

The Ph.D./D.M.A. Programs in Music

Non-Degree Recital

March 1st, 2024 7:30 p.m.

Baisley Powell Elebash Recital Hall



Lindsay Campbell and Madison Spahn, sopranos
Neill Campbell, piano

The Season Comes When First We Met (1811)

Crazy Jane (1811)

Hymn to Hope (1811)

Harriet Wainewright

(1766–1843)

Lindsay Campbell

Six chansons françaises (1930)

Non, la fidélité

Souvent un air de vérité

Mon mari m'a diffamée

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera

On a dit mal de mon ami

Les trois présents

Germaine Tailleferre

(1892–1983)

Madison Spahn

Soleils Couchants (1896)

Adela Maddison

(1862–1929)

Lindsay Campbell and Madison Spahn

I Send You My Heart (1913)

Whene'er a Snowflake Leaves the Sky (1918)

Lindsay Campbell

Liza Lehmann

(1862–1918)

Please switch off your cell phones and refrain from taking flash pictures.

From *Try Me, Good King* (2000)
Catherine of Aragon
Anne Boleyn
Katherine Howard

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Madison Spahn

Mignon (1820)

Helene Liebmann
(1795–1869)

Lindsay Campbell

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen (1873)

Pauline von Decker
(1811–82)

Lindsay Campbell and Madison Spahn

Texts and Translations

The Season Comes When First We Met

by Harriet Wainewright (c. 1766-1843)
text by Anne Hunter

The season comes when first we met,
but you return no more
Why cannot I the days forget
Which time can ne'er restore.
O! days too fair, too bright to last
Are you indeed forever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight
In memory I trace.
In fancy stop their rapid flight
And all the past replace.
but Ah I wake to endless woes,
And sighs, and tears the fading visions close.

*Your love and friendship once possess,
I've lost ne'er to regain
With cool reserve you would a breast
Which never gave you pain.
But oh, let your unkindness cease,
Return, return and soothe my mind to peace.

**The third stanza does not appear to be by Anne Hunter,
nor was it included in published versions of the
poetry. Wainewright does not credit the author in the score.*

Hymn to Hope

by Harriet Wainewright (c. 1766-1843)
text by Miss Pilkington, from the novel *Rosina*

O hope, thou sweet benignant power!
Descended from above,
And sent by heaven to lost mankind,
On errands full of love.

Crazy Jane

by Harriet Wainewright (c. 1766-1843)
text by Matthew Gregory Lewis

Stay, fair maid! On every feature,
Why are marks of dread imprest?
Can a wretched, helpless creature
Raise such terrors in your breast?
Do my frantic looks alarm you?
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm you -
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and escape my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false - I found them so!
For I loved, Oh! so sincerely,
None will ever love again;
Yet the man I prized so dearly
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

Gladly that young heart received him,
Which has never loved but one;
He seemed true, and I believed him -
He was false, and I undone!
Since that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled! - With him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near the spot where last we parted,
Near the spot where first we met,
Thus I chant my lovelorn ditty,
While I sadly pace the plain;
And each passer by, in pity,
Cries 'God help thee, Crazy Jane!

Alas! no more thy beamy star
 Illumes my dreary way;
For disappointment's frequent tear
 Has quench'd the silver ray.

Bright angel! Sent by fate to cheer
 Life's more than wintry glooms,
And strew midst sorrows sharpest thorns
 Thy visionary blooms.

How sweetly glow'd the opening buds
 In fancy's vernal morn!
I stretch'd my hand to pluck the flow,
 But felt the piercing thorn!

Though oft allur'd, as oft deceived,
 But now the charm is o'er;
Thue dream is fled—the scene is clos'd,
 And hope enchants no more!

Yet oft at midnight's awful hour,
 When *noise* and *tumult* cease;
She deigns to hover o'er my couch,
 And whispers sacred peace.

(“Hymn to Hope” continued)

Not as when erst in fancy's morn,
 She met my raptur'd view;
When fluttering round her radiant form,
 The bright idea's flew.

A varied crest of Indian plumes
 Play'd o'er her *laughing* brow;
Her robe a *sun-gilt western cloud*,
 Her zone th'etherial bow.

Now round her flows a vestal *stole*
 Of pure unsullied white;
And fair Elysian blooms *enwreath*
 Her brow, serenely bright.

Her hand a silver lamp displays,
 To cheer the awful gloom;
She treads the damp vault's dreary maze,
 And leads me to the tomb.

She bids it ope its marble jaws,
 To take me to its breast;
For there the troublous spirits cease!
 And there the weary rest!

Six chansons françaises

by Germaine Tailleferre (1892-1983)

Non, la fidélité

text by Gabriel-Charles de Lattaignant (1697-1779)

Non, la fidélité
N'a jamais été qu'une imbécillité.
J'ai quitté par légèreté plus d'une beauté.
Vive la nouveauté!
Mais qu'il la probité?
Puérilité.
Le serment répété?
Style usité.
A-t-on jamais compté sur un traité
Dicté par la volupté,
Sans liberté?
On feint par vanité d'être irrité.
L'amant peu regretté
Est invité:
La femme avec gaieté,
Bientôt s'arrange de son côté.

No, fidelity

translation by Madison Spahn

No, fidelity
Has never been anything but stupidity.
I have thoughtlessly left more than one beauty.
Long live novelty!
But what! morality?
Puerility.
Repeated vows?
Out of fashion.
Can one ever count on a treatise
Dictated by pleasure,
Without liberty?
We pretend out of vanity to be offended.
The lover, slightly missed,
Is a guest:
The woman, with gaiety,
Soon places herself at his side.

Souvent un air de vérité

text by François Marie Arouet (1694-1778), as
Voltaire

Souvent un air de vérité
Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge.
Une nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe,
Au rang de roi j'étais monté.
Je vous aimais alors et j'osais vous le dire.
Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout
ôté;
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.

Mon mari m'a diffamée

text by Anonymous

Mon mari m'a diffamée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
De la longue demeure
Que j'ai faite avecque lui.
Hé! mon ami,
En dépit de mon mari,
Qui me va toujours battant,
Je ferais pis que devant.

Aucune gens m'ont blamée,
Disant que j'ai fait ami;
La chose très fort m'agrée,
Mon très gracieux souci.
Hé! mon ami,
En dépit de mon mari,
Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc,
Je ferai pis que devant.

Quand je suis la nuit couchée
Entre les bras de mon ami,
Je deviens presque pâmée
Du plaisir que prends en lui.
Hé! mon ami,
Plût à Dieu que mon mari
Je ne visse de trente ans!
Nous nous don'rions du bon temps.

Si je perds ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
Point n'en dois être blamée,
Car il est coint et joli.
Hé! mon ami,
Je n'ai bonjour que demi
Avec ce mari méchant.
Je ferai pis que devant.

Often an air of truth

translation by Madison Spahn

Often an air of truth
Mixes with the crudest lie.
One night in the delusion of a dream,
I rose to the rank of kings.
I loved you then and I dared to tell you so.
The gods, on my awakening, did not take everything
from me,
I lost only my empire.

My husband has defamed me

translation by Madison Spahn

My husband has defamed me,
Because of the love of my lover,
For the long time
That I spent with him.
Hey! my lover,
In spite of my husband,
Who is always beating me,
I will be worse than before.

Some people scorned me,
Saying that I had a lover;
That suits me very well,
my most graceful worry.
Hey! my lover,
In spite of my husband,
Who is not worth a thing,
I will be worse than before.

When I am in the night wrapped
In the arms of my lover,
I almost swoon
From the pleasure that I take in him.
Hey! my lover,
I ask God that my husband
I would not see again for thirty years!
We would share good times.

If I lose my reputation
For the love of my lover,
Then I can't be blamed for it,
For he is gentlemanly and handsome.
Hey! my lover,
I have no good day or even a half
With that nasty husband.
I will be worse than before.

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera

text by Anonymous

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera
Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra
En sa chambre seule enfermée?
Ma père m'a donnée un vieillard
Qui tout le jour crie:
Hélas! Hélas! Hélas!
Et dort au long de la nuitée.

Il me faut un vert galant
Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans
Et qui dort la matinée.
Rossignolet du bois plaisant,
Pourquoi me va ainsi chantant,
Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée?

Ami tu sois le bienvenu;
Longtemps a que t'ai attendu
Au joli bois, sous la ramée.

On a dit mal de mon ami

text by Anonymous

On a dit mal de mon ami,
Dont j'ai le coeur bien marri,
Qu'ont-ils affaire quel il soit,
Ou qu'il soit beau ou qu'il soit laid,
Quand je lui plais et qu'il me plaît?

Un médisant ne veut onc bien:
Quand le cas ne lui touche en rien,
Pourquoi va-t-il médire?
Il fait vivre en martyre
Ceux qui ne lui demandent rien.

Quand j'ai tout bien considéré,
Femme n'est de quoi n'est parlé.
Voilà ce qui m'avance
De prendre ma plaisance.
Aussi dit-on bien que je l'ai.

Plût or à Dieu qu'il fut ici
Celui que j'ai pris et choisi,
Puisqu'on en a voulu parler!
Et, dussent-ils tous enrager,
Je coucherais avecque lui!

True God, who will comfort me

translation by Madison Spahn

True God, who will comfort me
When this false, jealous man holds me
Locked up alone in his room?
My father gave me an old man
Who all day long cries:
Alas! Alas! Alas!
And sleeps all through the night.

I need a sprightly young man
Who is thirty years old
And who sleeps in the morning.
Little nightingale in the pleasant woods,
Why do you sing at me this way,
When I am married to the old man?

Lover, you are welcome;
For a long time I have waited for you
In the lovely wood, under the boughs.

They have spoken badly of my lover

translation by Madison Spahn

They have spoken badly of my lover,
Which quite hurts my heart,
What is it any of their business what he is like,
If he is handsome or ugly,
When I please him and he pleases me?

A slanderer does not want anything good:
When the thing has nothing to do with him,
Why does he go about slandering?
He makes those live in martyrdom
Who ask nothing of him.

When I have considered everything well,
Women are always talked about.
And that leads me
To take my pleasure.
And they will say also that I have him.

I pray to God that he were here,
The one whom I have taken and chosen,
Since they wanted to talk about it!
And, if they must all be angry,
I would go to bed with him!

Les trois présents

text by Jean-François Sarasin (1614-1654)

Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir,
De trois présents un à choisir.
La belle, c'est à vous de prendre
Celui des trois qui plus vous duit.
Les voici, sans vous faire attendre:
Bonjour, bonsoir, et bonne nuit.

Soleils Couchants

by Adela Maddison (1862-1929)
text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon coeur
Qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants.
Et d'étranges rêves
Comme des soleils
Couchants sur les grèves,
Fantômes vermeils,
Défilent sans trêves,
Défilent, pareils
À des grands soleils
Couchants sur les grèves.

I Send You My Heart

Music and text by Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

I send you my heart at day-break,
In the cup of a crimson rose,
That it's perfume may enthrall you
When your eye-lids first unclose.

I send you my heart at noon-tide
In the rapturous sky-lark's notes,
That your soul may thrill to the gladness
That pours from its joyful throat.

I send you my heart at dew-fall
In the breath of a whisper'd prayer,
That shall guard you all the night-time,
And at sun-rise still be there.

The three presents

translation by Madison Spahn

I give you, with great pleasure,
Three presents from which to choose one.
Beauty, it is for you to take
The one of the three which pleases you most.
Here they are, without further ado:
Good day, good evening, and good night.

Setting Suns

translation by Madison Spahn

A weak dawn
Pours over the fields
The melancholy
Of setting suns.
The melancholy
Lulls with sweet songs
My heart
Which forgets itself
In the setting suns.
And strange dreams
Like suns
Setting on the shores,
Ruby red ghosts,
Pass by endlessly,
Pass, like
Mighty suns
Setting on the shores.

Whene'er a Snowflake Leaves the Sky

by Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)
text by Mary Mapes Dodge (1831-1905)

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns to say "good-bye;"
"Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day," it says — "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts — "How warm and soft the day!
'Tis Summer!" — and it melts away.

Try Me, Good King

Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII

by Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

- I. Katherine of Aragon (1485-1536)
Katherine of Aragon to Henry VIII, 7 January 1536

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

The hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces me... to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul... You have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles. For my part, I pardon you everything, and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also. For the rest, I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good father unto her... Lastly, I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above all things...

- II. Anne Boleyn (c. 1502-1536)
Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536; Henry's love letter to Anne Boleyn; Anne Boleyn's execution speech, 19 May 1536

Try me, good king,... and let me have a lawful trial, and let not my... enemies sit as my accusers and judges... Let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame... Never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty,... in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bulen... You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion... Do you not remember the words of your own hand? "My own darling... I would you were in my arms... for I think it long since I kissed you. My mistress and friend..." Try me, good king... If ever I have found favor in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears—then let me obtain this request... and my innocence shall be... known and... cleared.

Good Christian people, I come hither to die,... and by the law I am judged to die... I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little...

- V. Katherine Howard (1521-1542)
Recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved [Thomas] Culpeper... I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me, for at the time the King wanted...me, [Culpeper] urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I done as he wished I should not die this death, nor would he... God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me... I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper.

Mignon

by Helene Liebmann (1795-1869)
text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man Dir, du armes Kind, gethan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl?

Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen

by Pauline von Decker (1811-1882)
text Heinrich Heine

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen
Schau'n aus dem Gras empor;
Das sind das lieben Veilchen,
Die ich zum Strauß erkor.

Ich pflücke sie und denke,
Und die Gedanken all,
Die mir im Herzen seufzen,
Singt laut die Nachtigall.

Und was ich denke, singt sie
Lautschmetternd, daß es schallt;
Mein zärtliches Geheimnis
Weiß schon der ganze Wald.

Mignon

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Do you know the land where citrons bloom,
Golden oranges glow among dark leaves,
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands tall?
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there
That I would go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.
Its hall is resplendent, its chambers shine;
And marble statues stand and watch me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there
That I would go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloud-covered ridge?
The mule searches for its path in the mist;
In caverns dwell the ancient spawn of dragons;
Rocks tumble down, and over them, a rush of water!
Do you know it well?

It is there! - there
That our path leads us! Oh Father, let us depart.

The blue eyes of spring

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The blue eyes of spring
Peep up from the grass;
Those are the dear violets
That I chose for a bouquet.

I pick them and I ponder,
And all of the thoughts
That are sighing within my heart,
The nightingale sings them loudly.

And what I'm thinking, she sings
Like a loud clarion, so that it resounds;
My most tender secret
Is already known to the whole wood.