

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725) was an Italian composer known for his operas, having written over 100 in his lifetime, even said to be the founder of the Neapolitan opera. He is known for his chromatic harmony and thematic development of his music, as well as establishment of an Italian overture in his operas. Much of his music becoming a predecessor for composers like Mozart. He was also known for his sacred works, oratorios, sonatas, instrumental works, and chamber works of which he wrote over 600. “Con voce festiva” and “In terra la Guerra” come from a set of 7 arias for voice and trumpet.

Con voce festiva

With festive voice and music
Sound the praises of Tiber’s bank
And the joyful water with love’s echo,
With love’s echo,
Answers the trumpet.
My heart rejoices.

In terra la guerra

On Earth the war
Does not fly fleetingly
Bring us comfort
Peace from the poles.

Jules Massenet (1842-1912) was a French composer of the late 19th and early 20th century. He was known for his French operas; *Manon*, *Werther*, and *Don Quichotte*, and also composed piano music, songs, orchestral music, ballets, and chamber music. Much of his music revolved around tonal melodies paired with simple accompaniment but he also composed incidental music. Unlike composers before who would write the music for voice and let them figure out the rest, Massenet notates everything, so the singer knows exactly what he wanted of them. His music is said to contain more feminine aspects of softness and intimate moments that he pares with the opposite to balance it out.

Élégie

O sweet Spring of yesteryear, green seasons,
you have fled forever!
I no longer see the blue sky,
I no longer hear the joyous songs of the
birds!
You have fled, my love,
and with you has fled my happiness.

And it is in vain that the spring returns!
For along with you,
The cheerful sun, the laughing days have
gone!
As my heart is dark and frozen,
so all is withered for evermore.

Nuit d'Espagne

The air is perfumed, the night serene	In the dark blue sky the pale stars
And my soul is filled with joyful thoughts;	Draw aside their veils to see you pass,
O my beloved, come! my beloved,	O my beloved, come! my beloved,
Now is the moment of love!	Now is the moment of love!
Into the deep woods, where flowers slumber	I saw your muslin curtains move,
And where the streams sing,	You can hear me, cruel one,
Quickly, let us flee, let us flee!	And you do not come, do not come!
Look, the bright moon smiles at us from the sky.	Look, the path is dark beneath entwined branches!
Prying eyes need no longer be feared,	Gather your youthful years in their splendor,
Come, my beloved, night conceals your blushing brow!	Come, for time is short!
The night is serene, soothe my heart!	A single day scatters the flowers of spring!
It is the hour of love! The hour!	The night is serene, soothe my heart!

For the specific piece, *Néère*, the music was composed by Massenet, yet the text was written by Michel Carre, who was a French librettist for opera. The music for *Néère* was written as incidental music for a play *Les Erinnyes* (The Furies), which was a French language verse drama by Leconte de Lisle. Massenet's composing of the music for this play was one of the ways he was able to get his name out there and known before he was known for French opera. More specifically *Néère*'s melody comes from Act 1 No.4b "La troyenne regrettant la patrie perdue" (The Trojan woman regretting the lost homeland).

Néère

Around the corner	Oh God of love
My <i>Néère</i> faithful	In this dark night
Worry and call me	I stop and doubt
Her hand searches for my hand	It is in vain that I listen
Ah! Lead me to her	All is silent
And press my return	The hour flees.

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868) was an Italian composer for composing opera. He was the first composer to really develop bel canto (beautiful singing) music, along with Bellini and Donizetti. Rossini wrote many operas, he is most famously known for his comedic operas; *The Barber of Seville*, *Cinderella*, *Semiramide*, and *William Tell*. These pieces are arias from Rossini's *Soirées musicales*, which is a set of eight arias for voice and piano. This was composed in the later part of Rossini's life after he had stopped composing for theater and opera. The poetry was taken from two different poets, Carlo Pepoli and Pietro Metastasio.

La Promessa

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.

You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

La Gita in Gondola

Fly, quick little boat
row, row, o boatman
now that my sweet Elvira
is in my arms, defy the sea!

The lagoon shimmers in calm
Not a sail is in view
The pale moon crosses the sky
Everything invites our sighs.

row, row, o boatman ...

If love invites you to a kiss
Don't be afraid my precious one,
You will realize that life exists
Only in the kiss of love.

But already a soft breeze
Sweetly ripples the sea
Come, Elvira, to my heart
Come and discover how it beats!

Row, row o boatman...

La Pastorella

I am the pretty shepherdess,
Who comes down every morning,
Offering a little basket
Of fresh fruit and flowers.

Those who lost their way
In the horror of the night,
Will find their path once more
At my little cabin.

Those who come at first light
Will find delightful roses
And apples damp with dew,
Come all to my garden.

Come, oh passing traveler,
The shepherdess is here,
Yet the flower of her thoughts
She will give to one and one alone.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was a German composer known for his chamber music, orchestra works, and songs. He composed around 200 Lieder (songs) that were aria like or ballad like songs. He was influenced like many composers of the Romantic period by the German Romantic poetry of writers like E.T.A. Hoffmann, and was influenced by composers like Schumann.

Jucche!

How fair, how fair the earth is!
The little birds know this:
They flutter their light feathers
And sing such happy songs
Into the blue sky above.
How fair, how fair the earth is!
The rivers and lakes know this:
In their clear mirrors they paint

The gardens and towns and hills,
And the clouds that pass overhead!
And poets and painters know it,
And many other folk as well,
And those who don't paint it, sing it,
And those who don't sing it, can hear it
Sound in their hearts for sheer joy!

Es Träumte mir

I dreamed
I was dear to you;
But I scarcely needed
To awaken.
For even in my dreams
I felt
It was a dream.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dark, how dark in forest and field!	As swiftly as once we two were plighted.
Evening already, and the world is silent.	Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,	As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'
And even the lark is silent now too.	
Out of the village there comes a lad,	The girl speaks, the girl says:
Escorting his sweetheart home,	'Our love cannot be severed!
He leads her past the willow-copse,	Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Talking so much and of so many things:	Our love is even stronger still:
	Iron and steel can both be reforged,
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,	But our love, who shall change it?
Shame for what others think of me,	Iron and steel can be melted down,
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,	Our love must endure forever!'

Richard Thomas is an American composer originally from Montana, born in 1957. He received education from Eastman School of Music, as well as University of Southern California and teaches at Columbia University but has also taught at Yale and the University of Central Florida. Known for composing song cycles, one famous one being his *Race for the Sky*, made from poems found on the streets in New York after 9/11. Other song cycles he has composed are *A Little Nonsense*, *Drum Taps*, *Twilight*, and *Spring Rain*. He also composed a few choral works, as well as a concerto for amplified violin and burlesque band named *Dirty Music*. “Wild Nights! Wild Nights!,” “I never saw a moor,” “There’s a Certain Slant of Light,” “At Last! To Be Identified” come from his song cycle *At last to be Identified!*, consisting of six songs composed in 1992. The text coming from poems by Emily Dickinson.

Wild Nights! Wild Nights!

Wild Nights! Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be our luxury.
Futile the winds to a heart in port,
Down with the compass,
Down with the chart.
Rowing in Eden,
Ah, the Sea, might I but moor tonight
In thee.

I Never Saw a Moor

I never saw a moor
I never saw the sea
But know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be
I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven
Yet certain am I of the spot,
As if the chart were given.

There’s a Certain Slant of Light

There’s a certain slant of light,
Winter afternoon.
That oppresses like the heft,
Of cathedral tunes.
Heavenly hurt it gives us,
We can find no scar.
But internal difference where the meanings
are.
None may teach it, any,

Tis the seal despair
An imperial affliction,
Sent us of the air.
When it comes,
The landscape listens
Shadows hold their breath
When it goes,
Tis like the distance
On the look of death.

At Last! To Be identified

At last to be identified

At last, the lamps upon thy side

The rest of life to see

Past midnight

Past the morning star

Past sunrise

What leagues there are between our feet,

Our feet and day.

At last!