



Arizona State University

# School of Music

FACULTY ARTIST CONCERT SERIES

AN EVENING OF ART SONG

**ANNE ELGAR KOPTA**

SOPRANO

**ECKART SELLHEIM**

PIANO

**KATZIN CONCERT HALL**  
Saturday, March 24, 2001 • 7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

<b>Die frühen Gräber</b> (Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock)	Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel 1805-1847
<b>Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass</b> (Heinrich Heine)	
<b>Italien</b> (Franz Grillparzer)	
<b>Fussreise</b> (Eduard Mörike)	Hugo Wolf
<b>Verschwiegene Liebe</b> (Joseph von Eichendorff)	1860-1903
<b>In dem Schatten meiner Locken</b> (Paul Heyse)	
<b>Verborgeneheit</b> (Eduard Mörike)	
<b>Rêves (Textes anonymes du XX Siècle)</b>	Darius Milhaud
<b>Marronniers</b>	1982-1974
<b>Toi</b>	
<b>Confidence</b>	
<b>Le Mistral</b>	
<b>"Long Distance"</b>	
<b>Jeunesse</b>	

*\*\*There will be a 10-minute intermission\*\**

<b>Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas</b> (Sobre Textos Del Cancionero Popular)	Alberto Ginastera b. 1916
<b>Chacarera</b>	
<b>Triste</b>	
<b>Zamba</b>	
<b>Arrorró</b>	
<b>Gato</b>	
<b>I Shall Not Live in Vain</b> (Emily Dickinson)	Jake Heggie
<b>Once I Was</b> (Ricky Ian Gordon)	Ricky Ian Gordon
<b>Afternoon on a Hill</b> (Edna St. Vincent Millay)	

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In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones, watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

**Performance Events Staff Manager**

Paul W. Estes

**Assistant Performance Events Staff Manager**

Gary Quamme

**Performance Events Staff**

Andrey Astaiza, Rebecca Bell

William Cushing, Erin Dow

Jihyun Lee, Elizabeth Maben

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Makoto Taniai, Jessica Wood



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

**THE KATHERINE K. HERBERGER  
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS  
School of Music**

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**EVENTS INFORMATION  
CALL 480-965-TUNE (480-965-8863)**

## The Early Graves

Welcome, oh silver moon,  
 Lovely, calm companion of the night.  
 You flee? Do not hurry but stay, friend in  
 thought.  
 See, she remains, the cloud only passed  
 by.

The dawn of May is only  
 More beautiful than the summer night  
 When dew, bright as light, drips from his  
 curls  
 And up the hill, reddish he comes.

You more noble ones, oh, somber moss  
 already  
 Grows over your memorials.  
 Oh how happy I was when once with you  
 I saw the day redden, and the night  
 shimmer.

## Why Are the Roses So Pale

Why are the roses so pale  
 Oh tell me, my love, why?  
 Why, in the green grass,  
 Are the blue violets so silent?

Why does it sing such a mournful song  
 The lark in the sky?  
 Why does there rise from the balsam  
 A scent of wilted blooms?

Why does the sun shine down on the  
 meadow  
 So coldly and morosely?  
 Why is the earth so gray  
 And desolate as a grave?

Why am I myself so ill and so gloomy,  
 My dear darling, tell me?  
 Oh tell me, my most heart-beloved love,  
 Why have you left me?

## Italy

Lovelier and lovelier the plain bedecks  
 itself,  
 Flattering breezes caress me.  
 Away from the burdens and troubles  
 Of prose,  
 I move to the land of poetry.  
 The sun is more golden, the sky is bluer,  
 And greener the greenery, more tangy the  
 fragrance.

There in the cornstalks, swelling with sap,  
 The aloe bristles with stubborn force.  
 Olive tree, cypress, you blond, you brown,  
 Do you nod like dainty ladies greeting?  
 What shines among the foliage, glittering  
 like gold?  
 Ah! pomegranate, are you hiding  
 sweetly?

Obstinate Poseidon, was it you  
 Who joked and murmured so sweetly  
 below?  
 And this, seeming half meadow, half  
 ether,  
 Was it the fearful terror of the sea?  
 Here I want to live!  
 Divine you, Parthenope, do you bring  
 calm to the waves?  
 Now then, attempt it, Eden of desire,  
 Smooth the waves,  
 The waves of this breast, too.

### Fussreise/Walking Trip

When with my new-cut walking staff I saunter forth early over hill and valley, through woods lies my path: then, like birds in their arbor sing with secret thrill, or as grapes of golden color wondrous rapture feel, when the morning sun appeareth: thus my inmost soul doth waken, is with feverish longing shaken, in the springtime, in the autumn, strains of paradise he heareth.

So art thou not quite so bad, oh soul called sinful, as the stern teachers would have it; still dost love and still dost sing, and with praise thy voice doth ring; as when first the great world was created, for thy dear creator and thy keeper.

If He would but grant me, that my whole life might be, full of effort gently tiring, such a perfect morning wandering!

### Verschwiegene Liebe/Silent Love

Through the glamor of evening, over each wooded height, who'll tell us their meaning, or stay their swift flight? Fond lovethoughts concealing, to night all revealing, sweet fancy must roam! And one maid would share them, read those thoughts aright ye breezes, oh, bear them, nor stay their swift flight! Be ye clouds their alliant, my love is as silent and fair as the night.

### In dem Schatten meiner Locken/In the shadow of my tresses

In the shadow of my tresses, fast asleep my loved one lies. Shall I wake my love? Ah, no! With such care I comb my curling tresses early in the morning, but in vain is all my trouble, by the wind they're soon entangled! Tangled tresses, blown by soft winds, they have lulled my love to sleep. Shall I wake my love? Ah, no! I must listen, as he chides me, that his grief is past enduring, that he lives and dies each moment, gazing on my charms alluring. "Vixen," he has often called me, yet he sleeps here at my side. Shall I wake my love? Ah, no!

### Verborgenheit/Secrecy

Peace, O World, O grant me peace! Lure me not with love's sweet bounties. Let my heart, untrammeled, cherish all its rapture, all its pain! Ah, I know not why I grieve, 'tis an unknown, poignant sadness. Every dawn, through tears that blind me, I behold the light of day.

Oft I feel my senses wane, then a ray of hope enralls me, through the darkness, closely holds me. Joy divine then fills my breast.

Peace, O World, O grant me peace! Lure me not with love's sweet bounties. Let my heart, untrammeled, cherish all its rapture, all its pain!

## RÊVES/DREAMS

### I. Marronniers/Chestnut Trees

Candlestick of mystery,  
Incandescent flame,  
Flower which lifts itself toward God,  
Render sweeter to my soul  
The memory of the dream,  
Of the incandescent dream,  
Like that flower itself  
Which rises from my dream,  
Candlestick of my soul.

### II. Toi/You

Poor in joy,  
Rich in sorrow,  
All the days, alas,  
Increase my misfortune.  
The madwoman hope  
Flees from me without respite.  
Only your tender affection  
Appeases my heart.

### III. Confidence/Confidence

The silence is a feather  
of an angel  
And floats over the high branches  
of the holm oak and  
of the laurel tree.  
The bird hidden in the night  
Surrenders its blessed secret to it.  
Oh! Isn't it the silence which sings.

### IV. Le Mistral/The North Wind

He wakes up singing.  
He goes to sleep whistling.  
He plays with the trees, the flowers,  
the birds.  
He chases the clouds, the dust, the stars.  
The earth shivers; the wheat curls.  
He is the rhythm; he is the life.  
Pretty Mistral, dream of the earth.

### V. "Long Distance"

Your voice, resonance so sweet  
to my ear,  
Traverse in a sigh  
the towns, the mountains,  
the flowers, the fields, the rivers.  
Nothing stops your momentum,  
my bewitching echo,  
For striking and disturbing  
the transparency of my heart.

### VI. Jeunesse/Youth

An invisible mast wreathed with sky  
delivers its flashes of lightning  
to the four corners of the world.  
A silent river reflects your face  
in the deep mirror  
of the old, gray houses.  
Slate of the streets shining with rain,  
Fragrant earth, dust of Paris.  
Shower, wind, sun.  
Coolness of the dusk.  
Stagnation of golden evenings.  
Memories of love,  
of youth, of always.

## CINCO CANCIONES POPULARES ARGENTINAS

### I. Chacarera

I like the ñatas and one ñata has touched me. The ñato will be the marriage and more ñatas will come.

When I sing the chacarera, I want to cry because it reminds me of Catamarca and Tucuman.

### II. Zamba

Until the rocks of the mountains and the sands of the sea tell me that I cannot love you and I am not able to forget you.

If you have stolen my heart, then you have to give me yours. He that takes a thing from another, with his he has to pay.

### III. Arrorró

Hush my baby, hush my sunshine, hush piece of my heart.

This beautiful baby wants to sleep, and the roguish dream will not want to come.

Hush piece of my heart.

### IV. Triste

Under a green lemon tree, where the water does not run,

I gave my heart to someone who does not deserve it. Sad is the day without sun.

Sad is the night without the moon. But sadder still is to love without any hope.

### V. El Gato

My cat at home is very much like a cowboy.

My cat at home is very much like a cowboy.

But when they dance the little Spanish dance,

Little pine guitar with wire strings,

I love the young girls, I say,

As much as I do the ladies.

That maiden that dances, I love a lot.

That maiden that dances, I love a lot.

But not like a sister, because a sister I have,

A sister I have, yes!

Get in front.

Although I don't own you, I say, I like to look at you.