



The Music Department of
Gonzaga University
presents

Patrick Driscoll

tenor

Senior Voice Recital

with

Annie Flood

piano

from the studio of Darnelle Preston

Thursday, March 25th, 2021

7 PM

Gonzaga University Martin and Edwidge
Woldson Recital Hall

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of a
Bachelor of Arts in Music Performance Concentration

Program

Tuo drudo e mio rivale
from Rodelinda

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Tel jour telle nuit

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Bonne journée
Une ruine coquille vide
Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
À toutes brides
Une herbe pauvre
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Nous avons fait la nuit

Cigánské Melodie

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní
Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj
A les je tichý kolem kol
Když mne stará matka
Struna naladěna
Široké rukávy
Dejte klec jestřábu

Short Intermission

5 minutes

Selections from *Italienisches Liederbuch*

Hugo Wolf

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine (1860-1903)
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen
Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr
Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass ohne Bücken
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

La Bonne Cuisine: Four Recipes

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Plum Pudding
Ox-tails
Tavouk Gueunksis
Rabbit at Top Speed

Translations

Tuo drudo è mio rivale

Nicola Francesco Haym (1678-1729)

Costui si custodisca;
e tu, m'ascolta:
o tuo drudo, o tuo sposo,
anco una volta, lo stringi al sen,
te lo consento anch'io; sien legittimi o no,
gli dian gli amplessi tuoi l'ultimo addio.

Tuo drudo è mio rivale,
tuo sposo è mio nemico,
e morte avrà.
L'amplesso tuo fatale,
legittimo o impudico,
or reo ti fa.

Tel jour telle nuit

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Bonne journée

Bonne journée j'ai revu
qui je n'oublie pas
qui je n'oublierai jamais
et des femmes fugaces dont les yeux
me faisaient une haie d'honneur
elles s'enveloppèrent dans leurs sourires

Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis sans soucis
les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
un qui passait
son ombre changée en souris
fuyait dans le ruisseau

J'ai vu le ciel très grand
le beau regard des gens
privés de tout
plage distant où personne n'aborde

Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique
noire sous les arbres verts
mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore
m'entra dans le cœur par surprise.

Your lover is my rival

Translated by Michael Pacholke

Take this man into custody;
and you, listen to me:
whether he is your lover, or your husband,
embrace him once more,
I grant you that; legitimate or not,
let your caresses be a last farewell.

Your lover is my rival,
your husband is my enemy,
and will die.
Your fatal embrace,
honest or immoral,
makes you guilty.

Like day like night

Translated by Deeter and Peavler

A good day

A good day I have again seen
whom I do not forget
whom I shall never forget
and women fleeting by whose eyes
formed for me a hedge of honour
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

A good day I have seen my friends carefree
the men were light in weight
one who passed by
his shadow changed into a mouse
fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky
the beautiful eyes of those
deprived of everything
distant shore where no one lands

A good day which began mournfully
dark under the green trees
but which suddenly drenched with dawn
invaded my heart unawares.

Une ruine coquille vide

Une ruine coquille vide
pleure dans son tablier
les enfants qui jouent autour d'elle
font moins de bruit que des mouches

La ruine s'en va à tâtons
chercher ses vaches dans un pré
j'ai vu le jour vois cela
sans en avoir honte
Il est minuit comme un flèche
dans un cœur à la portée
des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
qui contredisent le sommeil.

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Le front comme un drapeau perdu
je te traîne quand je suis seul
dans des rues froides
des chambres noires
en criant misère

Je ne veux pas les lâcher
tes mains claires et compliquées
nées dans le miroir clos des miennes

Tout le reste est parfait
tout le reste est encore plus inutile
que la vie

Creuse la terre sous ton ombre

Une nappe d'eau près des seins
où se noyer
comme une pierre.

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
le cheval mort un enfant maître
pensant le front bleu de haine
à deux seins s'abattant sur lui
comme deux poings

Ce mélodrame nous arrache
la raison du cœur.

A ruin an empty shell

A ruin an empty shell
weeps into its apron
the children who play around it
make less sound than flies

The ruin goes groping
to seek its cows in the meadow
I have seen the day I see that
without shame
It is midnight like an arrow
in a heart within reach
of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings
which gainsay sleep.

The brow like a flag lost

The brow like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone
through the cold streets
the dark rooms
crying in misery

I do not want to let them go
your clear and complex hands
born in the enclosed mirror of my own

All the rest is perfect
all the rest is even more useless
than life

Hollow the earth beneath your shadow

A sheet of water reaching the breasts
wherein to drown oneself
like a stone.

A [Romani] wagon roofed in tiles

*All mentions of a word that's direct translation is now
considered a slur have been changed to [Romani]*

A [Romani] wagon roofed with tiles
the horse dead a child master
thinking his brow blue with hatred
of two breasts beating down upon him
like two fists

This melodrama tears away from us
the sanity of the heart.

À toutes brides

A toutes brides toi dont le fantôme
piaffe la nuit sur un violon
viens régner dans les bois

Les verges de l'ouragan
cherchent leur chemin par chez toi
tu n'est pas de celles
dont on invente les désirs

Viens boire un baiser par ici
cède au feu qui te
désespère.

Une herbe pauvre

Une herbe pauvre
sauvage
apparat dans la neige
c'était la santé
ma bouche fut émerveillée
du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait
elle était fanée.

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
un orage emplit la vallée
un poisson la rivière

Je t'ai faite à la taille de ma solitude
le monde entier pour se cacher
des jours des nuits pour se comprendre

Pour ne plus rien voir dans tes yeux
que ce que je pense de toi
et d'un monde à ton image

Et des jours et des nuits réglés par tes
paupières.

Riding full tilt

Riding full tilt you whose phantom
prances at night on a violin
come to reign in the woods

The lashings of the tempest
seek their path by way of you
you are not of those
whose desires one imagines

Come drink a kiss here
surrender to the fire which drives you
to despair.

Scanty grass

Scanty grass
wild
appeared in the snow
it was health
my mouth marvelled
at the savour of pure air it had
it was withered.

I long only to love you

I long only to love you
a storm fills the valley
a fish the river

I have formed you to the pattern of my
solitude
the whole world to hide in
days and nights to understand one another

To see nothing more in your eyes
but what I think of you
and of a world in your likeness

and of days and nights ordered by your
eyelids.

Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Figure de force brûlante et farouche
cheveux noirs
où l'or coule vers le sud
aux nuit corrompues

Or englouti étoile impure
dans un lit jamais partagé

Aux veines des tempes
comme au bout des seins
la vie se refuse
les yeux nuls peut les crever
boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes
le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui
seul

Intraitable démesurée
inutile
cette santé bâtit une prison.

Nous avons fait la nuit

Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main
je veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces
Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton
corps germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée
ta voix publique
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traite comme une mendiante
Des fous que tu respectes des simples
où tu te baignes
Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement
d'accord avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à tout
semblable tout ce que j'aime
Qui est toujours nouveau.

Image of fiery wild forcefulness

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
black hair
wherein the gold flowers towards the south
on corrupt nights

Engulfed gold tainted star
in a bed never shared

To the veins of the temples
as to the tips of the breasts
life denies itself
no on can blind the eyes
drink their brilliance or their tears
the blood above them triumphs for itself
alone

Intractable unbounded
useless
the health builds a prison.

We have made night

We have made night I hold your hand I
watch over you
I sustain you with all my strength
I engrave on a rock the star of your strength
Deep furrows where the goodness of your
body will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice
your public voice
I laugh still at the haughty woman
Whom you treat like a beggar
At the fools whom you respect the simple
folk in whom you immerse yourself
And in my head which gently begins to
harmonize with yours with the night
I marvel at the stranger that you become
A stranger resembling you
resembling all that I love
Which is ever new.

Cigánské Melodie

Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923)

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
když starý den umírá;
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.
Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když světem noha bloudí;
jen rodné
pusty dálnou
zpěv volně z řader proudí,
zpěv volně z řader proudí.
Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se,
že bída prost dlí bratr v umírání.

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokozkošně zvoní

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj
přerokozkošně zvoní,
jak cigána píseň,
když se k smrti kloní!
Když se k smrti kloní,
trojhran mu vyzvání.
Konec písni, tanci, lásce, bědování.
Konec písni, tanci, lásce, bědování.

A les je tichý kolem kol

A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř,
jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.
Však, nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhyne,
ten žije, ten žije!

[Romani] Songs

Translated by Cheek

My song again rings to me with love

My song again rings to me with love,
when the old day dies;
and when the poor moss secretly gathers
pearls into its guise.
My song so longingly rings into the country,
when I wander through the world;
only through the vastness
of my native puszta
does my voice flow freely from my bosom,
does my voice flow freely from my bosom.
My song sounds loudly with love,
when the storm hurries through the flatland;
when I am glad,
that my brother is dying free from poverty.

Hey! How my triangle passionately rings out

Hey! How my triangle
passionately rings out,
like a [Romani's] song,
when he draws near to death!
When he draws near to death,
the triangle rings to him.
End of song, dance, love, lament.
End of song, dance, love, lament.

And the wood is silent around

And the wood is silent all around,
only my heart disturbs that peace,
only my heart disturbs that peace,
and black smoke,
which hurries into the valley,
dries up my tears on my cheek, my tears.
However, it does not have to dry them up,
let it blow on another cheek,
let it blow on another cheek.
Whoever in sorrow can sing,
that person did not die,
that person lives, that person lives!

Když mne stará matka

Když mne stará matka
zpívat, zpívat učívala,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.
A teď také pláčem
snědé lice mučím,
když cigánské děti
hrát a zpívat,
hrát a zpívat učím!

Struna naladěna

Struna naladěna, hochu, toč se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,
zejtra, zejtra,
zejtra zase dole,
zejtra zase dole!
Pozejtří u Nilu
za posvátným stolem;
struna již, struna naladěna,
hochu, toč, hochu,
toč se kolem, hochu, toč se kolem!
Struna naladěna, hochu, toč, se kolem!

Široké rukávy

Široké rukávy a široké gatě
volnější cigánu
nežli dolman v zlatě,
volnější cigánu
nežli dolman v zlatě.
Dolman a to zlato
bujná prsa svírá;
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.
A kdo raduješ se,
tvá kdy píseň v kvěťě,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato
v celém světě,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato
v celém světě!

Dejte klec jestřábu

Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.
Komoni bujnému,
jenž se pustou žene,
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.
A tak i cigánu,
příroda cos dala:
k volnosti ho věčným poutem,
k volnosti, ho upoutala.

When my old mother

When my old mother
taught me to sing, to sing,
it's strange that often, often she cried.
And now I also torment
my swarthy face by weeping,
when I teach [Romani] children
to play and to sing,
to play and to sing!

The strings are tuned

The strings are tuned, boy, spin in a circle,
today, maybe today very high,
tomorrow, tomorrow,
tomorrow again down,
tomorrow again down!
The day after tomorrow at the Nile
at the sacred table;
the strings already, the strings are tuned,
boy, spin, boy,
spin around, boy, spin around!
The strings are tuned, boy, spin around!

Wide sleeves

Wide sleeves and wide trousers
are more free to the [Romani]
than a gold dolman,
are more free to the [Romani]
than a gold dolman.
Dolman and that gold
constricts an exuberant heart;
beneath him a free song violently dies.
And you who like it,
whenever your song is in bloom,
wish that, gold would be extinct
in the whole world,
wish that, gold would be extinct
in the whole world!

Give a hawk a cage

Give a hawk a cage made from pure gold;
he will not exchange it for his thorny nest.
To a wild horse,
which gallops through a puszta,
you seldom hitch a bridle and stirrup.
And so also to the [Romani,]
nature gave something:
through an eternal bond with freedom,
with freedom, it bound him.

Italienisches Liederbuch

German: Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenscheine

Mein Liebster singt am Haus im
Mondenscheine,
Und ich muss lauschend hier im Bette liegen.
Weg von der Mutter wend' ich mich
und weine,
Blut sind die Tränen, die mir nicht versiegen.
Den breiten Strom am Bett hab' ich geweint;
Weiss nicht vor Tränen,
ob der Morgen scheint.
Den breiten Strom am Bett
weint' ich vor Sehnen;
Blind haben mich gemacht
die blut'gen Tränen.

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;
Ein andrer wohnt in Casentino dort,
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,
Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr,
Ein Dorn ist mir im Fusse stecken geblieben.
Umsonst nach rechts und links
blick' ich umher,
Und keinen find ich, der mich möchte lieben.
Wenn's doch auch nur ein
altes Männlein wäre,
Das mir erzeigt'
ein wenig Lieb und Ehre.
Ich meine nämlich so ein wohlgestalter,
Ehrbarer Greis, etwa von meinem Alter.
Ich meine, um mich ganz zu offenbaren,
Ein altes Männlein so von vierzehn Jahren.

Italian Songbook

Translated by Phillips

My beloved sings at the house in the moonlight

My beloved sings at the house in the
moonlight,
and I must lie listening here in bed.
I turn away from my mother
and weep,
my tears are blood, they do not run dry.
I have wept the broad stream on the bed;
from crying, I don't know
whether the morning has dawned.
I wept the broad stream on the bed
from longing;
the bloody tears
have blinded me.

I have a boyfriend who lives in Penna

I have a boyfriend who lives in Penna,
In the Maremma plains yet another,
One in the lovely harbor of Ancona,
For the fourth I must travel to Viterbo;
Another lives yonder in Casentino,
The next lives in the same town with me,
And yet another have I in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

I now eat my bread dry no more

I now eat my bread dry no more,
A thorn has remained stuck in my foot.
In vain to right and left
I look about,
And no one do I find who wants to love me.
If only there were
a little old man,
Who would show me
a little love and respect.
I mean in particular a well-proportioned,
Honourable old man of about my age.
I mean, to be entirely frank,
A little old man about fourteen years old.

Mein Liebster ist so klein

Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass
ohne Bücken
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging,
Jasmin zu pflücken,
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.
Dann setzt er sich ins Haus
um zu verschnaufen,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen;
und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.
Verwünscht sei'n alle
Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen-
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den
Maremmen!
Verwünscht sei'n alle
Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken-
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst,
so tief muss bücken!

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,
Und hatte doch kein Haus
mich zu empfangen,
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen
und zum Braten;
Der Hafen auch war längst entzwei gegangen.
An einem Fässchen Wein gebrach es auch,
Und Gläser hat er gar nicht im Gebrauch;
Der Tisch war schmal,
das Tafeltuch nicht besser,
Das Brot steinhart,
und völlig stumpf das Messer.

My sweetheart is so small

My sweetheart is so small that
without bending
He sweeps my room with his locks.
When he went to the little garden,
to pick jasmine,
He was terrified by a snail.
Then when he sat down in the house
to catch his breath,
A fly drove him out;
and when he stepped up to my little window,
A horsefly stove his head in.
Cursed be all
flies, gnats, horseflies-
And whoever has a sweetheart from the
Maremma!
Cursed be all
flies, gnats, midges-
and whoever, when he kisses,
must bend so low!

My dearest invited me to dine with him

My dearest invited me to dine with him,
And yet had no house
in which to receive me,
Neither wood nor hearth for cooking
or for roasting;
Even the pot had long since broken.
A little cask of wine was also wanting,
And glasses he had none at all in use;
The table was narrow,
the tablecloth no better,
The bread stone-hard,
and utterly dull the knife.

La Bonne Cuisine

Émile Dumont's cookbook

Plum Pudding

Now first you take eleven pounds of juicy Concord grapes combined with equal parts of extra fine Tokays.

Be sure they are juicy; And then you take two cups or so of breadcrumbs into which you melt a pound or so of butter, fat, or lard: (Use Spry or use Crisco.)

Eleven cups of sugar (either white or brown or powdered;)

a glass of milk, and half a glass of Bacardi or brandy; three eggs, and a lemon!

Now mustard, powdered cinnamon, and ginger, all together making half a teaspoonful of condiment which you combine with half a teaspoonful of table salt.

Tavouk Gueunksis

One bracketed phrase updated to reflect a change in derogatory phrasing.

Tavouk gueunksis, [with breast of chicken!]

Put a chicken to boil, young and tender and sweet; then in the Arab manner you slice it up into pieces.

Then boil flour and water, and add to it the chicken; then prepare it as above, in the manner we described for Mahallebi.

Tavouk gueunksis, a Turkish heaven.

Four Recipes

Translated by Bernstein

Ox-tails

Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

You're wrong! For if you have enough of them you'll find you can make a fine ragout.

Remove the tails which you have used to make the stew, and then you can bread them, and grill them, and prepare them with a sauce.

You'll find them delicious and different and so tempting.

Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

Rabbit at Top Speed

When you have a sudden guest, or you're in an awful hurry, may I say, here's a way to make a rabbit stew in no time.

Take apart the rabbit in the ordinary way you do.

Put it in a pot or in a casserole, or a bowl with all its blood and with its liver mashed.

Take half a pound of breast of pork, finely cut (as fine as possible); add little onions with some pepper and salt (say twenty-five or so); a bottle and a half of rich claret.

Boil it up, don't waste a minute, on the very hottest fire.

When boiled a quarter of an hour or more the sauce should now be half of what it was before.

Then you carefully apply a flame, as they do in the best, most expensive cafés.

After the flame is out, just add the sauce to half a pound of butter with flour, and mix them together... and serve.

Program Notes

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759) contributed greatly to all manner of vocal and instrumental genres that existed in his time, yet opera dominated his early compositional years.¹ Though Handel had an affinity for music at an early age, his father pushed him to study law, but after his death, Handel was unrestricted from further musical study. After living and learning in Germany and Italy, he travelled to Great Britain where, in 1710, he was commissioned to compose the first Italian opera specifically designed for London.² In this endeavor, he excelled and his popularity grew quite quickly. With his new fame, a German citizen became a symbol of British compositional achievement. Handel continued his compositional journey with the Royal Academy of Music and in the 1724-25 opera season, he wrote his opera seria *Rodelinda*. The opera is largely considered one of his greatest works with exceptional melodic brilliance and dramatic power that is without parallel in opera of this period.³ This aria, *Tuo Drudo e Mio Rivale* located toward the end of act II of the three act opera, displays the misguided anger of the powerful tenor and throne usurper, Grimoaldo. He looks upon Rodelinda, a woman he has imprisoned and forced into marriage, as she reunites with her true husband, Bertarido and rage fills him. He exclaims to both of them that this will be their last meeting and that he will soon kill Bertarido.

Widely considered the most distinguished composer of *mélodie* since the death of Fauré,⁴ **Francis Poulenc** (1899-1963) was born to a bourgeois family that attained exceptional wealth through their chemical company, Rhône-Poulenc. Living in France, he supported himself independently as a composer and touring concert musician, performing many of his original works with singers like baritone Pierre Bernac. Poulenc lived life in a state of perpetual dualism, publicly spontaneous, charming, and risqué while at the same time inwardly filled with anxiety, insecurity, and suffering from many bouts of depression;⁵ inwardly a devout Catholic and outwardly a confident, proud gay man.⁶ Poulenc's *mélodie* serves a revealing role in displaying the composer's inner turmoil and strife, with most of them expressing many serious emotions. His song cycle, *Tel Jour, Telle Nuit*, is no exception. Through its melancholic display of love songs, Poulenc's cycle explores varied emotional realms and perhaps gives insight into his own difficulties. The poetic material, written by Paul Éluard (1895-1952), represents several distinct collections of the poet's work gathered by Poulenc to construct a cohesive and expressive narrative.⁷ The cycle's most important songs come in its beginning and end, while a few of the other songs--specifically 3, 5, and 8--Poulenc described as more transitional in nature.⁸ The first, *Bonne journée* describes a beautiful day that's light illuminates the spirit and breaks the melancholy with which it began. The loveliness of this day is only enhanced by the ascending lydian scale that frequents the melody and begins each new section of the poem. In the end of the cycle, the final climax of the penultimate movement, *Figure de force brûlante et farouche*, in Poulenc's own words, "make[s] more keenly perceptible the kind of silence that marks the beginning of *Nous avons fait la nuit*."⁹ The final song reinforces the musical phrase of the first, describing the lengths to which one will go for their beloved and the wonder that comes with seeing them change.

¹Hicks, Anthony. "Handel [Händel, Hendel], George Frideric." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 12 Feb. 2021.

²Ibid.

³Ibid.

⁴Chimènes, Myriam, and Roger Nichols. "Poulenc, Francis." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 24 Feb. 2021.

⁵SELLERS, HENRY. "Francis Poulenc and His Sacred Choral Music: POULENC — THE MAN AND THE MUSICIAN." *The Choral Journal* 17, no. 6 (1977): 19-23. Accessed February 13, 2021.

⁶Ibid.

⁷Chimènes, Myriam, and Roger Nichols. "Poulenc, Francis." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 24 Feb. 2021.

⁸Ibid.

⁹Ibid.

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) is regarded as one of the great nationalist Czech composers of the 19th century and the true heir to Smetana.¹ His father, a butcher and innkeeper, Dvořák was the eldest of eight children and received an education in violin, piano, and organ. After beginning his compositional career as a side job to his work as a principal violinist and piano teacher, he became more focused on composition around 1871. In early 1880, Dvořák wrote his seven *Cigánské melodie* ([Romani] Melodies) from poems by Adolf Heyduk (1835-1923) for the Vienna Court Opera tenor, Gustav Walter. This song cycle, as requested by Walter, was originally set to music in German with the translations being done by the poet himself at Dvořák's request.² Only later did Dvořák publish a version in Heyduk's original Czech text,³ a publication decision most likely influenced by the pride Dvořák held for his first language. The seven songs themselves, though representative of the exoticism of the Romani people, are not based on Romani folk melodies, rather they are melodic inventions of Dvořák himself⁴ as a composer fascinated by the romanticization of the Romani. Thematic content, all rooted in Romani othering, ranges greatly within the texts and music, from familial love to passionate dances, and from an inseparable link with nature to the endurance of suffering and the calm acceptance of death. The Romani were a stateless, othered, and subjugated group, easily used as a symbol to portray the plight of other groups or nations. Consequently, a theme of striving for lasting freedom found throughout the cycle serves the dual purpose of exoticizing the perceived unabashed freedom of the Romani people and also expressing a not-so-subtle Czech yearning for independence from Austro-Hungarian rule.⁵ The melodies contain folklore tendencies and many evoke a folk effect with their duple 2/4 time. The fourth, *Když mne stará matka*, is internationally known as a stand-alone piece concerning the lessons an old mother teaches her progeny, including how to sing. Almost always sung in the German or English text, it is distinct to hear the composer's original Czech language and the duple 2/4 and 6/8 time signatures in the voice and piano respectively, give a subtle push and pull to the piece. In the final song, *Dejte klec jestřábu*, two analogies are given, one using a hawk and the other a horse, again connecting the Romani intimately with nature and describing the Romani's "eternal bond with freedom" as the vocal line reaches the climactic end to the cycle.

Single-handedly intensifying the expressive vocabulary of lieder by means of extended tonality,⁶ **Hugo Wolf** (1860-1903) was a musical force to be reckoned with and an impressively skillful Austrian composer. Wolf was the fourth of eight children, his father being a thwarted artist gave him all the more access to educational opportunities in music. Wolf continued to receive a formal education in music, attending the Vienna conservatory where he met a young Gustav Mahler and also becoming a dedicated Wagnerian, a deep lover of Wagner's operas. Though one can hear the influence of Wagner in his lieder's stretching of tonality, one can also hear the great influence of Schubert and Schumann on his writing style. In 1890, Wolf began to compose and compile his *Italienisches Liederbuch*, what would become a two-book collection of anonymous Italian poetry translated by Paul Heyse (1830-1914), a nobel prize winner in the field of literature. These songs had a difficult genesis: seven poems were set at first, but after mental and physical exhaustion along with bouts of depression and throat inflammation, resulting from Wolf's contraction of syphilis, further work was stalled until part way through 1891.⁷ Wolf wrote 15 more songs from November to December of

¹Döge, Klaus. "Dvořák, Antonín." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 19 Feb. 2021.

²Hurwitz, David Hurwitz, Dvořák: Romantic Music's Most Versatile Genius (Amadeus Press, 2005), 123.

³Ibid.

⁴John Clapham, Antonin Dvořák: Musician and Craftsman (Faber and Faber, 1966), 232.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Sams, Eric, and Susan Youens. "Wolf, Hugo." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 23 Feb. 2021.

⁷Ibid.

that year, but depression ensued once again and it was not until four years later, when he wrote 24 songs in the span of five weeks, when he would finally finish this collection based upon translated poetry.¹

There are many ways to perform the pieces contained within the *Liederbuch* as Wolf was never able to attend or instruct a full performance of its entirety.² Five of the 46 songs, including pieces from both the first and second book are included in this recital. Each of the pieces represent a doubly intensified emotional expression, one level coming from the added literary complexity of the German translations as compared with the original Italian and the other level being Wolf's tonal ambiguity and compelling changes in dynamic and tempo. The dark emotions portrayed in *Mein Liebster singt am Haus im Mondenschein* are intentionally and drastically juxtaposed with the comedic, playful, insulting, and lighthearted character of the four other pieces. In the final piece, *Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen* the singer embodies a confused guest whose lover has invited their beloved over for dinner, only to find that their home isn't much of one, the kitchen is lacking, and the wine reserves are nearly depleted.

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990) was an unusually versatile figure in music whose accomplishments range from conducting, composing musical theater and concert works as well as art song, educating through television, and directing the New York Philharmonic.³ The son of Russian Jewish immigrants, Bernstein had no family background in music, but his fascination with it led him to study piano and later put on productions like Bizet's *Carmen* in high school, gender bending the role of lead for himself. He majored in music at Harvard University and his fame grew quickly as a composer and conductor after being offered an assistant conductor position at the New York Philharmonic. Bernstein published his *La Bonne Cuisine*, or *Four Recipes* as he named them in English, in 1947. The text of the recipes comes directly from an actual cookbook, Emile Dumont's *La Bonne Cuisine Française* that was published in 1899. The texts come from various places within the cookbook, *Plum Pudding* comes from the English Dishes while *Tavouk Gueneksis* is located in the Turkish Pastry and Sweets section.⁴ In *Plum Pudding*, the unrelenting speed with which the ingredients are listed would require a ferocious hand to jot down notes of the dish's various components. In *Ox-tails*, the singer asks those listening if they think they might be too proud to serve a delicious oxtail stew. The 5/8 time signature, small grace note flourish, and frequency of accidentals in *Tavouk Gueneksis* serve to make aurally apparent the Turkish exoticism contained in the third piece. In this piece, a certain word is omitted from the beginning phrase of the text, a common practice in this piece to avoid the use of a term with derogatory connotation. The continued inclusion of, "a Turkish heaven," in the end of the piece is a reflection of the historically significant links between this meal and the Turkish people, as it is considered one of their national dishes. In the final song, *Rabbit at Top Speed*, the text and frantic tempo are quite clear, there is not much time, but in a rush or in case of a "sudden guest" this recipe is perfect.

¹Sams, Eric, and Susan Youens. "Wolf, Hugo." *Grove Music Online*. 2001; Accessed 23 Feb. 2021.

²Stokes, R., n.d. Emmanuel Music- Italienisches Liederbuch- Program Notes. Emmanuelmusic.org. Accessed 22 Feb. 2021.

³Laird, Paul R., and David Schiff. "Bernstein, Leonard." *Grove Music Online*. 10 Jul. 2012; Accessed 4 Jan. 2021.

⁴Leonard Bernstein Office. "Leonard Bernstein, *La Bonne Cuisine* 1947." Works | Vocal | Leonard Bernstein. Leonard Bernstein Office, inc. Accessed 16 Jan. 2021.

About the Performer

Patrick Driscoll, a tenor from Portland, Oregon, is a senior at Gonzaga University majoring in music with a concentration in vocal performance and political science with a minor in economics. He is a member of the Gonzaga Concert Choir and Chamber Singers, and has proudly served as the choir's tenor section leader for two years. He is a Gonzaga Choral Ambassador as well as a frequent cantor for St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He is a recipient of the Lyle Moore Scholarship and has twice received the Department of Music Gordon Merwin Scholarship for his achievements and contributions to the music department. In his free time, he also takes pride in serving as the music director and arranger for Gonzaga's a cappella group, BBT. Patrick looks to his last few months at Gonzaga University with excitement and nostalgia and hopes to continue his musical path in some capacity within his professional life.

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