe-i
pullimman mae-jeu-ryeo-neungo

– Xue Tao & Ahn Seo Kim

One-Heart Flower

!. Petals ceaselessly fall from the wind,

And the day when we can meet
Is far off.

We have made no promises,
But we still miss each other.
Petals meet in vain, petals meet in vain.

II. Flowers are faded by winds,
The day for us is like a cloud
In a flying time.

We have made no promises,
But we still miss each other.
Petals meet in vain, petals meet in vain.

Trans. Moon-Sook Park
You-Seong Kim

Kkotkku-reum ssoge

Kkotpparam kkotppaam
Ma-eul mada hunhunhi
Bureo-ora
Bokssakot salgukkot
hwa-anhan soge
gu-reum-cheo reom kkotkku-reum
kkot-kkureum hwa-anhan soge

In Flowery Clouds

Blow, blow the flowering wind
Nicely for each village
The peach and apricot blossom in the
shining light
May you spread the fragrance of
flowers
With beautiful pollen everywhere.

(continued.)

kkotkkaru heut-ppuri-eo ma-eul mada
jin han kkot-hyang-gi pung-gi-eora
chuwuiwa jurime sidal-li-eo
hang yeo-u-nae umvhigo tteol-myeo
saraon saram-deul

The people who suffered
From the cold and the hunger through
the winter

seo-reo-un yae-gi seo-reo-un yae-gi
a kkamake itkko kkot-hyang-e
kkot-hyang-e chwihayeo
a-deu-kani kkotkku-reum ssoge sseu-
reo-jige
ha-yeo-ra nabi-cheo-reom
sseu-reo-jige ha-yeo-ra.

A tale of such grief, such grief...
Ah, let us forget all of it
And fall into the flowery clouds
With an ecstasy of happiness
In the flower's fragrance.
Let us be like an estastic butterfly
Falling into the flowery clouds.

– Bak Du Jin

Trans. Moon-Sook Park
You-Seong Kim

Poeme d'Automne

The autumn leaves
Are too heavy with color.
The slender trees
On the Vulcan Road
Are dressed in scarlet and gold
Like young courtesans
Waiting for their lovers.
But soon
The winter winds
Will strip their bodies bare
And then
The sharp, sleet-stung
Caresses of cold
Will be their only
Love.

– Langston Hughes

Winter Moon

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
How thin and sharp and ghostly white
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

– Langston Hughes

Young Love in Spring

When the March winds roar like a lion,
And the last little snowflakes drift down,
From a half dreary, half happy April sky
And then lovely May rolls around,
And I walk with you down a country Inae,
We know that spring has come again.

When the rising sun laughs at the dawn,
And the scent of the soil's warm and sweet,
And the little green sepouts peep out of the earth and grow upward,
The sunshine to greet,

And we find a violet beside the way,
We know that spring has come to stay,
Spring has come our way.

When I look at you in the haze of the twilight's last lingering glow,
In the half dusky, half starry evening sky
where sweet scented winds gently blow,
and our dreams like birds heading homeward soar,
We know that spring has come once more,
spring has come one more!

– Langston Hughes

Summer Storm

Thunder, July, thunder,
and the wonder of lightning in the sky,
And a sudden gale that shakes the blossoms down
in perfumed splendor to the grassy ground.

Thunder, July, thunder,
and the wonder in my heart that I have found you,
wonderful you, beneath the blossoms gay,
in the perfumed splendor of a July day.

With the wonder of summer lightning in the sky,
and a sudden gale that shakes the blossoms down
like confetti in your hair, like confetti on the ground,
perfumed confetti drifting down on the sweet
and wonderful summer earth,
the sweet, sweet summer earth.

There pillowed on the grass in the orchard shade
I kissed you, and kissed you, and kissed you and kissed you
till a sudden gale, shook the blossoms down,
confetti in your hair, confetti on the ground,
and then the rain,
the sweet, sweet rain came down.

We run down the road in the dust of July,
we are happy for the rain,
clean and cool from on high,
in the dust, hand in hand,
in the dust of July,
hand in hand, you and I,
you and I, in July!

Thunder, thunder in my heart the wonder of love,
thunder, wonder in our eyes,

the wonder of being in love, we two
the wonder of being in love with you!

– Langston Hughes

Program Notes

Love is an emotion that is omnipresent in daily life. It has inspired and created so much joy and art in the world. But recently, love has been used to a way to differentiate amongst us, to argue who loves 'right' or 'wrong, which naturally creates an 'us versus them' mentality. I want to illustrate that the entire idea is completely ridiculous. Around the world, no matter where you go, people are thinking, feeling, and breathing in love. This title, however, is also a double entendre, as we also live in and use nature and its imagery to convey or portray love. Tonight, there will be wreaths and words of love, petals and blades of grass with promises to keep, the lightning of love within someone's heart and so much more.

It should be noted that there are many different types of love as well. Of course, the romantic kind is the most frequently written and sung about today, but there is also the notion of platonic love. There will be conversations between a worried mother and a free-spirited daughter, and an entire song devoted to the love of a mother who protects her child's dream with her love. Throughout the recital, I hope you are all able to think about and reflect on the many different types of love you have all felt within your lives and can connect to these stories of love across the world.

Part 1: Perspectives on Love

Germany: Love is Playful...and Anxiety-Inducing

Brahms' *Fünf Romanzen und Gesänge* was composed between 1881-1882, with texts from both Hans Schmidt and from traditional folk songs, with the most recognizable and performed piece being the boy-to-girl dialogue song "Vergebliches Standchen". The first three songs contain a dialogue between mother and daughter, each with their own nuances and moods, with the later two being conversations between lovers either resulting in rejection or with acceptance.

To begin with, "*Sommerabend*" has two sections: one of the worried yet caring mother and the other with the free-spirited and nonchalant daughter. The mother is grounded with long legato phrases as she tries to gently bring her daughter to bed, using the dew of the grass and the owl as warning stories of what occurs when one stays out too late. Her daughter shifts the piece to have a faster rhythm and a bouncier-marcato feeling line, turning the mother's worries down and countering the grass and the owl with the moon and the nightingale. Next is "*Der Kranz*", where the anxieties are flipped; a young girl has received a wreath and words from a boy and asks her mother to help with her feelings of love in a frantic and sweeping D minor, while her mother insists it cannot be helped, and teases that she should forget the boy instead, briefly dipping into the relative G major and delivering longer legato lines of comfort. In "*In den beeren*", the mother encourages her to protect the strawberry bushes, first by singing loudly and then by suggesting that the pair needs a scarecrow, all in a bouncy E flat major. The daughter, meanwhile, dismisses her mother's ideas, teasing that her mother's suggestions may bring her lover nearer and that berries- unlike kisses- are rare, transitioning the key to E Major in a more subdued manner.

Towards the end of each phrase, the daughter shifts back to the original key, perhaps hoping that her mother might get the 'hint' if she speaks in the same 'key' language. In "*Vergebliches Standchen*", a boy tries to have his lover open her window and let him in but ultimately gets rejected. Both parties sing in the same key of A major and follow the same vocal line as it is passed between them, adding to the feeling of a conversation. Although the boy shifts in A minor in a bid of desperation while freezing in the cold, the girl returns the piece back to A Major and instead suggests that the boy goes to sleep. Lastly, in "*Spannung*", an argument between lovers has long repeated lines that go between both parties. Until the boy decides to leave, the girl fully believes the gossip of him flirting, until she realizes that the gossip belongs to 'godless people' (the only mention of religion in the entire set), and resolves that their love is forever. Both sides share a vocal line and sing the same materials, to the point of ending each phrase with the endearment of 'My angel'. Only the girl changes the key from the grounding A minor into A major, affirming and declaring that she does not prefer anyone else, and affirms her love for the boy by repeating his request back to him.

France: Love contains Admiration

Composed between 1927-28, Poulenc's *Airs chantés* uses poetry by the Greek poet Jean Moréas. Poulenc claimed his song cycle was "every part sacrilege", having partially composed them to tease his friend François Hepp who was a big fan of Moréas. Regardless of them being satirical, however, I believe that while they do not all portray love between humans, there is a continued thread of seeking acceptance and admiring the power and beauty of nature.

In "*Air Romantique*", the speaker encounters and eventually overcomes a breezy storm, just in time to view the splendor and treasure of Autumn and its golden maple leaves. Despite the wind's wailing, the storm cannot compete with their soul which becomes drowned out by thunder. After experiencing a turbulent journey, they can now view the spoils of Autumn, while a crow continues to accompany them in its flight. In "*Air champêtre*", the speaker discusses a beautiful spring and the 'goddess' that lies underneath the water, half covered by moss. While the speaker expresses some sadness at their loss of a friend, they still wish to mingle with the 'goddess' and respond to the spring's waters. In "*Air Grave*", the speaker is wrestling with angry thoughts and memories that make them feel as though they are being caressed by the dead. Possibly to cope, they begin to examine and describe their surrounds before eventually crying out to the animals, insects and the "future beauty" in a plea not to be abandoned. The speaker is humbly asking to not be left alone to their thoughts, to have acceptance by what they view as divine nature. Lastly, in "*Air Viv*", the speaker describes the various 'treasures' of the gardens around them, and compares them to the ocean, whom when it laments, will lose itself to its dreams rather than to the outburst of the wind. To love there is some type of admiration or enjoyment that comes from viewing it. From the golden beauty of the maple leaves to the future beauty of nature, throughout this song cycle there is a consistent admiration of nature and both the power and the beauty that exists within it.

(continued.)

Spain: Love has a Variety of Forms

Fernando Obradors well known for his first volume of his *Canciones Clásicas Españolas*, within it having adapted text from a variety of sources. Fittingly, because there is no singular source or style, these songs showcase love from numerous angles and contexts, but they all contain love regardless. In "*La mi sola Laureola*", the speaker is a vain man named Leriano and believes he is captive to the hand of Laureola, the only woman who could hurt him. The piece resides in A minor, with the echoing refrain of "mi sola" in between both piano interludes, with the A sharp version at the end sounding more of a cry of despair rather than one of peace or happiness. In "*Al Amor*", kisses are being asked for by the dozens to the hundreds to thousands and even to the millions. The sharp eighth notes in the piano and the longer flowing line of the voice are both reminiscent of the Catalan style, and at the end the speaker suggests starting counting backwards in an *affrettando* manner, the delivery similar to that of a teasing aside. In "*Corazon, porque pasais*", the speaker asks why their heart is awake in the night, in the arms of another master, while the piano resides in a flowing and fluid manner, each time pausing as if teasing the speaker for their hesitance to move on. In "*El majo celoso*", the first verse describes a woman is pondering over her lover's sighing because he's simply so crazy in love that he feels like he would die. The second verse is spent affirming her lover that she cares only for him, despite others claiming to have seen with what she calls a 'lowlife'. The piece has a waltz type of feel with the piano casually descending into more dissonant notes while the vocalist delivers balladic waltz-like lines adding to the romantic tone of the piece. The theme of maternal love returns in "*Con Amores, La Mi Madre*", as the singer describes how their mother's love gives them the peace to sleep and dream, and it protects them from all harm. The accompaniment is sparse, the piano often playing chords while the vocal line is simple, often only containing quarter notes or half notes. This allows the piece to feel subdued and more like a lullaby. "*Del caballo más sutil*" is a dreamy, with long flowing arpeggios coupled with trills that return to the main line, all while a person sings about loving a girl and wishing to be by her side and kiss her lips whenever. On a more comedic note, "*Chiquitita la novia*" is dramatic and bombastic with its flamenco like opening and long melismatic beginning on an "ah", before describing a tiny bride and groom who appear to be mosquitos. With an equally bombastic ending, the piece is rich with irony, a fitting end to a set with various depictions of love.

Part 2: Love is Human Nature

South Korea: Lost in the flowers

While not composed by the same composers, these songs are known to be some of the most recognized Korean art songs that have been created since the 1920s. These songs depict love through the metaphors of flowers, depicting emotions from devotion to longing to ecstasy, which serves as an example of how often humanity uses the nature around them as a medium to describe their own emotions. In "*Su-seon-hwa*", the speaker describes a lone daffodil that despite facing the bitter wind and the cold, still smiles and has a passion hidden within itself. The speaker declares their love for the daffodil, saying that they will follow it anywhere. The song is initially somber, with four bar phrases full of punctuating eighth notes which creates a feeling of being detached or isolated,

but at the end these are placed with triplets and long half notes as a representation of the utter devotion and love. "*Dongsimcho*" uses a poem from a Chinese female poet Xue Tao that was translated into Korean by Ahm Seo Kim. It tells the story of a pair of lovers who are waiting for their day to meet, but it has not come yet- like that of petals falling from their flowers by the wind only to never touch one another and instead fall to the ground. Dotted quarter notes tied across the bar line to an eighth note helps to demonstrate this longing between them and the vocal line will reach peaks only to fall back down, representing the futile effort of the petals. Lastly, "*Kkotkku-reum ssoge*" describes the happiness of the flowers blossoming and the joy they bring to the people. A metaphor of the Korean war, the flowers are used among the people to avoid thinking of the cold and the hunger they faced, instead wishing to lose one another in the flowery clouds. While not explicitly using the word 'love', this piece demonstrates a love amongst a community of people and a wish to move beyond past suffering and into the happiness they can experience instead.

United States: Experiencing the Seasons

Margaret Bonds was an important Black female composer who was a close friend of and frequently collaborator with the Harlem Renaissance icon Langston Hughes. Bonds regularly took inspiration from and adapted many of Hughes' poetry to music, and the song cycle *Songs of the Seasons* is no exception. As the inspiration for the title of the recital, each of these pieces capture the essence of the season they are named after, resulting in songs that are rich and nuanced both historically and compositionally. In "*Poeme d'Automne*", the act of leaves falling off trees are depicted as concubines who were waiting for their lovers that have now become stripped bare due to the winter wind. The piece is inundated with the components of both jazz and blues, with syncopation within both the piano and the voice, along varied rhythmic features like flowing septuplets, triplets, and thirty-second notes. With the mention of winter, the once-rich accompaniment is stripped back and far restricted in its expression, reflecting the exposed trees still waiting for their love. In "*Winter Moon*", the moon is admired for its features, and as discussed with the Poulenc set, love is connected to admiration. Perhaps to depict winter's isolation and close intimacy, the song is only focused on one subject and completely without metaphor. The vocal line features long flowing lines without breaks, giving the impression of a stream of consciousness or a singular thought completely focused on the moon, while the piano has a lulling motion in the left hand with chords in the right hand on top. In "*Young Love in Spring*", elements of spring like sprouts growing, sunshine and violets help to enhance the feeling of adoration throughout the poem. It is one of the great examples of text painting from Bonds' repertoire, with flowing lines created with triplets and tied notes in the vocal line, the piano line is also full of rocking motions created by triplets, almost creating the image of swinging hands with a lover while walking down the mentioned 'country lane'. As the last song of the set, "*Summer Storm*" is a representation of the bubbling excitement of both lightning from a storm and love within a person's heart. The piano is packed full of punctuated figures from rolling sixteenth notes to staccato eighths that fall up and down, mimicking rain drops. The vocal line is marked with unconnected eighth notes that help to accentuate each word of the poem from beginning to end. With the piece only slowing down with the mention of the rain, the storm is a buzz of love from start to finish.

Donate

Lamont Society

Donors to the Lamont School of Music are an integral part of the Lamont community. Since 1983, the Lamont Society has provided financial and other support that has sustained our program's excellence. It has enabled us to purchase instruments, underwrite masterclasses and guest artist performances, support touring ensembles, provide students with professional development funds, support faculty initiatives, maintain scholarships for our deserving students, and much more. We are deeply grateful for this philanthropy!

To support Lamont, please contact Laura Mack, Director of Development, at 303.871.6267 or laura.mack@du.edu.

You may also donate through <https://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/society> or with the QR code on this page.



Upcoming Events

Tuesday, April 7, 7:30 p.m.

Trombone Studio Recital

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 10, 7:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series: Richard Harris, trombone

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Sunday, April 12, 5:00 p.m.

Guest Recital: Lynnli Wang, carillon

Williams Carillon, Ritchie Center Lawn

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 17, 7:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series:

Brian Neal, trumpet & Cindy Lindeen-Martin, organ

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Sunday, April 19, 4:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series:

Stephanie Cheng, piano & Michael van Wirt, percussion

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Lamont Opera Theatre presents “Die Fledermaus”

Thursday, April 23, 7:30 p.m.

Friday, April 24, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday, April 25, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, April 26, 2:30 p.m.

Gates Concert Hall

\$20 to \$40

Thursday, April 30, 7:30 p.m.

Jennie’s Concert: A Brass Celebration

Gates Concert Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Full events list: liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events



Present your Lamont program or ticket stub to La Belle Rosette within 24 hours of an event (either before or after) and receive 20% off your order.

Located steps from the Newman Center at
2423 S University Blvd, Denver, CO 80210

Hours (now open later on weekdays!)

Mon-Fri, 7AM to 8PM

Sat, 7AM to 2PM

Sun, 8AM to 2PM

720.508.4469

labellerosette.com

du.edu/lamont

Lamont News: [Liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/stories](https://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/stories)



Lamont School of Music
UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

