

Presents

a Senior Voice Recital

Elsa Zank
soprano

Dr. Kirstin Ihde, piano

Program

Oh, That I On Wings Could Rise from *Theodora* George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Aura soave from *12 Madrigali per cantare e sonare* Luzzasco Luzzaschi (1545-1607)

Così fan tutte Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
In uomini, in soldati
Una donna a quindici anni

Gedichte aus 'Liebesfrühling', Op. 37
Liebst du um Schönheit Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
O ihr Herren Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Rose, Meer und Sonne

Tre Sange, Op. 1 Agathe Backer Grøndahl (1847-1907)
En Bøn
Gud giv, jeg var et Barn igjen
Til mit Hjertes Dronning

-Intermission-

Le Paysage ou La Description de Port-Royal-des-Champs Jacques Leguerney (1906-1997)
Les Bois
Musique champêtre dans les jardins, le soir
Le Ruisseau
L'étang

Taylor, the Latte Boy Marcy Heisler (b. 1967) & Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)
Loving You from *Passion* Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)
What Baking Can Do from *Waitress* Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

The Gartan Mother's Lullaby Traditional Irish arr. Nancy Calthorpe (1914-1998)
Down by the Salley Gardens

*As a courtesy to the artists and to those in attendance,
please silence all electronic devices.*

Elsa is from the studio of Dr. Anna Hersey.

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This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree
with an emphasis in Vocal Performance.

Thursday, April 7, 2022
Arts & Communication Center

7:00 PM
Music Hall

For additional events, visit the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh
Music Department website at:
<https://uwosh.edu/music/community/calendar>

Notes and Translations

“Oh, That I On Wings Could Rise” from *Theodora*, HWV 68

**Libretto by Thomas Morrel (1703-1784)
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)**

Theodora is categorized as an oratorio, which is similar musically to opera but specifically features religious subject matter. Oratorios were typically performed in a concert setting and lacked the involved sets and costuming of their secular counterparts. The German composer, Handel, upon arriving in England, cemented the English oratorio as a genre during the Baroque era. He composed nearly 30 oratorios during his career; one of his later oratorios, *Theodora* has been reported as his favorite.

Rather than a biblical story, *Theodora* focuses on the story of two Christian martyrs, as described in the novel *The Martyrdom of Theodora and of Didymus* by Robert Boyle. Handel composed this work in just over a month during the summer of 1749. This aria occurs during the second of three acts. After being arrested for refusing to participate in a pagan celebration, the titular character, Theodora, is imprisoned in a temple dedicated to Venus, the Roman goddess of love. She is forced to work as a prostitute, a fate she considers worse than death, and is comforted by thoughts of heavenly salvation.

“Oh, That I On Wings Could Rise”

*But why are thou disquieted, my soul?
Hark! Heaven invites thee in sweet rapt'rous strains
To join the ever-singing,
ever-loving choir of saints and angels in the courts above.*

*Oh, that I on wings could rise,
Swiftly sailing through the sky,
As skims the silver dove!*

*That I might rest,
Forever blest with harmony and love.*

*Oh, that I on wings could rise,
Swiftly sailing through the sky,
As skims the silver dove!*

“Aura soave” from *12 Madrigali per cantare e sonare*

Text by Anonymous
Luzzasco Luzzaschi (1545-1607)

Luzzasco Luzzaschi was born and lived in Ferrara, Italy during the Renaissance period. He spent the majority of his career as a court musician and was renowned as both an organist and a composer. Although the source of the text in this piece is unknown, one possible author is Battista Giovanni Guarini (1538-1612). He was an Italian diplomat and poet, and his poetic works were some of the most popular texts to set to music during the rise of the Italian madrigal.

While madrigals are often choral works, “Aura soave” is intended for solo voice and basso continuo accompaniment. The relationship between the vocalist and the instrumentalist facilitates the polyphony that the genre is known for. Polyphony is a musical trend where different parts move independently of each other and are usually of equal importance. This madrigal comes from a set of twelve published in 1601.

“Aura soave” (It sings)

*Aura soave di segreti accenti
Che penetrando per l'orecchie al core
Svegliasti la dove dormiva Amore
Per te respiro e vivo
Da che nel petto mio
Spirasti tu d'Amor vital desio
Vissi di vita privo
Mentre amorosa cura in me fu spenta
Hor vien che l'alma senta
Virtu di quel tuo spirto gentile
Felice vita oltre l'usato stile.*

Sweet breeze of secret words,
which, penetrating through my ears to my heart
woke Love, who was sleeping there:
for you I breathe and live
ever since into my bosom
you breathed Love's living desire.
I lived without life
while love's caring was exhausted in me.
Now come, so that my soul may feel,
thanks to your gentle spirit,
life that is happy beyond the usual.
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Così fan tutte

Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte (1749-1838)
Wofgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Così fan tutte is one of three operas resulting from the collaboration of the composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and the Italian writer, Lorenzo Da Ponte. Following the acclaim of the previous two operas, *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte* received a relatively short debut run of only ten performances in Vienna, Austria in 1790. The opera didn't regain popularity until the twentieth century due to its more risqué nature and controversy over its

depiction of women. There has been much debate about the possible satirical nature of the show's portrayal of love and relationships.

Così fan tutte is an *opera buffa* or a comical opera. The plot revolves around two men, Ferrando and Guglielmo, who are in love with the sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi. They are so sure that their lovers are incapable of infidelity that they agree to a wager from their friend, Don Alfonso, in which they disguise themselves and attempt to seduce each other's significant other. During the opera, the sisters' maid, Despina, joins Don Alfonso in trying to get the sisters to fall for the disguised men.

Despina fills a common *opera buffa* servant archetype, and her character displays an unusual level of worldliness and a rather cynical, practical view of love that contrasts the idealized, romantic view of love held by her employers. Her perspective on love and relationships belies her experience, most likely negative, with men in the past. In the aria "In uomini, in soldati," Despina responds to a crying Dorabella and Fiodiligi, who believe their lovers have gone to war, with advice to seek out light-hearted flings because that is what men would do. Later, at the start of the opera's second act, Despina instructs the sisters in what tips and tricks young women of the world should have regarding suitors in the aria "Una donna a quindici anni."

"In uomini, in soldati" (In men, in soldiers)

*In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedeltà?
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
Han più degli uomini stabilità!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualità!
In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,
Nè val da barbari chieder pietà!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta questa
 malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!*

In men, in soldiers, you hope for fidelity?
Do not feel such charity!
They are all made of similar dough:
The moving foliage, the changing breeze,
They have more stability than men!
Disguised tears, false glances,
Deceitful voices, lying mannerisms,
These are the primary qualities of men!
They love us only if it delights their heart,
Then they scorn us and deny us affection,
It is not worthwhile to beg barbarians for mercy!
Pay back, o women, this evil, tactless race with
 equal coin.
Love for convenience, for vanity.
~Translation by Elsa Zank

"Una donna a quindici anni" (A woman of fifteen years)

*Una donna a quindici anni
De'è saper ogni gran moda
Dove il diavolo ha la coda
Cosa è bene, e mal cos'è.
De'è saper le maliziette
Che innamorano gli amanti*

A woman of fifteen years,
Must know every great trend.
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What things are good and what are bad.
She must know the tricks
Which charm lovers.

*Finger riso, finger pianti
Inventar i bei perchè.*

Fake laughter, fake weeping,
Invent lovely reasons.

*De'e in un momento dar retta a cento
Colle pupille parlar con mille
Dar speme a tutti, sien belli o brutti,
Saper nascondersi senza confondersi,
Senz'arrossire saper mentire.
E qual regina dall'alto soglio
Col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir.
Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina,
Viva Despina che sa servir!*

She must pay attention to a hundred every moment,
Speak with her eyes to a thousand,
Give hope to all, whether they're beautiful or ugly.
Know how to conceal without getting confused.
Know how to lie without blushing.
And that queen from her high throne,
With "I can" and "I want" can prompt obedience.
It seems they have a taste for such doctrine.
Long live Despina, who knows how to serve.
~Translation by Elsa Zank

Gedichte aus 'Liebesfrühling', Op. 37

**Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)
Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856) & Clara Schumann (1819-1896)**

This song cycle was a collaboration between the married couple Robert and Clara Schumann. It was published in 1841 following several other song cycles composed by Robert to celebrate his love for and marriage to Clara during his *Liederjahr* or "Year of Song." Robert composed nine out of the twelve songs in the cycle, and Clara composed the other three, including "Liebst du um Schönheit." While both spouses were respected composers, and Clara was a talented concert pianist, this was their only joint publication.

The theme of love is evident in the text source of this song cycle. The twelve poems set by the Schumanns were written by German poet Friedrich Rückert and sent along in letters to his significant other, Luisa Wiethaus-Fischer. Luisa gathered the poems she was sent into a collection of approximately 395 poems. The devotion evident in this poetry made it a perfect choice for the newlywed Schumanns to use for their collaborative song cycle.

4. “Liebst du um Schönheit” (If you love for beauty)

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

If you love for beauty,
Oh do not love me!
Love the sun,
It has gold hair!

*Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

If you love for youth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the spring-time
That is young each year!

*Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

If you love for wealth,
Oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
[Who] has many limpid pearls!

*Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.*

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me forever;
I will love you forevermore!
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3. “O ihr Herren” (O you Gentlemen)

*O ihr Herren, o ihr werten
großen reichen Herren all!
Braucht in euren schönen Gärten
ihr denn keine Nachtigall?*

O you gentlemen, you worthy ones,
great, rich gentlemen all,
don't you in your beautiful gardens
need a nightingale?

*Hier ist eine, die ein stilles
Plätzchen sucht die Welt entlang.
Räumt mir eines ein, ich will es
euch bezahlen mit Gesang.*

Here is one who is seeking for a quiet
little place all through the world.
Make me one, and I will
repay you with song.
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9. “Rose, Meer und Sonne” (Rose, ocean and sun)

*Rose, Meer und Sonne
Sind ein Bild der Liebsten mein,
Die mit ihrer Wonne*

Rose, ocean and sun
are the image of my beloved,
who with her rapture

Faßt mein ganzes Leben ein.

envelopes my entire life.

*Aller Glanz, ergossen,
Aller Tau der Frühlingsflur
Liegt vereint beschlossen
In dem Kelch der Rose nur.*

All the splendor, gushing forth,
all the dew of the spring meadow,
lies hidden and united
only in the chalice of the rose.

*Alle Farben ringen,
Aller Düft im Lenzgefeld,
Um hervorzubringen
Im Verein der Rose Bild.*

All the colors strive,
all the scents in the spring meadow,
to bring forth
as one the image of the rose.

*Rose, Meer und Sonne
Sind ein Bild der Liebsten mein,
Die mit ihrer Wonne
Faßt mein ganzes Leben ein.*

Rose, ocean, and sun
are the image of my beloved,
who with her rapture
envelopes my entire life.

*Alle Ströme haben
Ihren Lauf auf Erden bloß,
Um sich zu begraben
Sehnend in des Meeres Schoß.*

All the rivers have
merely their course on earth,
so that they can bury themselves
longingly in the lap of the ocean.

*Alle Quellen fließen
In den unerschöpften Grund,
Einen Kreis zu schließen
Um der Erde blüh'ndes Rund.*

All the springs flow
into the inexhaustible depths,
to close a circle
about the blossoming roundness of the earth.

*Rose, Meer und Sonne
Sind ein Bild der Liebsten mein,
Die mit ihrer Wonne
Faßt mein ganzes Leben ein.*

Rose, ocean, and sun
are the image of my beloved,
who with her rapture
envelopes my entire life.

*Alle Stern' in Lüften
Sind ein Liebesblick der Nacht,
In des Morgens Düften
Sterbend, wann der Tag erwacht.*

All the stars in the sky
are glances of love in the night,
dying in the scent of morning
when the day awakens.

*Alle Weltenflammen,
Der zerstreute Himmelsglanz,
Fließen hell zusammen
In der Sonne Strahlenkranz.*

All the flames of the world,
the scattered splendor of the heavens,
flow brightly together
into a garland of sunbeams.

*Rose, Meer und Sonne
Sind ein Bild der Liebsten mein,
Die mit ihrer Wonne
Faßt mein ganzes Leben ein.*

Rose, ocean, and sun
are the image of my beloved,
who with her rapture
envelopes my entire life.

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Tre Sange, Op. 1

**Texts by Vilhelm Bergsøe (1835–1911) & Caralis (1822 - 1893)
Agathe Backer Grøndahl (1847-1907)**

Agathe Backer Grøndahl was a Norwegian, Romantic-era composer and pianist. She toured throughout Scandinavia, Germany, and England as a performer, but her true legacy can be found in her more than 400 compositions, most of which are for voice and/or piano. She also composed about 70 Norwegian folksong arrangements and was the first female Norwegian to produce an orchestral work. Grøndahl trained under fellow Norwegian composer and musician Halfdan Kjerulf from the age of ten. Later, under Kjerulf's advice, she went to Berlin to study piano and composition. There, she was influenced by earlier prominent, German, Romantic composers such as Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. She was also a close friend and confidante of Edvard Grieg throughout her life.

Grøndahl composed her first published songs in 1869, although she had been composing since early childhood. The third piece in this three-song cycle, "Til mit Hjertes Dronning," is one of the most frequently programmed Norwegian romantic art songs to this day.

1. "En Bøn" (A Prayer)

*Jeg beder Dig ikke om Rosen paa Dit Bryst,
ej heller om en Lok af Dit Haar;
thi Rosen vil falme som Blomsterne i Høst,
og Lökkernes Glansspil forgaar.*

I ask you not for the rose on your breast,
and neither for a lock of your hair;
for the rose will fade like the flowers in autumn,
and the temptation's brilliance perishes.

*Jeg ønsker ei heller den perletunge Snor,
der snor sig som en Snog om Din Haand;
thi vilde Du mig fængsle, Du kjendte vel de Ord,
der bandt mig med stærkere Baand.*

I do not wish the heavy pearl necklace,
that winds like a snake around your hand;
for you will imprison me, you knew the words,
they tied me with stronger bonds.

*Nei, skænk mig en Tanke, naar Dagen bryder frem,
et stille Suk i Skumringens Fred,
en taareblank Perle, ifald jeg skifter Hjem
Og sænkes under Havbølgen ned.*

No, give me a thought, when day breaks,
a quiet sigh in twilight's peace,
a shiny pearl, if I find a new home
And sink under the sea waves.

*Thi Tanker og Taarer er Evighedens Guld,
en Sjælerigdom, Herren os gav;
og aldrig kan de falme og lægges under Muld,*

Thoughts and tears are eternity's gold,
a kingdom of souls, God gave to us;
and never can they fade and be buried,

men spire som Blomster fra vor Grav.

but sprout like flowers from our grave.
~Translation by Anna Hersey

2. “ Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen” (Dear God, to be a child again)

*Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen
Og laa i min Vugge paa Ny,
Og atter legede Timerne hen
Med Engle høit under Sky!*

Dear God, to be a child again,
And lay in my cradle again,
And play all the hours
With angels high in the sky!

*Gud give, jeg hørte min Moders Røst
Ved Vuggen i Nattens Stund,
Og at hun lagde mig til sit Bryst
Og kyssed igjen min Mund!*

Dear God, to hear my mother's voice
By the cradle in the night,
And she put me to her breast
and then kissed my mouth!

*Gud give, jeg havde med hende fulgt
Til Gravens og Fredens Hjem,
Da laa ei hin bitre Smerte dulgt
Dybt i mit Hjertes Gjem!*

Dear God, to have followed her
To the grave and the home of peace,
There lies a bitter pain
Deep in my heart!

*Da var det ei furet af Synd og Gru,
Af Sorg og Anger og Nød.
Gud give, jeg var et Barn endnu,
Men helst, at jeg aldrig var født!*

Then it was a furrow of sin and horror,
Of pain and anger and distress.
Dear God, to be still a child,
But at least, to have never been born!
~Translation by Anna Hersey

3. “ Til mit Hjertes Dronning” (To the Queen of my Heart)

*Skal vi vandre en Stund
I den dæmrende Lund,
Methens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt,
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat,
I den kjølige Nat,
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.*

Shall we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright?
Oh, I'll whisper there,
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in broad daylight!

*Jeg ved Stjernenes Skjær,
Skal betro Dig en Hær
Af Tanker, som aldrig fik Ord,
Imens Nathimlens Glands,
Som en sølverne Krands,
Om din luftige Skjønhed sig snor.*

I'll tell thee apart
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

*Og naar Maanen fra Sky
Over Marker og By
Udgyder sin sølverne Flod,*

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,

*Vil mig fængsle dens Skin
Paa din Pande, din Kind,
Vil jeg knæle iløn ved din Fod.*

*Lad os vandre en Stund
Da ved Sø og i Lund,
Methens Fuldmaanen hist holder Vagt!
Jeg vil hviske, min Skat!
I den kølige Nat,
Hvad jeg aldrig ved Dagen fik sagt.*

How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

Oh, come then, and rove
To the sea or the grove,
When the moon is rising bright,
And I'll whisper there,
In the cool night air,
What I dare not in broad daylight.
~Original English text attributed to Percy
Bysshe Shelley (1792 - 1822) or James
Augustus St. John (1795 - 1875).

Le Paysage ou La Description de Port-Royal-des-Champs

**Text by Jean Racine (1639 - 1699)
Jacques Leguerney (1906-1997)**

Le Paysage ou La Description de Port-Royal-des-Champs translates to “the landscape or the description of Port-Royal-des-Champs.” Port-Royal-des-Champs was a self-contained community south of Paris where French playwright and poet Jean Racine spent a portion of his childhood. After the death of his parents, Racine went to live in Port-Royal with his grandparents, and the natural beauty of the countryside community inspired the descriptive language of his early poetry.

Just like Racine, Jacques Leguerney was drawn to nature and natural imagery. This song cycle, which takes its name with Racine's collection of seven odes, sets excerpts of four of the poems that focus on nature's appeal to the senses. Leguerney chose to set these passages to music free of strict tonality and meter. Instead, he focused on layering a complex texture and developing harmonic progressions. This song cycle helped to solidify Leguerney's mature compositional style.

1. “Les Bois” (The Woods)

*C'est là que cent longues allées
D'arbres toujours riches et verts,
Se font voir en cent lieux divers,
Droites, penchantes, étoilées.
Je vois mille troncs sourcilleux
Soutenir le faite orgeuilleux
De leurs voûtes tremblantes:
Et l'on dirait que le saphir
De deux portes brillantes
Ferme ces vrais lieux de plaisir.*

It is here that a hundred long aisles
Of trees, always rich and green,
Are seen in a hundred diverse places,
Straight, inclining, starry.
I see a thousand lofty trunks
Support the proud summit
Of their trembling arches:
And some would say that the sapphire
Of two brilliant gates
Closes these true places of pleasure
~Translation by Elsa Zank

2. “Musique champêtre dans les jardins, le soir” (Pastoral music in the gardens, at night)

*J'entends l'innocente musique
Des flûtes et des chalumeaux
Saluer l'ombre en ces hameaux
D'une sérénade rustique.
L'ombre qui, par ses doux pavots,
Venant enfin faire aux travaux
Une paisible guerre,
Fait que ces astres précieux,
Pâlissant sur la terre,
Semblent retourner dans les cieux.*

I hear the innocent music
Of flutes and of pipes
Greet the shade in these hamlets
With a rustic serenade
The shadows who by their sweet poppies
Come finally to carry out
A peaceful war
That made these precious stars
Fading over the earth
Seemingly return to the heavens.
~ Translation by Elsa Zank

3. “Le Ruisseau” (The Stream)

*C'est là qu'on entend le murmure
De ces agréables ruisseaux,
Qui joignent leurs flots et les eaux
Au vif émail de la verdure.
C'est là qu'en paisibles replis,
Dans les beaux vases de leurs lits,
ils arrosent les herbes,
Et que leurs doux gazouillements,
De leurs ondes superbes
Bravent les bruits les plus charmants.*

This is where you hear the murmur
Of these pleasant streams
Who join their floods and their waters
With the bright enamel of the greenery.
It is there that in peaceful folds,
In the beautiful mud of their beds,
They water the herbs.
And that their sweet babbling
Of their superb waves
Braves the most charming noise.
~Translation by Elsa Zank

4. “L'étang” (The Pond)

Que c'est une chose charmante

What a charming thing it is

*De voir cet étang gracieux
Où, comme en un lit précieux,
L'onde est toujours calme et dormante !
Mes yeux, regardons de plus près
Les inimitables portraits
De ce miroir humide;
Voyons bien les charmes puissants
Dont sa glace liquide
Enchante et trompe tous les sens.*

To see this graceful pond
Where, as in a precious bed,
The waves are always calm and still
My eyes, looking more closely at
The inimitable portraits
In this damp mirror,
See clearly the powerful charms
Of its liquid glass.
It enchants and deceives all the senses.
~Translation by Elsa Zank

Taylor, the Latte Boy

**Lyrics by Marcy Heisler (b. 1967)
Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)**

Marcy Heisler and Zina Goldrich have been performing and composing collaboratively since 1992. They have toured internationally and domestically as part of The Marcy and Zina Show. Their works have included the off-Broadway musicals *Ever After* and *Dear Edwina*, songs for The Disney Channel, PBS, ABC, and Nickelodeon, as well as several comedic songs such as “Taylor, the Latte Boy.”

This contemporary song was popularized by soprano and actress Kristin Chenoweth, known for her versatility in approaching various musical styles, including classical/operatic, jazz, country, and musical theatre. Some of Chenoweth’s other accomplishments include the role of Glinda in the musical *Wicked*, television appearances in *Pushing Daisies* and *Glee*, and several recorded albums.

“Taylor, the Latte Boy

*There’s a boy who works at Starbucks
Who is very inspirational.
He is very inspirational
Because of many things.*

*I come in at eight eleven
And he smiles and says, “How are you?”
When he smiles and says, “How are you?”
I could swear my heart grows wings.*

*So today at eight eleven,
I decided I should meet him.
I decided I should meet him
In a proper formal way.*

*So today at eight eleven
As he smiled and said, "How are you?"
I said, "Fine. And my name's Carol."
And he softly answered, "Hey."*

*And I told him, "My name's Carol,
And thank you for the extra foam."
And he said his name was Taylor
Which provides the inspiration for this poem.*

*Taylor, the latte boy.
Bring me java,
Bring me joy,
Oh Taylor, the latte boy.
I love him, I love him, I love him.*

*And I'd like to get my nerve up
And recite my poem musical.
He would like the fact it's musical
Because he plays guitar.*

*And today at eight eleven
Taylor told me he was playing
With a band down in the village
In the basement of a bar.*

*And he smoothly flipped the lever
To prepare my double latte,
But for me he made it triple,
And he didn't think I knew.*

*But I saw him flip the lever,
And for me he made it triple.
And I knew that triple latte
Meant that Taylor loved me, too.*

*I said, "What time are you playing?
And thank you for the extra skim."
He said, "Keep the three fifty-five"
Because this triple latte was on him.*

*Taylor, the latte boy.
Bring me java,
Bring me joy.
Oh Taylor, the latte boy.*

I love him, I love him, I love him.

*I used to be the kind of girl
Who'd run when a love rushed toward 'er.
But finally a voice whispered love can be yours
If you step up to the counter and order...*

*Taylor, the latte boy.
Bring me java,
Bring me joy.
Oh Taylor, the latte boy.
I love him, I love him, I love him.*

*So many years my heart has waited.
Who'd have thought that love could be so caffeinated.
Taylor, the latte boy.
I love him, I love him, I love him.
I love him, I love him, I love him.*

“Loving You” from *Passion*

Music & Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Possibly the most acclaimed living composer/lyricist in American musical theatre, Stephen Sondheim has worked on numerous musicals. These include notable productions such as *West Side Story*, *Into the Woods*, and *Sweeney Todd*. *Passion* was one of his later musicals, produced in 1994. Sondheim partnered with playwright and director James Lapine on this production, which won several Tony Awards.

This one-act musical features themes of love and obsession. It revolves around a young soldier named Giorgio, who is caught up in an affair with a married woman, Clara. He meets Fosca, the ailing cousin of his commanding officer. Fosca becomes infatuated with Giorgio, and although he repeatedly rebuffs her at first, he eventually comes to realize his affection for her. The song “Loving You,” sung by Fosca to Giorgio, marks the first shift in Giorgio’s feelings for Fosca. Unfortunately, their passion ends in heartbreak as Fosca succumbs to her ailing health, and Giorgio is left alone.

“Loving You”

*Loving you is not a choice,
It's who I am.*

*Loving you is not a choice,
And not much reason to rejoice,*

*But it gives me purpose,
Gives me voice to say to the world:
This is why I live.
You are why I live.*

*Loving you is why I do the things I do.
Loving you is not in my control.
But loving you, I have a goal
for what's left of my life.*

*I will live,
and I would die for you.*

“What Baking Can Do” from *Waitress*

Music & lyrics by Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

Debuted on Broadway in 2015, *Waitress* was adapted from the 2007 indie film of the same name. The music was written by performing artist Sara Bareilles in her first official foray into composing for the stage. Bareilles is a six-time Grammy award nominee and has released more than six studio albums. *Waitress* tells the story of Jenna, a pregnant waitress working at a southern diner and trapped in an unhappy marriage.

The song “What Baking Can Do” occurs early in the musical following Jenna’s discovery that she is pregnant. As a way of coping and processing this not entirely welcome news, Jenna turns to baking, something she is quite skilled at. Baking continues to be a motif throughout the musical as Jenna prepares for a pie-baking competition that could finance a fresh start and an escape from her abusive marriage. This song is introspective and contemplates not just Jenna’s impending motherhood but also her relationship with her own mother, who taught her how to bake.

“What Baking Can Do”

*Make it work; make it easy.
Make it clever; craft it into pieces.
Make it sweet; crimp the edges.
Or make it sour and serve with lemon wedges.
Even doubt can be delicious,
And it washes off of all the dirty dishes.
When it's done, I can smile;
It's on someone else's plate for a while.*

*I'll place it on display;
And then I'll slice and serve my worries away.*

I can fix this; I can twist it into sugar, butter-covered pieces.

*Never mind what's underneath it.
I have done it before;
I'll bake me a door to help me get through.
I learned that from you.
Mama, it's amazing what baking can do.*

*Make it up, and surprise them.
Tell them all my secrets, but disguise them,
So they dance on the tongues
Of the very people that they're secrets from.
Make it soon; make it better.
Though better never lasts forever.
I'll make it small,
So it fits*

*Even this,
Even now,
Even as the walls come tumbling down,
Even as I can't stop remembering how every door we ever made,
We never once walked out...
Something I never got the chance to ask her about.*

*So with flour on my hands,
I'll show them all how god-damn happy I am.
Sugar, butter, flour, don't let me down!
Let's see the next amazing thing baking does now.*

“The Gartan Mother’s Lullaby”

**Text by Joseph Campbell (1881 - 1944)
Traditional Irish**

This particular arrangement for harp and voice is by Nancy Calthorpe. The song takes its text from the poet/playwright Joseph Campbell and was published in his 1904 poetry collection, *The Songs of Uladh*. The text was set to an arrangement of an Irish folk melody by the composer Herbert Hughes. In her arrangement for voice and harp, Calthorpe sets this strophic melody to an ABA form accompaniment with lighter rolled chords in the B section that let the vocal line shine through.

There are several references to Irish mythology in the lyrics of the song. Aoibheall (EE-val) is the name of the queen of the fairies in the North, and Siabhra (SHEE-vrah) refers to a type of mischievous fairy. The Green Man is a symbol of rebirth, life and death, and nature in Celtic

culture. The text also includes the term *leanbhan* (LYAN-van) which is a term of endearment for a small child or baby.

“The Gartan Mother’s Lullaby”

*Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight’s fall,
Aoibheall from the Grey Rock comes to wrap the world in thrall.
A leanbhan O, my child, my joy, my love and heart’s desire,
The crickets sing a lullaby beside the dying fire.*

*Dusk is drawn and the Green Man’s thorn is wreathed in rings of fog,
Siabhra sails his boat till morn upon the Starry Bog.
A leanbhan O, the paly moon hath brimmed her cusp in dew,
And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune I sing, O love, to you.*

*Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight’s fall,
Aoibheall from the Grey Rock comes to wrap the world in thrall.
A leanbhan O, my child, my joy, my love and heart’s desire,
The crickets sing a lullaby beside the dying fire.*

“Down By the Salley Gardens”

**Text by W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)
Traditional Irish**

Another Nancy Calthorpe arrangement, this song was first published in 1894 by Alfred Perceval Graves in *The Irish Song Book*. Graves set this poem by Irish poet William Butler Yeats to the traditional Irish air, “The Maids of Mourne Shore.” There have been several other settings of this poem, but the setting by Graves is the most well-known.

This song is strophic, setting both stanzas of Yeats’s poem to the same music. Ironically, Yeats derived his poem from a fragmented snatch of a song sung by a peasant woman. Yeats ensured that the text came full circle from one folk song to another. “Down By the Salley Gardens” is now a staple of Irish folk music.

“Down By the Salley Gardens”

*Down by the Salley gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley gardens
With little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
With her would not agree.*

*In a field down by the river
My love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears.*

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