University of Delaware School of Music presents:

Zoe Lipkin, soprano
Lydia Bak, piano
April 8th, 2023 3:00 PM
Gore Recital Hall

I. The Dreamer

Solitudini amiche...Zeffiretti lusinghieri
Mozart
from Idomeneo
Aprile

II. The Overthinker

Ploggia
Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)
Auf dem Wasser zu Singen
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
Automne
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

III. The Hopeless Romantic

An Old Flame
Charles Ives
(1874-1954)
Der Nussbaum
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

INTERMISSION

IV. The Star

Stizzoso, mio Stizzoso
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
(1710-1736)
from La Serva Padrona
Mandoline
Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)
Poor Wand’ring One
W.S. Gilbert
(1836-1911)
from The Pirates of Penzance
Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

V. Living Imagination

Pure Imagination
arr. Yumiko Matsuoka
from Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory
opb. Vox One
Transcribed by Zoe Lipkin

Zoe Lipkin, soprano
Leia Gibson, alto
Cole Walker, tenor
Alex Kravchenko, baritone
Ryan Boody, bass

Please silence all devices. Please refrain from taking photos and videos. Please refrain from applauding between songs.
Program Notes

Why “Living Imagination”?

Imagination is fundamental to art and, arguably, to life. Many composers have then, understandably, endeavored to capture some element of it in their writing. In an effort to trace and relate these different takes on imagination, each set is designed to capture a different form of imagination and the songs within each set are meant to epitomize its characterization and energy. First, there’s the Dreamer – the piece of us that latches onto the beauty, wonder, and passion in the world and uses that as a foundation for constructing different possible realities. Then, there’s the Overthinker – the voice inside that urges us to keep looking back and using the past as a guide or, to the other extreme, dive deeply into the details of the present or possible future to try to imagine possible outcomes. The Hopeless Romantic, then, urges a charming light-heartedness and appreciation for nostalgia. Finally, the Star is the version of us that calls us to own the power inside ourselves and not only imagine our reality from that state of empowerment, but to go after that reality. The final piece of this recital is “Pure Imagination” and, beyond its title being a fitting choice for this recital’s theme, I feel it creates a musical space that encapsulates the kind of youthful curiosity and wonder that underlies the richest creativity and most expansive imagination.

Solitudini amiche…Zeffiretti lusinghieri
from Idomeneo

“Zeffiretti Lusinghieri” comes from Idomeneo, an opera which consists of a love triangle between Idomeneo’s son, Idamante, Princess Ilia, and Elettra. “Zeffiretti Lusinghieri” is both Ilia’s passionate confession of her love for Idamante and borderline desperate plea to the forces of nature to secure his loyalty and love in return. These two purposes are captured in the alternation between faster-moving melodic lines that capture the whimsy of her request and more sustained, expansive phrases that capture the all-consuming quality of her lovesickness. The way the poetry animates these forces of nature speaks to the mystical elements of this opera. The dramatic irony of this piece is that Ilia sings it as if she is all alone, but her beloved Idamante is actually nearby.

Solitudini amiche, aure amorose,
Piante fiorite, e fiore vaghi! Udite
D’una infelice amante
I lamenti, che a voi lassa confido,
Quanto il tacer presso al mio vincitore,
Quanto il finger ti costa afflitto core!

Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deh volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch’io l’adoro,
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.

E voi piante, e fior sinceri,
Che ora inaffia il pianto amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.

Friendly solitude, amorous breezes,
Blossoming plants and lovely flowers, hearken
to the laments of an unhappy lover who,
forsaken, confides in you.
How much it costs my afflicted heart to keep silent
and pretend, when close to him who conquered it!

Gently caressing zephyrs.
Oh fly to my beloved
And tell him I adore him
And to keep his heart true to me.

And you plants and tender flowers
Which my bitter tears water,
tell him that you never saw
A love more rare beneath the sky.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Aprile

Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Paolo Tosti was an Italian composer who is remembered as a “master of the ballad.” His work falls within the genre called “la canzone napoletana,” which is a blend of folk and art music. “Aprile” is true to Tosti’s style in that it captures a pleasantness and flow that are entrancing. The melodic and harmonic content of the first and second halves of the song are nearly identical. This makes sense because the poetry itself does not develop in meaning; the piece is more about reflection and savoring a moment in time. The music slows and elongates around the exclamation “It is April! It is the season of love!” which captures the grandness and wonder inherent in such a statement. The 6/8 meter and continuous, rolling nature of the piano paired with the major tonality capture the comfort of a beautiful, sunny spring day. The leisurely stepwise upward motion on the word “fiore” also captures the calm excitement of this time of year.

Pioggia

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

“Pioggia” admires the natural world, its beauty and fragrance, its harmony and equilibrium, and imagines what it would be like to be a plant experiencing all of it firsthand. The vividness of the imagery and sensory descriptions of the rain’s scent and feel and the garden’s colorfulness and fragrance tread the line between reality and fantasy. While being rained on is the literal manifestation of receiving “great renewal from the sky”, this line perhaps also guides listeners to accept help, welcome spirituality, and replenish one’s life source when they feel deflated.

The accompaniment for the majority of the piece (excluding the reflection stanza starting with “Esser”) seems to imitate falling rain in its fluid-like continuity and alternation between different intensities (triads versus arpeggiations), which paints the playfulness and liveliness of rain in a blossoming garden beautifully. Similarly, the accompaniment’s descending chromatic motion on the transition from the rest of the piece to the reflection stanza captures the feeling of dissociating slightly when falling into deep thought. In the same way, the sudden return of the
original accompaniment after that stanza imitates the feeling of snapping back to reality after being deep in thought.

It was raining: through the windows, opened wide
To the respite of the persistent fragrances,
There wafted from the garden cool gusts
Of revived grass and revived flowers.

The tumult of colours calmed down
Beneath the veil of the longed-for droplets;
And around the poplars, the ashes and the laurels
The thirsty clods of earth drank greedily.

Oh, to be a plant! To be a leaf, to be a stem,
And in the anguish of passion (I reflected)
To receive such great renewal from the sky!

Leaning out over the windows! I watched
And watched the bushes, the flowers, the grass,
While the rain beat down on my hair.

Auf dem Wasser zu Singen  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

“Auf dem Wasser zu singen” is a poem by Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg-Stolberg that was set to music by Franz Schubert. Stolberg was a German lyric poet whose work is heavily influenced by the values of the Sturm und Drang and early Romantic periods in composition, which emphasized emotion, the senses, and individualism. These values are evident in the close attention to the details of the speaker’s surroundings and how the speaker relates to the peaceful and faintly melancholic mood they set. Schubert set this piece in 1823, when he was ill and pouring his energies into composition. “Auf dem Wasser zu singen” is a lesser-known work and much smaller scale than some of his other works from this time, but seems to be very relevant to this period of his life because of its reflectiveness on the nature of mortality.

Musically, it is beautifully and cleverly set in the way it flows between Ab minor and the relative major key. The transience of the major key paired with the constancy provided by the strophic form of the piece captures the complexity of being alive. The 6/8 meter and continuous sixteenth notes in the piano part paint the waves of the poem’s setting and emphasize the text’s peaceful reflectiveness.

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen  
Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;  
the rocking boat glides, swan-like,
Ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wellen  
on gently shimmering waves of joy.
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;  
The soul, too, glides like a boat.
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen  
For from the sky the setting sun
tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.  
dances upon the waves around the boat.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines  
Above the tree-tops of the western grove
Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;  
the red glow beckons kindly to us;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines  
beneath the branches of the eastern grove
Säuselt der Kaimus im rötlichen Schein;  
the reeds whisper in the red glow.
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines  
The soul breathes the joy of heaven,
Atmet die Seel’ im errötenden Schein.  
the peace of the grove, in the reddening glow.
Ach, es entschwindet mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Alas, with dewy wings
time vanishes from me on the rocking waves.
Tomorrow let time again vanish with shimmering wings, as it did yesterday and today,
until, on higher, more radiant wings,
I myself vanish from the flux of time.

Automne

Fauré’s setting of this text expresses a bittersweet recollection of the past that leads to heartfelt reckoning with the passage of time. The undulating eighth notes in the piano accompaniment complicate the sense of meter and reflect the song’s grapple with time. The minor tonality, accidentals, and strong bassline presence intensify the melancholic quality of this piece. All of these components create a growing feeling of grief that reaches its climax in the final G# (in the transposed key of C#m), which mimics the effect of a heart-wrenching wail or sigh. The piece ends with a sense of mournful acceptance of life’s finite nature.

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux_ horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux_ aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l’eau du torrent,
Tes jours fai ts de mé lancolie.
Sur l’aile des regrets mes_ esprits_ emportés,
Comme s’il se pouvait que notre âge renaissa !
Parcourent,_ en rêvant, les coteaux_ enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse !
Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter_ à mes_ yeux des larmes, qu’en mon coeur,
Mes vingt_ ans avaient_ oubliées !

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
flow past like a torrent.
My thoughts borne on the wings of regret
- As if our time could ever be relived!-
Dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes,
Where my youth once used to smile!
In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory,
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets,
And tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart,
at twenty had already forgotten!

An Old Flame

While Ives’ compositional style is generally saturated with dissonance in the form of polytonal harmony, tone clusters, and microtonal intervals, among other unconventional features, “An Old Flame” is uncharacteristically tame. It maintains a stable sense of tonic and is neither rhythmically nor melodically “adventurous.” The piece evokes feelings of longing that are earnest and pleasant, as opposed to ravaging and passionate. This is suggested by the major tonality, romantic rolling chords, and lulling quality of the accompaniment and 6/4 meter. These elements create a dreamy and nostalgic effect, not one of anguish and regret. For this reason, it seems that Ives is developing the narrative of someone reflecting on a past crush. This context would allow the speaker to feel both continued love and a sense of peace in reflecting on what she wishes could have been.
When dreams enfold me,
Then I behold thee,
See thee, the same loving sweetheart of old.
Through seasons gliding,
Thou art abiding
In the depths of my heart untold;
For I do love thee,
May God above his guarding care unfold.
Ah! could I meet thee,
And have thee greet me,
Come to me,
Stand by me,
Love me as yore,
Sadness outdone then,
New life would come then,
Such joy never known before;
For I do love thee,
May God above thee,
Bless thee ever more,
God bless thee!
Love, Bless thee! Love.

Der Nussbaum

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Schumann included the setting of this poem in his song cycle “Myrthens” that he wrote for his wife, Clara, as a wedding gift. The text tells the story of a young girl falling asleep to the whispers of two nut tree blossoms about a maiden’s dreams of marriage. Schumann does a beautiful job of capturing this text’s dreamy, pleasant ambience with harp-like piano accompaniment, a soaring vocal line, and what one source accurately describes as a “meditative melody”. His setting reflects the calm and contentment of time in nature and of daydreaming. The repetition of various melodic motifs makes the storytelling feel more youthful and playful. There are more layers to this text than meets the eye at first. One is that nature is the epitome of love since the blossoms themselves are caressing and providing companionship to each other. The other is that we can find clarity and hope in the simplest of places if we listen closely – even in a gentle breeze.

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,
Duftig,
Luftig,
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d’ran,
Linde
Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfah'n.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend,
Beugend,

A nut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly,
Airily,
It spreads its leafy boughs.

Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle
Winds
Come to caress them tenderly.

Paired together, they whisper,
Inclining,
Bending
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.
Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das
Dächte
Die Nächte
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.
Sie flüstern—wer mag verstehen so gar
Leise
Weis’?
Flüstern von Bräut’gam und nächstem Jahr.
Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend,
Während
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

Gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.
They whisper of a maiden who
Dreamed
For nights
And days of, alas, she knew not what.
They whisper—who can understand
So soft
A song?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
Yearning,
Musing,
She drifts smiling into sleep and dreams.

Stizzoso, mio Stizzoso
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi
from La Serva Padrona
(1710-1736)

La Serva Padrona, “The Maid Turned Mistress,” tells the story of Serpina, a servant who manipulates her rich, and admittedly grumpy, master into realizing he loves her and ultimately marrying her. “Stizzoso, mio Stizzoso” is Serpina’s aria and captures her cleverness and command of the situation. The major key and insertion of short bursts with the repetition of “ma” (“but”), “no/non” (“no”/“none”), and “zit” (“SHH!”) create an energetic, playful, and mischievous effect. These qualities are bolstered by the alternation between legato passages and staccato sections and the piece’s markedly wide range. Part of the piece’s humor is that it almost feels like make-believe since, during this time, women would never have had the power Serpina claims here, but Serpina makes clear that if anyone is under any illusions in this situation, it is most certainly her master.

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso,
voi fate il berioso,
ma no, ma non vi può giovare;
bisogna al mio divieto
star cheto cheto,
e non parlate,
زيت... زيت...
Serpina vuol cosi...
زيت... زيت...
Serpina vuol cosi...
Cred’io che m'intendete, si,
che m'intendete, si,
dacchè mi conoscete
son molti e molti di.

Irascible, my irascible
You behave with arrogance.
But no! It won't help your position.
You must stay to my prohibitions
and keep silent,
and not talk!
Shut up!...Shut up!...
These are Serpina's commands.
Shut up!...Shut up!...
These are Serpina’s commands.
Now, I think you have understood
Yes, you have captured the message,
Because it's already been a long time
that I made acquaintance with you.
Mandoline  
Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

The text of “Mandoline” was drawn from French Symbolist poet Paul Verlaine’s 1869 poetry collection *Fêtes galantes*. The collection evokes images of ghostly characters dancing and “Harlequins and Columbines [that] jump, turn, and waltz in melancholic parks, around majestic fountains, and ‘Sous les ramures chanteuses’ (under fluttering boughs) in quest of a heavenly place which perpetually fades away.” This piece in particular was inspired by a series of Jean-Antoine Watteau’s paintings that depict the elegant picnics of 18th century nobility. Debussy captures the depth of the exquisite, imaginary world “Mandoline” describes beautifully in his blend of a fast and playful tempo with an unusual and highly chromatic melodic line. The prominent use of accidentals disrupts the sense of tonic and, in turn, adds to the sense of mystery and elusiveness. The repetitive pattern of the accompaniment also captures the dancing one might observe in this setting.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Les donneurs de sérénades</th>
<th>The gallant serenaders</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Et les belles écouteuses</td>
<td>and their fair listeners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Échangent des propos fades</td>
<td>exchange sweet nothings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sous les ramures chanteuses.</td>
<td>beneath singing boughs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C’est Tireis et c’est Aminte,</td>
<td>Tiris is there, Aminte is there,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et c’est l’éternel Clitandre,</td>
<td>and tedious Clitandre too,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et c’est Damis qui pour mainte</td>
<td>and Damis who for many a cruel maid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.</td>
<td>writes many a tender song.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leurs courtes vestes de soie,</td>
<td>Their short silken doublets,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leurs longues robes à queues,</td>
<td>their long trailing gowns,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leur élegance, leur joie</td>
<td>their elegance, their joy,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et leurs molles ombres bleues</td>
<td>and their soft blue shadows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tourbillonnent dans l’extase</td>
<td>Whirl madly in the rapture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D’une lune rose et grise,</td>
<td>of a grey and roseate moon,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et la mandoline jase</td>
<td>and the mandolin jangles on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parmi les frissons de brise.</td>
<td>in the shivering breeze.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Poor Wand’ring One**  
from *The Pirates of Penzance*  
W.S. Gilbert  
(1836-1911)  
Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

*Pirates of Penzance* is a lively comic operetta and the flirty “Poor Wand’ring One” is no exception to its humorous, light-hearted nature. The leading lady, Mabel, sings this piece as an extension of sympathy and mock pity when she meets Frederic, a pirate whom her friends have not received so kindly. Mabel’s arias, “Poor Wand’ring One” included, are characterized by an abundance of light, coloratura writing for a high soprano that playfully exaggerates some staples of the opera tradition. The runs throughout this piece consist of extended passages of staccati in a soprano’s upper register, which create an atmosphere of playfulness. The piece as a whole feels carnival-like with its distinctly major tonality, circularity, and boom-chuck-chuck accompaniment, which only adds to the piece’s vibrancy, humor, and slight detachment from
reality. The end of the piece is the epitome of all that precedes it because it stretches out the suspense of high notes with extended runs and leaps to an extent that borders on absurdity.

Poor wand'r'ing one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wand'r'ing one!
Poor wand'r'ing one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind-
Why, take it, it is thine!

Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart—take mine!

**Pure Imagination**
from *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*

arr. Yumiko Matsuoka
opb. Vox One
Transcribed by Zoe Lipkin

In Matsuoka’s take on this classic, she trades in the simplicity of Gene Wilder’s musing solo vocal line for the richness of a dissonance-laden and jazz-inspired five-voice arrangement. Even with this bolder texture, the curiosity and earnestness of the original are not lost. Matsuoka’s ear training chops, which she now puts to work as a professor at Berklee College of music, come through in her strategic layout of voices, where she staggers entrances and has voices join in spontaneous duets with the soloist throughout. There are also moments of rest and complete silence between sections, which is something that is very true to the original. Matsuoka also has the arrangement start out sparser, bloom, and then fade back to a sparser texture over the course of the piece, which follows the same trajectory of the original; the key difference here being that the original used an orchestra to fill out the energy of the middle section, whereas Matsuoka relies strictly on the activity of the vocal lines to do so. All of these features evoke a similar sense of whimsical suspense and secrecy to that which Gene Wilder develops in his original portrayal of Willy Wonka in the 1971 film.

---

Come with me
And you’ll be
In a world of pure imagination
Take a look
And you’ll see
Into your imagination
We'll begin
With a spin
Traveling in
The world of my creation

What we'll see
Will defy
Explanation
If you want to view paradise
Simply look around and view it
Anything you want to, do it
Want to change the world?
There's nothing to it

There is no
Life I know
To compare with pure imagination
Living there
You'll be free
If you truly wish to be