



SENIOR RECITAL SERIES | SPRING 2024

Friday, April 12th, 2024, 8:00 PM

Taplin Auditorium, Fine Hall

Amelia Kauffmann '24

Mezzo-Soprano

Senior Voice Recital

Accompanied by Martin Néron, *piano*

Featuring:

Isha Yerramilli-Rao '26, *violin*

Amy Baskurt '26, *violin*

Sol Choi '26, *viola*

William Robles '25, *cello*

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

RICHARD STRAUSS

1864–1949

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8

Das Rosenband, Op. 36, No. 1

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2

FRANCIS POULENC

1899–1963

Le Bestiaire

I. Le Dromadaire

II. La Chèvre du Thibet

III. La Sauterelle

IV. Le Dauphin

V. L'Écrevisse

VI. La Carpe

OTTORINO

RESPIGHI

1879–1936

Il Tramonto, P. 101

Isha Yerramilli-Rao, *violin*

Amy Baskurt, *violin*

Sol Choi, *viola*

William Robles, *cello*

INTERMISSION

GIOACHINO ROSSINI

1792–1868

Una Voce Poco Fa, from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

PROGRAM (cont.)

**WOLFGANG
AMADEUS MOZART**
1756–1791

Voi che sapete, from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

CHARLES GOUNOD
1818–1893

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle, from *Roméo et Juliette*

ARTHUR HONEGGER
1892–1955

Six Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire

- I. A la Santé
- II. Clotilde
- III. Automne
- IV. Saltimbanques
- V. L'Adieu
- VI. Les Cloches

WILLIAM BOLCOM
b. 1938

**Black Max
Waitin'
Amor**

PROGRAM NOTES

By Amelia Kauffmann

Allerseelen, Op. 10, no. 8

Richard Strauss wrote *Allerseelen* as part of a collection of songs when he was just 21 years old. Strauss was one of Germany's greatest composers, and *Allerseelen* is a great favorite among his art songs. It is a setting of a poem by Hermann Von Gilm, and is an ode to All Souls' Day—a day to remember the deceased.

Das Rosenband, Op. 36, no. 1

Das Rosenband (The Rose Garland) is a setting of a poem by the 18th century poet Friedrich Klopstock. The text is full of nature imagery about the spring, shade, roses, night, and Paradise. The poem describes the narrator finding the woman of his dreams asleep in a garden and binding her with a rose garland, which is provocative of the binding imagery (like “tying the knot”) that we use in English to describe romantic commitment. The leaping octaves in the voice throughout evoke the euphoria of these young lovers.

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2

Nichts (Nothing), Op. 10 is from the same collection of lieder as *Allerseelen*. It is a much more sprightly piece, and is sung by an audacious and fiery narrator who is impatient about being asked a host of questions about “my queen, the realm of song.”

Le Bestiaire

Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d'Orphée is a collection of thirty poems by Guillaume Apollinaire, which describe Orpheus and the parade of animals who follow him. In medieval times, every animal was thought to have a special meaning. The poems seem lighthearted at first glance, but under the surface there are more profound implications, like meditations on the poet's own life or his religious and political reflections.

“Le Dromadaire” (“The Dromedary”) describes an animal much like a camel, but smaller and faster. The real focus of the poem is actually the dromedary’s owner, Don Pedro, who dreams of exploring the ends of the earth with his four animals. According to Apollinaire’s notes, Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira refers to a real historical figure who traveled parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia in a caravan with twelve companions. The poet admires Don Pedro’s sense of adventure and remarks that he would travel too if he had four dromedaries.

In *“La Chèvre du Thibet” (“The Tibetan Goat”)*, the poet expresses his affection for his beloved by declaring that her locks are far more precious to him than the fine wool of the goat or Jason’s fleece. The Jason referred to in the poem is a hero of Greek mythology who had to retrieve a golden fleece from King Aetes of Colchis to become king.

“La Sauterelle” (“The Grasshopper”) is an ode to the grasshopper, a creature which has historically been considered both a blessing and a curse to mankind, because they can serve as nourishment but can also devastate crops. This poem regards grasshoppers in high esteem—the poet wants his verses to be as nourishing to her readers as grasshoppers were to St. John, who ate locusts and wild honey in the desert. The entire piece is quiet, almost muffled, which imparts a sense of intimacy that honors the seriousness of the poet’s aspiration.

“Le Dauphin” (“The Dolphin”) portrays the dolphin as a symbol of naiveté and joy; in antiquity, this creature was considered a servant of gods and helper of men. In Apollinaire’s narrative, the dolphin plays in the sea despite its bitterness about life’s cruelty.

“L’Ecrevisse” (“The Crayfish”) tells the listener about the crayfish, which is a noted symbol of inconstancy because of the animal’s backwards motion. The melody itself emphasizes the elements of backwardness; Poulenc immediately introduces a motive in the accompaniment that suggests the scurrying of the crayfish, rushing forwards and retreating backwards with the tide. It seems the poet is describing the movement of his relationship with a lover—Apollinaire says “You and I, we move just like the crayfish—backwards...backwards.”

“La Carpe” (“The Carp”) is the final song in this set, and it portrays the carp as an immortal creature patiently awaiting death to no avail. Poulenc’s piece is simple in structure, but brilliantly conveys the poem’s sense of hopelessness in just 11 measures. The octave jump in the very last measure adds tenderness and drama to the line, even as the voice stays at a whisper.

Il Tramonto, p. 101

Il *Tramonto* is Ottorini Respighi's 1914 setting of "The Sunset," a poem written by Percy Bysshe Shelley in 1816. It was written during a time of great emotional turmoil for the poet; he was then living with Mary Godwin (later Mary Shelley), who was pregnant with their son, when his estranged and pregnant wife Harriet drowned herself in a London lake. The woman portrayed in Shelley's poem is almost certainly meant to be Mary.

The poem tells the story of two tragic lovers written in a gothic style. It describes a young man, who suddenly dies in the arms of his lover after a sweet night of love. This moment marks a major shift in the tone of the poem and the music, where soaring and reflective lines give way to dramatic and threatening ones. The music in the second half reflects his beloved's resignation to the cruelty of her tragic fate, as our miserable heroine prays that she will finally find peace in death.

Una voce poco fa

"*Una voce poco fa*" is from Gioachino Rossini's 1816 opera *The Barber of Seville* (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*). The irrepressible heroine Rosina refuses to marry her pompous old guardian, and a bold young count Lindoro is eager to win Rosina for himself.

In this scene, Rosina has heard the voice of Lindoro serenading her; she anticipates that he will be hers, and declares that she knows 100 tricks to get her way if anyone dares to interfere. She expresses her overwhelming emotions upon hearing Lindoro's voice, and while she may seem sweet and innocent, she is not to be messed with.

Voi Che Sapete

This aria is sung by the character Cherubino in Mozart's opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The role of Cherubino is known as a "pants" role, meaning it is sung by a female performer playing a male character. The aria is all about unfounded teenage confidence, becoming girl-crazy, and a young man dealing with feelings he cannot control. The melodies themselves are simple, but the timbre of the vocal line and harmonies in the accompaniment change constantly to express Cherubino's frustration and excitement.

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?

“*Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle*” is an aria from Charles Gounod’s 1867 opera *Roméo and Juliette*, which remains one of his most popular operas to date, and is based on Shakespeare’s tragedy. This aria is sung by Stephano, Roméo’s page, who is looking for his missing master inside the Capulet’s house. To amuse himself, Stephano sings a mocking serenade outside Lord Capulet’s home, which draws members of the Capulet household into the street.

Six Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire

The *Six Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire* were composed by Arthur Honegger, who wrote more than 200 compositions spanning virtually every genre, but was best known for his oratorios and symphonies.

Apollinaire was a French poet, writer, and critic who worked odd jobs most of his life while writing for magazines and his own poetry on the side. He is considered one of the most important literary figures of the early twentieth century, and his brief career influenced the development of artistic movements such as Futurism, Cubism, and Surrealism.

“*A la ‘Santé’*” is the first of the six songs, and it sets a languorous and brooding tone for the collection. It is a meditation on the passing of time as both dreadfully slow and regretfully quick. The music proceeds slowly and calmly, which creates an image of the steady march of time that does not stop for mourning.

“*Clotilde*” talks about the pursuit of something beautiful but fleeting, which will disappear with the sun as soon as one obtains it. The narrator and listener desire something that may escape them, but Apollinaire urges us to keep searching for it anyway.

“*Automne*” (Autumn) is characterized by the eerie little movements of the vocal line, and a structure that turns back on itself to suggest the endless cycles of love and life. It tells the story of a humble and lowly peasant, humming a story of romance and deceit that reveals the peasant’s own broken heart.

“*Saltimbanques*” (“Traveling Players”) describes a lively scene of a circus traipsing through a village. The melody is filled with quirky intervals and syncopated rhythms, mixed with playful glissandi in the piano, which help the listener imagine the alluring oddities of this traveling circus.

“L’Adieu” (Farewell)” is a wistful and brooding meditation on the death of autumn and a feeling of never-ending waiting. The text is the star of the show, in moments like the repeated alliteration of “brin de bruyère.” The plodding rhythm of the accompaniment creates a feeling that time is trudging on, and the winding vocal line mourns the passing of time and the destruction that comes with it.

“*Les Cloches*” (“The Bells”) is the resounding finale to Honegger’s set of six songs, and it tells the cheeky story of a young woman who makes passionate love to a gypsy in a bell tower, but is found out by the whole town. The narrator pokes fun at herself and acknowledges that she will be the talk of the town the next day. The lighthearted feeling of the narrative is echoed by the spirited ascending lines in the vocal melody.

Black Max

Black Max is the first of three William Bolcom cabaret songs in the program. Bolcom is a Pulitzer Prize and Grammy Award-winning American composer from Seattle who has written cabaret songs, concertos, sonatas, symphonies, operas, ragtime, and more.

Black Max is a delightful narrative tale about a mysterious character who can be recognized by his long black jacket and broad black hat (and sometimes a cape); it is inspired by the poets’ travels through Amsterdam. The elusive and mischievous figure of Black Max can be spotted all over town, whether lifting the brim of his hat to women on the street or making an appearance at a funeral.

Waitin’

Waitin’ is the shortest and simplest of these three cabaret songs , and is marked by a simple yet elegant melody. The narrator is hopeful that he will find what he is seeking, although he admits that his pursuit has thus far been unsuccessful. The dotted rhythms add to the wistful, bluesy feel of the piece.

Amor

The final Bolcom song is a witty comedic tale told by a narrator who has had the curious experience of finding that everyone she meets is infatuated with her, to the point where they shout “Amor” at her in the most inappropriate situations.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Adapted from Oxford Leider

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag' herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst in Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst in Mai.

Das Rosenband

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich Sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.

Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.

Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls' Day,
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

The rose garland

I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

Nichts

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.

Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,
Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Licht's
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts.

Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

La Chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine Jason
ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

La Sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.

Nothing

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

Ask me the color of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her bearing,
Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone?—nothing.

The camel

With his four camels
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Roamed the world and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four dromedaries too.

The Tibetan goat

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine Jason
ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris

The grasshopper

Behold the delicate grasshopper,
The food Saint John was wont to eat.
May my verses likewise be
A feast for the elite.

Le Dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

L'Ecrevisse

Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.

La Carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

Il Tramonto

Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue spirto
(qual luce e vento in delicata nube
che ardente ciel di mezzo-giorno stempri)
la morte e il genio contendeano.
Oh! quanta tenera gioia,
che gli fè il respiro venir meno
(così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)
quando la sua dama
che allor solo conobbe l'abbandono pieno
e il concorde palpitar di due creature
che s'amano, egli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,
ad oriente da una foresta biancheggiante ombrato
ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro
pendon sovra le cineree nubi,
sul verde piano sui tremanti fiori

The dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
Though the waves are briny.
Does my joy at times erupt?
Life is still cruel.

The crayfish

Uncertainty, O! my delights
You and I we progress
As crayfish progress,
Backwards, backwards.

The carp

In your pools, in your ponds,
Carp, how you live for aeons!
Does death forget you,
Fish of melancholy?

The Sunset

There late was one within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended.
None may know the sweetness of the joy
Which made his breath fail,
Like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love,
Who then first knew
The unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers

sui grigi globi dell' antico smirnio,
e I neri boschi avvolgono,
del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre.
Lenta sorge ad oriente
l'infocata luna tra i folti rami dell piante cupe:
brillan sul capo languide le stelle.
E il giovine sussura: "Non è strano?
Io mai non vidi il sorgere del sole,
o Isabella. Domani a contemplarlo verremo insieme.

Il giovine la dama giacquer tra il sonno e il dolce amor
congiunti ne la notte: al mattin
gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante.
Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal colpo,
fu il Signore misericorde.
Non morì la dama, né folle diventò:
anno per anno visse ancora.

Ma io penso che la queta sua pazienza, e i trepidi sorrisi,
e il non morir...ma vivere a custodia del vecchio padre
(se è follia dal mondo dissimigliare)
fossero follia. Era, null'altro che a vederla,
come leggere un canto da ingegnoso bardo
intessuto a piegar gelidi cuori in un dolor pensoso.
Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;
consunte quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;
le labbra e le gote parevan cose morte tanto eran bianche;
ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene e le giunture rossa
del giorno trasparia la luce.
La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral racchiude,
cui notte e giorno un'ombra tormentata abita,
è quanto di te resta, o cara creatura perduta!

"Ho tal retaggio, che la terra non dà:
calma e silenzio, senza peccato e senza passione.
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il sonno!) ma il riposo,
imperturbati quali appaion,
o vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo scendano;
oh! che il mio epitaffio, che il tuo sia: Pace!"
Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico lamento.

And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods - and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
Tomorrow; thou shalt look on it with me.

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep - but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on - in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,

And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her agèd father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved,
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

Una Voce Poco Fa

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuonò;
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindor fu che il piagò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Il tutor ricuserà,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò.
Alla fin s'accheterà
e contenta io resterò.

Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, la vincerò.
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà;
lo giurai, sì.

Io sono docile, son rispettosa
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar, mi fo guidar.

Ma se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole
Sarò una vipera, sarò
e cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar, giocar.

E cento trappole
prima di cedere farò giocar, farò giocar

A voice a while back

A voice a while back
Echoes here in my heart;
Already my heart has been pierced
And Lindoro inflicted the wound.

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
My guardian will refused me;
I shall sharpen all my wits.
In the end he will be calmed
and I shall rest content...

Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, I will win.
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine;
I swear it, yes.

I am docile, I'm respectful,
I'm obedient, gentle, loving;
I let myself be ruled, I let myself be ruled,
I let myself be guided, I let myself be guided.

But if they touch me
On my weak spot,
I'll be a viper
And a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

And a hundred tricks
I'll play before I yield.

Voi Che Sapete

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo vi ritiro,
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Ch'ora e diletto, ch'era e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so ch'il tiene, non so cos'e.

Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?

Depuis hier je cherche
en vain mon maître!
Est-il encore chez vous,
Messigneurs Capulet?
Voyons un peu si vos dignes valets
à ma voix ce matin
oseront reparaître.

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle,
dans ce nid de vautours?
Quelque jour, déployant ton aîle,
tu suivras les amours!
Aux vautours il faut la bataille;
pour frapper d'estoc et de taille
leurs becs sont aiguisés!

You who know what love is

You who know what love is,
Ladies see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!

sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

What are you doing, white turtledove?

Since yesterday I have sought
In vain my master!
Is he still in your home,
My lords, Capulet?
Let us see a bit if your worthy servants
At the sound of my voice this morning
Will dare to reappear.

What are you doing, white turtledove,
In this nest of vultures?
Someday, unfolding your wing
You will follow love!
To the vultures, a battle is necessary,
To hit with a cut and a thrust
Their beaks are sharpened!

Laisse là ces oiseaux de proie,
tourterelle, qui fas ta joie
des amoureux baisers!
Gardez bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera!

Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,
par l'amour attiré,
à l'entour de ce nid sauvage
a, je crois, soupiré!
Les vautours sont à la curée;
leurs chansons que fuit Cythérée
résonnent à grand bruit!

Cependant, en leur douce ivresse
nos amant content leur tendresse
aux astres de la nuit!

Gardez bien la belle!
Qui vivra verra!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera!
Gardez bien la belle!
Votre tourterelle vous échappera!

A la Santé

Que lentement passent les heures
Comme passent un enterrement

Tu pleureras l'heure où tu pleures
Qui passera trop vite
Comme passent toutes les heures.

Leave them, these birds of prey!
Turtledove, who gets your joy
From amorous kisses!
Guard well the fair one!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove will escape from you!
Your turtledove will escape from you!

A ring-dove, far from his green grove
Drawn by love,
All around this wild nest
Has, I believe, sighed.
The vultures are at the quarry,
Their songs, from which Cytheria flees,
Resound with a big noise!

Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication
The lovers tell of their tenderness
To the stars of the night!

Guard well the fair one!
Whoever lives will see!
Your turtledove will escape from you!
Your turtledove will escape from you!
Guard well the fair one,
Your turtledove will escape from you!

To Health

How slowly pass the hours
As passes a burial

You will weep for the hour when you weep
Which will pass too quickly
As pass all hours.

Clotilde

L'anémone et l'ancolie
Ont poussé dans le jardin
Où dort la mélancolie
Entre l'amour et le dédain.

Il y vient aussi nos ombres
Que la nuit dissipera.
Le soleil qui les rends sombres
Avec elles disparaîtra.

Les déités des eaux vives
Laissent couler leurs cheveux.
Passe il faut que tu poursuives
Cette belle ombre que tu veux.

Automne

Dans le brouillard s'en vont un paysan cagneux
Et son boeuf lentement dans le brouillard d'automne
Qui cache les hameaux pauvres et vergogneux.

En s'en allant là-bas le paysan chantonne
Une chanson d'amour et d'infidélité
Qui parle d'une bague et d'un coeur que l'on brise.

Oh! L'automne, l'automne à fait mourir l'été
Dans le brouillard s'en vont deux silhouettes grises.

Saltimbanques

Dans la plaine les baladins
S'éloignent au long des jardins
Devant l'hui des auberges grises
Par les villages sans églises.

Clotilde

Anemones and columbines
Have grown in the garden
Where melancholy sleeps
Between love and disdain.

Our shadows come there too—
Night will dispel them,
The sun that makes them dark
With them will disappear.

The deities of fresh streams
Let their hair flow in the water.
Pass on, you need to pursue
That beautiful shadow you desire.

Autumn

Off in the mist goes a knock-kneed peasant
And his ox, slowly, in the autumn mist
That conceals the poor and shameless hamlets.

And as he goes the peasant hums
A song of love and infidelity
That speaks of a ring and a heart being broken.

Oh! Autumn, autumn has caused the death of
summer. Off in the mist go two gray silhouettes.

Traveling Players

In the plain the traveling entertainers
Walk away along the gardens,
In front of the doors of the gray taverns,
through the villages with no churches.

Et les enfants s'en vont devant
Les autres suivent en rêvant.
Chaque arbre fruitier se résigne
Quand de très loin il lui font signe.

Ils ont des poids ronds ou carrés
Des tambours des cerceaux dorés.
L'ours et le singe animaux sages
Quêtent des sous sur leurs passage.

L'Adieu

J'ai cueilli ce brin de bruyère.
L'automne est morte, souviens-t'en.
Nous ne nous verrons plus sur terre
Odeur du temps brin de bruyère
Et souviens-toi que je t'attends.

Les Cloches

Mon beau tzigane mon amant
Ecoute les cloches qui sonnent.
Nous nous aimions éperdûment
Croyant n'être vus de personne.

Mais nous étions bien mal cachés
Toutes les cloches à la ronde
Nous ont vu du haut des clochers
Et le disent à tout le monde.

Demain Cyprien et Henri
Marie Ursule et Catherine
La boulangère et son mari
Et puis Gertrude ma cousine

Souriront quand je passerai.
Je ne saurai plus où me mettre.
Tu seras loin je pleurerai
J'en mourrai peut-être.

And the children go in front
As the others follow, dreaming.
Every fruit tree accepts defeat
When from far off they point it out.

They carry weights, round or square,
And drums and gilded hoops.
The bear and the monkey, obedient beasts,
Beg for coins wherever they pass.

Farewell

I picked this sprig of heather.
Autumn is dead—remember.
We will never see each other again on this earth.
Odor of time, sprig of heather,
And remember that I am waiting for you.

The Bells

Handsome gypsy, my lover,
Listen to the bells ringing.
We made love passionately
Thinking no one could see us.

But we were not at all well hidden:
All the bells in the neighborhood
Saw us from up in the belltowers
And are telling everyone now.

Tomorrow Cyprien, Henri,
Marie Ursule and Catherine,
The baker's wife and her husband,
And then Gertrude my cousin

Will smile when I walk past.
I won't know where to go.
You'll be far away; I will weep;
I could perhaps even die of it.

Black Max

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin as rubber tape: Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back.,
never knew they were bowing to Black Max.
I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.
When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile—
(only certain people walked that mystery mile;
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics, and civilians).

There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days
you went crazy and died and he did.
And at the coffin before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid? Black Max.

I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to life that hat to me:
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

Waitin'

Waitin' waitin'
I've been waitin'
Waitin' waitin' all my life.

That light keeps on hiding from me,
But it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin' waitin' waitin'.

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice cream man
(free ice creams by the score)
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan, one look at me
he shouted Amor.
All over town it went that way
Ev'rybody took off the day
Even philosophers understood
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand
And instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away.
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing Amen
The choir was singing Amor.

ABOUT

Amelia Kauffmann is a senior receiving a degree in Philosophy with a certificate in Vocal Performance. She studies voice with Barbara Rearick at Princeton. Originally from Atlanta, GA, Amelia moved to New York City at a young age and began piano lessons, chorus rehearsal, and theory instruction at Mannes Prep at 7 years old. She started taking voice lessons at the Diller-Quaile School of Music in high school, during which time she was also in an all-female acapella group and an honors choir.

As a highschool student, she performed a variety of solo repertoire in English, French, Italian, and German. She also participated in the Diller-Quaile youth opera, where she participated in staged productions of various operas, including *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, *Carmen*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She competed in many vocal competitions during this time, receiving awards and performing in winners' concerts at Weill Hall in Carnegie Hall.

Since coming to Princeton, she has been a member of the Glee Club, Chamber Choir, and Princeton Tigressions, and currently serves as the Decem president. She also sings for the Aquinas Institute on campus every Sunday.

When not singing, Amelia can be found on long walks around campus, reading a memoir, or watching a movie with friends that's so bad it's good. After graduating from Princeton, she will be traveling to Brazil before returning to NYC to start a job in economic consulting, with hopes of continuing her singing endeavors on the weekends.

Martin Néron is on the faculty at Westminster Choir College. He is the founder and artistic director of the Vocalis Consort, an ensemble which is designed to showcase vocal works that have been overlooked, as well as performing the core of the mélodie and Lied repertoire. He has held residencies at Tennessee TU, WSU Pullman, SUNY Potsdam, UK Lexington, and Fundación Armonía (Ecuador), and presented masterclasses at Butler University, Ohio State University, TCNJ, Hunter College, NATS, Arte Lirico, and Universidad Central del Ecuador. In February 2022, he was invited to hold residency at the University of Kentucky, where he curated their first Art Song Festival, featuring exclusively Latin American repertoire. He is co-founder, co-artistic director, and Vice-President of the newly incorporated Federation of the Art Songs. His scholarly work is featured in the *Journal of Singing* and *Leyerle Publications*, and he has recorded albums of French, Greek, British, and American vocal works. His book, *Francis Poulenc: Selected Song Texts*, was published by Leyerle in 2010. He holds degrees from the Manhattan School of Music (DMA), Westminster Choir College (MM), and Université de Montréal (BM).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to above all thank my parents, who have supported me in my musical endeavors tirelessly since I learned how much fun it was to sing. I would not be here today without their help, and I am endlessly grateful that they are and will always be my biggest fans.

To **Barbara Rearick** and **Gabriel Crouch**, who have facilitated my favorite musical experiences here, thank you so much for giving me the confidence to sing alone, as well as in Glee and Chamber and Decem. The hours I spent making music with you both have been the most joyful ones of my college career.

Finally, I want to thank **Martin Néron**, who has been an invaluable vocal coach as well as accompanist for this project, as well as the wonderful string players who generously offered their time and talents to perform with me today. **Isha, Amy, Sol, and Will**, thank you for making this possible.

And thank you, friends and family, for coming out to watch!
