

Nocturne

Songs of Night
and Dreams

Sunday, Nov. 8, 11:30 pm

Angela Zawada
soprano

Adam Whiting
accompanist



First Baptist Church
OF GREATER CLEVELAND

3630 Fairmount Blvd
Shaker Heights

Performer Bios

As soprano soloist at First Baptist, **Angela Zawada** has performed solos from works by Handel, Mendelssohn, Bach and Saint-Saens, and participated in theater productions of *Les Misérables* and *Evita* presented by the Happy Ending Lyric Players, the resident performing arts company of the church, now in its 44th season.

Angela holds a Bachelor degree from the University of Notre Dame and a Master of Music degree from Roosevelt University. A recent addition to the musical scene in Cleveland, she was active in the opera scene in the Chicago area with such companies as Chicago Folks Operetta, Sinfonietta Bel Canto, Katydid Productions, Main Street Opera and Lingerie Lyrique. Angela was a founding member of and a performer with Chicago's VOX 3 Vocal Collective which specializes in performances of art song literature. She is currently studying with Richard Anderson here in Cleveland.

Adam Whiting is a coach/accompanist at the Cleveland School of the Arts and The Music Settlement. Until recently, he was a staff accompanist at the Cleveland Institute of Music; he was hired for this position upon graduation from CIM in the spring of 2005 with a double-masters degree in piano performance and accompanying. After 15 years and purchasing 4 properties in Cleveland, he considers himself a transplant, but still spends summertime in the Pacific Northwest to see family and friends and accompany the Oregon Suzuki Institute and the Japan Seattle Suzuki Institute.

This program was originally performed March 8, 2020.

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Songs of Night and Dreams

Selected Arias

George Frederick Handel

O Sleep (from *Semele*)

In this aria from Handel's oratorio *Semele* (1744), the mortal girl Semele longs to fall asleep and return in dream to her lover, the God Zeus.

O sleep, why dost thou leave me,
Why thy visionary joys remove?
O sleep, again deceive me,
To my arms restore my wand'ring love!

Piangerò la sorte mia (from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*)

In this aria, Cleopatra laments that Caesar is likely dead and her allies are powerless. Composed in the common A-B-A format of the Baroque era, the "A" section is a lament that she will cry until there is no breath left in her body. But when that day comes, she will return as a ghost (in the "B" section) to haunt and torment those who caused her destruction.

E pur così in un giorno perdo fasti e grandezze? Ahi fato rio! Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto Cornelia e Sesto inermi son, né sanno darmi soccorso. O dio! Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.	And so, in one day, Am I to lose protection and greatness? Ah, cruel fate! Caesar, my beloved idol, is likely dead; Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless. No one can give me help. Oh God! There is no hope left in my life.
Piangerò la sorte mia, Si crudele e tanto ria, Finché vita in petto avrò.	I will cry for my state, So cruel and so harsh, Until there is no life left in my body.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno Il tiranno e notte e giorno Fatta spettrò agiterò.	But after death, everywhere, The tyrant (night and day) Will I haunt and torment.

Exultate, jubilate (A motet)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Composed in 1773, at the age of seventeen, this motet by Mozart is a joyful praise of the virgin Mary. It features three distinct sections, with a recitativo (speech-like song) preceding the second section.

Exultate, jubilate, o vos animae beatae, dulcia cantica canendo, cantui vestro respondendo, psallant aethera cum me.	Rejoice, resound with joy, o you blessed souls, singing sweet songs, In response to your singing let the heavens sing forth with me.
Fulget amica dies, jam fugere et nubila et procellae; exorta est justis inexpectata quies. Undique obscura regnabat nox, surgite tandem laeti qui timuistis adhuc, et jucundi aurorae fortunatae frondes dextera plena et lilia date.	The friendly day shines forth, both clouds and storms have fled; for the righteous there has arisen an unexpected calm. Dark night reigned everywhere; arise, happy at last, you who feared till now, and joyful for this lucky dawn, give garlands and lilies with right hand.
Tu virginum corona, tu nobis pacem dona, tu consolare affectus, unde suspirat cor. Alleluja, alleluja!	You, o crown of virgins, grant us peace, Console our feelings, from which our hearts sigh.

-----Intermission-----

Frauenliebe und -leben (Selections from song cycle)

Robert Schumann

Composed in 1840, the same year he married Clara Wieck, this song cycle by Schumann follows the progression of a woman's love (Liebe) and life (Leben). For brevity, I have omitted three songs of the eight-song cycle, but I have attempted to retain the flow, story line, and repetition of key motifs.

Seit ich ihn gesehen , glaub' ich blind zu sein. Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein. Wir im wachen Traume, schwebt sein Bild mir vor.	Since seeing him, I believe I am blind. Everywhere I look, I see only him. Like in a daydream, his image floats before me,
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Sure on This Shining Night (1938)

Barber's masterpiece in song, *Sure On This Shining Night* combines stunning poetry with a musical setting that evokes an image of place and time. The interplay of voice and piano shown in earlier works is matured and complete.

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Fleur jetée (1884)

The listlessness and ennui of *Après un rêve* are gone in this fiery conclusion to the Fauré set. As the repeated chords bounce from left to right hand and back again, one gets an impression of flames rising and lowering, and the persistence of the accompaniment leaves no doubt that the singer is angry.

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!

Carry my folly away
At the will of the wind,
Flower plucked in a song
And discarded in a dream.
Carry my folly away
At the will of the wind!

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!

Like the flower cut down
Love perishes.
The hand which touched you
Flees my hand forever.
Like the flower cut down
Love perishes!

Que le vent qui te sèche,
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!

May the wind which dries you,
O poor flower,
Just now so fresh
And tomorrow without color!
May the wind which dries you,
Dry my heart!

Selected Songs

Samuel Barber

Music, When Soft Voices Die (1926)

Composed when Barber was just sixteen, this piece is an interpretation of the poem by Percy Shelley. The sparse accompaniment lets the timeless poem speak for itself.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller, heller
nur empor.
Sonst ist licht- und farblos alles um mich
her.
Nach der Schwesternspiele nicht begehrt
ich mehr.
Moechte lieber weinen, still im
Kaemmerlein.
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu
sein.

Er, der herrlichste von allen.

Wie so milde, wie so gut.
Holde Lippen, klares Auge. Heller Sinn und
fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich jener Stern.
Also er, in meinem Himmel, hell und
herrlich, hehr und fern.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen.
Nur betrachten deinen Schein.
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein.
Hoere nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Gluecke nur geweiht.
Darst mich niedr'ge Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.
Nur die Wuerdigste von allen
Darf begluecken deine Wahl.
Und ich will die Hohe segnen
Viele tausendmal.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen
Selig, selig bin ich dann
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen.
Brich, ach Herz. Was liegt daran?
Er, der herrlichste von allen.
Wie so milde, wie so gut.
Holde Lippen, klares Auge. Heller Sinn und
fester Mut.
Wie so milde, wie so gut.

Rising from the darkness, lighter
and lighter upward.
All else is devoid of light and color
around me.
I no longer enjoy playing the
games of my youth.
I would rather cry, quietly in my
chambers.
Since seeing him, I believe I am
blind.

He, the most heavenly of all.
So gentle, so good.
Noble lips, clear eyes. Enlightened
sense and fast resolve.
As in the deep blue,
Bright and heavenly a star.
So he is in my heaven, bright and
heavenly, high and far.
Wander your orbit.
As I observe your shining.
So, in modesty, to watch him,
To be blessed and sad.
Hear not my silent prayer,
Dedicated only to your happiness.
You musn't know this lowly maid,
High star of the heavens.
Only the worthiest of all
Shall you choose.
And I will bless the chosen one,
A thousand times.
I will rejoice then and cry,
Blissful, blissful will I be.
Even if my heart is breaking.
Break, oh heart. What is it to me?
He, the most heavenly of all.
So gentle, so good.
Noble lips, clear eyes. Enlightened
sense and fast resolve.
So gentle, so good.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Mein goldenes Ringelein.
 Ich druecke dich fromm an die Lippen,
 Dich fromm an die Lippen, an das Herze
 mein.
 Ich hat ihn ausgetrauemt,
 Der Kindheit friedlich schoenen Traum.
 Ich fand allein mich verloren,
 Im oeden, unendlichen Raum.
 Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Da hast du mich erst belehrt.
 Hast meinem Blick erschlossen,
 Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.
 Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
 Ihm angehoeren ganz.
 Hinselber mich geben und finden verklaert
 mich, und finden verklaert mich in seinem
 Glanz.
 Du Ring an meinem Finger,
 Mein goldenes Ringelein.
 Ich druecke dich fromm an die Lippen,
 Dich fromm an die Lippen, an das Herze
 mein.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
 Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.
 Das Glueck ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das
 Glueck.
 Ich hab's gesagt, und nehm's nicht zurueck.
 Hab' ueberschwenglich mich geschaetzt.
 Bin uebergluuecklich aber jetzt.
 Nur die da saeuget, nur die da liebt
 Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt.
 Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
 Was lieben heisst und gluecklich sein.
 Oh, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
 Der Mutterglueck nicht fuehlen kann.
 Du lieber, lieber Engel, du.
 Du schauest mich an und laechelst dazu.
 An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
 Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust.

You ring on my finger,
 My golden little ring.
 I press you fervently to my lips,
 Fervently to my lips, and to my
 heart.
 I dreamed him up,
 Youth's peaceful, beautiful dream.
 I found myself lost,
 In a desolate, endless space.
 You ring on my finger,
 You first taught me.
 Opened my eyes
 To life's unending, deep value.
 I will serve him, live for him,
 Completely belong to him.
 Give myself up to him and find
 myself revealed, revealed in his
 reflection.
 You ring on my finger,
 My golden little ring.
 I press you fervently to my lips,
 Fervently to my lips, and to my
 heart.

On my heart, on my breast,
 You my bliss, you my joy.
 Happiness is love, love is
 happiness.
 I've said it, and I'll not take it back.
 I thought myself rapturous,
 But now am overjoyed.
 Only she who nurses, she who
 loves the child, whom she
 nourishes. Only a mother knows
 What loving and happiness mean.
 Oh how I pity man,
 Who can never feel mother-joy.
 You dear, dear angel, you.
 You watch me and smile too.
 On my heart, on my breast,
 You my bliss, you my joy.

**Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
 getan,** der aber traf.
 Du schlaefst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger
 Mann, den Todesschlaf.
 Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin.
 Die Welt ist leer, ist leer.
 Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurueck.
 Der Schleier faellt.
 Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glueck.
 Du meine Welt.

Now you have done me the first
 injury, that really hurts.
 You sleep, you hard, cruel man,
 the sleep of death.
 The abandoned one looks about
 her. The world is empty, empty.
 I recede silently into myself.
 The veil falls.
 There I have you and my lost joy.
 You, my world.

Selected Mélodies

Gabriel Fauré

Après un rêve (1877)

One of Fauré's most popular songs, *Après un rêve* displays hints of the Orientalism so popular during the Romantic era. The piece begins with two nearly-identical strophes, then takes an impassioned turn late in the song: the listener gets the distinct impression that the singer's dream of love is destined to remain just a dream.

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton
 image
 Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
 Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix
 pure et sonore,
 Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par
 l'aurore;

In sleep that was enchanted by your
 image
 I dreamed of happiness, ardent illusion
 Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
 and ringing,
 You shone like a sky that was lit by the
 dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
 Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
 Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
 leurs nues,
 Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
 entrevues.

You called me and I departed the earth
 To flee with you toward the light,
 The heavens parted their clouds for us,
 We glimpsed unknown splendors,
 celestial fires.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
 Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mon
 songes;
 Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
 Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
 I summon you, O night, give me back
 your delusions;
 Return, return in radiance,
 Return, O mysterious night!