

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

by

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ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

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INTRODUCTION

Early in 2012 I had finished my junior voice recital and was casting about for ideas for my senior recital. I planned to unite my Honors project with my recital, and it made sense to have a unifying theme: a concept around which to build a collection of pieces into a cohesive whole. I had vacillated between several ideas: What about doing only songs about love? Too generic. How about a Schubert song cycle to honor my interest in German poetry? Too narrow. What about songs about death? Too depressing. How about pieces about men pining after their unobtainable love? Too tenor. While I was pondering this question I continued working on repertoire, particularly Butterworth's *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, which follows the story of a young man in the flower of his youth who goes off to war and never returns, at least not physically. As I was memorizing the poems a familiar phrase popped into my head: "All's fair in love and war."

I thought nothing of it at first. It seemed both too specific and broad at once: how many songs can there be about the relationship between love and warfare? But it never left my head. Finally I brought it to my teacher, suggesting it as my theme with the *Shropshire Lad* forming my centerpiece to a recital program. He thought it an excellent idea and we began selecting repertoire. To my surprise we soon had a long list of potential candidates and began narrowing it down to the works I would perform on my recital. They were all selected to give as varied a look as possible at the nuances of the phrase "All's fair in love and war". The following translations, research, and interpretations appeared in my program notes, including my rationale for choosing each work.

Erik Danielson Senior Recital

Dall'ondoso periglio from *Giulio Cesare*
by George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)

Die beiden Grenadiere
by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Adieu, mein kleiner Gardeoffizier
by Robert Stolz (1880-1975)

Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib
by Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Noël des enfants qui nont plus des maisons
by Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Priez pour Paix
by Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Intermission

Hai già vinta la causa from *Le nozze de Figaro*
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad
by George Butterworth (1885-1916)

- I. *Loveliest of Trees*
- II. *When I was One-and-Twenty*
- III. *Look Not in my Eyes*
- IV. *Think no more, Lad*
- V. *The Lads in their Hundreds*
- VI. *Is my Team Ploughing*

Last Letter Home
by Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Dall'ondoso periglio from *Giulio Cesare*

by George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)

Text by Nicola Francesco Haym (1678-1729)

Dall'ondoso periglio salvo mi porta al lido il mio propizio fato. Qui la celeste Parca non tronca ancor lo stame alla mia vita! Ma dove andrò? e chi mi porge aita?	From the dangerous waves I am brought safely to the beach by my favorable fate. Here the heavenly Fate has not yet ended the thread of my life! But where shall I go? and who will give me aid?
Ove son le mie schiere? Ove son le legioni, che a tante mie vittorie il varco apriro?	Where are my troops? Where are the legions, who opened the way to so many of my victories?
Solo in queste erme arene al monarca del mondo errar conviene? Aure, deh, per pietà spirate al petto mio, per dar conforto, oh dio! al mio dolor. Dite, dov'è, che fa l'idol del mio sen, l'amato e dolce ben di questo cor. Ma d'ogni intorno i' veggio sparse d'arme e d'estinti l'infortunate arene, segno d'infausto annunzio al fin sarà.	Alone on these deserted sands must the monarch of the world wander? Breezes, ah, for pity's sake breathe on my breast, to give comfort, oh God! to my sorrow. Tell me where she is and what is the goddess of my heart doing, the beloved and sweet love of my heart. But all about me I see weapons and bodies strewn on these wretched sands, a sign of the ominous news that is yet to come.
Aure, deh, per pietà...	

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altered by Erik Danielson)

Handel wrote *Giulio Cesare* in 1724, about 12 years after moving to England. It is one of three operas he composed in a 12-month period between 1724-1725 for his opera company the “Royal Academy of Music”. In this scene, which occurs early in the third act, Cesare awakes on a beach, having been shipwrecked after fleeing for his life.

He wanders the beach mourning the loss of his armies and wondering what to do next. A sudden breeze reminds him of his beloved Cleopatra, and he begs for news of her from the wind. This scene is a quintessential pairing of love and war; in the midst of a war over the succession to the rule of Egypt Cleopatra and Cesare have fallen in love, changing the course of an entire war. Yet here we see some of the consequences of that: Cesare sees his soldiers surrounding him, broken and destroyed, and he is separated from his love by the course of the war. While a castrato historically plays this role, it can today be played by a mezzo-soprano, a countertenor, or a bass-baritone. I believe a bass-baritone most accurately reflects the idea of the role: the castrati had very high ranges but also a huge amount of power, more so than nearly any modern countertenor, and at the time it was a very powerful sound. Today we simply don't equate that kind of sound with strength and masculinity, and for that reason I believe it is stylistically justified to use a bass-baritone in that role. At the same time, in the interest of historical accuracy, using a countertenor or mezzo to most nearly approach the sound that Cesare would have originally used is also perfectly valid.

Die beiden Grenadiere

by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Composed in 1840

Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadiere;
grenadiers;
die waren in Russland gefangen,
und als sie kamen in's deutsche Quartier,

sie liessen die Köpfe hangen,
da hörten sie beide die traurige Mähr:
dass Frankreich verloren gegangen,

To France were marching two
who had been captured in Russia,
and when they came to the German
quarter
they let their heads hang,
there they both heard the tragic news:
that France was lost,

**besiegt und geschlagen
 das tapfere Heer
 und der Kaiser gefangen.
 Da weinten zusammen die Grenadier',
 wohl op der kläglichen Kunde;
 der Eine sprach: "Wie weh wird mir,
 wie brennt meine alte Wunde!"
 Der And're sprach: "Das Lied ist aus,
 auch ich möcht mit dir sterben,
 doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus,
 die ohne mich verderben."
 "Was schert mich Weib was schert mich Kind,
 ich trage weit bess' res verlangen.
 Lass sie betteln geh'n wenn sie hungrig sind:
 mein Kaiser gefangen.
 Gewähr mir, Bruder, eine Bitt':
 wenn ich jetzt sterben werde,
 so nimm meine Leiche nach Frankreich mit,
 begrab mich in Frankreich's Erde;
 das Ehrenkreuz am rothen Band
 sollst du auf's Herz mir legen,
 die Flinte gieb mir in die Hand,
 und gürt mir um den Degen.
 So will ich liegen und horchen still,
 wie eine Schildwach' im Grabe,
 bis einst ich höre Kanonnengebrüll
 und wiehernder Rosse Getrabe;
 dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab,
 viel Schwerter klirren und blitzen,
 dann steig' ich gewaffnet hervor
 aus dem Grab,
 den Kaiser zu schützen!"**

besieged and stricken was
 the entire army
 and the Emperor taken.
 There wept together the grenadiers,
 from the mournful tidings;
 One said: "How much I hurt,
 how my old wound burns!"
 The other said: "The song is over,
 also I would like to die with you,
 but I have a wife and child at home,
 who cannot survive without me."
 "What care I for a wife, what care I
 for a child?
 I have a much better longing.
 Let them go begging if they're hungry:
 My Emperor has been captured!
 Swear to me, brother, a favor:
 when I die soon,
 then take my body to France
 with you,
 bury me in France's earth;
 the iron cross on the red ribbon
 should you lay over my heart,
 the gun put in my hand,
 and gird around me the sword.
 Thus will I lie and listen quietly,
 like a watchman in the grave,
 till I hear cannon fire,
 and whinnying horses charging,
 then rides my Emperor right
 over my grave,
 many swords flashing and clashing,
 then will I climb armed
 from the grave,
 the Emperor to protect!"

Translation by Erik Danielson

Heinrich Heine wrote this text in reference to the fanatical loyalty of the soldiers who followed Napoleon Bonaparte. While it is sometimes taken at face value, as a purely nationalistic statement of undying loyalty to a leader, I view it somewhat differently. Heine is famous for his satirical wit, not often meaning what he seems to say

on the surface, which would be enough to throw some doubt in the interpretation. Even more striking, though, is the piano portion included by Schumann at the end of the piece. It seems almost corny and self aware without continuing the bluster and bombast of the vocal line, which finishes with the famous *Marseilles* theme to further hammer home the nationalistic fervor. I believe this text, and through extension, this piece, is a critique of the fanaticism of the soldiers of Napoleon, with an extreme devotion even over their duty to their families. Indeed, one of the soldiers says he would rather die and wait for Napoleon to need him again than go home to his family; saying “If they’re hungry let them go begging”. Robert Schumann set this text in 1840, in the midst of his most prolific period of writing lieder. I chose this piece because of the love it shows between a soldier and his commander, which can even (tragically in this case) overshadow the love between that man and his family. In war, a commander must have the respect of his men, but a leader that is loved, especially with this kind of devotion, is truly to be feared.

Adieu, mein kleiner Gardeoffizier

by Robert Stolz (1880-1975)

Text by Walter Reisch (1903-1983)

<p>Und eines Tages mit Sang und Klang, da zog ein Fähnrich zur Garde, ein Fähnrich jung und voll liechtsinn und schlank, auf der Kappe die gold'ne Kockarde. Da stand die Mutter vor ihrem Sohn, hielt seine Hände umschlungen, schenkt ihm ein kleines Medaillon, und sagt zu ihrem Jungen: Adieu, mein kleiner Gardeoffizier, adieu, adieu, und vergiß mich nicht. Adieu, mein kleiner Gardeoffizier,</p>	<p>And one day with drums and pipes, an ensign was drawn to the Guard, an ensign young, reckless, and slim, on his cap were the golden cockades. There stood his mother before her son, wringing her hands, she gave him a little medallion, and said to her boy: Adieu, my little Guard officer, adieu, adieu, and don't forget me. Adieu, my little Guard officer,</p>
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**adieu, adieu, sei das Glück mit dir.
 Steh' gerade, kerzengrade,
 lache in den Sonnentag,
 was immer geschehen auch mag.
 Hast du Sorgenmienen,
 fort mit ihnen!
 für trübsal sind andere da
 Adieu, mein kleiner Gardeoffizier,
 adieu, adieu, und vergiß mich nicht.
 Und eines Tages, um neun Uhr früh,
 als er aus Traumén erwachte,
 da stand auf der Hauptplatz
 die ganze Compagnie,
 und sie wartet seit dreivier tel achte.
 Aus blauen Augen so tief und schön,
 erstaunte Blikke ihn trafén,
 er sagte "Liebling, ich muss geh'n!"
 Da sagt' sie noch ganz verschlafen:
 (Refrain)
 Und eines Tages war alles aus,
 es ruhtén endlich die Waffen;
 man schickte alle Soldaten nach Haus,
 einen neuen Beruf sich zu schaffen.
 Die alte Garde stand müd' und bleich
 um ihren Marschall im Kreise,
 man blies den letzten Zapfenstreich,
 und der Marschall sagte leise:
 (Refrain)**

adieu, adieu, may Luck be with you.
 Stand up straight, straight as a candle,
 laugh in the sunny days,
 enjoy whatever happens.
 Do you have worried glances,
 away with them!
 Troubles are for others.
 Adieu, my little Guard officer,
 adieu, adieu, and don't forget me.
 And one day, about nine in the morning,
 as he was waking from his dreams,
 there stood in the plaza
 the whole Company,
 and they had waited since half past eight.
 From blue eyes so deep and lovely,
 an astonished glance met his,
 he said, "Darling, I must go!"
 Then she said very sleepily:

And one day all was over,
 finally the weapons were silenced;
 they sent all the soldiers home
 to seek a new profession.
 The old Guard stood tired and pale
 around the Marshal in a circle,
 someone blew the last Taps
 and the Marshal said softly:

Translation by Erik Danielson

This piece was written in 1930, and used in Stolz' operetta *Die lustige Weiber von Wien*. Robert Stolz was heavily involved in writing music for the cabaret, and that influence shows through in this piece. He wrote this piece while living in Berlin, during a period in which he wrote many pieces for use in films. He moved back to Vienna after the rise of Nazi Germany, then Zürich, then Paris where he was briefly interned as an "enemy alien". After his release in 1940, he joined many other German and Austrian artists in New York for several years before returning to Vienna where he remained till his death. The text is a story about a young ensign, seen from three different

viewpoints: his mother, his lover, and his commanding Marshal. We begin with the mother wringing her hands in worry over sending off her son to war, and begs him to be lucky, be brave, and not to forget her. Then in the second verse, the young man awakes next to his lover, and suddenly realizes he is late for the assembly in the plaza. As he rushes off his still sleepy lover wishes him farewell and tells him not to forget her. Then we skip forward to the end of the war, and the young man is older, tired, and pale, standing in the circle around his Marshal one last time. The older man is watching his boys, those who survived, go off to their homes to find new professions and gives them one last command to keep their heads up, enjoy the good times, and never forget their brothers in arms. The ending is bittersweet in an unusual way: often in songs following a young man into war the ending occurs at the death of the young man, but I don't interpret this as such. Yet, even though the young man has survived, he has many friends who didn't, and even those who did may never see one another again after heading back to their homes. There are never truly happy stories in war, even when the main character does come home. I chose this piece because it shows the effect of war on the love between a boy and his mother, a man and his lover, and the fraternal love between men on the battlefield.

Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib?

by Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)

Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib?	And what did the soldiers wife receive?
aus der alten Hauptstadt Prag?	from of the old city of Prague?
Aus Prag bekam sie die Stöckelschuh,	From Prague she received stilleto shoes,
einen Gruß und dazu die Stöckelschuh,	a greeting and then the stilleto shoes,
das bekam sie aus der Stadt Prag.	she received from the city of Prague.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib?	And what did the soldiers wife receive?

aus Oslo über dem Sund?	from Oslo on the sound?
Aus Oslo bekam sie das	From Oslo she received a
Kräglein aus Pelz, hoffentlich gefällt's,	little fur collar, hopefully it suits her,
das Kraglein aus Pelz,	the fur collar that
das bekam sie aus Oslo am Sund.	she received from Oslo on the sound.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib	And what did the soldiers wife receive?
aus dem reichen Amsterdam?	from rich Amsterdam?
Aus Amsterdam bekam sie den Hut,	From Amsterdam she received a hat,
und er steht ihr gut,	and it suits her well,
der holländische Hut	the Dutch hat
den bekam sie aus Amsterdam.	that she received from Amsterdam.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib?	And what did the soldiers wife receive?
aus Brüssel im belgischen Land?	from Brussels in Belgian country?
Aus Brüssel bekam sie	From Brussels she received
die seltenen Spitzen, ach,	the rarest lace, ah
das zu besitzen die belgischen Spitzen,	to own the Belgian lace
die bekam sie aus belgischem Land.	that she received from the Belgian country.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib	And what did the soldiers wife receive
aus der Lichterstadt Paris?	from the City of Light, Paris?
Aus Paris bekam sie das seidene Kleid.	From Paris she received a silk dress.
Zu der Nachbarin Neid das seidene	To the neighbors envy a silk
Kleid das bekam sie aus Paris.	dress she received from Paris.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib	And what did the soldiers wife receive
aus dem südlichen Bukarest?	out of southern Bucharest?
Aus Bukarest bekam sie das Hemd,	From Bucharest she received a dress,
so bunt und so fremd, das rümanische	so colorful and exotic, the Romanian
Hemd, das bekam sie aus Bukarest.	dress she received from Bucharest.
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib	And what did the soldiers wife receive
aus dem weiten Russenland?	from white Russia?
Aus Russenland bekam sie	From Russia she received
den Witwenschleier.	a widow's veil,
Zu der Totenfeier den Witwenschleier,	for the funeral a widow's veil,
das bekam sie aus Russenland.	she received from Russia.

Translation by Erik Danielson

This piece was written in 1943, actually in support of the American war effort. Weill was born and raised in Germany, but left with the great exodus of Jewish artists and public figures during the rise of the Nazi party. This piece was broadcast into Germany as a propaganda piece, reminding the German women of the price they were paying. One interesting feature of this piece is the accompaniment: it is very stark and

ominous, full of power and threat, until the very last verse, when it breaks into the parallel major and sounds downright cheerful. Yet it is in that very verse where the listener discovers the woman's husband has died on the battlefield in Russia, making Weill's feelings on the news very clear. I chose this piece because it deals with the classic archetypal impact war has on love (the newlywed wife left at home while her husband risks his life in battle) but with a twist: what if the soldier were fighting for an evil cause? Yet the impact is in no way lessened on the wife he left behind, and this song brings that home strongly.

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons

by Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Text by Claude Debussy

**Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
 Les ennemis ont tout pris,
 Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
 Ils ont brûlé l'école
 et notre maître aussi.
 Ils ont brûlé l'église
 et monsieur Jésus Christ!
 Et le vieux pauvre
 qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!
 Bien sûr! papa est à la guerre,
 Pauvre maman est morte
 Avant d'avoir vu tout ça.
 Qu'est-ce que l'on va faire?
 Noël! petit Noël! n'allez pas chez eux,
 N'allez plus jamais chez eux,
 Punissez les!
 Vengez les enfants de France!
 Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes,
 Et les petits Polonais aussi!
 Si nous en oublions, pardonnez nous.
 Noël! Noël! surtout, pas de joujoux,
 Tâchez de nous redonner**

Our houses are gone!
 The enemy has taken everything
 including our little bed!
 They have burned the school
 and our schoolmaster too.
 They have burned the church and
 Lord Jesus Christ!
 And the poor old man
 who could not escape!
 Of course, Papa has gone to war,
 Poor Mama is dead
 before she had to see all this.
 What then is one to do?
 Christmas! Father Christmas! Don't ever go
 to their house,
 don't ever go again to their house.
 Punish them!
 Avenge the children of France!
 The little Belgians, the little Serbs
 and the little Poles, too!
 If we have forgotten any, forgive us.
 Christmas! Christmas! Above all, do not
 bring toys,
 Try to bring us our daily bread again.

le pain quotidien.

**Noël! écoutez nous,
nous n'avons plus de petits sabots:
Mais donnez la victoire aux
enfants de France!**

Christmas, listen to us,
our little wooden shoes are gone:
but grant victory to the children of France!

(Literal translation and IPA transcription © 2007 by Bard Suverkrop—

altered by Erik Danielson)

This is the last song Debussy ever wrote, penned to his own text on the night before his first operation for the cancer that eventually ended his life two years later. He wrote it in a furious response to the German invasion of France during World War I. When corresponding with a friend about the piece, he wrote: "I want this piece to be sung with the most discreet accompaniment. Not a word of this text must be lost, inspired as it is by the rapacity of our enemies. It is the only way I have to fight the war." I chose this piece because it shows some of the unintended consequences of the brutality of war and the love a man holds for children he has not even met, and for the country that has been so ravaged by foreign invaders.

Priez pour Paix

by Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Text by Charles D'Orleans (1394-1465)

**Priez pour paix, Douce Vierge Marie,
Reyne des cieulx et du monde maîtresse,**

**Faites prier, par vostre courtoisie,
Saints et Saintes, et prenez vostre adresse
Vers vostre Fils, Requerant sa haultesse
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder,
Que de son sang a voulu racheter**

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of Heaven and Mistress
of the world.

make, through your courtesy,
all the saints to pray and address
your son, beseeching his Highness
to look upon his people,
whom with his blood he
wished to redeem,

**En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser.
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix
Le vray trésor de joye.**

by banishing all disrupting war.
Do not tire of praying.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

(Literal translation and IPA transcription © 2008 by Bard Suverkrop—

altered by Erik Danielson)

This text comes from a medieval poet who was the Duke of Orleans. He spent nearly 25 years as a prisoner of war, where he wrote most of the more than 500 extant poems he produced. He was captured in the battle of Agincourt and held in various castles throughout England, but was not eligible to be ransomed as was customary, because he was in the line for the French throne and considered too important to release. This poem with strong Catholic themes is a plea to the Virgin Mary to intercede with her Son and beg Him to bring an end to the seemingly endless wars that plague mankind. Poulenc set this text in 1938, just as the world was hurtling headlong towards the largest and most destructive war in history. I chose this piece because it shows a man pleading with Mary and Jesus, for the sake of the love they bear for mankind, to bring an end to war. It asks why God can allow us to destroy one another yet still love us: an ancient question with which we struggle to this day.

Hai già vinta la causa from *Le nozze de Figaro*

by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte (1739-1848)

Hai già vinta la causa! Cosa sento?
hear?

You have already won the case?! What do I

In qual laccio cadea?

In what trap have I fallen?

Perfidi! Io voglio di tal modo punirvi...

Treacherous ones! I want a way to
punish-you...

A piacer mio la sentenza sarà.

The sentence will be at my pleasure.

Ma s'ei pagasse la vecchia pretendente?

But if he repays the old plaintiff?

**Pagarla! In qual maniera?
 E poi v'è Antonio
 che a un incognito Figaro ricusa
 di dare una nipote in matrimonio.
 Coltivando l'orgoglio
 di questo mentecatto..
 Tutto giova a un raggiro...
 Il colpo è fatto!
 Vedrò mentr'io sospiro
 felice un servo mio?
 E un ben che invan desio,
 ei posseder dovrà?
 Vedrò per man d'amore
 unita a un vile oggetto
 chi in me destò un affetto,
 che per me poi non ha?
 Ah no! lasciarti in pace
 non vo' questo contento!
 tu non nascesti, audace!
 per dare a me tormento!
 e forse ancor per ridere
 di mia infelicità.
 Già la speranza sola delle vendette mie
 quest'anima consola, e giubilar mi fa.**

Pay her! In what way?
 And then there's Antonio,
 who would refuse a nobody like Figaro,
 to give his niece in marriage.
 Let's cultivate the pride of this imbecile...
 Everything benefits by a trick...
 The die is cast!
 Shall I see while I breathe
 happy a servant mine?
 And he should possess the treasure
 that I in vain desire?
 Shall I see her joined by the hand of love
 in marriage to a base servant,
 she who in me awakened a tender feeling,
 a feeling that she does not have for me?
 Ah no! I won't give you the satisfaction
 of leaving you in peace!
 You were not born
 to cause me such torment!
 and perhaps even to laugh at
 my unhappiness.
 Already the hope of my revenge
 consoles my soul and causes me to rejoice.

(Literal translation © by Bard Suverkrop—IPA Source, LLC- altered by Erik Danielson)

Lorenzo Da Ponte frequently collaborated with Mozart, writing the libretti for his three most famous operas: *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte*. Da Ponte derived his libretto from a play by Beaumarchais, who was a revolutionary author and champion of social justice in France. His three Figaro plays may have had some impact on the early stirrings of the French Revolution. In this scene, which occurs early in act 3, Count Almaviva has just learned that the girl he wants to claim by the *droit du seigneur* (Susanna) thinks she will outwit him and that she and Figaro (Almaviva's servant) will run off to get married. He is furious at this perceived treachery and vows that they will not escape his plans. Mozart wrote this opera in 1786, the first of the three collaborations with Da Ponte. In this piece we explore a different

kind of warfare: class warfare. On the one hand we have the Count, the very definition of the manipulative, self-pleasing, and oppressive upper class, trying to enforce his lusts and desires on a member of a lower, more vulnerable class. On the other hand, we have Figaro and Susanna, two servants in love with each other who try to fend off the powerful Count. This was a hallmark of Beaumarchais and many other populist writings of the time: the clever servants outwitting the wealthy but not entirely aware aristocrats.

Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad

by George Butterworth (1885-1916)

Text by Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)

I. Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

II. When I was One-and-Twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard him say again,
 "The heart out of the bosom
 Was never given in vain;
 'Tis paid with sighs aplenty,
 And sold for endless rue."
 And I am two-and-twenty,
 And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

III. Look not in my Eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
 They mirror true the sight I see
 And there you find your face too clear
 And love it and be lost like me.
 One the long nights through must lie
 Spent in star-defeated sighs,
 But why should you as well as I
 Perish? gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
 One that many loved in vain,
 Looked into a forest well
 And never looked away again.
 There, when the turf in spring-time flower,
 With downward eye and gazes sad,
 Stands amid the glancing showers
 A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

IV. Think no more, Lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
 Why should men make haste to die?
 Empty heads and tongues a-talking
 Make the rough road easy walking,
 And the feather pate of folly
 Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
 Spins the heavy world around.
 If young hearts were not so clever,
 Oh, they would be young for ever:
 Think no more; 'tis only thinking
 Lays lads underground.

V. The Lads in their Hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
 There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,

The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them. I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell,
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

VI. Is my Team Ploughing

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stand up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
 She lies not down to weep;
 Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin and pine,
 And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
 I lie as lads would choose;
 I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

These six poems are taken from a cycle of 63 poems entitled *A Shropshire Lad*, published in 1896. The main theme of most of the poems is human mortality, and the idea of living life to the fullest while we have it. They first gained popularity during the second Boer War and in World War I they became even more widely known. While they are linked by thematic ideas, and some even share characters, there is no overarching story to the entire work. However, I believe that Butterworth’s *Six Songs* do create a coherent narrative that we will address in a moment. George Butterworth composed his *Six Songs* between 1911 and 1912. He did not have a very large output to begin with, and destroyed many of the works he did not much care for before leaving for the war, lest he not return and be able to revise them. As it happened, he did not return but was killed by a sniper in the Battle of the Somme at the age of 31.

The narrative I see in his *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad* follows a young man: in the first song he is twenty years old, and while walking through the woods marvels at the beauty all around him, especially the gorgeous blooming cherry trees. As he looks it occurs to him that of his seventy allotted years he has used twenty and he resolves to enjoy as much of the beauty in the world as he can in his remaining fifty. In the second

song, our lad has given away his heart at the age of 21 against the wise counsel of an older friend, but he is left with a broken one by 22. In *Look not in my Eyes* he begs the girl of his dreams not to look in his eyes for fear that she may fall hopelessly in love with her own beauty. It appears that this is unfortunately what happens, because we next see our young lad in a tavern, encouraging his mates to live life to the fullest, for it's "jesting, dancing, drinking" that make the world go 'round, adding that thinking about the future only makes lads die younger. In the fifth song we step back and for the first time hear a song from a narrator observing a county fair in Ludlow, especially taking note of all the young men in uniform about to head off to war. The narrator regrets that he can't make a special farewell to all the "fortunate fellows" who will take their heroism and honor to the grave with them. Finally, in *Is my Team Ploughing*, our hero has not survived the war, but we hear his ethereal voice asking his best friend how everyone back home is faring: how is the farm, how are the lads, how is his girl, and lastly, how fares the friend himself? The answers from his friend are reassuring, but as the questions draw nearer to home he begins to evade, begging the lad not to ask any more. Finally we learn the truth: our young man's girl is being cheered by his best friend.

I chose this cycle because it shows the effects of war deeply on one young man's life. Early on he realizes his own mortality and regrets that he doesn't have more time to explore the beauty around him and it turns out he doesn't even have that long. He goes through at least two heartbreaks before finding a girl, but the war takes him away from her, leaving her to the comforts of his best friend. Perhaps the most intriguing observation from this cycle though lies in the attitude taken in *The Lads in their Hundreds*. In this song the narrator seems to glorify dying young and in one's prime,

saying that such young men embody the best of mankind, and that they “carry back... to the Coiner the mintage of Man”. Indeed, he calls them the fortunate ones: those who will never know the slow loss of “looks” and “truth” to time. It is a very poignant piece that recognizes the sadness of the loss of these men, but the grief is on the part of those left behind, not the young men who die in “their glory and never be old.” Finally, the last song shows some of the aftermath of a war. Once all the fighting is done and all the survivors have gone home, everything goes back to normal; the team is still ploughing the ground where the lad used to work, his friends still play football in the field, his girl has ceased her weeping and moved on with her life, yet as we see in the guilt and regret of the friend, the scars are still there. Everything goes on as before, yet nothing will ever be the same.

The Last Letter Home

Music: Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)

Text: Jesse Givens

I searched all my life for a dream and I found it with you. I would like to think I made a positive difference in your lives. I will never be able to make up for the bad. I am so sorry. The happiest moments of my life all deal with my little family. I will always have with me the small moments we all shared. The moments when you quit taking life so serious and smiled. The sound of a beautiful boy's laughter, or the simple nudge of a baby unborn. You will never know how complete you have made me. You opened my eyes to a world I never dreamed existed. Dakota, you are more son than I could ever ask for. You have a big beautiful heart. I will always be there in our park when you dream so we can still play. I hope one day you have a son like mine. I love you Toad, I will always be there with you. I'll

be in the sun, shadows, dreams, and joys of your life. Bean, I never got to see you but I know in my heart you are beautiful. I have never been so blessed as I was on the day I met Melissa Dawn Benfield. You are my angel, soul-mate, wife, lover, and best friend. I am so sorry. I did not want to have to write this letter. There is so much more I need to say, so much more I need to share: a lifetime's worth. I married you for a million lifetimes, that's how long I will be with you. Please find it in your heart to forgive me for leaving you alone. Do me one favor, after you tuck the children in give them hugs and kisses from me. Go outside and look at the stars and count them. Don't forget to smile.

The text of this piece comes from a letter written by Private First Class, US Army, Jesse Givens, who drowned in the Euphrates River on May 1, 2003, at the age of 34. He wrote this letter to his wife Melissa; five year-old son Dakota (nicknamed "Toad") and his unborn child, Carson (nicknamed "Bean"). It was only to be opened if he was killed. "Please, only read it if I don't come home," he wrote. "Please, put it away, and hopefully you will never read it." In this piece we see some of the effect of war on the home front, but the writer is very apologetic about not coming home. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this work is that the music is not overwrought or tragic: it allows the words to tell the story without interfering. The music itself comes across as wistful and regretful, but not overtly tragic. The true impact comes from the knowledge of what these words meant to the ones who first wrote and read them. I chose it because it shows a man who loved his family dearly, but was willing to risk his life for the love of his country. Yet in this work we see the both the aftermath from the home front and the ugly effects of war on those left behind.

CONCLUSION

In crafting this recital I conducted research on each of the works involved in order to establish a basis for interpreting them and relaying them to an audience. Most of the pieces have several valid interpretation options, and much of my research was designed to explore the minds of the author and composer to best understand their intentions and make them clear to an audience. I memorized each work as a poem first, and interpreted each as a work of literature initially, only later adding in the interpretive elements added by the music. Sometimes this changed the interpretation or illuminated some aspect of the work that was hidden or too subtle to initially detect (for example, my interpretation of *Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib* was altered by the addition of the music, realizing more blatantly the satirical nature of the piece than was evident by the text alone). Then I would add the music, often listening to recordings to ensure I had the right “feel” for a piece, and in one case (*Die beiden Grenadiere*) making a tribute to a performer of the work (Hans Hotter) who had a particularly strong influence on my interpretation of it. Once learned in its entirety, I would refine my performance of the piece with David Brock and Mark Metcalf, and through further research on the performance practice of the piece and background of both the author/composer and the work itself, including where it was composed, for whom, and why. All of these factors combined to create the finished product: the recording of which is available in both video and audio-only formats from the TCU archives.

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ABSTRACT

I have constructed a recital based on the relationship between warfare and love, and the impact one has on the other. Love is a broad concept, and accordingly will be explored from several different viewpoints, primarily of course, dealing with romantic love, but also the love between two close friends, a mother and her son, a man and his family, a man and his country, and God and His people. War will also be viewed from different vantage points: whether from the glorified, nationalistic ideals around World War I; the hero-worship of the 19th century; the warfare between classes in the early 18th century; a source of twisted amusement and dark irony in the early 20th century; and the tragic waste we see today.