Johann Sebastian Bach is perhaps the most prolific and enduring composer the Baroque era. As a German cantor and choirmaster at the Thomaskirche of Leipzig, he produced a multitude of sacred choral and solo works for the church year. His works are marked by a prodigious command of contrapuntal, rhythmic, and textural techniques, as well as exquisite organization of harmonic and motivic ideas. One of Johann Sebastian Bach’s major vocal works is the Magnificat in D major. This “canticle of Mary” is broken down into 12 sections; in the tenth, the astoundingly beautiful text of “Suscepit Israel” is made more poignant by the haunting counterpoint of the three vocal lines.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum
recordatus misericordiae suae.

He has taken under his protection Israel his boy,
And remembered his mercy.
[translated by Ron Jeffers]

Selections from The Morning (1755) [Arne]

IV. O, that on the’enamel’s green
V. Go, gentle gales

The English composer Thomas Arne enjoyed great success and popularity during his lifetime. Throughout his life, Arne suppressed his passion for music, while secretly practicing through the night as his family slept. Once, at an opera, Arne met musician and composer Michael Festing, who persuaded Arne’s father to allow the young man to end his law apprenticeship and pursue a musical career. One of Arne’s many works is his cantata The Morning. Arne wrote the texts for this work, and reflects on the topic of nature in the first two pieces. In the third, he allows the accompaniment to paint the action with vivid detail, while the voice plays an accompanimental role. This recital presents numbers four and five; in these two pieces, Arne tells of a beautiful young woman named Delia. “Oh, that on th’enamel’d Green,” tells of her matchless beauty, while “Go, gentle Gales,” mourns her absence. In the final selection, the singer is begging for his sorrow to be taken, but nothing seems to comfort him; even in nature, he can see no life or beauty without his beloved Delia.

IV.

O that on th’enamel’d green
My Delia, lovely maid were seen,
Fresher than the rose’s bloom,
Sweeter than the mead’s perfume,
Sweeter than the mead’s perfume.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away;  
To Delia’s ear the tender notes convey.  
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores  
And with shrill echos fills the sounding shores  
So I, like him abandon’d and forlorn,  
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn,  
My absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along,  
The birds shall cease to tune their ev’ning song,  
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,  
And streams to murmur e’er I cease to love.  
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
Nor balmy sleep to lab’rors spent with pain,  
Nor flow’rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,  
Are half so pleasing as they sight to me, so pleasing,  
Not flow’rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,  
Are half, are half so pleasing as thy sight to me,  
So pleasing as they sight to me.

Die Meere, Op. 20, No. 3 (1860) [Herder]  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833–1897)

Although his contemporaries Liszt and Wagner were progressive composers, Brahms remained devoted to tonality and classicism. His study of older composers and the conservative style helped him achieve the prominent status he still holds today. In “Die Meere,” Brahms uses a variety of motivic ideas to set the atmosphere of the poem: the swaying feeling of the accompaniment evokes the sea, and the vocal lines rise and fall, depicting the motion of a boat rocking upon the waves.

Die Meere

Alle Winde schlafen  
auf dem Spiegel der Flut;  
küle Schatten des Abends  
decken die Müden zu.  

Luna hängt sich Schleier  
über ihr Gesicht,  
schwebt in dämmernden Träumen  
über die Wasser hin.  

Alles, alles stille  
Auf dem weiten Meer!  
Nur mein Herz will nimmer  
mit zu Ruhe gehn.  

In der Liebe Fluten  
treibt es her und hin,  
wo die Stürme nicht ruhen  
bis der Nachen sinkt.

The Sea

The winds are all sleeping  
on the mirror of the water;  
cool shadows of the evening  
cover the weary.

Luna draws a veil  
across her face,  
hovering in twilight dreams  
over the water.

Everything, everything is silent  
on the broad sea!  
Only my heart will never  
be at peace.

The tide of love  
drives it here and there,  
where storms do not rest  
until the little boat sinks.

[translation by Emily Ezust]
Jules Massenet, a native of Saint-Étienne, France, was a major opera composer of his time, being praised by composers such as Tchaikovsky and Gounod. Although Massenet’s works were famous during the late Romantic era, his operas, oratorios, and ballet music became obsolete in the twentieth century. However, revivals of Massenet’s works have caused some of his operas, such as Werther, to re-enter the international repertory. Va! laisse couler mes larmes is sung by Charlotte, a young woman who marries a man to appease her dying mother, even though she is madly in love with another suitor, the young poet Werther. The aria reveals Charlotte’s grief upon not being able to be with her true love. Massenet’s melodic line depicts Charlotte’s tears through its constant stepwise motion.

**Va! laisse couler mes larmes**

!: Go! Let my tears flow—
elles font du bien, ma chère! The tears that people do not shed
dans nore âme retombent toutes, all sink into our souls, et de leurs patients gouttes and with their steady drops
martèlent le coeur triste et las! hammer the sad and weary heart!
Sa resistance enfin s'épuise; Its resistance is finally exhausted;
La coeur se creuse et s'affaiblit: the heart becomes hollow and grows weak:
Il est troup grand, rien ne l’emplit; it is too big—nothing will fill it up;
et trop fragile, tout le brise! and too fragile—anything will break it!

[translation by Martha Gearhart]

An alumnus and professor at the Paris Conservatoire, Ambroise Thomas was an accomplished pianist and violinist. Like his student, Massenet, he was the winner of the prestigious Conservatoire prize, the Grand Prix de Rome. While Thomas wrote many operas, Mignon is by far his most celebrated. Based on the story Wilhelm Meister’s Lehrjahre by the acclaimed German poet/writer Goethe, Mignon is a story of a love triangle that ends quite pleasantly, with Mignon finally winning the love of her soulmate. The text of **Connais-tu le pays?** is a French translation of the well-known poem “Kennst du das Land,” which was set by many composers (including Schubert). While the accompaniment seems simple, its eighth- and sixteenth-note runs embody feelings of longing and hope. The protagonist longs for a place of rest with the people that she loves—that place, both literally or figuratively, where we all hope to be someday.

**Connais-tu le pays?**

Do you know the land where the orange tree blossoms?
Le pays des fruits d’or et des roses merveilles, Where the golden fruits and marvelous roses,
Où la brise est plus douce et l’oiseau plus léger, Where the breeze is softer and birds are lighter,
Où dans toute saison butinent les abeilles, Where bees gather pollen in every season,
Où rayonne et sourit, comme un bienfait de Dieu, And where shines and smiles, like a gift from God,
Un éternel printemps sous un ciel toujours bleu! An eternal springtime under an ever blue sky!
Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Connais-tu la maison où l'on m'attend là-bas?
La salle aux lambris d'or, où des hommes de marbre
M'appellent dans la nuit en me tendant les bras?
Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre d'un grand arbre?
Et le lac transparent où glissent sur les eaux
Mille bateaux légers pareils à des oiseaux?

Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort m'exila!
C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre,
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là, oui, c'est là!

Alas! But I cannot follow you
To that happy shore from which fate has exiled me!
There! It is there that I should like to live
To love, to love and to die!
It is there that I should like to live, it is there, yes, there!

Do you know the house there where I am awaited?
The gold paneled room where me are made of marble
Calls to me at night, reaching their arms out to me?
And the courtyard where people dance by the tree?
And the lake upon whose limped waters
A thousand light boats glide like birds?

[translation by Laura Nagle]

Herbstlied, Op. 63, No. 4 (1844) [Klingemann]  
Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809–1847)

Felix Mendelssohn, often regarded as the greatest child prodigy after Mozart, composed symphonies, oratorios, concerti, piano and chamber music. In “Herbstlied,” the poet Klingemann writes of the rapidly changing seasons. The spring represents an exciting, happy part of the protagonist’s life, whereas winter represents darkness and sorrow. The departure of the green and the songbirds are representative of things, ideas, or people leaving someone’s life, and the singer laments those cherished memories. In the end, the singer mourns the loss of love in his life and concludes that he shall continue mourning as the seasons escape him. Mendelssohn vividly paints the quickly changing seasons with his hurried, agitated accompaniment. As the song progresses, the lines begin overlapping one another as well, as though time is overtaking the singer.

**Herbstlied**  
Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!  
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle der Fröhlichkeit!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!
Bald sind die letzten Sänger gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts ziehn!

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid.

Wart ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?
Süß wie der Lenz und schnell verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:

**Autumn Song**  
Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Spring turns into wintertime!

Oh how soon all happiness

Turns to sad silence!

The last sounds soon fade!

The last songbirds are soon flown!

The last green in soon gone!

They all want to return home!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,

Merriness turns to longing sorrow.

Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?

Sweet as spring and fast disappearing?

Only one thing will never wane:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht. The longing that never goes.
Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen! Ah, how soon the cycle ends!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen 
Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit! Turns to sad silence!

[translation by Siân Goldthorpe and Christian Stein]

Romanze, Op. 8, No. 10 (1827) [anonymous]
Im Herbst, Op. 9, No. 5 (1830) [Klingemann]

Romanze, a title which denotes “a lyrical, sentimental song,” is believed to have been translated from Spanish, although the poet is unknown. This work expresses the passionate love of a young Spanish woman. The minor key and andante tempo evokes her unrequited love. Although her love is not returned, her passion is not quenched and is displayed throughout the coloratura lines. In Mendelssohn’s “Im Herbst,” the poet Carl Klingemann laments the rushing of the days and unfulfilled hopes. In this piece, Mendelssohn uses unexpected chromaticism and unprepared dissonance to provide unanticipated flashes of color. He also uses the swift, flowing figure in the accompaniment to symbolize the fleeting spring. As I sing this song, I reflect on the past four years and struggle to comprehend how quickly the days have passed as I cherish the few that remain.

Romanze
Romance

Einmal aus seinen Blicken, Once from his glances,
Von seinem süßen Mund, from his sweet mouth,
Soll Gruß und Kuß erquicken may greeting and kiss comfort
Des Herzens trüb’ ben Grund. the heart’s somber depth.
Ich kann ihn nicht vergessen, I can him not forget,
Ich kann es nicht bereu’n, I can it not regret.
Ich sunde’ ge nicht vermessen, I sin not audaciously;
Der Himmel wird verzeih’n! the heaven will forgive!

Im Herbst
In Autium

Ach wie schnell die Tage fliehen, Ah, how quickly the days flee,
Wo die Sehnsucht neu erwacht, when the longing new awakens,
Wo die Blumen wieder blühen when the flowers again bloom
Und der Frühling wieder lacht! and the spring again laughs!
Alle Wonne soll erstehen, All delight should rise from the dead,
In Erfüllung Alles gehen. Into fulfillment everything goes.

Seht die Tage geh’n und kommen, See the days go and come,
Zieh’n vorüber blühtens schwer, pass by blossom-heavy;
Sommerlust ist bald verglommen, summer-joy has soon died away,
Und der Herbstwind rauscht daher. and the autumn-wind rushes away.
Ach, das rechte Blüh’ und Grußen, Ah, the real blooming and turning-
green,
Es ist wieder nicht erschienen! It has again not appeared!
Born in Sagunto, Valenicia, the well-known Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo tragically lost his sight at the age of three. However, this did not prove to be a hindrance, as Rodrigo went on to be a successful pianist, composer, and musicologist. *Cuatro madrigales amatorios,* or Four Madrigals of Love, was written in 1947. All four songs are set to the sixteenth-century poetry of Juan Vasquez’s collection entitled *Recopilacion de sonetos y sonetos y villancicos a quatro y a cinco.* Rodrigo remains true to a Baroque “flavor” throughout the set. This short cycle examines different facets of love, including despair, deceit, and delight.

¿Con qué la lavaré?  
*With What Shall I Wash?*

¿Con qué la lavaré  
*With what shall I wash*  
la tez de la mi cara?  
*the skin of my face?*  
¿Con qué la lavaré  
*With what shall I wash*  
que vivo mal penada?  
*That I live badly punished?*  
Lávanse las casadas  
*They wash the married women*  
con agua de limones.  
*with water from lemons.*  
Lavame yo, cuitada,  
*I wash myself, anguished,*  
con penas y dolores.  
*with grief and sorrow.*

Vos me matásteis  
*You Killed Me*

Vos me matásteis,  
*You killed me,*  
niña en cabello,  
*girl with your hair,*  
yos me habéis muerto.  
*you have killed me.*  
Riberas de un río,  
*At the river’s edge,*  
Vi moza virgen,  
*I saw a virgin,*  
niña en cabello,  
*girl with the hair,*  
yos me habéis muerto.  
*you have killed me.*

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
*From where do you come, love?*

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
*From where do you come, love?*  
Bien sé yo de donde.  
*I know well from where.*  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
*From where do you come, friend?*  
Fuere yo testigo. Ah!  
*I have been a witness. Ah!*

De los álamos vengo, madre  
*From the poplars I come, mother*

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
*From the poplars I come, mother,*  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.  
to see how they move in the air.*  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
*From the poplars of Seville,*  
de ver a mi linda amiga.  
to see my pretty girlfriend.*
Although Debussy was influenced by Chabrier, Fauré, and even Wagner, his harmonies, musical expression of mood, and text settings are highly distinctive and exclusively idiomatic. This avant-garde composer is still revered for his discoveries of harmonies and tone colors, as well as his revolutionary piano techniques. Debussy’s name is synonymous with the school of musical Impressionism. Like Impressionistic paintings, Debussy’s music does not seek to tell a story or express a certain emotion, but rather evokes a mood or atmosphere. Debussy was particularly attracted to the poetry of Paul Verlaine, the poet of “Mandoline” and “Green.” Verlaine was one of France’s most celebrated poets and provided musical inspiration to several composers, including Fauré. Verlaine is referred to as a “symbolist” who used themes of sex, drugs, alcohol, the city, delirium and dreams, in his poetry, and often a medieval setting. He also enjoyed focusing on notions of will, fatality, and other unconscious forces. Like an Impressionist, Verlaine uses subtle suggestions to evoke moods and atmospheres through the careful choice of his powerful words, repeated sounds, and the musicality of verse.

“Mandoline” is a very playful piece: the accompaniment resembles the careless plucking of a mandolin, although it is exceedingly difficult on the piano. “Green,” on the other hand, is a more intimate text: exquisitely set by Debussy, the music truly allows the language to be melodic in and of itself, following every inflexion of the words. In the four-measure introduction, he sets a perfect mood, invoking both purity and tenderness. The first two stanzas employ similar moods, while the third, although it utilizes the same musical theme, it requires a new disposition. The singer’s temperament in the third stanza expresses a certain sweetness and contentment as the two lovers lie together and fall asleep.

Mandoline
Les donneurs de serenades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait, maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnement dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandoline
The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.
There is Thyrsis and Amyntas,
And there’s the eternal Clytander
And there’s Damis, who for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.
Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft, blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.
Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu’à vos yeux si beaux l’humile présent soit doux!

J’arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à vos pieds reposé
Suffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s’apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my forehead
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little since you are resting.

[translations by Emily Ezust]

Anakreons Grab
from Goethe-Lieder (1888) [Goethe]

As a child prodigy, Hugo Wolf was praised as an accomplished pianist and composer. He held high teaching positions and attended prestigious schools but was, unfortunately, known best as a wildly depressed and moody man. His music tends to express his temperamental demeanor, with wild chromaticism and dissonance. “Anakreons Grab” is a selection from Wolf’s Goethe-Lieder collection. The narrator of the song describes his surroundings at the grave of the legendary Greek poet, Anacreon. While the melody line and text of the song display a picturesque and contented scene, the piano brings out the wonder and slight bewilderment the protagonist feels in being at the same place where such a significant and ancient figure is buried.

Anakreon Grab
Anacreon’s Grave

Wo die Rose hier blüht,
Here, where the rose blooms,
Wo Rebuen um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
where the vines entwine the laurel,
Wo das Turtelchen Lockt,
where the turtledove flirts,
Wo sich Grillchen ergötzt,
where the cricket delights.
Welch ein Grab ist hier
What grave is this here?
Das alle Götter mit Leben
that all the gods and Life
Schöbefanzt und geziert?
Have so prettily decorated with plants.
Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
It is Anacreon’s grave.
Frühling, Sommer, und Herbst
Spring, summer, and autumn
Genoß der glückliche Dichter;
did that happy poet enjoy;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich
from this winter now finally
Der Hügel geschützt.
This mound has protected him.

[translation by Emily Ezust]
Gustav Mahler is one of the most important composers of the late romantic period. His work is known for stretching boundaries in the realms of tonality and expressiveness. The collection of German lieder, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, is a series of settings of German folk poem. In “Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen,” Mahler sets this tragic tale in such a way that the story is really told more by the music than the text. The song’s story of passion and death is told through harmonies that are often dissonant, but occasionally gentle. The song remains in C minor for the narrative portions of the text, but shifts to the parallel C major when the male lover is speaking, and, finally, to G-sharp major for the female lover’s tender line. The song ends somewhat abruptly with the piano fading out, leaving the audience with a picture of the young lover marching off to war and to his death.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (1898) [Arnim/Brentano]

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen
Where the beautiful trumpets blow

Wer ist denn draußen und wer klopfet an,
Who is then outside and who is knocking,
Der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?
Who can so softly, softly awaken me?
Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
It is your darling,
Steh auf und laß mich zu dir ein!
Arise and let me come into you!

Was soll ich hier nun länger stehn?
Why should I stand here any longer?
Ich seh die Morgenröte aufgehn,
I see the dawn arrive,
Die Morgenröte, zwei helle Stern,
The dawn, two bright stars,
Bei meinem Schatz, da wär ich gern,
With my darling I would gladly be,
b ei meiner Herzallerliebsten.
With my heart’s most beloved.

Das Mädchen stand auf und ließ ihn ein;
The maiden arose and let him in;
Sie heißt ihn auch willkommen sein.
She welcomed him as well
Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
Welcome, my beloved boy,
So lang hast du gestanden!
You have stood outside so long!

Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweise Hand.
She reached to him her snow-white hand.
Von ferne sang die Nachtigall
From afar the nightingale sang;
Das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.
The maiden began to weep.

Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
Oh! Do not cry, my darling,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Next year you shall be my own.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiß,
My own shall you certainly be,
Wie’s keine sonst auf Erden ist.
As no one else on earth is.
O Lieb auf grüner Erden!
O love on the green earth!

Ich zieh in Krieg auf grüner Heid,
I go to war on the green heath,
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
The green heath that is so broad.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
It is there where the beautiful trumpets blow,
Da ist mein Haus, von grünem Rasen.
There is my house of green grass.

[translation by Emily Ezust]
I would in that sweet bosom be (2004) [Joyce]

Ben Moore

The Lover Pleads with His Friend for Old Friends (2004) [Yeats] (b. 1960)

This heart that flutters (2002) [Joyce]

Giving fresh and intricate settings to the text of great American and English poets, contemporary composer Ben Moore’s works are highly distinctive and unique. The accompaniments to each of his songs not only complement the lovely melodies, but also have a captivating way of reinforcing the poetry. In 2006, a volume entitled *Ben Moore: 14 Songs* was released, and this set contains songs from this volume. Moore sets a James Joyce poem to a triumphant melody in “I would in that sweet bosom be,” in which the singer expresses a strong desire for love that is unattainable. Accompanied by a sparse piano line, “The Lover Pleads with His Friend for Old Friends” reassures me that despite fading beauty and passing time, I will never forget the friends that have shown me what love truly is. Finally, the longing to devote everything to a one true love is portrayed in the simplistic melody of “This heart that flutters.”

I would in that sweet bosom be

I would in that sweet bosom be
(O sweet it is and fair it is!)
Where no rude wind might visit me.
Because of sad austerities
I would in that sweet bosom be.

I would be ever in that heart
(O soft I knock and soft entreat her!)
Where only peace might be my part.
Austerities were all the sweeter
So I were ever in that heart.

The Lover Pleads with His Friend for His Friends

Though you are in your shining days,
Voices among the crowd
And new friends busy with your praise,
Be not unkind or proud,
But think about old friends the most:
Time's bitter flood will rise,
Your beauty perish and be lost
For all eyes but these eyes.

This heart that flutters

This heart that flutters near my heart
My hope and all my riches is,
Unhappy when we draw apart
And happy between kiss and kiss:
My hope and all my riches—yes!
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
The wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
Though love live but a day?

(b. 1961)

Jake Heggie is a prominent modern composer of opera and art song. In 1998 he was appointed composer-in-residence for the San Francisco Opera, and he has since written major operatic works such as *Dead Man Walking* and *The End of the Affair*. Heggie has been commissioned to write by many opera companies and orchestras, including the Metropolitan Opera, Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, and the Houston Grand Opera. He is known for his playful juxtaposition of setting dated poems to contemporary, sometimes erratic, accompaniments. This practice is utilized in “My True Love Hath My Heart,” which explores new tonal sonorities; the piece is wonderfully dissonant, and expresses pure love in a very original fashion.

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange, one for 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 me and him in one.
My heart in him his thought 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.

HECK! A Delightful Disaster           Linda Lister
(b. 1969)

Dr. Lister has so graciously composed a song to our original lyrics that describes the crazy life of the four of us in HECK (Harper, Erin, Cole, Katie). We wanted this song to memorialize some of our crazy stories, like the time we pretended to get in a fight and threw all our clothes and bedding into Cooper Courtyard, our “Happy Day Parades”, where we would march around school in tutus and fairy wings throwing candy for random holidays (like Equinox), and Katie and Nicole’s famous conflict concerning who can take the fastest shower. We hope you enjoy a little peek into our lives, which we are thoroughly convinced should be documented with a reality TV show (those who have had the experience of being with all four of us at the same time might wholeheartedly agree…).

All
We’ve been good friends since seventh grade,
But in college that friendship changed.
Instead of a dup we became a trio;
Our lives were rearranged.
Because we met Erin that fateful freshman year
The face we should be roommates became quite clear.
We thought it was perfect, no better way,
But everyone knows HECK ends with a K.

[REFRAIN]
All together, we’re a delightful disaster,
A little ridiculous—loud and fun.
It’s been said no one talk faster,
If you can’t handle all of us try just one.

Remember the cops got us at Spivey Hall?
(Don’t say a word to Dr. Shaw!)
We’ve made lots of memories we’ll never forget,
But we’re so glad our time’s not over yet.

Our lives are never boring as you can clearly tell,
Our happy day parades can cast a cheerful spell.
We had some crazy Cooper nights
Like when we had a fake fight.
So out the window we began to discard
Each others’ possessions into Cooper courtyard.

This may seem pitiful but we have a confession,
We’re so dirty we fail health inspections.
We’ve made lots of memories we’ll never forget,
But we’re so glad our time’s not over yet.

Our neighbors are so ugly, but we love them all so much.
We’ve become so close through the late night talks and such.
Our room is often cluttered, a craft supply nightmare,
With decorations for chorale and Harold Newman wear.

Harper (to Katie)
Katie is my roommate, she’s the fifth one thus far.
Compared to some of the others she’s really raised the bar.
She’s always pretty late, but not as late as Erin.
She likes beta fish, being crafty and her boyfriend Therron.
One day we had a competition to see who could shower fast.
Katie came in first, and Cole came in last.
I didn’t even mean to start all this.
I didn’t know that it was such a big deal.
I was just trying to tell a story.
I wasn’t even there for the shower competition.

Cole (to Erin)
Well, you could never win!
You’re too slow!
Erin is slow, Erin is slow, Erin is SLOW!

Erin (to Cole)
I can’t believe that you are acting like this!
Cole’s so neurotic; she’s crazy all the time.
She can’t control the volume of her voice!
Katie (to Harper)
You’re the one who started this!
You’re from the city and you talk like a redneck!
You think you’re a mountain woman because you climbed up some hill!

All
Our time at Shorter’s is at an end, it’s gone by far too fast.
We hate to leave behind our “K” and our sweet home in Bass.
We’ll never forget the times we had, growing closer day by day.
Although we’ll never be roommates again,
Best friends we’ll always stay.

[REFRAIN]
All together, we’re a delightful disaster,
A little ridiculous—loud and fun.
H-E-C-K
That’s HECK!

We like to take long, long showers
And have boys over after hours. (SHH!)
We’ve made lots of memories we’ll never forget,
But we’re so glad our time’s not over yet.