

# Crossroads

March 13, 2011

Da tempeste il legno infranto      George Frederic Handel

O mio babbino caro      Giacomo Puccini  
from *Gianni Schicchi*

Quando m'en vo'  
from *La Boheme*

Am strande      Franz Ries  
Auf dem maskenball      Fritz Jürgens

L'Heure exquise      Reynaldo Hahn  
Si mes vers avaiënt des ailes  
Quand je fys pris au Pavillon

*Pause*

Shy      Walter Foster  
Nocturne

Jabberwocky      Lee Hoiby  
Where the Music Comes From

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of  
Science Degree in Music Education at Plymouth State  
University

**Elizabeth Montmagny** is currently finishing her final year at as a Music Education major at Plymouth State University, where she studies voice with Amanda Munton and sings first soprano in the University Chorale with Dr. Dan Perkins. Elizabeth will be student teaching in the fall at the Ray School in Hanover, NH with Becky Luce and Kearsarge Regional High School in North Sutton, NH with Ernie Mills. She graduated from Lebanon High School in 2007, where she was an avid member of band, chorus, and theater. In the fall of 2008, Elizabeth spent the semester abroad at the University of Winchester in England. She traveled with the PSU Chamber Singers to Italy in January of 2010. Elizabeth is currently a member of the PSU Diversity Fellows, who recently hosted the Annual Veterans Powwow on campus.



Elizabeth would like to dedicate this recital to her grandmother, Beverly Newell. Silent strength, grace and beauty; inspiration soars on the wings of a morning dove.

**Constance Chesebrough** is the Coordinator of Collaborative Piano for the Department of Music, Theatre & Dance at Plymouth State University. She received a Bachelor of Music Education degree with honors from Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio, and a Master of Music degree in piano performance from the University of Cincinnati, where she studied piano with John Meretta and Richard Morris, and harpsichord with Eiji Hashimoto. Ms. Chesebrough has collaborated with numerous guest artists, faculty and students in recital at Plymouth State University. As a soloist and chamber artist, she has performed throughout New England, with concerts at the Rockport Art Association in Rockport, MA, the Beauport Museum in Gloucester, MA, and the Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, NH.

**George Frideric Handel** (1685 – 1759) Though Handel was born in 1685, the monument and floor plaque in his name at Westminster Abbey in London read 1684. This is due to the incorrect assumption that the Julian calendar was still in use the year of Handel's birth. "Da tempeste" comes from the opera *Giulio Cesare*. In the second act, everyone is lead to believe that Cesare has jumped from a window and killed himself, but he returns to save Cleopatra and claim her as queen. She is overjoyed to see that Cesare is alive and sings of her restored happiness.

**Giacomo Puccini** (1858 – 1924) The Italian Fascist dictator Mussolini once claimed that Puccini applied to the National Fascist Party, although no records have ever been found in confirmation. Puccini died of a heart attack before finishing his final opera, *Turandot*, and there is still dispute over whether Franco Alfano's original ending or the revision is better, though the revised ending is most commonly performed. "O mio babbino caro" is Lauretta's final plead to her father to help her lover's family, in *Gianni Schicchi*. "Quando m'en vo" is from Puccini's fourth opera *La Boheme*, where Musetta will do just about anything to gain the attention of her scorned lover.

**Franz Ries** (1846 – 1932) Ries was a German violinist and Romantic composer. He had a short, but successful career composing music, but gave up due to a nerve problem affecting his hands. He became a retailer and co-owned the Ries & Erler music publishing house until his death. German author **Karl Stieler**, who left his career as a lawyer after about a year of practice to travel the world, wrote the lyrics of "Am strande". He wrote about his journeys to earn a living.

**Fritz Jürgens** (1888 – 1915) Jurgens, a mystery man in the world of German lieder, took a poem by **Gustav Falke**, titled "Auf dem Maskenball", to capture the excitement and romance of a masquerade. Falke was a German poet, novelist, bookseller, and music teacher. Folk songs and Romantic poets inspired his writing and his style is often referred to as Impressionistic lyric poetry. He also wrote children's books, both in prose and rhyme.

**Reynaldo Hahn** (1875 – 1947) Hahn was born in Venezuela to eleven older siblings. He began composing at the age of eight, and composed "Si mes vers" at age 13 with lyrics by **Victor Hugo**, the author of *Les Miserables* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Many French poets inspired Hahn, and these poets themselves were inspired by his compositions. "L'Heure exquise", The White Moon, is a poem written by **Paul Verlaine**, and "Quand je fus pris au Pavillion" was written by **Duke Charles D'Orleans**, a 15<sup>th</sup> century poet, who wrote most of his works while held as prisoner of war for 24 years.

**Walter Foster** is the owner and editor of Recital Publications, a business specializing in lesser-known composers. Recital Publications has produced more than 1200 reprinted collections of late 19th and early 20th century solo vocal music. "Shy" and "Nocturne" are set to poetry by **Holly Walker McCauley**, soprano, who lives with her husband and three children in Kingsville, Texas.

**Lee Hoiby** (1926) Though his art songs are most widely known, Hoiby has written multiple operas and other classical works. He compares writing music to archeology, in the sense that both must carefully search for treasure among the ordinary "rocks" and slowly brush away dirt and dust to reveal something lovely. "Jabberwocky" is a non-sense poem by **Lewis Carroll** and is used in his sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*, entitled *Through the Looking Glass*. The poem depicts the strange world Alice has found herself in on the other side of the looking glass and the pursuit and epic battle of the Jabberwock.

### **Da tempeste il legno infranto**

When a boat, broken by storms, arrives safely in the port,  
It has nothing more to desire.

And so a heart that has suffered pain and tears,  
That now finds comfort, restores the soul to happiness.

### **O mio babbino caro**

Oh my beloved daddy I love him, he's so beautiful,  
I'm going to Porta Rossa to buy our wedding ring.

Yes, father I do mean it and if you still say no to me  
I'll go to Ponte Vecchio, I'll throw myself below!

I languish and I suffer, alas I would like to die  
Pity me, daddy, pity...

### **Quando m'en vo'**

When I walk alone along the street,  
The people stop and stare,  
And seek out all my beauty  
From head to foot.

And then I relish the subtle desire that leaks from eager eyes  
And from outward charms can imagine hidden beauties.  
So the effluvium of desire whirls all around me  
And makes me loose my head.  
And you who know, who remember and are consumed  
With love like me, do you now avoid me?  
I know full well: you do not want to reveal your anguishes, but  
you feel as if you were dying.

### **Am Strande**

My favorite is a linden tree, standing on the beach;  
The waves play in a low foam on the white sand.

And the lime fragrance that draws me down to the deepest  
emotions – hold still, my heart, and give up bargain -  
You have bloomed!

### **Auf dem Maskenball**

The violins softly cooing,  
The flutes whisper so fine  
And the masks swirl in a circle,  
Crude goes the timpani bargain.

The horns blow their cheeks,  
The tuba rumbles wildly,  
She spins on most elegant heels,  
At once the most elegant image.

A sigh of clarinet, ah, the tender Obo;  
Dance with me, Pierette! No feet danced ever so.

The violins softly cooing,  
The flutes whisper so fine  
And the masks swirl in a circle,  
The sound of opening a bottle is there.

The horns blow their cheeks,  
The tuba whimpers like sore.  
His arm around the prettiest neck,  
I seek the most charming mouth.

A sigh of clarinet, ah, the tender Obo;  
Kiss me, Pierette! Not a little mouth kissed her ever so.



### **L'Heure exquise**

The white moon shines in the forest,  
From every branch comes forth a voice,  
Under the foliage, oh beloved!  
The pond, a deep mirror,  
Reflects the silhouette of the dark willow,  
In which the wind is crying,  
Let us dream, 'tis the hour!  
A vast and tender calm  
Seems to descend from the firmament,  
Which the orb clads in rainbow colors;  
'Tis the exquisite hour!

### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,  
To your garden so beautiful.  
If my verses had wings, like a bird!  
They would fly, glittering,  
To your cheery fireside,  
If my verses had wings, like the wind!  
To you, pure and faithful,  
They would hasten, night and day,  
If my verses had wings, like love!

### **Quand je fus pris au Pavillon**

When I was possessed by my fair and charming lady,  
I burned myself at the flame just as does the butterfly.  
I blushed bright red by the brilliant light,  
When I was possessed by my fair and charming lady.  
Were I as swift as a merlin, or had I speedy wings,  
I would fly away from the one who stung me,  
When I was possessed.

### **Shy**

I am quiet,  
Dancing soft on a whisper barely heard.  
In the midst of a jeering crowd  
I stand alone, invisible.  
You look at me to see that there are mysteries  
Swimming frantic  
In the pools behind my eyes;  
Secrets, secrets you nor I will ever know.

### **Nocturne**

Jupiter's brilliance is gone,  
And the moon is slowly falling.  
Billows of gray can barely reach  
Black wooden fingers nestled in deep.  
Far away a child is crying,  
Babbling to the dark.  
Her tears have become invisible.  
They fall to the rhythm of a lonely guitar.  
Her sighs so sweet and longing,  
Harmonize with the whispers in the night.



## Jabberwocky

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

‘Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!’  
He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought --  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.  
And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!  
One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.  
‘And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!’  
He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.



## Where the Music Comes From

I want to be where the music comes from  
Where the clock stops, where it's now  
I want to be with the friends around me  
Who have found me, who show me how  
I want to sing to the early morning  
See the sunlight melt the snow  
And oh, I want to grow

I want to wake to the living spirit  
Here inside me where it lies  
I want to listen till I can hear it  
Let it guide me and realize  
That I can go with the flow unending  
That is blending, that is real  
And oh, I want to feel

I want to walk in the earthly garden  
Far from cities, far from fear  
I want to talk to the growing garden  
To the devas, to the deer  
And to be one with the river  
Breezes blowing, sky above  
And oh, I want to love