

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC
AT PRINCETON

SENIOR RECITAL | SPRING 2023

Sunday, May 7, 2023, 4:30 PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Corinna Brueckner '23

Mezzo-soprano

Final recital for the Vocal Performance Certificate featuring works by Mozart, Haydn, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Britten and more.

Featuring:
Eric Plutz, *piano*

The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.

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PROGRAM

W. A. MOZART

1756-1791

Se l'augellin sen fugge
from *La finta giardiniera*

Dolce d'amor compagne
from *La finta giardiniera*

F. J. HAYDN

1732-1809

Wo Liebesgötter lachten
from *Der Apotheker*

Es kam ein Pascha aus Türkenland
from *Der Apotheker*

J. MASSENET

1842-1912

Va, laisse couler mes larmes
from *Werther*

C. SAINT-SAËNS

1835-1921

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix
from *Samson et Dalilah*

INTERMISSION

PROGRAM [cont.]

W. A. MOZART
1756-1791

Prenderò quel brunettino (Duet)
from *Così fan tutte*

with Katelyn Rodrigues, soprano

J. BRAHMS
1833-1897

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer
from *Fünf Lieder (Op. 105)*

G. MAHLER
1860-1911

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
from *Rückert Lieder*

B. BRITTEN
1913-1976

Cabaret Songs

- i. Tell me the truth about love
 - ii. Funeral blues
 - iii. Johnny
 - iv. Calypso
-

PROGRAM NOTES

By Corinna Brueckner

After reviewing the music performed in this program, it is apt to say that all of the pieces contain one similar theme: love. Whether that be young love, unrequited love, or the existence of love past death, each piece while from various centuries and written in completely different styles center around this emotion that ties together humanity. The first two pieces on the program are rarely performed Mozart arias from his early opera *La finta giardiniera* (1774), a classic case of disguised identities, forbidden love, and of course, a trouser role. The arias, "Se l'augellin sen fugge" and "Dolce d'amor compagna" are sung by Ramiro, a young man madly in love with Arminda who has rejected him for the Count Belfiore numerous times. However, in both the arias the character shows his determination in winning Arminda's heart and the pains and joys of unrequited love.

Next are arias from my senior thesis production, Haydn's *Der Apotheker*. Originally from the three-act Italian opera, *Lo speziale* (1768), a German translation and reduction to a one act opera was created in 1895 by musicologist and critic Dr. Robert Hirschfeld. Once again, the themes of unrequited love, swindling opposing suitors and a trouser role (Volpino) are present. The first aria, "Wo Liebesgötter lachten" is in response to Volpino's rejection by his crush, Grilletta, and the second aria, "Es kam ein Pascha," is his attempt to send his competition all the way to Turkey and out of the field of opposition.

Transitioning from Germanic composers to those of the French Romantic Era, the aria "Va, laisse couler mes larmes" sung by the character Charlotte in Massenet's opera *Werther* (1909) directly opposes Haydn's jovial musical character. Charlotte speaks with her sister and mourns her inability to be with the man she loves, the young poet Werther. The second French aria comes from Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalilah* (1877), the Biblical tale of the seductress who manages to deprive the hero Samson of his superhuman strength. The snaking chromatic passages of the sung line alludes to Dalilah's effect over Samson and her deceit can be heard in the piano in a striking melodic counterpoint.

[Notes continued]

The next half of the program begins with a wonderful duet from Mozart's *Così fan tutte* where the two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi, decide which suitor they will pursue. The following two pieces are by remarkable German composers: "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" by Brahms (1886) and "Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen" (1901) by Mahler. The former explores the thought of how love continues after death, and the pain at the thought that once we die the person we love may grow to love another. The second could also be considered to be about love, however it is more of a bittersweet goodbye to the world as the narrator's spirit transcends into their own being.

The final song cycle, Britten's jaunty *Cabaret Songs* (1937-1939), could very well also be renamed *Love Songs*. The poems for the cycle are from W. H. Auden who Britten frequently collaborated after their introduction in 1935. Starting with "Tell me the truth about love" the narrator lists off various virtues and vices that she believes might be associated with finding her love. Perhaps these are all people that she has met and looking back she wonders if those were the character traits she was supposed to love about them? Second, "Funeral Blues" is a lament to the death of the narrator's true love and epitomizes the wish for the whole world to mourn with her. Next comes "Johnny" which portrays a youthful, naïve view of love where gradually the narrator discovers that perhaps Johnny does not love her quite as much as she loves him. Finally, "Calypso" gives a rousing finish to the cycle depicting the excitement but also perhaps anxiety of being so close to seeing the person you love. As the singer's melody trails off into the distance the audience is left with the promise of a happy reunion.

LYRICS

Se l'augellin sen fugge

Se l'augellin sen fugge
dalla prigione di giorno
al cacciatore intorno
non più scherzando va.

If the bird escapes
from it's prison one day
the nearby hunter
no longer jokes.

Libero uscito appena
da un amoroso impaccio,
l'idea d'un altro laccio
ah che tremar mi fa.

Freely released
from it's loving prison,
the idea of another snare
makes me tremble.

Translated by Corinna Brueckner

Dolce d'amor compagna

Dolce d'amor compagna,
speranza lusinghiera,
in te quest'alma spera,
tutta riposa in te.

Sweet companion of love,
tempting hope,
in you the soul places everything,
all rests in you.

Tu mi sostieni in vita,
tu mi conduci in porto,
o amabile conforto
di mia sincera fé.

You sustain my life,
you conduct me to the safe haven,
what lovely comfort
of my sincere faith.

Translated by Corinna Brueckner

Wo Liebesgötter lachten

Wo Liebesgötter lachten
stürmt Hass auf Hass und verachten.
Den Rivalen bringe ich vor meine Klinge.
Drauf, drauf mit Hieb und Stich!
Doch! trifft Mengone mich!

Where the gods of love laugh
storms hate and derision!
I will bring my rivals in front of my blade.
On it! On it! With slashes and stabs.
But! Mengone hits me!

Ich stürme verwegen den Tod entgegen
Den Tode? Es muss sein!
Grilletta du Verätherin
das Blutbad wird dich reu'n!

I rush boldly against death
Against death? So be it!
Grilletta you traitor
you will regret the bloodbath!

Translated by Corinna Brueckner

Es kam ein Pascha aus Türkenland

Es kam ein Pascha aus Türkenland
von großen Sultan hierher gesandt.
Im Reich der Osmanen,
die Zeitung lässt ahnen,
ist Krieg entbrannt!
Nun suchen die Türken
in unseren Bezirken
zum Feldapotheker den rechten Mann.
Ihr wisst das der Türke zahlen kann.

Sempronio viel werther
ihr seid ein Gelehrter!
Zehntausend Dukaten gibt euch
der Türke Jahressold!
Sagt ob ihr nach Constantinopel wollt!
Seid Hofapotheker und schwimmt in Gold!

Sempronio euch leuchtet
ein glücklicher Stern!
Ich kann euch empfehlen
dem hohen Herrn!
Ihr füllt eure Taschen,
die Büchsen die Flaschen
gebt teuer ihm hin,
welch reicher Gewinn!
Die Pulver, Pastillen,
die Pflaster die Pillen,
die Tigel, den Herd,
die Mörser beschwert,
die Töpfe, Deckel, Alles von Wert,
wenn mit euch der Türke
von dannen fährt.

Doch möchte ihr Grilletta
zum Weibchen mir lassen,
ja Grilletta, ja Grilletta!
Wie möchte die Kleine in
euren Harem passen.

There came a Pascha out of Turkey
sent here from the highest Sultan.
In the kingdom of the Ottomans,
as the newspaper shows,
war has started!
So the Turks are searching
in our area
the right man to be field apothecary.
You know how well the Turks can pay.

Sempronio you'd make much more
money if you went with them!
The Turks would pay you ten thousand
Ducats for your salary!
Tell me if you want to go to Constantinople!
Be court apothecary and swim in gold!

Sempronio your lucky star
is shining!
I can recommend you
to the honorable men!
They will fill your pockets with cash,
the cans, the bottles
give it all to them,
in exchange for such a rich prize!
The powder, lozenges,
the bandages, the pills,
the jars, the stove,
the weighted mortars,
the pots, the lids, everything of value
the Turks will take when they depart
with you.

But you must leave Grilletta
to me for my wife,
yes Grilletta, yes Grilletta!
After all how would the girl fit
in your harem.

Ein Harem voll Frauen,
so lieblich zu schauen,
die Taschen voll Geld!
Wem das nicht gefällt!
Doch Eure Grilletta die
lasst mir zum Lohn!
Sempron! Sempron! Sempron!
O lasst sie mir! Ach, gebt sie mir!
Grilletta bleibt mir.
Sagt ob ihr nach Konstantinopel wollt,
zu den Türken wollt?
Seid Hofapotheker, schwimmt in Gold!

A harem full of women,
all very beautiful,
and your pockets full of gold!
Who wouldn't like that!
But your Grilletta you'll
leave to me as my reward!
Sempron! Sempron! Sempron!
Oh leave her to me! Ah, give her to me!
Grilletta stays with me.
Say if you want to go to Constantinople,
Say if you want to go with the Turks?
Become the court apothecary and swim in
gold!

Translated by Corinna Brueckner

Va! laisse couler mes larmes

Va! laisse couler mes larmes
elles font du bien, ma chérie!
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,
dans notre âme retombent toutes,
et de leurs patientes gouttes
Martèlent le coeur triste et las!
Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;
le coeur se creuse et s'affaiblit:
il est trop grand, rien ne l'emplit;
et trop fragile, tout le brise! Tout le brise!

Go! let my tears flow
they do me good, my dearest!
The tears that are held back
all fall down deep inside our being,
and from their constant drops of water
they make the heart grow sad and weary!
Until finally it can't keep fighting;
the heart grows bigger and gets weak:
it is much too large, nothing can fill it;
and, much too fragile, everything breaks it!

Translated by Miriam Ellis

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix,
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore!
Mais, ô mon bienaimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,
que ta voix parle encore!

My heart opens to your voice
Like the flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
To better dry my tears,
Let your voice speak again!

Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais.
Redis à ma tendresse
les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
les épis onduler
sous la brise légère,
ainsi frémit mon cœur,
prêt à se consoler,
à ta voix qui m'est chère!
La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trépas,
que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras!
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Tell me that you are returning
To Delilah forever!
Repeat to my tenderness
The promises of old times,
Those promises that I loved!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with love's intoxication!

Like one sees the blades
Of wheat that wave
In the light wind,
So trembles my heart,
Ready to be consoled,
By your voice that is so dear to me!
The arrow is less rapid
In bringing death,
Than your love is
By flying into your arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with love's intoxication!

*Translated by Robert Glaubitz
(edited by Corinna Brueckner)*

Prenderò quel brunettino

Prenderò quel brunettino,
che più lepidò mi par.
Ed intanto io col biondino,
co' un po' ridere e burlar.
Scherzosetta ai dolci detti
io di quel risponderò.
Sospirando, i sospiretti
io dell'altro imiterò.
Mi dirà: "Ben mio, mi moro!"
Mi dirà: "Mio bel tesoro!"
Ed intanto che diletto,
che spassetto io proverò!

I will take the brunette,
who seems wittier to me.
And meanwhile with the blonde one,
I will laugh and make jokes.
Playfully I'll answer to his
sweet words.
Sighing little sighs
I will imitate the other.
He will say to me: "My love, I die!"
He will say to me: "My lovely treasure!"
And meanwhile what delight,
what fun I will have!

*Translated by Nico Castel
(edited by Corinna Brueckner)*

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.
Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh' die Maienlüfte wehn,
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!

My sleep grows ever quieter,
Only my grief, like a veil,
Lies trembling over me.
I often hear you in my dreams
Calling outside my door,
No one keeps watch and lets you in,
I awake and weep bitterly.
Yes, I shall have to die,
You will kiss another
When I am pale and cold.
Before May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the wood;
If you would see me once again,
Come soon, come soon!

Translated by Richard Stokes

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

Translated by Richard Stokes

Cabaret Songs

Poems by W.H. Auden (1907-1973)

i. Tell me the truth about love

Liebe, l'amour, amor, amoris...
Some say that love's a little boy,
and some say it's a bird.
Some say it makes the world go round and
some say that's absurd.
But when I asked the man next door who
looked as if he knew,
his wife was very cross indeed and
said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas,
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does its odour remind one of llamas,
Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is,
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house;
It wasn't over there;
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead,
And Brighton's bracing air.
I don't know what the blackbird sang,
Or what the tulip said;
But it wasn't in the chicken-run,
Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races,
or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, will it come without warning
Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning,
Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love.

ii. Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy
bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is
Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the
public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton
gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and
West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was
wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every
one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the
wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any
good.

iii. Johnny

O the valley in the summer where I and my
John
Beside the deep river walk on and on
While the grass at our feet and the birds up
above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O Johnny, let's
play':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so
loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till
day':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls they hung like ivy down
Over each gold and silver gown;
'O John I'm in heaven,' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out down the long
promenade
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my
heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the
other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you frowned like thunder and you went away.

iv. Calypso

Driver drive faster and make a good run
Down the Springfield Line under the
shining sun.

Fly like an aeroplane, don't pull up short
Till you brake for Grand Central Station,
New York.

For there in the middle of the waiting-hall
Should be standing the one that I love
best of all.

If he's not there to meet me when I get to
town
I'll stand on the pavement with tears
rolling down.

For he is the one that I love to look on,
The acme of kindness and perfection.

He presses my hand and he says he loves
me,
Which I find a admirable peculiarity.

The woods are bright green on both sides
of the line,
The trees have their loves though they're
different from mine.

But the poor fat old banker in the sun-
parlour car
Has no one to love him except his cigar.

If I were the Head of the Church or the
State,
I'd powder my nose and just tell them to
wait.

For love's more important and powerful
than
Ever a priest or a politician.

ABOUT

Mezzo-soprano **Corinna Brueckner** is a senior in the German Department receiving a Certificate in Vocal Performance. Recent appearances include her senior thesis, "Reimagining the Revival: The Case for a Contemporary Staging of Haydn's *Der Apotheker*" which she produced and sang the role of Volpino. Past roles include Dido from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* at Princeton University and Mrs. Splinters from Copland's *The Tender Land* during Chicago Summer Opera's 2022 season. She has also participated in prestigious summer programs including CoOPERAtive at Westminster Choir College, SongFest at the Colburn School of Music and the Boston University Tanglewood Institute. This summer she is ecstatic to sing her first roles abroad in Lyric Opera Studio Weimar's production of *Die Zauberflöte* as the Dritte Dame and Dritte Knabe. During her time at Princeton, Corinna was a member of David Kellett's studio and will continue her studies with him in the coming year. She was involved in numerous musical groups including the Princeton University Glee Club under the direction of Gabriel Crouch, Chamber Choir, Decem, and founded in her junior year Princeton's first Opera Scenes Club with support from the Glee Club and directed by David Kellett.

Organist and pianist **Eric Plutz** is University Organist at Princeton University, where his responsibilities include playing for weekly services at the Chapel, Academic Ceremonies, and solo concerts, as well as accompanying the University Chapel Choir in services and concerts. He coordinates the weekly After Noon Concert Series at the University Chapel, is Lecturer in Music and Instructor of Organ at Princeton University, and maintains a private studio. Also in Princeton, Mr. Plutz is rehearsal accompanist for Princeton Pro Musica. In 2016 Mr. Plutz received the Alumni Merit Award from Westminster Choir College of Rider University. Originally from Rock Island, Illinois, Mr. Plutz earned a Bachelor of Music degree, magna cum laude, from Westminster Choir College and a Master of Music degree from the Eastman School of Music.



