

Remerciements

A special thanks to my family for having instilled in me a love of great music and a love of life, and who I know are with me in spirit tonight. A special thanks to Ida Faiella for her unending support in this endeavor, her belief in me, and for having inspired me to be more. Thanks also to Carol Symes for her glorious translations and her indispensable historical information. Thanks to Noëlle Rouxel for her generous assistance with translations and pronunciation. A special thank you to my grandmother, Katie Little, for having put up with me this past Field Work Term as I practiced this music for hours on end. Thank you to Dick and Barbara Ely of the Carmel Valley Coffee Roasting Company for their generous donation of this evening's coffee. Thanks to Liza Stillhard for her constant support of my work and for her exquisite desserts. Thanks also to Martha Bernabe for her world-famous truffles. Thank you to Matt McConnell, Barbara Browne, Sue Jones, Joan Edwards, The Office of Student Life, and the members of the Voice Class.

Q VOICE CONCERT

with
Katie Little
Barstone
and
Yoshiko Sato,
organist

Saturday, April First

This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

These first songs were composed by college students during the twelfth century. Universities were newly established in Paris and Oxford, and the career opportunities they afforded were matched by equal opportunities for sowing wild oats. In the thirteenth century, such songs began to be copied into manuscripts for the enjoyment of a wider audience, and some of these collections include melodies as well as verses. The *Carmina Burana* is one such collection, its name denoting songs (*carmina*) compiled in the scriptorium of the monastery of Benediktbeuern in Bavaria (Munich, Staatsbibliothek MS lat. 4660). This same codex also preserves liturgical plays, devotional poetry, and a range of other materials -- a miscellany revealing the variety of monastic tastes.

While neither of the second two songs is accompanied by musical notation in the *Carmina Burana* manuscript, both are interesting specimens of the poetic techniques that were developing at the time. *Dies, nox et omnia* is macaronic: that is, it plays on the similarities between Latin and the Occitan dialect of Provence (the *langue d'oc* of southern France) by twisting the two together. Given that it describes the challenges of communicating with members of the opposite sex, in this case with a girl who cannot understand Latin, a mixed medium is peculiarly appropriate. *Omnia sol temperat* engages in a different type of verbal play, employing a strong metrical pulse and patterns of similar sounds to describe the changing of the seasons and the changing fortunes of lovers in springtime. The translation attempted here mirrors the rhythms and rhyme schemes of the originals as closely as possible.

-- Carol Symes
Spring 2000

Largo al factotum della città, largo!	Make way for the factotum of the city
La la la la la la la la la la!	La la la la la la la la la la!
Presto a bottega,	Rushing to his shop,
Che l'alba è già, presto!	For dawn is here.
La la la la la la la la la la!	La la la la la la la la la la!
Ah, che bel vivere!	Ah, what a merry life,
Che bel piacere!	What gay pleasures
Per un barbiere di qualità.	For a barber of quality.
Ah, bravo Figaro!	Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo, bravo!	Bravo, bravissimo, bravo!
La la la la la la la la la la!	La la la la la la la la la la!
Fortunatissimo,	Most fortunate of men,
Per verità, bravo!	Indeed you are!
La la la la la la la la la la!	La la la la la la la la la la!
Pronto a far tutto,	Ready for everything
La notte, il giorno,	By night or by day,
Sempre d'intorno,	Always in bustle,
In giro sta.	In constant motion.
Miglior cuccagna	A better lot
Per un barbiere,	For a barber,
Vita più nobile,	A nobler life,
No, non si dà.	Doesn't exist.
La la la la la la la la la la!	La la la la la la la la la la!
Rasori, pettini,	Razors, combs,
Lancette e forbici,	Lancets, and scissors,
Al mio comando,	At my command.
Tutto qui sta.	Everything's ready.
V'è la risorsa,	Then there are the <i>extras</i> ,
Poi del mestiere,	Part of my trade:
Colla donnetta,	Business for ladies,
Col cavaliere.	And cavaliers.
La la la la la,	La la la la la!
Tutti mi chiedono.	All call for me,
Tutti mi vogliono.	All want me,
Donne, ragazzi,	Ladies and children,
Vecchi, fanciulle.	Old men and maidens.
Quà la parrucca,	I need a wig,
Presto la barba,	I want a shave,
Quà la sanguina,	Leeches to bleed me,
Presto il biglietto,	Here, take this note.
Tutti mi chiedono,	All call for me.
Tutti mi vogliono,	All want me.
Ehi, Figaro!	Hey, Figaro!
Oimè! Che furia!	Heavens, what a crowd!
Che folla!	What folly!
Uno alla volta,	One at a time,
Per carità!	For pity's sake!
Figaro? Son quà!	Figaro? I'm here!
Figaro quà, Figaro là,	Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro su, Figaro giù.	Figaro up, Figaro down.
Pronto, prontissimo,	Quickly, quickly,
Son come un fulmine,	Lightning runs lazily
Sono il factotum	Near the factotum
Della città.	Of the city!
Ah, bravo, Figaro.	Ah, bravo, Figaro.
Bravo, bravissimo.	Bravo, bravissimo.
A te fortuna,	On you, fortune
Non mancherà.	Will always smile.
Sono il factotum	I am the factotum
Della città!	Of the city!

Chanson Épique

From the song cycle *Don Quichotte À Dulcinée*
(1932)

by Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Bon Saint Michel
Qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel
Qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel
Veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel
Bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame,
(O grands Saint Georges
et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille
Ma douce Dame
Si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Good Saint Michael
Who gives me liberty
To see my Lady and to hear her,
Good Saint Michael
Who deigns to elect me
To please her and to defend her,
Good Saint Michael
I pray you descend
With Saint George upon the altar
Of the Madonna of the blue mantel.

With a beam from heaven
Bless my sword
And 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 watches over my vigil,
My gentle Lady
So much resembling
You, Madonna of the blue mantel!
Amen.

The French playwright Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-1799) is best known for his two comedies *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro* which tell the story of the adventures of Count Almaviva and his servant Figaro. *The Barber of Seville* was first composed as an opera by Paisiello in 1782, and then by Rossini in 1816. In 1786, Mozart composed an opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*. The following are three arias sung by the character Figaro in each of the three operas.

Scorsi già molti paesi

from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1782)

by Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1860)

In which Figaro tells Count Almaviva of his travels through Spain...

I have seen many countries.
Many, many, many countries:
I started in Madrid,
Where I wrote an opera which failed
So I ran with my bags
Until I couldn't anymore.
To Castile, and La Mancha,
In the Asturias, and Catalogna.
Through Andalusia,
And around Extremadura.
Through Sierra Morena,
And finally Galicia.
A very welcoming place,
A very, very, very welcoming place.
I became tangled in other "laces".
But in good spirits
I overcame each obstacle.

Scorsi già molti paesi,
Molti, molti, molti paesi.
In Madrid io debuttai,
Feci un'opera, e cascai;
E col mio bagaglio addosso
Me ne corsi a più non posso.
In Castiglia e nella Mancia,
Nell'Asturie, in Catalogna;
Poi passai l'Andalusia,
E girai l'Estremadura;
Come ancor Sierra Morena,
Ed in fin nella Galizia.
In un luogo bene accolto,
Bene, bene, bene, bene accolto,
E in un altro in lacci avvolto.
Ma però di buon umore,
D'ogni evento superior.

With only my razor
And no cash,
I made a living shaving beards.
Now, here in Seville for good,
I am ready to serve
Your Excellency.
If only I deserve such an honor.

Col sol rasojo,
Senza contanti,
Facendo barbe tirai avanti,
Or qui in Siviglia fo permanenza,
Pronto a servire,
Vostre Eccellenza.
Se pur io merito un tanto onor.

Non più andrai

from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786)
by W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

In which Figaro introduces the page Cherubino to the concept of military life...

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
Delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
Quel cappello leggiere e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!
Non più avrai,
Quei pennacchini,
Quel cappello,
Quella chioma,
Quell'aria brillante!
Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
Collo dritto, muso franco,
Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante.
Ed in vece del fandango,
Una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
Con le nevi, e i solioni,
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,
All'orecchio fan fischiar.
Non più avrai,
Quei pennacchini,
Non più avrai,
Quel cappello,
Non più avrai,
Quella chioma,
Non più avrai,
Quell'aria brillante!
Cherubino, alla vittoria,
Alla gloria militar!

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro

from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786)
by W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

In which Count Almaviva expresses his anger about his servant Figaro's marriage to Susanna...

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro,
Felice un servo mio?
E un ben che invan desio,
Ei posseder dovrà?
Vedrò per man d'amore
Unita a un vile oggetto
Chi in me destò un affetto,
Che per me poi non ha?
Ah no! lasciarti in pace
Non vo' questo contento,
Tu non nascesti, audace,
Per dare a me tormento,
E forse ancor per ridere
Di mia infelicità.
Già la speranza sola
Delle vendette mie
Quest'anima consola,
E giubilar mi fa.

Shall I, while I'm sighing,
See one of my servants happy?
And the prize for which I yearn,
Shall he have it?
Shall I see the woman who woke in me
A feeling she doesn't have for me
United to a vile object
By the hand of love?
Ah no! I won't leave
This happiness in peace.
You weren't born, audacious one,
To torture me,
And to laugh
At my unhappiness.
Now only the hope
Of the revenge I'll have
Consoles my soul
And makes me rejoice.

THE GLAMOROUS LIFE

An Opera Singer's Day

8:30 Breakfast
9:00 Breathing Exercises
9:30 Correspondence and Telephone
10:00 Vocalise
10:45 Taxi to Metropolitan
11:00 Rehearsal
1:00 Lunch
1:20 Costume Fitting
2:00 Conference with Manager
3:00 Home to study score
3:30 Practice with accompanist
4:00 Light dinner
5:00 Rest in bed
6:00 Hot bath and black coffee
6:45 Taxi to Metropolitan
7:00 Dressing room—make-up
7:20 Costume
7:30 Wig
8:00 The voice warm-up
8:40 On stage
11:08 Final Curtain
11:30 Light supper with friends
12:30 Bed

Largo al factotum

from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1816)
by Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

In which Figaro introduces himself to the
citizens of Seville...

Veris Dulcis in tempore

From the Carmina Burana manuscript (c. 1230)

Veris Dulcis in tempore,
Florenti stat sub arbore,
Juliana cum sorore,
Dulcis amor.

In the sweet Springtime,
Under a blossoming tree,
Juliana and her sister,
Embody sweet love.

Qui te caret hoc
tempore fit vilior

A life without love
Is worth very little.

Omnia sol temperat

from Carmina Burana (1937)
by Carl Orff (1895-1982)
translation by Carol Symes

Omnia sol temperat
Purus et subtilis,
Novo mundo reserat
Faciem Aprilis.
Ad amorem properat
Animus herilis
Et iocundis imperat
Deus puerilis.

All things are warmed by the sun,
In purity improving,
For a new world has begun:
April's eye is roving.
In lusty ways the wanton
Minds of men are moving
Cupid's joyous writ will run --
Little god of loving.

Rerum tanta novitas
In solemniter vere
Et in veris auctoritas
Iubet nos gaudere.
Vias prebet solitas,
Et in tuo vere
Fides est et probitas
Tuum retinere.

Many things are born anew
In Spring's solemnity;
Spring's best laws are very few:
It sanctions gaily.
Still, some paths you should eschew:
Shun Spring's temerity.
Prudence counsels staying true
And keeping faith with me.

Ama me fideliter!
Fidem meam nota:
De corde totaliter
Et ex mente tota.
Sum presentialiter
Absens in remota
Quisquis amat taliter
Volvitur in rota.

Love me! Love me faithfully!
My faith I shall reveal:
Heartily and soulfully
And mentally, I feel.
I am yours now, totally --
As from my side you steal --
Whoever loves completely
Is crushed by Fortune's wheel.

Dies, nox et omnia

from Carmina Burana (1937)

by Carl Orff (1895-1982)

translation by Carol Symes

Dies, nox et omnia
Mihi sunt contraria.
Virginum colloquia
Me fay planszer
Oy suvenz suspirer
Plu me fay temer.

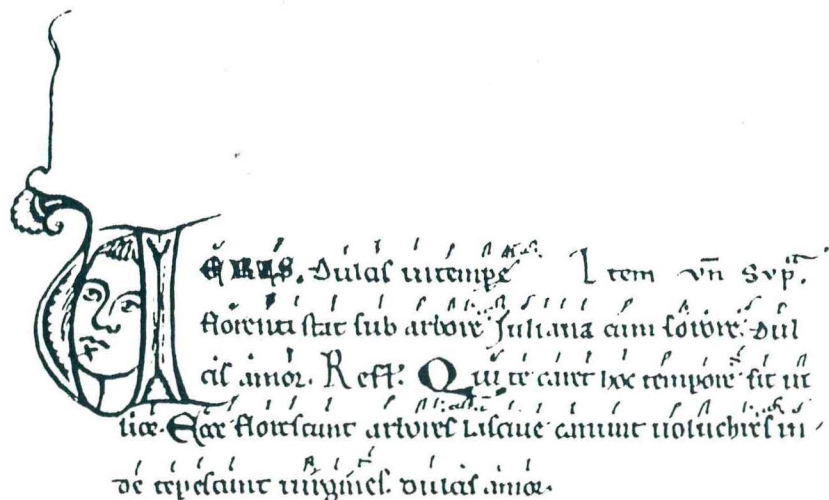
O sodales, ludite
Vos qui scites dicite.
Michi mesto parcite
Grand ey dolor
Attamen consulite
Per voster honor.

Tua pulchra facies
Me fey planszer milies.
Pectus habet glacies
A remender
Statim vivus fierem
Per un baser.

Day and night and everything --
All the same to me: vexing.
Sound of girlish chattering --
It makes me cry
And often makes me sigh.
Then I fear to try.

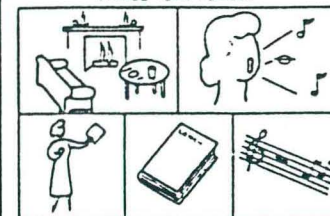
Go, you lads: go out and play,
You know always what to say.
Pity me this sad display;
This moan I make.
Help me now to find a way,
Just for old times' sake.

Looking at your lovely face
Makes me weep and plead for grace
Your heart's frozen in its place.
But I'd find bliss
Would rise to life so quickly
With one sweet kiss.



No longer, amorous butterfly,
Will you flutter around night and day,
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers any more,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining air,
Or those womanish red cheeks!
No more of
Those feathers,
That hat,
That hair,
Or that shining air!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honor, and very little pay.
And in place of the dance,
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear
No more of
Those feathers,
No more of
That hat,
No more of
That hair,
No more of
That shining air!
Cherubino, go to victory!
On to military glory!

BUDGET FOR A STUDENT SINGER (THREE YEAR PERIOD)



LIVING EXPENSES
AT \$30.00 A WEEK

\$4,500

VOCAL LESSONS
START WITH THREE A WEEK
AT \$15.00

\$4,000

DRAMATIC LESSONS
INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT

\$750

LANGUAGE LESSONS
TWO A WEEK FOR TWO YEARS

\$200

SIGHT READING

\$100

IT CAN BE DONE
FOR \$8,000
BUT FIGURE ON

\$9,550