



School of

**Music**

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

## Faculty Artist Series

*Presents*

**Come To Me**

*Alisa Toy, soprano*

*Elena Panchenko, piano & harpsichord*

*Ruth Boden, cello*

**Come, God**

*Kleine Geistliche Konzerte*

*Eile, mich, Gott, zu erretten*

*Bringt her dem Herren*

Heinrich Schütz

(1585-1672)

**Come, Lover**

*Un bel di vedremo (from Madame Butterfly)*

Giacomo Puccini

(1858-1924)

*La regata veneziana*

*Anzoleta avanti la regata*

*Anzoleta co passa la regata*

*Anzoleta dopo la regata*

Gioacchino Rossini

(1792-1868)

*Bryan Hall Theatre – 1/30/26*



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## **Come, Night, and Death**

*Chère Nuit*

Alfred Bachelet  
(1864-1944)

*Après un rêve*

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

*Come Away Death*

Roger Quilter  
(1877-1953)

*Der Tod und das Mädchen*

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

## **Come, Love**

*My Beloved Spake*

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

*What Lips My Lips Have Kissed  
My True Love Hath My Heart*

Jake Heggie  
(1961)

*Bryan Hall Theatre – 1/30/26*

# Come To Me Program Notes

## Come, God

### Kleine geistliche Konzerte

In the middle of the Thirty Years' War, Heinrich Schütz published two volumes of solo and small-ensemble vocal works with basso continuo in 1636 and 1639, which would earn him recognition as a serious composer. While his melodies are fairly simple in their composition, they allow the singer to improvise virtuosically, revealing both his mastery of text setting and brilliant compositional skills. These were versatile and accessible pieces performed regularly in churches, schools, public performances, and private homes. Comprising more than 60 pieces in his two volumes, here are two of perhaps his most beloved and performed pieces today.

#### ***Eile, mich, Gott, zu erretten***

*Eile, mich, Gott, zu erretten, Herr,  
mir zu helfen!*

*Es müssen sich schämen und zu  
Schanden werden, die nach meiner  
Seele stehen.*

*Sie müssen zurücke kehren und  
gehöhnet werden, die mir übels  
wünschen, daß sie müssen  
wiederum zu Schanden werden,  
Die da über mich schreien: da, da!  
Freuen und fröhlich müssen sein in  
dir, die nach dir fragen und dein  
Heil lieben, immer sagen: Hoch  
gelobt sei Gott! Ich aber bin elend*

*und arm;*

*Gott, eile zu mir denn du bist mein  
Helfer und Erretter mein Gott,  
verzeuch nicht!*

#### ***Hurry to save God***

*Make haste, O God to deliver me.*

*Make haste to help me!*

*Let those who seek after my soul  
be shamed and confounded.*

*Let those who delight in my pain  
be turned back and brought  
dishonor.*

*Let them, in their shame, cry out:  
Aha, aha.*

*Let all those who seek You*

*rejoice and be happy in You,  
and let those who love Your  
salvation  
always say, "Let God be  
magnified!"*

*But I am poor and needy.  
Make haste unto me, O God,  
You are my help and my deliverer.  
My God, do not tarry!*

***Bringt her dem Herren***

*Alleluia!*

***Bring here to the Lord, you mighty***

*Bringt her dem Herren, ihr Gewaltigen,*

*Bringt her dem Herren, ehre und Stärke.*

*Alleluia!*

*Bring here the gentleman her painted  
honor and strength,*

*Bringt her dem Herren, ehre seines*

*Namens.*

*Alleluia!*

*Bring here the gentleman, honor his  
name, pray to the gentleman in sacred  
jewelry.*

*Betet an den Herren, im heiligen*

*Schmuck.*

*Alleluia!*

*Alleluia!*

*Alle Lande beten dich an und lobsingen*

*dir. Lobsingen deinem Namen.*

*Everyone ends up adoring you and  
singing praises. Alleluia!*

## **Come, Lover**

**Un bel di vedremo (from *Madame Butterfly*)**

Puccini is regarded as one of the most beloved opera composers of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, giving us such gems as *La bohème*, *Tosca*, *Turandot*, and *Madame Butterfly*. *Madame Butterfly* takes place in Japan in the early 1900s. Pinkerton, a U.S. soldier, marries Cio Cio San (Butterfly), a beautiful

Japanese girl. Shortly after the wedding, he leaves, promising to return, though he has no intention of doing so. Butterfly waits three years for him. Pinkerton then discovers that she has given birth to his son, so he returns to Japan with his new American wife, Kate, intending to retrieve and raise his son in the U.S. Butterfly feels pressured to offer her son a better life than she can give him, so she gives him to Pinkerton and Kate. In the end, her grief is too great, and she takes her own life. *Un bel di vedremo* occurs early in Act 2, when Butterfly is waiting and dreaming of Pinkerton's return to her.

### *Un bel di vedremo*

*Un bel dì, vedremo  
levarsi un fil di fumo  
sull'estremo confin del mare.  
E poi la nave appare.  
Poi la nave bianca  
entra nel porto,  
romba il suo saluto.  
  
Vedi? È venuto!  
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.  
Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e  
aspetto,  
e aspetto gran tempo  
e non mi pesa,  
la lunga attesa.*

*E uscito dalla folla cittadina,  
un uomo, un picciol punto  
s'avvia per la collina.  
Chi sarà? chi sarà?  
E come sarà giunto  
che dirà? che dirà?  
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.*

*Io senza dar risposta  
me ne starò nascosta  
un po' per celia  
e un po' per non morire  
al primo incontro;  
ed egli alquanto in pena  
chiamerà, chiamerà:  
"Piccina mogliettina,  
olezzo di verbena"  
i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.  
(a Suzuki)  
Tutto questo avverrà,  
te lo prometto.  
Tienti la tua paura,  
io con sicura fede l'aspetto.*

### *One Fine Day*

*One fine day, we will see  
Arising a strand of smoke  
Over the far horizon on the sea  
And then the ship appears  
And then the ship is white  
It enters into the port, it rumbles  
its salute.*

*Do you see it? He is coming!  
I don't go down to meet him, not  
I.  
I stay upon the edge of the hill  
And I wait a long time  
but I do not grow weary of the  
long wait.  
And leaving from the crowded city,  
A man, a little speck  
Climbing the hill.  
Who is it? Who is it?  
And as he arrives  
What will he say? What will he say?  
He will call Butterfly from the  
distance*

*I without answering  
Stay hidden  
A little to tease him,  
A little as to not die.  
At the first meeting,  
And then a little troubled  
He will call, he will call  
"Little one, dear wife  
Blossom of orange"  
The names he called me at his last  
coming.  
All this will happen,  
I promise you this  
Hold back your fears -  
I with secure faith wait for him.*

### **La regatta Veneziana**

During his supposed retirement, Rossini composed *Péchés des vieillesse* (Sins of Old Age), a collection of 150 songs and instrumental pieces. Among them is the song cycle *La Regatta Veneziana*, based on three poems by Count Carlo Pepoli in the Venetian dialect, which many consider to be a distinct language. These poems tell of a young woman, Anzoleta, who watches and cheers on her sweetheart, Momolo, in a Venetian regatta, or gondola race.

In the first song, "Anzoleta avanti la Regatta" (Anzoleta before the regatta), Anzoleta excitedly urges Momolo to win the race and reminds him that she will be watching from a balcony.

The second song, "Anzoleta co passa la Regatta" (Anzoleta during the regatta), describes Anzoleta watching breathlessly from her balcony. When the boats come into sight, she sees Momolo in second place. Worried he may not catch the leader, she urges him on from her watchful post. Momolo, seeing his beloved watching him, redoubles his efforts, overtakes the leader, and pulls farther and farther ahead of the other gondolas.

In the final song, "Anzoleta dopo la Regatta" (Anzoleta after the race), Anzoleta rewards her lover, Momolo, with kisses for winning the gondola race and boasts that all of Venice is talking about him.

### **Anzoleta avanti la regata**

*Là su la machina xe la bandiera  
varda,  
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.*

*In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.*

*Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta  
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,  
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.*

*In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,  
cori a svolar.*

### **Anzoleta co passa la regata**

*I xe qua, vardeli,  
povereti i ghe da drento,  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
i gha l'acqua in so favor.*

*El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.  
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor.*

*Su coragio, voga, prima d'esser al  
paleto se ti voghi,*

### **Anzoleta before the regatta**

*Over there on the machina the flag  
is flying,  
Look, you can see it, now go for it.  
Bring it back to me this evening,  
Or else run away and hide.*

*Once in the boat, Momolo, don't  
gawp.*

*Row the gondola with heart and  
soul,  
Then you cannot help but be first.  
Go on, think of your Angelina  
Watching you from this balcony.*

*Once in the boat, Momolo, don't  
gawp.*

*Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like  
the wind.*

*ghe scometo, tutti indrio ti lassarà.  
Caro, par che ei svola, el li magna  
tutti quanti,  
meza barca l'è andà avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.*

### **Anzoleta during the regatta**

*Here they come, here they come,  
look at them, The poor things,  
they're nearly done in, Ah, the*

*wind is against them, But the tide's  
in their favour.*

*My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, in second place.  
Ah! The excitement's too much for  
me, I can feel my heart racing.*

*Come on, keep it up, row, row,*

### ***Anzoleta dopo la regata***

*Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora de  
sugarte sto sudor.*

*Ah t'ho visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e godito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà...*

*Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.*

*Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar  
nissun te pol,  
de casada de tragheto ti xe el  
megio barcarol.*

*You must be first to the finish,  
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet  
You'll leave all the others behind.*

*Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,  
And he's beating the lot of them,  
He's gone half a length ahead,  
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen  
me.*

### ***Anzoleta after the regatta***

*Take a kiss, another,  
dear Momolo, from my heart;  
here at your right hand is it time  
to dry your sweat.*

*Ah I have seen you in passing  
by throwing my glance toward you  
and enjoyed whispering:  
he will catch a beautiful prize...*

*Yes this flag is a nice prize,  
it is red;  
of which all of Venice will talk,  
you are called the winner.*

*Take a kiss, no rower is more  
blessed than you,  
yours is the best name among  
rowers of ferryboats.*



## Come, Night, and Death

### Chère nuit

Considered to be as fine a master of composition as his more famous (and infamous) contemporary Richard Wagner, Alfred Bachelet was a masterful composer of French *mélodie* and achieved several major accomplishments in his lifetime, including winning the prestigious Prix de Rome in 1890. He dedicated *Chère nuit* in 1897 to Australian-born singer, Madame Melba, and it remains one of his most well-known art songs today. Tucked neatly into his beautiful piano introduction lies a beautiful melody that returns with the voice later in the song. Bachelet's lush, sweeping accompaniments and soaring melodies beautifully paint a calm, serene night scene.

### *Chère nuit*

*Voici l'heure bientôt.  
Derrière la colline  
Je vois le soleil qui décline  
Et cache ses rayons jaloux.  
J'entends chanter l'âme des  
choses,  
Et les narcisses et les roses  
M'apportent des parfums plus  
doux!*

*Chère nuit aux clartés sereines,  
Toi qui ramènes  
Le tendre amant,  
Ah! descends et voile la terre  
De ton mystère  
Calme et charmant.*

*Mon bonheur renaît sous ton aile,  
Ô nuit plus belle*

*Que les beaux jours:*

*Ah! lève-toi! pour faire encore  
Briller l'aurore  
De mes amours!*

### *Dear night*

*Night will soon be here.  
Behind the hill  
I see the sun set  
And hide its jealous rays.  
I hear Nature's soul singing,  
And the narcissi and roses  
Bring me sweeter scents!*

*Fair night of serene brightness,  
You who bring back  
The tender lover,  
Ah! descend and veil the earth  
With your tranquil, bewitching  
Mystery.*

*My happiness is reborn beneath  
your wing,  
O night more beautiful  
Than beautiful days:*

*Ah! arise, that once more  
The dawn might  
Glitter with my love!*

### **Après un rêve**

One of the most famous and forward-thinking of his time, Gabriel Fauré influenced many French composers of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century with his transitional compositional styles between Romanticism and Modernism. The first of three in his song cycle, *Trois Mélodies*, *Après un rêve* beckons the night to return as the dreamer realizes their false reality upon awakening.

### ***Après un rêve***

*Dans un sommeil que charmait  
ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent  
mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix  
pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel  
éclairé par l'aurore;*

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la  
lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient  
leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs  
divines entrevues.*

*Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des  
songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes  
mensonges;  
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

### ***After a Dream***

*In sleep made sweet by a vision of  
you  
I dreamed of happiness, fervent  
illusion,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice  
pure and ringing,  
You shone like a sky that was lit by  
the dawn;*

*You called me and I departed the  
earth  
To flee with you toward the light,  
The heavens parted their clouds  
for us,  
We glimpsed unknown  
splendours, celestial fires.*

*Alas, alas, sad awakening from  
dreams!  
I summon you, O night, give me  
back your delusions;  
Return, return in radiance,  
Return, O mysterious night!*

## **Come Away Death**

An established composer of the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> Century British art song, Roger Quilter published over 100 songs. From his song cycle, *Three Shakespeare Songs* in 1905, *Come Away Death* is the first of the three and speaks of the singer's unrequited love and desire to die and be given an unceremonious burial.

### ***Come Away Death***

*Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!*

## **Der Tod und das Mädchen**

One of the most prolific composers of the late Classical and early Romantic eras, Franz Schubert wrote more than 600 lieder by the time of his death at age 31. One of his most famous art songs, which was later revised into a string quartet of the same name, *Der Tod und das Mädchen* tells the story of dying from the

perspective of two characters: the frantic young woman, and the calm, soothing presence of death.

Schubert's reflection on death carries a sense of reassurance, suggesting that the end of life is not something to dread. The song moves through moments that are by turns lovely and eerie, unsettling, and ultimately calming. It becomes an emotional passage that offers comfort to anyone mourning a loved one or navigating the weight of grief.

### *Der Tod und das Mädchen*

#### *DAS MÄDCHEN*

*Vorüber, ach, vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh, Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.*

#### *DER TOD*

*Gib deine Hand, du schön und zart  
Gebilde!  
Bin Freund und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts! Ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!*

### *Death and the Maiden*

#### *THE MAIDEN*

*Pass by, ah, pass by!  
Away, cruel Death!  
I am still young; leave me, dear one  
and do not touch me.*

#### *DEATH*

*Give me your hand, you lovely, tender  
creature.  
I am your friend, and come not to  
chastise.  
Be of good courage. I am not cruel;  
you shall sleep softly in my arms.*

## Come, Love

### **My Beloved Spake**

Charles Gounod, a leading French composer of the Romantic era, composed operas, art songs, and a large amount of church music. My Beloved Spake was composed in 1871-72 when Gounod was living in London, thus his choice to set the text in English, rather than his native French. Also a winner of the Prix de Rome, Gounod is known for his expressive lyrical melodies and emotional depth in both his operas and extensive collection of art songs. The biblical text for "My Beloved Spake" is taken from "The Song of Solomon" and features a cello obbligato.

### *My Beloved Spake*

*My beloved spake and said to me,  
"Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away.  
See! The winter is past;  
The rains are over and gone.  
Flowers appear on the earth,  
The season of singing is come;  
And the cooing of turtledoves is heard in our land.  
The blossoming vines with their tender grapes  
Give out their sweet fragrance.  
Arise my fair one and come away."*

### **What Lips My Lips Have Kissed**

Jake Heggie is mainly known for his operas and almost 300 art songs. Most recently, his *Dead Man Walking* opened the Metropolitan Opera's 23/24 season, and he recently premiered his *The Judgment of Paris*, and his newest opera, *Intelligence*, is set to premiere this year. His *Faces of Love* is a collection of art songs in which these two gems with violin obbligato reside. In "What Lips My Lips Have Kissed," poet Edna St. Vincent Millay looks back

on her former lovers and ultimately questions whether it was worth it to love at all.

### ***What Lips My Lips Have Kissed***

*What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning; but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  
For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.  
Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.*

### **My True Love Hath My Heart**

In what seems to be a direct response to Edna St. Vincent Millay's reflective question, Sir Philip Sydney's poetry asserts that true love does exist and can thrive through commitment and determination. I dedicate this piece to my dear husband, Royal Toy, for his unwavering support of my pursuit of education and his deep, abiding love, which I feel daily. It is most definitely reciprocated.

### ***My True Love Hath My Heart***

*My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.*

*His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.*

***Thank you for coming!***