



## **Senior Honors Recital** **April 2020**

**Elizabeth Edel, soprano**  
**Daniel Seyfried, piano**

<b>Music for a while</b>	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
<b>Take, oh take those lips away</b>	Amy Beach (1867-1944)
<b>Sweeter than roses</b>	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
<b>Prison</b>	Gabriel Faure (1845-1942)
<b>Romance</b>	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
<b>All the Things You Are</b>	Jerome Kern (1885-1945) and Oscar Hammerstein (1895-1960)
<b>Le sommeil</b> <b>La reine de cœur</b>	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
<b>La maja dolorosa No. 2</b> <b>La maja dolorosa No. 3</b> <b>El mirar de la maja</b>	Enrique Granados (1867-1916)
<b>La maja y el Ruiseñor from <i>Goyescas</i></b>	

*Click links in each set below to view the corresponding video performance.*

## **Introduction**

In the past four years, I have gotten quite used to the surprise that meets me telling people that I study classical vocal music. Given the relatively small ratio of students who study classical voice to the general student body at Duke, this makes sense. It is safe to say that classical music on the whole does not have the attention of the majority of Duke students, or of popular culture as a whole.

Classical music feels far removed for the majority of Americans: in 2012, the National Endowment for the Arts released a study that found that only 8.8% of citizens had gone to a classical music performance in the past year.<sup>1</sup> There are dozens of other studies and statistics that show the continuing decline in the salience of classical music in the industry as a whole. But if you aren't in that 8.8% attending classical music performances, going to one can feel alienating. There are etiquette rules that are unspoken but strictly followed, a high economic barrier to entry, and perhaps most importantly, a lack of familiarity with the music which prevents uninhibited enjoyment of the music itself.

I have fallen victim to this discomfort before. When you listen to contemporary music that seems so far outside of the classical music realm on a regular basis, shifting between genres feels like a feat that requires definitive action. But, once you brave the discomfort and find the relatability in classical music, there is a whole world of music opened up to you. Through this recital, I hope to create a connection between the audience and the music included in each of the three sections of my recital: Baroque and Romantic settings of English poetry, French song or *chansons*, and Spanish *tonadillas*.

## **English Songs**

Though English art song and English pop songs share a common language, they do not share a common vocabulary, so upon first hearing, the connection may seem distant. But when looking further into the lyrical tendencies of both classical art song and popular music, one technique in songwriting marries the two genres: lyrical repetition.

Each of these English songs feature deliberate repetition of key lyrics. In "Music for a while," Henry Purcell repeats the phrases "Music for a while" and, to a larger degree, the words "shall all." While the phrasal repetition emphasizes the subject of the song, specifically the "Music," the numerous repetitions of "shall all" make the audience wait, wondering what it is that the music will do. This phrase is the beginning of a promise that the audience doesn't yet know the content of. In "Take, oh take those lips away," Amy Beach begins the song with a partial repetition of the opening phrase, creating an effect of the singer pleading to the audience for action. Lastly, in "Sweeter than roses," Purcell again uses a similar effect with repetition of the word "all" as a kind of lead-in. It hooks the listener and drives them to question what it is that is the singer's "all," which turns out to be love.

The use of this kind of repetition is not foreign to people who listen to contemporary English popular music. Much research suggests that repetition of phrases is linked to commercial success of songs, and as a result, it is a very popular technique in songwriting. Scholars Nunes, Ordanini, and Valsesia write, "From earliest childhood (consider "Row, Row, Row Your Boat") through adolescence (consider "Louie Louie" by the Kingsmen) to contemporary times (consider "It's All About That Bass" by Meghan Trainor), for many of us the songs that stand out in our minds are those in which we can easily hear the same words repeating themselves over and over again in our heads."<sup>2</sup> We relate to songs we can remember, and songs that repeat lyrics lend themselves well to memory, but even more importantly, they draw the audience in to the important lyrics, connecting the audience to the performer and the meaning of the song.

## French Songs

For as long as I have been singing classical music, I have been trying to find the type of classical music that I really *love*. Not just the music that I sang because my voice teachers thought it would fit my voice, but the music that I was going to be excited to spend time with. As I have listened and experimented with more and different types of voice music, I found the genre that I always come back to – French art song, or *chanson*.

*Chanson* is art song in the French language, the popular music of its day. Most of it is the work of highly trained musicians setting quality French poetry to music. Scholar Rachel Haworth writes that “*chanson* is a quality, crafted, and even artistic form of popular music; that it is a ‘literary genre, a form of poetry set to music, with claims for high-cultural status’; [it] possesses ‘educational and enlightening qualities and [is] able to improve its audience, thus making art available to the masses’; that it represents the feelings and world view of its listeners through the persona of the singer-songwriter; and that it constitutes ‘a universal cultural product, appealing to all (within France at least).’”<sup>3</sup>

But this is not why I am passionate about *chanson*. This came out of my love for vocal jazz – the first vocal music I ever learned. When I listen to and sing *chanson*, I feel close to jazz. Perhaps the clearest commonality between jazz and French music is that of harmony, specifically modal analysis. This is most frequent in early 20<sup>th</sup> century music, including most notably, many compositions of Debussy. The use of the Lydian mode in the development of jazz bebop musicians like Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker links them to the compositions of French classical musicians and pentatonic ornamentation is common in jazz.

Yet for me, when I listen to *chanson*, I hear warm and cool notes outside of the home key keeping the song interesting, adding variety. This comes mostly through a mirroring of the jazz tradition of blue notes – meaning notes that are lower than expected in the harmony of a song.<sup>4</sup>

In “Prison,” Faure uses a raised 6<sup>th</sup> to add color to the melody. In the minor key, this note functions as an inverted blue note. As the melody cadences the raised note gives an edge to the vocal line. In “Le sommeil” there is a whole host of accidentals throughout the song, creating a swath of moments that ring out in a melody that mimics the tonality of jazz standards.

Lastly in “La reine de cœur,” the final notes you are left with at the end of the song ring out with a Picardy third. This is to say that at the end of this minor song, the third of the chord is raised, making the last chord the audience hears a major chord. This technique is a common feature of jazz songs and mirrors the end of “All The Things You Are.”

### **Prison**

(The Lieder Net Archive)

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

Over the roof, the sky is  
So blue, so calm!  
Above the roof, a tree  
Waves its foliage.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

In the sky one can see the bell  
Softly ringing.  
On the tree one can see a bird  
Singing its lament.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

My God, my God, life is there,  
Simple and tranquil.  
This peaceful rumor there  
Comes from the town.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

### Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,  
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante  
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis  
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,  
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,  
Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste  
De la suavité céleste  
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais  
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,  
Faite d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,  
De béatitude et de paix?...

### Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,  
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;  
Il pleure dans son litcage,  
Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis  
Son sable et ses rêves sages?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit;  
Il se tourne tout en nage,  
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,  
Sur ton beau cheval de course!  
Dans le ciel noir, la Grand Ourse  
A enterré le soleil  
Et ralumé ses abelles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,  
Il ne dira pas bonjour,  
Il ne dira rien demain  
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain  
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

### La reine de cœur

Mollement accoudée  
A ses vitres de lune,  
La reine vous salue

What have you done, o you there,  
Weeping without end,  
Tell me, what have you done, you there,  
With your youth?

(The Lieder Net Archive)

The vanishing and suffering soul,  
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul  
Of divine lilies that I have picked  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Where, then, have the winds chased it,  
This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that remains  
Of the celestial sweetness  
Of the days when you enveloped me  
In a supernatural haze,  
Made of hope, of faithful love,  
Of bliss and of peace?

(Marion Leeds Carroll)

Sleep is on vacation.  
My God! Where has it gone?  
I've rocked my little one in vain;  
he cries in his crib,  
he's been crying since noon.

Where has sleep put  
its sand and its wise dreams?  
I've rocked my little one in vain;  
he turns, all sweaty,  
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! return, return, sleep,  
on your beautiful race horse!  
In the black sky, the Big Bear  
has buried the sun  
and re-lit his bees.

If baby doesn't sleep well,  
he won't say "good morning,"  
he won't say anything tomorrow  
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread  
that greet him with the day.

(Marion Leeds Carroll)

Softly leaning  
on her window-panes of moon,  
the queen gestures to you

d'une fleur d'amandier.  
C'est la reine de cœur.  
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,  
Vous mener en secret  
Vers d'étranges demeures  
Où il ne'st plus de portes,  
De salles ni de tours  
Et où les jeune mortes  
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue;  
Hâtez-vous de la suivre  
Dans son château de givre  
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

with an almond flower.  
She is the Queen of Hearts.  
She can, if she wishes,  
lead you in secret  
into strange dwellings  
where there are no more doors,  
or rooms, or towers,  
and where the young dead  
come to talk of love.

The queen salutes you;  
hasten to follow her  
into her frosted castle  
with smooth stained-glass moon windows.

### Spanish Songs

One of the first things I learned about singing classical music is that in order to sing foreign language pieces faithfully, you must go through all levels of translation of the text. This means not just understanding how to pronounce the words, but understanding the meaning of the poetry as it was intended in its original form.

With all the resources available to singers, this process gets easier, but inherently less personalized. When there are International Phonetic Alphabet transcriptions of the foreign language and translations into English readily available, the need to transcribe and translate is lessened. But using a canned translation is less fulfilling, as you don't truly understand word by word what you are singing – just what some other translator thought made a good poetic translation to get the sentiment of the meaning across.

As a Spanish minor, I have always had an easier time connecting more deeply to Spanish song because I know what I am singing word by word as well as phrase by phrase. To demonstrate this, I have created literal as well as poetic translations for each of these Spanish songs, to take the audience through this process of understanding the text even though there isn't inherent attachment to the lyrics.

This in turn lowers another barrier to classical music for audiences, understanding the meaning of the poems the songs are created from, and forming a deeper emotional connection to the songs. My translations can be found below:

#### **La maja dolorosa No. 2:**

Ay majo de mi vida  
No, no tú no has muerto  
Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto  
Quiero loca besar tu boca  
Quiero segura  
Gozar más de tu ventura  
Ay de tu ventura  
Mas, ay deliro sueño  
Mi majo no existe  
En torno mío el mundo  
Lloroso está y triste

Ah, dandy of my life  
No, no, you have not died  
Perhaps I existed if was that true  
I want crazy to kiss your lips  
I want safety  
To enjoy more of your fortune  
Ah, of your fortune  
More, ah, delirium, sleep  
My dandy does not exist  
Around me the world  
Crying he is, and sad

A mi duelo no hallo consuelo  
Mas muerto y frio  
Siempre el majo será mío  
Ay siempre mío

To my pain there is no comfort  
More dead and cold  
Always the dandy will be mine  
Ah, always mine

Poetic Translation:

Oh, sweetheart of my life  
No! You cannot have died  
Perhaps I would be existing if that was true  
I to kiss your lips like crazy  
I want the assurance that I can enjoy more of your adventures  
Oh your adventures...  
More! Ah. Delirium... Sleep...  
My sweetheart doesn't exist  
Around me the world is crying and sad  
There is no comfort for my pain  
Even so dead and cold, my sweetheart will always be mine  
Always mine

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### La maja dolorosa No. 3

De aquel majo amante  
Que fue mi gloria  
Guardo anhelante dichosa memoria  
El me adoraba vehemente y fiel  
Yo mi vida entera dí a él  
Y otras mil diera si él quisiera  
  
Que en hondos amores martirios son flores  
Y al recordar mi majo amado  
Van resurgiendo ensueños  
De un tiempo pasado  
Ni en el Mentidero  
Ni en la Florida  
Majo más majo paseó en la vida  
Bajo el chambergo sus ojos ví  
Con toda el alma puestos en mí  
Que a quien miraban enamoraban  
Pues no hallé en el mundo  
Mirar más profundo  
Y al recordar mi majo amado  
Van resurgiendo ensueños  
De un tiempo pasado

Of that dandy lover  
Who was my glory  
I save longing happy memory  
He adored me vehemently and faithfully  
I, my whole life, give to him  
And another thousand I would give if he  
wanted  
That in deep loves martyrs are the flowers  
And upon to remember my dandy beloved  
They go reviving dreams  
Of a time passed  
Neither in the Mentidero  
Nor in the Florida  
A dandy more dandy walked in the life  
Under the hat his eyes I saw  
With all the heart positioned on me  
That to who they saw, the made fall in love  
Well, no I have discovered in the world  
To look more deeply  
And upon to remember my dandy beloved  
They go reviving dreams  
Of a time passed

Poetic Translation:

I save longing happy memory of that dandy lover  
Who was my glory  
He adored me vehemently and faithfully

I give my whole life to him  
And I would give him a thousand more if he wanted  
In profound loves, martyrs are flowers  
And upon remember my beloved dandy  
'Those flowers revive dreams of a time passed  
Not those in the Mentidero  
Nor those in the Florida  
A dandy more dandy than ever walked by me  
And under his hat, I saw his eyes  
With all his heart fixed on me  
Anyone who looked in his eyes would fall in love  
Never have I found eyes to look into so deeply  
And when I remember my beloved dandy  
His eyes revive my dreams, of a time gone by

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### **El mirar de la maja**

Por qué es en mis ojos  
Tan hondo el mirar  
Que a fin de cortar desdenes  
Y enojos los suelo entornar  
Qué fuego dentro llevarán  
Que si acaso con calor  
Los clavo en mi amor  
Sonrojo me dan  
Por eso el chispero  
A quien mi alma dí  
Al verse ante mí  
Me tira el sombrero  
Y dícame así  
Mi maja, no me mires más  
Que tus ojos rayos son  
Y ardiendo en pasión  
La muerte me dan

Why is it in my eyes  
As deep the look  
That in order to cut disdains  
And troubles the ground to half close  
What fire inside they will carry  
That if perhaps with heat  
Them I fix on my love  
Blush to me they give  
For this the low class Madrileño  
To whom my heart I gave  
To see him before me  
To me he throws his hat  
He says to me like this  
My dandy, don't look at me more  
That your eyes rays they are  
And burning in passion  
The death to me they give

### Poetic Translation:

Why is it that in my eyes, as profound the view  
That in order to cut of disdain and anger I bury those eyes  
What fire do my eyes carry  
That if I did fix them on my love with their heat  
They would make me blush

The dandy to whom my heart I gave  
To see him before me, and as he tipped my hat to me  
He said to me, my sweetheart, don't look at me anymore  
Your eyes are rays and they give me death with their burning passion.

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## La maja y el Ruiseñor

¿Por qué entre sombras el ruiseñor  
entona su armonioso cantar?  
¿Acaso al rey del día guarda rencor?

¿Y de él quiere algún agravio vengar?  
Guarda quizás su pecho oculto tal dolor,

que en la sombra espera alivio hallar,  
triste entonando cantos de amor. ¡Ay!  
¡Y tal vez alguna flor temblorosa del pudor de  
amor,  
es la esclava enamorada de su cantor! ...  
¡Misterio es el cantar  
que entona envuelto en sombra el ruiseñor!  
¡Ah! Son los amores como flor  
a merced de la mar.  
¡Amor! ¡Amor!  
¡Ah, no hay cantar sin amor!  
¡Ah! ruiseñor: es tu cantar  
himno de amor.

Why in shadows the nightingale sings its  
harmonious song  
Perhaps for the king of the day (the sun) it  
holds a grudge  
And from him it wants some grievance avenged  
The nightingale holds perhaps its chest  
concealed such pain  
That in the shade it hopes relief to find  
Sadly singing songs of love. Ah!  
And perhaps another flower trembling from  
the power of love  
Is the slave in love with its singer  
Mystery is the song  
That the nightingale sings enveloped in shade  
Ah! Are lovers like flowers  
At the mercy of the sea  
Love! Love!  
Ah, there is no singing without love  
Ah, nightingale is your singing  
Hymn of love

## Poetic Translation

Why does the nightingale sing its harmonious song from the shadows?  
Does it harbor hatred for the sun and want its revenge?  
Or does it feel such pain that it can only find relief in the shadows?  
While it sadly sings songs of love.

At the same time, a flower trembles with the power of love  
Captive to the power of the one who sings  
The song that the nightingale sings from the shadows is a mystery.  
Oh! Love is like a flower at the mercy of the sea.  
Love! Love!  
Oh, there is no singing without love!  
The nightingale's song is indeed a hymn of love.



## Footnotes

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1. Charlie Albright. “‘Classical’ Music Is Dying...and That’s the Best Thing for Classical Music.” CNN, 29 May 2016, <https://www.cnn.com/2016/05/29/opinions/classical-music-dying-and-being-reborn-opinion-albright/index.html>.
2. Nunes, Joseph C., et al. “The Power of Repetition: Repetitive Lyrics in a Song Increase Processing Fluency and Drive Market Success.” *Journal of Consumer Psychology*, vol. 25, no. 2, Apr. 2015, pp. 187–99. *DOI.org (Crossref)*, doi:[10.1016/j.jcps.2014.12.004](https://doi.org/10.1016/j.jcps.2014.12.004).
3. Rachel Haworth. “French Chanson.” *French Studies: A Quarterly Review*, vol. 72, no. 1, Jan. 2018, pp. 87–96.
4. Peter van der Merwe. *Origins of the Popular Style*. Clarendon Press, 1989.