Morgan J.C. Hardy, contralto
Bonnie Bird, piano
Senior Recital

Program Notes and Translations

Identity

Gender Identity:

The Voice
A Castrato is a singer castrated before puberty to preserve the soprano or contralto range of his voice.¹ What made the Castrato voice so popular was the androgynous nature of a man who sounded like a soprano. The intrigue and exoticness of the Castrati is what led Handel to compose many roles for the Castrato voice. George Frideric Handel was born February 23, 1685, Brandenburg-Prussia, and died April 14, 1759, London, England. A German Born English composer of the Baroque era, he is particularly noted for his operas, oratorios, and instrumental compositions.² Early in his career he spent time in Italy where he composed two operas and many Italian solo cantatas. In 1711 Handel traveled to London. His opera Rinaldo just having been performed in London was widely received and so Handel felt the possibility of a prosperous career. Throughout his time in England he composed many more operas, oratorios, and solo compositions. Handel's Serses debuted April 15, 1738 the opera tells the story of a particular time in Persian King Xerxes life who lived from (485-465 BCE).³ “Ombra mai fu” (aka largo) is performed by the title role Xerxes as he expresses his appreciation for the tree's shade. The second piece “Ombra cara” from Radamisto which debuted April 27, 1720. In this three act opera Tiridate falls in love with his sister-in-law Zenobia and makes war against Farasmane, assisted by Tigrane. Farasmane is taken prisoner and his kingdom seized, while Radamisto and Zenobia take refuge in the capital city. Radamisto is taken hostage; he assumes that his love Zenobia is dead and sings “Ombra Cara” as he is struck with grief. They resist countless threats made against the life of the captive Farasmane. Tiridate is defeated but pardoned by Radamisto who is now overjoyed to be reunited with his love Zenobia.⁴

¹ https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/castrato
² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Frideric_Handel
³ https://www.classicfm.com/composers/handel/music/george-frideric-handel-xerxes/
“Frondi tenere… Ombra mai fu” from Serses

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplenda il fato
Tuoni, lampi e procelle
non v’oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Nè giunga a porfanarvi austro rapace!

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile
cara ed amabilie
soave piu.5

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
let fate smile upon you.
Thunder, lightning and storms
never bother your dear peace,
nor may you by blowing rapacious winds.

Never was made
a vegetable
more dear and loving
or gentle

“Ombra cara” from Radamisto

Ombra cara di mia sposa,
deh, riposa e lieta aspetta
la vendetta, che farò!
E poi tosto, ove tu stai,
mi vedrai venire a volo,
e fedel t’abbraccierò.6

Shade dear of my wife,
ah, rest and happily await
the revenge that I will take!
And then soon, where you remain,
me you will see come in flight,
and faithfully I will embrace you

The Women

Gender norms are a consistent theme throughout music history. So often the study of music only consists of male composers, while many female composers are overlooked. Three influential women in music composed behind the shadows of men in their lives, Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, Alma Schindler Mahler, and Clara Schumann. Each of these women are talented composers in their own right. Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847), a virtuoso at piano and composition. She composed over 450 works of music including cantatas, lieder, and instrumental compositions.7 In 1846 Fanny published “Nachtwanderer ” which is the first piece in her Op.7. The song was criticized at publication as it supposedly lacked emotional depth. The second song “Die stille Stadt” by Alma Schindler Mahler (1879-1964) is the first piece of her Fünf Lieder. Each of the pieces in her Fünf Lieder incorporate Alma's personal poetic taste. Alma noted her ability to single out and marry men who had a promise for fame and greatness. She felt that her

5 Translation from https://www.ipasource.com/
6 Translation from https://www.ipasource.com/
7 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fanny_Mendelssohn
purpose was to nurture their talent, not only as a personal muse but to participate in their progress towards fame and fortune. One of the most recognized women in music is Clara Schumann (1819-1896); she is called the breadwinner of her family which is extremely rare for women of this time period. Clara learned to compose at an early age where she also learned how to play piano. She composed many works using the setting of Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866). Her most performed lied “Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen” which is a departure from her other pieces as this lied qualifies as her most impassioned and visceral.

“Nachtwanderer” from *Lieder*, Op.7  
Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,  
da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht  
oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle  
Und hin und her im Tal,  
erwacht die Nachtigall dann wieder  
alles grau und stille.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,  
von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,  
leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen-  
irrst die Gedanken mir,  
mein wirres Singen hier,  
ist wie ein Ruf nur aus Träumen.  
Mein Singen ist ein Rufen,  
ein Ruf nur aus Träumen.

I wander through the still night,  
where often the moon floats so gently  
out from behind the dark clouds.  
And here and there in the valley  
a nightingale awakes but then  
all is gray and still

O magical night song,  
from the distant land of rushing streams,  
the soft rustling in the dark treetops-  
you confuse my thoughts,  
my wild singing here  
is like a call out of dreams.  
My song is a call,  
a call out of dreams.

“Die stille Stadt” from *Fünf Lieder*  
Alma Schindler Mahler (1879-1964)

Leigt eine Stadt im Tale,  
ein blasser Tag vergeht,  
es wird nicht lang mehr dauern,  
bis weder Mond noch Sterne,  
nur Nacht am Himmel steht.

Von allen Bergen drücken  
Nebel auf di Stadt,  

In the valley lies a town,  
a pale day fades away,  
before long there will be  
neither moon nor stars,  
only the night.

From all the mountains  
fog covers the town,

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9 Translation from Leonard, Hal. Women Composers A Heritage of Song. Milwaukee. 2004
es dringt kein Dach noch Hof noch Haus,  
kein Laut aus ihrem Rauch heraus,  
kaum Türme nach und Brücken.  
neither roof, nor courtyard, nor house,  
no sound rises from the thick mist,  
hardly a steeple or a bridge.

Doch als der Wandrer graute,  
da ging ein Lichtlein auf im Grund  
und aus dem Rauch und Nebel  
begann ein Lobgesang  
aus Kindermund.\(^\text{10}\)  
But as the wanderer shivered,  
a little light flashed down below  
and from the mist and fog  
a song of praise was heard  
from children's lips.

“Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen” from Zwölf Gedichte aus Friedrich Rückett’s “Liebesfrühling”  
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,  
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen  
Wie konnt’ ich ahnen,  
daß seine Bahnen  
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?  
He came in storm and rain,  
my anxious heart leapt towards him.  
How could I know  
that his destiny  
would join with mine?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,  
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen  
Nahm er das meine?  
Nahm ich das seine?  
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.  
He came in storm and rain,  
boldly took my heart.  
Did he take mine?  
Did I take his?  
Both drew nearer to one another.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen!  
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.  
Der Freund zieht weiter,  
ich seh’es heiter,  
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.\(^\text{11}\)  
He came in storm and rain!  
Now Springtime’s blessing has come  
my beloved journeys on his way  
I cheerfully watch him leave,  
for he is mine now wherever he goes.

National Identity:

Tonadillas

\(^{10}\) Translation from Leonard, Hal. Women Composers A Heritage of Song. Milwaukee. 2004  
\(^{11}\) Translation from Leonard, Hal. Women Composers A Heritage of Song. Milwaukee. 2004
In western music so often, Spanish compositions are glazed over compared to the large giants of German, French, Italian, English, and Russian. What is so unique about classical Spanish compositions is the focus on rhythm and text. Some of the most notable styles of Spanish music are flamenco, jota, and zarzuela. Enrique Granados (1867-1916) was a self-taught composer. His piano career blossomed where he appeared in recitals, concerto performances, and chamber music. His twelve \textit{Tonadillas} (1910-1911) although not a cycle, are inspired by the romantic love and writings of Francisco Goya. The twelve \textit{Tonadillas} are considered Granados' great contribution to vocal literature. “Amor y odio”, “Callejeo”, and “El majo discreto” are all set by Fernando Periquet (1873-1940), all three of these \textit{Tonadillas} describe the power of love through the eyes of the woman.

\textbf{“Amor y Odio”}

Pensé que yo sabría ocultar la pena mía que por estar en lo profundo no alcanzará a ver el mundo: este amor callado que un majo malvado en mi alma encendió.

Y no fue así porque el vislumbró el pesar oculto en mí
Pero fue en vano que vislumbrará pues el villano mostrarse ajeno de que le amara.

Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora: sentir mi almo llena de amor por quien me olvida
sin que una luz alentadora surja en las sombras de mi vida.\footnote{Translation from Leonard, Hal. Anthology of Spanish Song. Milwaukee. 2001}

I thought that I would know how to hide my sorrow, that being in the depths, it would not reach to see the world.
This quieted love that wicked majo in my soul ignited.
And it wasn't thus because he caught sight of the grief hidden in me.
But it was in vain, he will surmise, since the villain showed himself unaware that I loved him.
And this is the sorrow that I suffer now: to feel my soul full of love for someone who forgets me, without an encouraging light to appear in the shadows of my life.

\textbf{“Callejeo”}

Dos horas ha que callejeo, pero no veo nerviosa ya sin calma, al que le di confiada el alma.

No vi hombre jamás que mintiera más que el majo que hoy me engaña;

Two hours I have been walking the streets, but I don’t see, nervous and without calm, him to whom I gave trusting my soul.
I have never seen someone who lies more than the majo who today tricked me.

\footnote{\url{https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Music_of_Spain#18th_to_20th_centuries}}
\footnote{\textit{Tonadilla} is the diminutive of the Spanish word for song, tonada. Originally it was the term for a strophic song which usually preceded a dance in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century Spanish theatre.}
mas no le ha de valer,
pues siempre fui mujer de maña.
Y si es menester,
correré sin parar tras él, entera España.

But he will find it doesn't matter
since always I was a woman of cunning.
And if it necessary,
I will run without stopping behind him all over Spain.

“El majo discreto”

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

They say my man is ugly.
It is possible that if he is,
that love is desire that blinds and upsets.
For awhile I’ve known a lover doesn’t see.

Mas si no es majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

But if my lover is not a man
that for his beauty stands out and amazes,
but is discrete and keeps a secret
that I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardo?
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies.
¡Eh! ¡Eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!

What is the secret that he kept?
It would all be indiscreet to tell.
Not a little work would it take to know
secrets of a man with a woman.
He was born in Lavapies.
Eh! Eh! He is a majo, a majo is he!

Social and Political Identity:

Cabaret

So often the cabaret was used as a safe haven for individual expression. It is a place for like-minded people to show their art. Over many decades the cabaret was notorious for rumblings of political and social activism. The art is used as a message to speak out against injustice and bigotry. One of the most notable cabaret composers is Kurt Weill (1900-1950), a German born composer who composed many styles of music including opera, cabaret, orchestral works, and chamber music. His most famous opera is The Threepenny Opera where the hit song “Mack the

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17 Cabaret is a form of theatrical entertainment featuring music, song, dance, recitation, or drama. The entertainment, as done by an ensemble of actors and according to its European origins, is often (but not always) oriented towards adult audiences and of a clearly underground nature. In the United States, striptease, burlesque, drag shows, or a solo vocalist with a pianist, as well as the venues which offer this entertainment, are often advertised as cabarets.
“Le Roi d’Aquitaine”

Un canard gris, un canard bleu, un canard blanc…
Le gris marche derrière et le bleu va devant.
C’est le blanc le plus gros, je le vendrai vingt francs.
Le bleu est tout petit, je le vendrai six francs.

Le Roi d’Aquitaine, s’il vient au marché.
Pour servir la Reine, M’enverra chercher,
Le Roi d’Aquitaine me prendra la main.
Tant pis pour la Reine, demain.

Un prince gris, un prince bleu, un prince blanc…
Le blanc a des rubis et le bleu des diamants.
Le gris a sa couronne et son épée au flanc.
Le bleu m’aime le mieux et j’aime mieux le blanc.  

“A grey duck, a blue duck, a white duck…
The grey one walks behind and the blue one in front.
The white one is the biggest, I’ll sell it for twenty francs.
The blue one is very small, I’ll sell it for six francs.

The king of Aquitaine, if he comes to the market, to serve the queen, he’ll send for me. The king of Aquitaine will take my hand. Too bad for the queen, tomorrow.

A grey prince, a blue prince, a white prince…
The white one has rubies and the blue one has diamonds. The grey one has his crown and his sword at his side. The blue loves me best and I love white better.

“Je ne t’aime pas”

Retire ta main, je ne t’aime pas,
Car tu l’as voulu, tu n’es qu’une amie.
Pour d’autres sont fait le creux de tes bras

Take back your hand, I don't love you.
because you wanted it this way, you are only a friend. The hollow of your arms is made

18 https://www.kwf.org/works/marie-galante/
19 http://nyfos.org/kurt-weill-je-ne-taime-pas/
20 Translation from www.lieder.net
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.
Ne me parle pas lorsque c’est le soir,
Trop intimentement, à voix basse même.
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j’aime.

Dis-moi tes amour, je ne t’aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante?
Et s’il t’aimait bien, ou s’il fut ingrat…
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant.

Je n’ai pas pleuré, je n’ais pas souffert,
Ce n’était qu’un rêve et qu’une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.
Conte-moi comment il a pris ton coeur
Et même dis-moi ce qu’on ne peut dire.

Non, tais-toi plutôt… Je suis à genoux
Le feu s’est éteint, la porte est fermée
Ne demande rien, je pleure… C’est tout.
Je ne t’aime pas, ô ma bien-aimée! 21

"Youkali"

C’est presque au bout du monde, Ma barque vagabonde,
Errant au gré de l’onde, M’y conduisit un jour.
L’île est toute petite, Mais la fée qui l’habite
Gentiment nous invite a en faire le tour.

Youkali, C’est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali, C’est le bonheur, C’est le plaisir

for others and your dear kiss, your sleeping head.
When it is evening don’t speak to me,
too intimately, in such a low voice.
Above all, don’t give me your handkerchief:
It contains too much of the perfume that I love.
Tell me of your loves, I don’t love you,
Which hour made you the most intoxicated?
And if she loved you well, or if she was ungrateful…while telling me this, don’t be charming
I haven’t wept, I haven’t suffered,
it was only a dream and foolishness.
It will be enough for me that your eyes are bright, without the evening’s regret, nor melancholy.
It will be enough for me to see your happiness. It will be enough for me to see your smile. Tell me how she captured your heart and also tell me that which one can’t say
No, be silent rather… I am on my knees.
The fire has gone out; the door is closed.
I ask for nothing, I’m crying… That is all.
I don’t love you, oh my beloved!

It’s almost at the end of the world, my vagabonde boat
wandering at will of the wave took me there one day.
The tiny island, but the fae inhabit
It kindly invites us to tour it.

Youkali, it is the land of desires,
Youkali, it is happiness, it is pleasure

21 Translation from https://www.ipasource.com/
Youkali, C’est la terre où l’on quitte tous le soucis,
C’est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie,
L’étoile qu’on suit, C’est Youkali.

Youkali, C’est le respect de tous les voeux échangés, Youkali, C’est le pays des beaux amour partagés, C’est l’espérance Qui est au coeur de tous les humains, La délivrance Que nous attendons tous pour demain,

Mais c’est un rêve, une folie, Il n’y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne, lassante, quotidienne, Mais la pauvre âme humaine, Cherchant partout l’oubli, A, pour quitter la terre, su trouver le mystère, Où nos rêves se terrent en quelque Youkali.²²

Youkali, it is the land where we quit our troubles
It is, in our night, like a clearing,
The star we follow, it is Youkali.

Youkali, it is respect of exchanged wishes,
Youkali, it is the land of beautiful, shared love, It is hope at the heart of all humans,
The delivery that we are waiting for tomorrow

But it is a dream, a folly, there is no Youkali!

And life carries us along tediously, day by day. But the poor human spirit seeks forgetfulness everywhere, attempts to escape the world in order to find the mystery Within our dreams in some Youkali.

My Identity:

Morgan

This set is extremely personal to me and my art. The purpose of this set is to showcase different aspects of my journey to finding my identity as a human in this world and the obstacles I face. The first song being “George” by William Bolcom (b.1938), “George” is about the story of a drag queen who is murdered by a U.S. Navy sailor. What is so fascinating about this piece is that Bolcom uses similar melodic motifs as used in “Un bel di vedremo” from Madame Butterfly by Giacomo Puccini. The second song “For you there is no song” composed by Leslie Adams(b.1932) and the poetry set by Edna St.Vincent Millay expresses the struggle of not being able to openly express your love for someone. Both Adams and Millay are queer and so the text and composition embodies the feeling of not being able to share your love with the world. The third and fourth song take a departure from the realm of classical music and find a home in Musical Theatre. “Reflection” from Mulan by Matthew Wilder speaks about not being happy with what you see in the mirror. “Reflection” asks the question when will, what I feel and think on the inside come to fruition on the outside. As a person of Transgender²³ experience, the text

²² Translation from www.lieder.net
²³ Transgender: of, relating to, or being a person whose gender identity differs from the sex the person had or was identified as having at birth
“Reflection” hits close to home on what it feels like to look at yourself in the mirror and not see what you feel on the inside. To close out my recital I wanted to find a piece that brings everyone together no matter race, sexual orientation, gender, or class. “Somewhere” from *West Side Story* by Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990) is the perfect piece to end this recital. The message I want everyone to leave the recital with is “Somewhere there is a place for us”.

“George”

*William Bolcom* (b.1938)

My friend George used to say
“Oh call me Georgia, hon, get yourself a drink,”
and sang the best soprano in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins,
he sang if you happened in through the door he never locked
and said, “Get yourself a drink,”and sang out loud
till tears fell in the cognac and the choc’late milk in gin
and on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through his open door,
George said, “Stay, but you gotta keep quiet
while I sing and then a minute after.
and call me Georgia.”

One fine day a stranger in a suit of navy blue
Took George’s life with a knife
George had placed beside an apple pie he’d baked
and stabbed him in the middle of “Un bel dì vedremo”
as he sang for this particular stranger
who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.
We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins
in the coffin which was white because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon, get yourself a drink.
“You can call me Georgia, hon, get yourself a drink”
“For you there is no song”  
Leslie Adams (b.1932)

For you there is no song,  
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to sing  
The sound of the strong voice breaking.  
Strange in my hand appears the pen,  
And yours broken  
There are ink and tears on the page.  
Only the tears have spoken.

“Reflection” from Mulan  
Matthew Wilder (b. 1953)

Look at me you may think you see who I really am  
but you’ll never know me.  
Every day it’s as if I play a part  
Now I see if I wear a mask I can fool the world,  
but I cannot fool my heart.

Who is that girl I see, staring straight back at me?  
When will my reflection show who I am inside?

I am now in a world where I have to hide my heart.  
And what I believe in, but somehow  
I will show the world what’s inside my heart  
and be loved for who I am.

Who is that girl I see staring straight back at me?  
Why is my reflection someone I don't know?  
Must I pretend that I’m someone else for all time?  
When will my reflection show who I am inside.

There’s a heart that must be free to fly.  
That burns with a need to know the reason why?

Why must we all conceal what we think, how we feel?  
Must there be a secret me I’m forced to hide?  
I won't pretend that I’m someone else for all time.  
When will my reflection show who I am inside?
“Somewhere” from *West Side Story*

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

There’s a place for us,
somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
wait for us, somewhere.

There’s a time for us,
some day a time for us,
time together with time to spare,
time to learn, time to care.

Some day, somewhere,
we’ll find a new of living
we’ll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere, somewhere…

There’s a place for us,
a time and place for us.
hold my hand and we’re halfway there
hold my hand and I’ll take you there
somehow, some day, somewhere!