

Melanie Holm, Soprano Jihye Katie Yoo, Piano

In a Doctoral Recital
Katzin Concert Hall | April 20, 2019 | 12:00pm

Program

Air de la Folie “Aux langueurs d’Apollon,” from *Platée* Jean-Philippe Rameau

Selections from the *Spanisches Liederbuch* Hugo Wolf
Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero
In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Mögen alle bösen Zungen
Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Selections from *Clairières dans le Ciel* Lili Boulanger
Elle était descendue au bras de la prairie
Elle est gravement gaie
Parfois, je suis triste
Demain fera un an

Intermission

Atypical Chronicles Ashlee Busch
Song Cycle for Soprano, Piano, and Electronics
1. Can You Hear Me?
2. Like Vibrations
3. Where Do We Go?
4. Little Music Box
5. There are Words

“Les Oiseaux dans la Charmille,” *Les Contes d’Hoffmann* Jacques Offenbach

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Air de la Folie “Aux Langueurs d’Apollon,” *Platée*, Jean-Philippe Rameau

Let us create the most brilliant of concerts, when Jupiter wears the chains of the incomparable Platee! I want these raptures of his enchanted heart expressed in my various songs. Let’s make a scene, as we admire the brilliance of my songs!

To the desires of Apollo, Daphne refused them entirely, and her transformation into a Laurel Tree could not even extinguish that flame.

So it is, that love has completed its revenge, for love is cruel when angry.

Selections from Hugo Wolf’s *Spanisches Liederbuch*

Klinge, Klinge mein Pandero

(Poetry by Alvaro Fernandez de Almeida, translated by Emanuel Geibel)

Ring out, my tambourine, though my heart aches thinking of another!

When you, you happy instrument, understand and feel my torment,

Each tone you sound would ring of my pain.

As the dance whirls and turns I beat wildly and play the rhythms,

My thoughts turn silent, reminding me of my pain.

Ah, gentlemen, while I twirl away, my heart feels like breaking

And my songs become a cry of fear, for of another thinks my heart.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken *(Poetry by Anonymous, translated by Paul Heyse)*

In the shadow of my curls sleeps my lover. Should I wake him up? Hmm...no.

Carefully I comb my curly hair daily, but for nothing are all my efforts,

because the wind messes them all up again.

In the shadows of my hair, blowing in the wind, he still sleeps.

Should I wake him up now?...Ugh, no.

I have to hear him whine about how much he wants me, that life is given and taken on my sunkissed cheeks.

And then he calls me his little snake...except he always comes running back to me. ☺

Should I wake him up? Hmmm...nope.

Mögen alle bösen Zungen *(Poetry by Anonymous, translated by Emanuel Geibel)*

Let all the spiteful tongues speak what they please,

He who loves me, I love in return, and I love and am loved.

Your tongues speak nasty gossip,

But I know it’s merely thirst for innocent blood.

Never will it bother me, you may talk as much as you please,

He who loves me, I love in return, and I love and am loved.

Only those who lack love and kindness slander others,

Because they are not happy, and no one wants them or loves them.

Therefore I think that the love for which you hate me, is actually quite honorable.

He who loves me, I love in return, and I love and am loved.

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If I was made of stone and iron, you might well insist
That I should reject love and love's entreaties,
But...unfortunately my little heart is so tender, as God himself had fashioned for us pretty girls,
He who loves me, I love in return, and I love and am loved!

Köpfchen, Köpfchen, nicht gewimmert (*Poetry by Miguel de Cervantes, translated by Paul Heyse*)

Little head, little head, don't whimper, hold yourself up bravely, hold yourself up with cheer,
Prop yourself up on pillows fashioned out of patience.
Hope gleams, no matter how bad things get.
And if you are troubled, you must take nothing to heart, especially those scary stories that make your hair
stand up! Instead, pray to God, and to the St. Christopher!

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen (*Poetry attributed to Maria Doceo, translated by Emanuel Geibel*)

Cover me with flowers, I die for love.
Let the breezes with their sweet scent not let me feel their sweet smells.
For this is all the same sweetness, the sweet scent of flowers.
Let my grave be covered with jasmine and white lilies, and I die.
And if you ask, for what? I say, it is for love!

Selections from Lili Boulanger's *Clairières dans le ciel* (*All texts by Francis Jammes*)

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow,
And because the meadow was full of flowers that like to grow in water,
I had gathered the flooded plants. Soon, because she was wet,
She came back to the top of that flowery meadow.
She laughed and moved with the lanky grace of girls who are too tall.
She looked just like the lavender flowers.

Elle est gravement gaie

She is seriously happy (solemnly happy).
Sometimes she looked up to see what I was thinking.
She was sweet like the blue and yellow velvet of pansies at night.

Parfois, je suis triste

Sometimes, I am sad. And then, I think of her, and then I am happy.
But I am still sad because I do not know if she loves me.
She is a young woman, with a pure soul, and that, in her heart,
She jealously guards with a unique passion that one has given to her only.
She left before the linden trees bloomed, but they flowered since then.
My friends, I was amazed, to see the branches of the linden trees
No longer have flowers on them.

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Demain fera un an

Tomorrow will mark one year since I gathered the flowers I spoke of at the soaked meadow at Audaux. Tomorrow it is the most beautiful day, the day of Easter. I plunged myself in the blue of the countryside, Across woods, across meadows, across fields. How, my heart, did you not die one year ago?

My heart, I have given you once more the agony of returning to the village where I suffered so, These roses that bled before the parsonage, these lilacs that killed me in their sad beds. I remember my old grief, and I don't know how I did not fall on the ochre of the path, with my face in the dust. Nothing more, I have nothing more, nothing more to sustain me. Why is it so lovely, and why was I born?

I would have liked to place on your knees the weariness that breaks my soul, which lies like a poor woman in a ditch in the road...

To sleep...to be able to sleep...to sleep forever under the blue showers, under the fresh thunder, to feel nothing anymore.

To no longer know your existence, to no longer see that blue envelop those hills, in the dizzying blue that mingles air and water.

Nor the vacuum where I search for you in vain. I seem to feel weeping from deep within me a heavy sob stifled, of someone who is not there. I write, and the countryside resounds with joy.

She had gone down to the bottom of the meadow, and because the meadow was full of flowers. Nothing more, I have nothing more. Nothing to sustain me, nothing more.

Atypical Chronicles

Atypical Chronicles is a collaborative composition of music, vocals, video, and the spoken word that engages with the nonverbal world of Autism via the performative exploration of alternative modes of communication. Through sound, image, movement, and language, *Atypical Chronicles* seeks to explore Autism from two opposing ideals: Isolation and Integration, both for those diagnosed with autism and those who care for them. *Atypical Chronicles* is performed by "converging" poetry, music, and movement together to tell stories about the complexities and nuances of difficult issues that impact our everyday lives. *Atypical Chronicles* is a product of the ASU Women's Collaborative Project, and is a collaboration between Composer Ashlee Busch, Soprano Melanie Holm, with Pianist Jihye Katie Yoo and a poetic concept by Rosemarie Dombrowski.

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