

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8 @8:30PM

GALVIN RECITAL HALL ★ LIVESTREAM

Ich habe genug

Henry Griffin, baritone
with Alan Darling, piano

Veronica Rokicki, violin ★ Cecelia Olszewski, violin
Natalie Coleman, viola ★ Miquel Fuentes, cello
Sarah Perry, oboe ★ Saifei Wang, harpsichord

MM DEGREE RECITAL

Ich habe genug

Henry Griffin, baritone
MM Degree Recital

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

- I. Ziemlich langsam und mit Ausdruck
- II. Ein wenig geschwinder
- III. Allegro assai
- IV. Nicht zu geschwinde, angenehm und mit viel Empfindung
- V. Vivace
- VI. Andante con moto e cantabile

Histoires Naturelles

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

- I. Le Paon
- II. Le Grillon
- III. Le Cygne
- IV. Le Martin-Pêcheur
- V. La Pintade

intermission

Ich habe genug, BWV 82

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

- I. Aria: Ich habe genug
- II. Recitativo: Ich habe genug
- III. Aria: Schlummert ein
- IV. Recitativo: Mein Gott!
- V. Aria: Ich freue mich auf meine Tod

Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

The first half of this program comprises two full song cycles; one serious and one very much unserious. I selected these cycles to form the majority of my program tonight because of their utilization of birds as imagery to depict a wide range of images and emotional states.

In the third movement of the Beethoven, Jeitteles' text uses the image of songbirds as love's messenger. Also, in the fifth movement, the mention of the swallow harkening the return of May and springtime is a deeply personal one for me. In my opinion, the return of migrant birds each spring represents the circle of life and displays a spectacle of unspeakable wonder and beauty. I am always happiest in the spring because of this.

Birds take a very playful position, however, in the Ravel. Take particular note of "La pintade" ("The guineafowl"), an unfortunate beast portrayed as "shrill," "turbulent," "frantic," and "harried." Every now and then, folks ask if I can also "do bird noises" — my answer is always an emphatic no, but I believe that Ravel's musical texture in this final movement comes just about as close to imitating the cry of the Guinea fowl as I am comfortable doing!

In my translations below, I have changed one particular English word as a sort of inside joke for any birders or birder-adjacent audience members. Those in the "know" will know!

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Text: Alois Jeitteles (1794-1858)

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
in das blaue Nebeland
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand

On the hill I sit
Gazing into the blue fog
Towards the distant mountains,
Where I first found you, my love,

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

How am I that far from you,
Mountain and valley separating
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Ach, that fiery gaze you cannot see,
That wings its way towards you
And my sighs, they are lost
In this space, between us.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein

Denn vor Liedesklang Entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit
Und ein lieben Herz erreicht,
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

—

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen grau schauen herein
Wo die sonne verglüht
Wo die wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort in ruhigen Tal,
Schweigen schmerzen und Qual
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt
Weht so leise der Wind, Möchte ich sein

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt
Innere Pein—

Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich,
Traute bei dir Ewiglich sein!

—

Leichte segler in den Höhen,
Und du, bächlein Klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüst sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal

Will nothing ever reach you again,
Nothing be the messenger of love?
Sing will I, singing songs,
To you of my lament and of my pain.

For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time
And a loving heart is reached,
By what a loving heart has hallowed.

Where the mountains so blue
From the gray mist look out to me,
Where the sun's glow fades
Where the clouds scud by,
Free I would be!

There in the peaceful valley
Torment and pain ceases,
Where in the rocks
In silence the primrose meditates.
In the peaceful valley, there would I be.

To the musing wood
Driven me by the power of love
Inner pain—

Ach, to me nothing could tempt from here,
If I were able,
My love, to be with you for eternity!

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, little brooklet,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.

If, clouds, you see her walking
Through the silent valley
Let my image before her loom
In the airy vaults of heaven.

Wird sie an den Büschen sehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im wehen
Hin zu meine Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der sonne letzte Strahl.

Flüstr'ich zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie Bächlein klein und schmal
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

—

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug
Werden dich, o Huldin sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust
In den seidnen Locken wühlen,
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt!
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

—

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen,
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen

Sie bringt sich geschäftig

If by the bushes she is standing,
Autumn has turned fallow and bare.
Pour out, to her my fate,
Pour out, passerines, my pain.

Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen
My sighs, that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, brooklet narrow and little
Truly in your ripples
See my tears never ending!

These clouds on high,
These birds flying so cheerfully
Will see you, o gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!

These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast
Will ruffle your silken tresses,
Would I share that joy!

To you from those hills
Hastens eagerly this brooklet!
If she's reflected in you,
She flows directly back to me!

May returns, the meadow blooms,
The breezes, they blow so mild so gentle.
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow, returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.

She brings so busily

Von kreuz und von quer.
Manch weiches Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher
Manch wärmendes Stück für die kleinen
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu, was winter geschieden
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet der Frühling vereint
Nur unserer Liebe Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

—

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich Dir, geliebte Sang
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der laute süßem Klang!

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
nach dem stillen blauen see!
Und sein letzter strahl verglüheth
Hinter jener Bergeshöh

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der sehnsucht sich Bewußt

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit
Und ein lieben Herz erreicht,
Was ein liebend Herrz geweicht

From every direction and place
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now lives the pair
Faithfully together, what winter parted
Has joined in May,
All who love, for May can unite.

May returns, blooms the meadow,
The breezes, they blow so mildly so gently
Only I alone cannot move on.
When all lovers, united by spring
Only our love knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

Accept then, these songs,
I, for you, beloved, sang.
Sing them at evening again
To the lute's sweet song!

As the evening's red glow
Draws toward the still blue lake!
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountaintops

And you sing, what I sang,
From a heart full
With no display of artifice,
Aware only of longing.

Then at these songs the distance
That parted us once shall recede
And a loving heart is reached,
By what a loving heart has hallowed.

Histoires Naturelles

Le Paon

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.
Ce devait être pour hier,
En habit de gala, il était prêt.
Il n'attendait que sa fiancée
Elle n'est pas venue,
Elle ne peut tarder.

Glorieux, il se promène
Avec une allure de prince indien
Et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage.

L'amour avive l'éclat de ses couleurs
Et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre.

La fiancée n'arrive pas.
Il monte au haut du toit
Et regarde du côté du soleil.
Il jette son cri diabolique. Léon!
C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée.
Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond.
Les volailles habituées
ne l'évent même point la tête.
Elles sont lasses de l'admirer.
Il redescend dans la cour, si sûr d'être beau
Qu'il est incapable de rancune.
Son mariage sera pour demain.

Et, ne sachant que faire
Du reste de la journée,
Il se dirige vers le perron.
Il gravit les marches,
Comme des marches de temple,
D'un pas officiel.
Il relève sa robe à que toute lourde
Des yeux qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.

Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Text: Jules Renard (1864-1910)

The Peacock

He will surely be married today.
It was to be for yesterday,
In a habit of regalia, he was ready.
He awaited his fiancée
She hasn't come,
She can't be long.

Gloriously, he processes
With the allure of an Indian prince
Bringing with him the typical rich gifts.

Love enlivens the brilliance of his colors
And his crest trembles like a lyre.

His fiancée doesn't arrive.
He mounts the roof
And looks straight into the sun.
He jets his diabolical cry. Lion!
It is thus how he calls his fiancée.
He can see nothing and no one responds.
The fowls are habituated
And raise not even their heads.
They are tired of admiring him.
Down to the courtyard, so sure of his beauty
That he is incapable of resentment.
His marriage will be for tomorrow.

And, not knowing what to do
For the rest of the day,
He takes off towards the staircase.
He ascends by walking,
As if they were the steps of a temple,
With a formal tread.
He lifts his heavy train
With eyes unable to detach themselves.

He repeats again once more the ceremony.

Le Grillon

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer,
L'insecte nègre revient de promenade
Et répare avec soin le désordre
De son domaine.

D'abord il ratisse
Ses étroites allées de sable.
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte
Au seuil de sa retraite.

Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe
Propre à le harceler.

Il se repose.

Puis il remonte sa miniscule montre.
A-t-il fini? Est-elle cassée?
Il se repose encore en peu.
Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.
Longtemps il tourne sa clef
Dans la serrure délicate.
Et il écoute:
Point d'alarme dehors.
Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.
Et comme par une chaînette
Dont la poulie grince
Il descend jusqu'au fond
De la terre.

On n'entend plus rien.
Dans la campagne muette,
Les peupliers de dressent
Comme des doigts en l'air
Et désignent la lune.

The Cricket

It is the hour when, without error,
The black insect returns from his walk
And repairs all of the disorder
Of his estate.

First he rakes
His narrow alleys of sand.
He makes sawdust which he scatters
On the threshold of his retreat.

He files the root of this tall grass
Likely to annoy him.

He rests.

Then he rewinds his miniscule watch.
Has he finished? Is it broken?
He rests again a little more.
He goes inside and shuts the door.
For a long time he turns his key
In the delicate lock.
And he listens:
Nothing alarming is outside.
But he finds that he does not feel sure.
As if on a tiny chain
By a creaking pulley
He descends towards the folds
Of the earth.

One hears nothing more.
In the mute countryside,
The poplars rise
Like the fingers in the air
And point out the moon.

Le Cygne

Il glisse sur le bassin,
Comme un traîneau blanc,
De nuage en nuage,
Car il n'a faim que des nuages
Floconneux qu'il voit naître,
Bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau.

C'est l'un deux qu'il désire.
Il le vise du bec,
Et il plonge tout à coup
Son col vêtu de neige.
Puis, tel un bras de femme
Sort d'une manche, il le retire.

Il n'a rien. Il regarde:
Les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé,
Car les nuages tardent
Peu à revenir.
Et, làbas, où meurent
Les ondulations de l'eau,
En voici un qui se reforme.

Doucement sur son léger
Coussin de plumes,
Le cygne rame et s'approche.
Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets,
Et peut-être qu'il mourra,
Victime de cette illusion,
Avant d'attraper
Un seul morceau de nuage.

Mais qu'est-ce que je dis?
Chaque fois qu'il plonge,
Il fouille du bec
La vase nourissante
Et ramène un ver.
Il engraisse comme une oie!

The Swan

He glides on the pond,
Like a white train,
From cloud to cloud,
For he is only hungry for the clouds
Fleecy that he sees born,
Moving, and losing themselves in the water.

It is one of these that he desires.
He takes aim with his beak,
And he plunges all the sudden
His neck of snow.
Then, like the arm of a woman
Emerging from a sleeve, he retires it.

He has nothing. He watches:
The startled clouds have vanished.
Only for an instant is he disappointed,
For the clouds are not slow
To return.
And, over there, where die
The ripples on the water,
There is one that is reforming.

Gently on his soft
Cushion of down,
The swan paddles and approaches.
He exhausts himself fishing in vain,
And perhaps he will die,
Victim of this illusion,
Before trapping
A sole morsel of cloud.

But what am I saying?
Every time he plunges [his neck],
He burrows his beak deep
Into the nourishing mud
And brings up a worm.
He becomes fat like a goose!

Le Martin-Pêcheur

Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir,
Mais je rapporte une rare émotion.
Comme je tenais
Ma perche de ligne tendue,
Un martin-pêcheur et venu s'y poser.
Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau
Plus éclatant.
Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue
Au bout d'une longue tige.
La perche pliait sous le poids.
Je ne respirais plus,
Tout fier d'être pris pour un arbre
Par un martin-pêcheur.
Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas
Envolé de peur,
Mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait
Que passer d'une branche
À une autre.

La Pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour.
Elle ne rêve que plaies
À cause de sa bosse.
Les poules ne lui disent rien:
Brusquement, elle se précipite
Et les harcèle.
Puis elle baisse sa tête,
Penche le corps,
Et, de toute la vitesse
De ses pattes maigres,
Elle court frapper, de son bec dur,
Juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.
Cette poseuse l'agaçait.

Ainsi, la tête bleuie,
Ses barbillons à vif,
Corcardière, elle rage du matin au soir.
Elle se bat sans motif,
Peut-être parce qu'elle s' imagine
Toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille,
De son crâne chauve

The King-Fisher

Not a bite [on the line], this evening,
But I report a rare experience.
As I held
My fishing rod,
A king-fisher came to pose on it.
We have no bird
More brilliant.
He seemed [to be] a large blue flower
At the tip of a long stem.
The rod beneath its weight.
I breathed no more,
All proud to be taken for a tree
By a king-fisher.
And I am sure that he did not
Fly out of fear,
But as though he were simply
Passing from one branch
To another.

The Guineafowl

She is the hunchback of my yard.
She dreams only of wounding
Because of her hump.
The hens to her say nothing:
Suddenly, she swoops
And harries them.
Then she lowers her head,
Leans forward,
And, with all the vitality
Of her skinny legs,
She runs, and with her short beak strikes,
Right in the center of the tail of a turkey.
This poseuse provoked her.

Thus, with blueish head,
And wattles red,
Pugnaciously, she rages from morn to night.
She fights without reason,
Perhaps because she imagines
Always that one is mocking her figure,
Her bald crown

Et de sa queue basse.
Et elle ne cesse de jeter
Un cri discordant
Qui perce l'air comme une pointe.

Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.
Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques
Un moment de répit.
Mais elle revient plus turbulente
Et plus criarde.
Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.
Qu'a-t-elle donc?
La sournoise fait une farce.
Elle est allée pondre
Son œuf à la campagne.
Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.
Et elle se roule dans la poussière
Comme une bossue.

And her drooping tail.
And she never ceases to let out
Her discordant cry
Which pierces the air like a point.

Sometimes she disappears from the yard.
She leaves the peaceful poultry
To have one moment of respite.
But she returns more turbulent
And more shrill.
And, frenetic, she wallows in the earth.
What's wrong with her?
The cunning creature has played a trick.
She wants out to lay
An egg in the countryside.
I can search for it if I so please.
And she rolls in the dust
Like a hunchback.

intermission

Ich habe genug, BWV 82

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
Text: Anonymous

*Written for the Feast of the Purification of Mary which occurs in the Catholic liturgical tradition every year on February 2, exactly forty days after Christmas, this Cantata literally transcends into the spiritual realm. As mortals, we humans grapple with our own mortality. Ecclesiastes 3:20 gives us the somber reminder that "All go to one place: all are from the dust, and all return to dust." This Cantata, though, has a different take. The fact that we all return to dust *here* is wholly unimportant when one is sure of the life of the world to come, as reflected later in Ecclesiastes 12:17 — "The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it." In fact, the text of this Cantata dares to take it a step further. Rather than simply acknowledging one's belief in eternal life, we may dare to wish for it — we may revel in it — we may even take joy in it! Whether you are Christian, Muslim, atheist, agnostic, or anything else, take these twenty minutes to meditate on what you think happens when we die, and how you feel about it. Is there an eternal life? Is this eternal life just the earthly legacy we leave behind? Or, perhaps, do we all simply return to dust? What is your personal version of "enough?"*

Ich habe genug,
Ich habe den Heiland,
Das Hoffen der Frommen,
Auf meine begierigen Arme genommen,
Ich habe genug!
Ich hab ihn erblickt,
Mein Glaube hat Jesum ans Herze gedrückt,
Nun wünsch ich noch heute mit Freuden
Von hinnen zuscheiden; Ich habe genug!
Ich hab ihn erblickt,
Mein Glaube hat Jesum ans Herze gedrückt,
Nun wünsch ich noch heute mit Freuden
Von hinnen zuscheiden; ich habe genug!

Ich habe genug! Mein Trost ist nur allein;
Daß Jesus mein und
Ich sein eigen möchte sein.
Im Glauben halt ich ihn,
Da seh ich auch mit Simeon
die Freude jenes Lebens schon.
Laßt uns mit diesem Manne ziehn!
Ach! Möchte mich von meines Leibes Ketten
Der Herr erretten.
Ach! Wäre doch mein Abschied hier,
Mit Freuden sagt ich, Welt, zu dir:
Ich habe genug!

Schlummert ein,
Ihr matten Augen, fallet sanft und selig zu.
Welt, ich bleibe nicht mehr hier.
Hab ich doch kein Teil an dir,
Das der Seele, könnte Taugen.
Schlummert ein,
Ihr matten Augen, fallet sanft und selig zu.
Hier muß ich das Elend bauen,
Aber dort, dort Werd ich schauen
Süßen Frieden, stille Ruh.
Schlummert ein,
Ihr matten Augen, fallet sanft und selig zu.

I have enough,
I have the Savior,
The Hope of peoples,
In the embrace of my warm arms,
I have enough,
I have seen Him,
My faith has Jesus on my heart impressed,
Now wish I this very day with joy,
To depart from here: I have enough!
I have seen Him,
My faith has Jesus on my heart impressed,
Now wish I this very day with joy,
To depart from here: I have enough!

I have enough! My trust is in Him alone;
That Jesus is mine and
Me His I wish to be.
In faith I hold Him,
For already I see in Simeon
The joy to come of the beautiful life.
Let us with this man go forth!
Ah! I wish that from my body's enslavement
The Lord would free me.
Ah! If indeed my liberation were soon,
With joy I would say, world, to you:
I have enough!

To fall into slumber,
Her matted eyes fall softly and rest here.
World, I linger no more here.
Have I found nothing so pleasing in you,
That for the soul, might suit it.
To fall into slumber,
Her matted eyes fall softly and rest here.
Here must I to misery be resigned,
But there, there shall I see
Sweet peace, silent rest.
To fall into slumber,
Her matted eyes fall softly and rest here.

Mein Gott! Wann kommt das schöne: Nun!
Da ich in Frieden fahren werde;
Und in dem Sande kühler Erde,
Und dort, bei dir, im Schoosse ruhn?
Der Abschied ist gemacht. Welt! Gute nacht.

My God! When will I hear the word: Now![]
Then I in peace will depart;
And in the body of the cool earth,
And there, by you, in [its] bosom rest?
My departure is at hand. World! Good night.

Ich freue mich auf meinen Tod, ach!
Hätt er sich schon eingefunden.
Da entkommen Ich aller Noth,
Die mich noch auf der Welt gebunden.
Ich freue mich auf meinen Tod, ach!
Hätt er sich schon eingefunden.

I rejoice in my death, ach!
If only it would already come.
Then all despair escapes from me,
That is still now by the world enslaved.
I rejoice in my Death, ach!
If only it would already come.

All translations: Henry Griffin

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This recital is given in fulfillment of the MM in Voice and Opera Performance degree requirements. Henry Griffin is a student of Nancy J. Gustafson, to whom he is so grateful.

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Additional thank-yous to my dear Eastman friends:

Eleni Nicholas for designing the program cover.
Savannah White-Heximer photo credit.

The logo for the Northwestern Bienen School of Music is displayed on a solid purple rectangular background. The word "Northwestern" is written in a large, white, serif font. A thin white horizontal line is positioned directly beneath "Northwestern". Below this line, the words "BIENEN SCHOOL OF MUSIC" are written in a smaller, white, all-caps, sans-serif font.

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