



The Music Department Presents

Nature's Nocturnes: A Senior Voice Recital

Maggie Besthoff, soprano
Carol Ann Elze, collaborative piano

Saturday, April 6th, 7:00 PM
Arthur Zankel Music Center
Helen Filene Ladd Concert Hall

Program

Baroque

Come All Ye Songsters of the Sky from *The Fairy Queen*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Sweeter Than Roses

Troppo oltraggi al mia fede from *Xerxes*

George Frideric Händel
(1685-1759)

with Abby Walters, soprano

German Lieder

Frühlingsglaube

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Im Herbst

Felix Mendelssohn
(1805-1847)

Liebeszauber

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

French, Delibes

Les Filles de Cadix

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Jours passés

Sous le dôme épais from *Lakmé*

with Jessica Byers, soprano

INTERMISSION

Italian, Verdi

Stornello

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Il poveretto

Ad una stella

La zingara

Ten Blake Songs

3 The Piper

5 The Lamb

6 The Shepherd

7 Ah! Sun-flower

9 The Divine Image

Ralph Vaughn Williams
(1872-1958)

with Rebecca Merber, violin

Contemporary English

Under The Greenwood Tree

William Walton
(1902-1983)

The Pasture

Henry Cowell
(1897-1965)

i carry your heart

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Solveig's Song from *Peer Gynt*

Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Translations and Texts

Come All Ye Songsters of the Sky from *The Fairy Queen*, Purcell

Text anonymously adapted from William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Come all ye songsters of the sky,
Wake and assemble in this wood;
But no ill-boding bird be nigh,
No, none but the harmless, and the good.

Sweeter Than Roses, Purcell – realized by Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Text by Richard Norton (1666-1732)

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze;
On a warm flowery shore was the dear kiss;
First trembling made me freeze;
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love,
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove all is love to me.

Troppo oltraggi al mia fede from *Xerxes*, “You insult my loyalty too much,” Händel

Libretto adapted from *Xerxes* by Silvio Stampiglia (1664-1725) which was based on a previous version by Nicolò Minato (1627-1698)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

Romilda

You insult my loyalty too much,
Cruel soul, ungrateful heart!

Cruel is the reward that receives my enamored heart!

Arsamene

You deceive my loyalty too much,
Cruel soul, ungrateful heart!

This is not the reward that is owed to an enamored heart!

Frühlingsglaube, “Spring faith,” Schubert

Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

The gentle breezes are awakened,
They whisper and stir day and night,
And penerate everywhere.

Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid!
Now it must all, all change.

The world grows fairer with each day,
One does not know, what is still to come,
The flowering will not cease;
The farthest, deepest valley blooms.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment!
Now it must all, all change.

Im Herbst, "In Autumn," Felix Mendelssohn
Text by Karl Klingemann (1798-1862)

Ah, how quick the days flee,
Where the longing new awakens,
Where the flowers bloom again,
And the spring laughs again!
All bliss should acquire,
In fulfillment everything goes.
Ah, how quick!
Ah, how quick!
Ah, how quick the days flee,
Where the longing new awakens!

Look, the days go and come,
Pass by over heavy blossoms,
Summer fun is soon faded away,
And the autumn wind therefore rushes.
Ah, the right bloom and green,
It has not appeared again!
Again not!
Again not!
Ah, how quick the days flee,
Where the longing new awakens!
Ah, how quick!
Ah, how quick!
Ah, how quick they flee!

Liebeszauber, "Love Magic," Clara Schumann

Text by Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)
Translation adapted from IPA Source

Cupid sat like a nightingale in the rosebush
and sang;
The wonderfully sweet tones flew throughout
the green forest.
As it sounded, there arose all around
fragrance from a thousand flowers,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And softly moved the air.

The brooks were quiet, they but scarcely
Splashed from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the tone.
And bright and ever brighter poured
The sun's shine down,
About blossoms, wood and gorge poured
Itself the golden red glow.

Though I walked along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! All that I have sung since that hour
Has been only its echo.

Du ring an meinem Finger, "Your Ring on my Finger," Robert Schumann

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)
Translation adapted from IPA Source

Your ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.
I had finished dreaming,
The childhood's peaceful lovely dream,
Alone I found myself lost in a barren, infinite
space.

Your ring on my finger,
That taught me how,

You have opened my eyes to life's infinitely,
deep value.

I want to serve him,
To live for him,
To belong to him completely,
Give up myself and find myself transfigured,
And find myself transfigured in his radiance.
Your ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.

Les Filles de Cadix, "The Daughters of Cadiz," Léo Delibes

Text by Louis Charles Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

We just came from watching the bullfight,
Three boys, three girls,
On the lawn it was beautiful,
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of the castanets;
Tell me, neighbor,
If I have good looks,
And if my skirt,
Is becoming, this morning,

Do you find my waist slender?
Ah! Ah!
The daughters of Cadiz love that.

And we were dancing a bolero,
One Sunday evening,
Towards us there came a Hidalgo [a nobleman],
Stitched with gold, a feather in his hat,
And his hand on his hip:
If you want me,
Brunette with the sweet smile,
You only have to say it,
This gold is for you.

Go on your way, handsome Sir,
Ah! Ah!
The daughters of Cadiz don't listen to that.

Jours Passés, "Regrets," Léo Delibes
Text by Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Days gone by, Oh youth flying,
You have left my soul troubled forever.

Oh spring without return!
Oh flowers! Oh delirium, Oh delirium,
When my eyes saw you smile each day,
Oh my only, my dear love.

Days gone by, Oh youth flying,
You have left my soul troubled forever,
Days gone by, days gone by.

You ran very far away,
Oh you who were my life;
And who remains my in heart.
In vain, the time devours,
Under my forehead still glows your winning
memory,
Your winning memory!

Days gone by, Oh youth flying,
You have left my soul troubled forever,
Days gone by, days gone by!

Happy with my wound,
Your name, your name,
I whisper it,
Oh you who was my life,
And who remains in my heart!

Sous le dôme épais *from Lakmé*, “Under the thick dome,” Léo Delibes

Text by Edmond Gondinet (1828-1888) and Philippe Gille (1831-1901) which was adapted from the novel *Le mariage de Loti* (1880) by Pierre Loti (1850-1923)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

Lakmé

Come, Mallika, the lianas in bloom
Throw already their shadow
Over the sacred stream which runs, calm and
somber,
Awakened by the song of the noisy birds!

Thick dome,
The jasmine,
Entwines with the rose,
River bank in bloom,
Fresh morning,
Calls us together.

Ah! We glide
While following
The fleeting current:
On the shimmering waves,
With an uncaring hand,
Let us reach the bank,
Where the bird sings,
The bird, the bird sings.

Thick dome,
White jasmine
Calls us together.

But, I don't know what fear suddenly, Takes
hold of me,
As my father goes alone to their city accursed;
I tremble, I tremble with fear!

Yes, near the swans with wings of snow,
Let us go gather the blue lotus.

Thick dome,
The jasmine...

Mallika

Oh, mistress, it is the hour when I see you
smiling,
The blessed hour when I can read the always
closed heart of Lakmé!

Under the thick dome,
Where the white jasmine
entwines with the rose,
On the river bank in bloom
Laughing in the morning,
Come, let us go down together.

Gently we glide
On its charming waters
Let us follow the fleeting current:
On the shimmering waves,
With an uncaring hand,
Come, let us reach the bank,
Where the spring sleeps
And the bird, the bird sings.

Under the thick dome,
Under the white jasmine
Ah! Let us go down together.

So that the God Ganesha protects him,
To the pond where they frolic joyously,
The swans with wings of snow,
Let us go gather the blue lotus.

Under the thick dome,
Where the white jasmine

(The duet repeats)

Stornello, "Lyric Poem," Verdi

Text by an Anonymous Poet

Translation adapted from IPA Source

You say that you do not love me... I do not
love you either...
You say that you do not want me, I do not
want you either.
You say that you have another fish on the line.
I too pick roses in another garden.
Also on this I want us to agree:
You do that which you think is best,
And I will do what I want.
I am free, everyone is their own master.
I am a servant to all and a servant to none.
Fidelity in love is folly;
I am fickle and I brag about it.
I do not tremble to see you on the street,
Nor, when you're far away do I suffer in tears.
Like the nightingale who emerges from prison.
Night and day I frolic and sing.
I am free, everyone is their own master.
I am a servant to all and a servant to none.

Ad una stella, "To a star," Verdi

Text by Andrea Maffei (1798-1885)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

Beautiful star of the earth,
Loving and beautiful light,
How my soul desires,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
To break its chains,
And fly freely to you!

The unknown inhabitants
That you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace the angels
In pure brotherly love,
In harmony with the angels
Make your sphere resound.

Il poveretto, "The Poor One," Verdi

Text by S. Manfredo Maggioni (1792-1870)

Translation adapted from IPA Source

Passerby, with the sweet appearance,
I think you have a kind heart,
Give a penny to the poor-one,
Who near to you is still hungry.

Since the time of my boyhood
I was a soldier
And fighting for my homeland,
I have traversed both land and sea;

But now that time weighs on me,
Now that I don't have strength anymore,
In the end, the soil that I defended,
My country forgets me.

Passerby, with the sweet appearance,
I think you have a kind heart,
Give a penny to the poor-one,
Who near to you is still hungry.

Our faults and worries
Are secrets to them,
Without want and calm,
Pass the days and the years,
With no thought of counting them,
Nor to recall them in sorrow.

Beautiful star of the night,
Gem in which the heaven delights,
How will this soul rise,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
From your earthly prison
To your beautiful radiance in flight!

La zingara, "The traveler woman," Verdi
Text by S. Manfredo Maggioni (1792-1870)
Translation adapted from IPA Source

What was my father to me, what is my
country to me,
In vain, the people keep asking me to go;
Of the first question, I will never know; and
my native land is
The land that a flower, that a fruit gives to
me.

Anywhere fate leads my path,
I find a smile, I find a love;
Why should the past bother my mind,
If the present hour makes my heart joyful?

Tomorrow can, it's true, be a troubled veil,
To my image of serene breezes;
But if my sky shines blue today,
Why should I grieve over an uncertain
future?

I am a plant that frost cannot strip,
Which winter challenges with its severity;
If a leaf falls here, another sprouts there,
Every season is laden with flowers.

Ten Blake Songs, Vaughn Williams
Text by William Blake (1757-1827)

3 The Piper

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:
"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.
"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

5 The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild:
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

6 The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

9 The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.
Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

The Pasture, Cowell

Text by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.
You come too.

7 Ah! Sunflower

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;
Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Under The Greenwood Tree, Walton

Text by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother.
It's so young.
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.
You come too.

i carry your heart, Duke

Text by E.E. Cummings (1894-1962)

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart)
i am never without it (anywhere i go you go,
my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet)
i want no world (for beautiful you are my
world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always
meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the
bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;
which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars
apart
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Solveig's Song from *Peer Gynt*, Grieg

Text by Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906)

English version by Arthur Westbrook

The winter may wane and the spring-time go
by,
The spring time go by,
The summer too may vanish, the year my die,
The year may die;
But one day you'll return, that in truth I know,
In truth I know,
And here I'll await you as I promised long ago,
I promised long ago.
Ah!

May God guide your feet, if on earth still you
rove, on earth still you rove.
His blessed peace be yours, if in realms above,
in realms above.
Faithfully I'll bide till again you draw near,
again you draw near,
But if you wait in heaven, at last I'll meet you
there, at last I'll meet you there!
Ah!

Maggie Besthoff is a senior Neuroscience major, Music minor, Honors Forum minor, and awardee of the Filene Fellowship. She has been studying voice for ten years through private lessons, performing in local concerts, and participating in auditioned choirs at her high school and Skidmore College as well as all-state choirs. She was one of two vocalists in the group of twenty musicians selected out of 700 to perform at the prestigious Massachusetts Instrumental and Choir Conductors Association (MICCA) Solo and Ensemble Gold Showcase Concert. She was also selected out of musicians worldwide to attend Boston Conservatory at Berklee's Vocal Choral Intensive. Maggie was the runner-up for Skidmore College's Filene Scholarship as an incoming college freshman and was recently awarded the Filene Fellowship in her senior year for excellence in classical music. She was featured in the workshop world premiere of "Bell" by Richard Einhorn and Kathryn Walat, the premiere of "The Unhealed Wound" by Richard Danielpour and Rita Dove, and most recently played Ida in Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*. Maggie has also been a featured soloist in the select Vocal Chamber Ensemble and larger Skidmore Chorus every year of her college career. Additionally, she was selected to perform in multiple masterclasses with renowned guest artists and was also awarded second place in the ENY/NATS Art Song Festival in 2022. Maggie plans to combine her Neuroscience major and Music minor in her career, possibly in music therapy or mental performance coaching. She hopes to continue performing in community choirs and operas.

Acknowledgements

This recital was truly a labor of love and would not have been possible without the wonderful people in my life and in Skidmore's Music Department.

My voice would not be what you are hearing today without my talented and supportive voice teachers. Dr. Stoner has been a part of my vocal journey since she ran my Filene audition senior year of high school. From then until now, she has pushed me and truly taught me how to use my voice—from developing my low/middle range to trusting my musicality. I will always be grateful for her support and guidance, especially in this recital process.

Professor Teeter, although new on the scene this semester as Dr. Stoner is on sabbatical, has been a joy to learn from and her compassion has helped me feel confident in tackling such a demanding program.

Carol Ann, my rock of collaborators, thank you for taking on this program with me, coaching me every week, and laughing with me when things go right and when they go wrong! It has truly a pleasure to work together and create this recital. Your humor, kindness, and incredible skill is what brought our coaching rehearsals and this music to life.

Abby, my Queen Paige Δ, thank you for always being an amazing friend, my musical sounding board, and strongly supporting our local Applebee's with me. Your talent is undeniable and I am always impressed by your expressiveness and musicianship. This experience has been so much more enriching because we are doing it together. Thank you for always believing in me. I will always be cheering for you.

Rebecca, you are so talented and expressive when you play the violin, and it is a joy to work with you. I am so grateful for your enthusiasm to collaborate with so little time before this recital! Your work ethic is very impressive and thank you for helping me bring these songs to life.

Jessica, thank you for performing our Lakmé duet with me and exploring every aspect of the piece as we switch back and forth between parts! I have always appreciated your dedication to both this song and all of our collaborations from being my *Die Fledermaus* sister to my fellow Soprano 1 in chorus. It has been lovely to have you as a friend as well and experience your well-kept secret “low voice.”

To Emilka (a.k.a Future Dr./DJ Jansen!), my amazing housemate and ride or die bestie, thank you for being my photographer extraordinaire and spending hours walking in the woods with me to get the perfect photo. Then, designing my gorgeous poster when I was too indecisive to do it! Our shenanigans are some of my favorite memories at Skidmore and having you as a bestie has been one of the greatest gifts I have received here.

This recital would not be possible without the amazing Music Department/Zankel team, especially Zhenelle LeBel and Vicki Tremper who have helped me plan every last detail and execute it gracefully. I so appreciate the work that all of you do!

To my professors in Neuroscience, Music and more, thank you for supporting me as a student in this thesis and in my overall education. Your enthusiasm to attend my concerts, guide me in this process, and teach me how to incorporate my Neuroscience and Music education (in a truly Skidmore way!) is so appreciated.

Finally, to all of my amazing friends, family, and loved ones, thank you for being here tonight and supporting me on my musical journey. Your unwavering encouragement and confidence in me makes me feel truly blessed. For those of you who come to or watch every concert, thank you for always showing up for me no matter the time or the length! I am who I am because of all of you. Love you all.

Upcoming Events

Senior Cello Recital: Anna Cates
Sunday, April 7, 1:00pm

Senior Flute Recital: Lydia Watkins
Sunday, April 7, 4:00pm

Senior Voice Recital: Johnny Mulcahy
Sunday, April 7, 7:00pm

Senior Jazz Recital: Elán Stadelmann
Friday, April 12, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Big Band & VSC
Saturday, April 13, 7:00pm

Skidmore String Festival with the Miró Quartet
Saturday, April 20, 7:30pm

Senior Piano Recital: Raisa Ihnat & Dylan Salinger
Sunday, April 21, 12:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Small Jazz Ensembles
Tuesday, April 23, 7:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Chorus
Thursday, April 25, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: String Ensembles
Friday, April 26, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Global Music Showcase
Saturday, April 27, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Concert Band
Sunday, April 28, 1:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Guitar Ensemble
Sunday, April 28, 4:00pm

Skidmore in Concert: Orchestra
Monday, April 29, 7:00pm