



University of North Texas College of Music

Master's Recital | Saturday, November 9, 2024 | 3:30 p.m.
Paul Voertman Concert Hall

Brian Mengler, tenor
Eunjin An, piano

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| As Down in the Sunless Retreats (c. 1817 - 1821) | Oliver Shaw (1779 - 1848) |
| There's Nothing True but Heaven (1829) | Oliver Shaw (1779 - 1848) |
| Mary's Tears (1817) | Oliver Shaw (1779 - 1848) |
| C'est l'extase langoureuse (1886 - 1888) | Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918) |
| L'ombre des arbres (1886 - 1888) | Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918) |
| Spleen (1886 - 1888) | Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918) |
| One Second and a Million Miles (2013) | Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970) |
| Die Betrogene Welt (1785) | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791) |
| Die Zufriedenheit (1785) | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791) |
| Der Zauberer (1785) | Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791) |

Program one hundred and sixty-six of the 2024–2025 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Der Freund..... Hugo Wolf
(1889) (1860 - 1903)

Verborgenheit..... Hugo Wolf
(1888) (1860 - 1903)

O soave fanciulla..... Giacomo Puccini
(1895) (1858 - 1924)

Kathleen Echols, soprano

Program Notes

Oliver Shaw (March 13, 1779 – December 31, 1848), was one of the first American composers of note. Shaw was born in Newport, Rhode Island. An accident as a child and later yellow fever caused him to go completely blind. He was a student of organist John Berkenhead and later of Gottlieb Graupner. He started his music career in Boston before moving to Providence where he spent the rest of his life. He remained an important and influential composer and teacher, including to the famous composer Lowell Mason.

In 1810, Shaw and his friends founded the Psallonian Society based in Providence "for the purpose of improving themselves in the knowledge and practice of sacred music and inculcating a more correct taste in the choice and performance of it." He has five volumes of his own music of a variety of styles, much of it set to poems by Thomas Moore.

Thomas Moore (28 May 1779 – 25 February 1852) was the son of a wine merchant; he graduated from Trinity College in 1799 and went on to study law in London. A poet, satirist, and composer, Moore was the author of numerous long poems and volumes of poetry and prose, including *Irish Melodies* (1807-34), *The Spirit of the Age* (1825) and a biography of Lord Byron.

As Down In The Sunless Retreats

As Down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still pray'r of devotion,
Unheard by the world rises silent to thee.
My God, Silent to Thee.
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of it worship the clouded
The needle points faithf'ly, O'er the dim sea.
So dark as I roam in this wint'ry world shrouded
The hope of my spirit rises trembling to Thee.
My God, trembling to Thee.
True, Fond, Trembling to Thee.

There's Nothing True but Heaven

This world is all a fleeting show
for man's illusion giv'n
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful Shine, Deceitful flow.
There's nothing true but heav'n
And false the light on glory's plume,

as fading hues of even
The love, and hope and beauties bloom,
Are blossoms gathered, for the tomb.
There's nothing bright but heaven
Poor wand'ers of a stormy sea,
from wave to wave we're driv'n,
And fancies flash, and reasons ray,
Serve but to light, the troubled way
There's nothing calm but heaven.

Mary's Tears

Were not the sinful Mary's tears,
An off'ring worthy heav'n?
When o'er the faults, of former years
She wept and was forgiv'n!

When bringing ev'ry balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her savior's hallowed feet
The precious perfume poured.

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone.
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shines for God alone!

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! Wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven!

Claude Debussy (22 August 1862 – 25 March 1918) was a French composer, often regarded as the first Impressionist composer, although he vigorously rejected the term. He was among the most influential composers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Born to a poor family with little exposure to culture, Debussy showed enough musical talent to be admitted at the age of ten to France's leading music college, the Conservatoire de Paris. He began studying the piano, but quickly found his calling in innovative composition, overcoming the disapproval of the Conservatoire's conservative professors. He took many years to develop his mature style, and was nearly 40 when he achieved international fame in 1902 with the only opera he completed, *Pelléas et Mélisande*. His music, along with many other composers of the time, was a reaction against Wagner and the German musical tradition. He viewed the classical symphony as obsolete and pursued an alternative in his "symphonic sketches." He is also well known for his piano compositions and his numerous *mélodies* composed to a variety of poetry including some of his own. He was greatly influenced by the symbolism movement, as well as the styles of Russian and eastern music, creating his own style of harmony and orchestral coloring that would go on to influence many other composers of the 20th century.

Ariettes oubliées (Forgotten Songs) is a song cycle for voice and piano, L. 60 by Claude Debussy, set to poems by Paul Verlaine. The work consists of six pieces, with an approximate run time of sixteen minutes. Debussy began composing in Rome and Paris during the year 1886. The first two were completed in March 1887, with the others a year later. They were re-published in 1903 under the lasting title of: *Ariettes oubliées*. Both Debussy and Verlaine sought to innovate their art by using subtlety, and nuance to inspire changes in rhythm, tone, and color, towards creating a new art form. The convergence of these two great minds, seemed to allow Debussy to realize his mature songwriting style that would go on to influence all of his future works.

C'est l'Extase Langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure,
Cela gazouille et susurre!
Cela ressemble au gridoux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

It is Languorous Rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the gray branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out...

You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante,
C'est la nôtre, n'est pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

L'Ombre des Arbres

L'ombre des arbres
Dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air,
Parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur,
Ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient
Dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.
Je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendre
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

The Shadow of Trees

The shadow of trees
in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above,
in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How, oh traveler,
This pale landscape,
It watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly weeps
in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes.

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.
Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea, too green, the air too mild.
I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,
And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

Jason Robert Brown (born June 20, 1970) is an American musical theatre composer, lyricist, and playwright. He is the recipient of three Tony Awards for his work on *Parade* and *The Bridges of Madison County*. Brown grew up in the suburbs of New York City, and attended the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York for 2 years. He spent the summer attending the French Woods Festival of the Performing Arts in Hancock, New York. *Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street* and *Sunday in the Park with George*, he says, were two of his biggest influences, and without them, he would have joined a rock band and tried to be Billy Joel. He began his career in New York, working as an accompanist, conductor, and arranger on a variety of projects before completing *Songs for a New World* in 1995. This show had a brief off Broadway run, but led to his hire to compose the music for *Parade*, and his first Tony Award.

Nearly two very successful decades later, Brown completed *Bridges of Madison County*, based on Robert James Waller's novel by the same name. Debuting August 1st 2013 at the Williamstown Theatre Festival, the show was a hit, and moved to Broadway February 20th 2014, where it would run for 3 months with exactly 100 performances.

One Second and a Million Miles

[ROBERT]

For the first time in my life
I am not outside the moment
With a camera in between me and the
world

I think I know

For the first time in my life
I am somehow part of something
You surround me, you connect me
And I think I can't let go

For the first time in my life
You have opened up a channel
There is nothing to contain us
We are joined, and we are free

For the first time in my life
I am risking something precious
I am asking you, Francesca:
Come with me

I can't tell you I know what the future will
be

Who knows anything?
I just look at those eyes; you've got so
much to see

Let me show you. There's
Crowds and camels and hillsides to
climb

All I know is, in all of the time
From man's first breath
To God's last warning
You and I are just one second

Spinning by in one split-second
You and I have just one second
And a million miles to go

I don't need to be rich, I don't need
something new

[FRANCESCA]

I don't want to go back to a world
without this

[ROBERT]

All I need, all I've needed my whole life
was you

[FRANCESCA]

If I left this behind...

[ROBERT]

Please just look at me:
You were born with a wanderer's soul
This is how you begin to be whole
The stars keep burning
Worlds keep turning

[ROBERT and FRANCESCA]

And you and I are just one second
Spinning by in just one second
You and I have just one second

[ROBERT]

And a million miles to go

[FRANCESCA]

Found and lost
Torn in half
Before and after you

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[ROBERT]

Come with me

[FRANCESCA]

Open heart

Open door

Before and after you

[ROBERT]

Come with me

[FRANCESCA]

How do I go?

Tell me

How do I go?

How do I go with you?

How do I pack a bag

Close a door

Turn a key

Walk away?

Look at where I am

And who I am

And tell me

Is there something I don't know?

How do I go?

How can I go with you?

[ROBERT]

I can't tell you I know what the answer
will be

It's impossible

But this thing, this is bigger than what we
can see

This is destiny

We are tied, we are locked, we are
bound;

This will not be reversed or unwound

Whatever fate the stars are weaving

We're not breaking

I'm not leaving

And you and I are just one second

Spinning by in just one second

You and I have just one second...

[FRANCESCA]

And a million miles to go

[ROBERT]

All my life I have been falling...

[FRANCESCA]

All my life I have been falling...

[ROBERT]

All my life I have been falling into...

[FRANCESCA]

All my life I have been falling...

[ROBERT]

You and I

[ROBERT & FRANCESCA]

Have just one second

[ROBERT]

And a million miles to go

[FRANCESCA]

Come with me

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (27 January 1756 – 5 December 1791) was perhaps the most prolific and influential composer of the Classical period. Despite dying so young, the speed at which he composed, and the young age at which he began, resulted in more than 800 works representing nearly every Western classical genre of music. Many of his works are considered to be the pinnacle of their form, and are still some of the most performed pieces today. Born in Salzburg Austria, Mozart was a prodigy from a young age. Taught primarily by his father, he began performing and composing on the piano and violin by age 5. His father took him and his sister on multiple performance tours around Europe, exposing Mozart to the diverse tapestry of musical styles and tastes that would influence his mature style of writing. Perhaps most well known for his operas, orchestral works and piano music, Mozart also dabbled in the budding style of German Lied. He wrote roughly 35 lieder with a variety of texts and poets. He did not write any song cycles, but did write more songs to the words of Christian Felix Weisse than any other poet.

Christian Felix Weiße (1726–1804) was a German writer and teacher. Weiße was a leading representative of the Enlightenment movement in Germany and is regarded as the founder of German children's literature. Educated in Philosophy and Theology at the University of Leipzig, he spent time working as a tutor, editor, and tax collector, in addition to being a poet, and playwright. Perhaps his greatest lasting success was his magazine *Der Kinderfreund*, which he published from 1775 to 1782, and from which Mozart pulled the poems for his lieder.

Die Betrogene Welt

Der reiche Thor, mit Gold geschmückt,
Zieht Selimenens Augen an;
Der wackre Mann wird fortgeschicket,
Den Stützer wählt sie sich zum Mann.
Es wird ein prächtig fest vollzogen,
Bald hinkt die Reue hinterdrein.
Die Welt will ja betrogen sein,
Drum werde sie betrogen.

Beate, die vor wenig Tagen
Der buhlerinnen Krone war,
Fängt an, sich violett zu tragen
Und kleidet Kanzel und Altar.
Dem äußerlichen Schein gewogen,
Hält mancher sie für engelrein,
Die Welt will ja betrogen sein,
Drum werde sie betrogen.

Wenn ich mein Karolinchen küsse,
Schwör ich ihr zärtlich ew'ge True;
Sie stellt sich, als ob sie nicht wisse,
Dass außer mir ein Jüngling sei.

The Deceived World

The rich fool, with gold adorned,
Attracts Selemene's eyes.
The honest man is sent away,
She chooses the dandy as her husband.
There is a splendid wedding feast,
But soon regret is not far behind.
The world wants to be deceived,
Therefore it will be deceived!

Beate, who a few days ago
Was crowned the biggest flirt in town, She
has begun to wear violets
And deck the pulpit with altar flowers.
By her outwards appearance judged,
Held by many as pure as an angel.
The world wants to be deceived,
Therefore it will be deceived!

When I kiss my little Caroline,
Swear I to be forever lovingly true.
She pretends not to notice
Any other young men.

Einst, als mich Chloe weggezogen,
Nahm meine stelle Damis ein.
Soll alle Welt betrogen sein,
So werd' auch ich betrogen.

Die Zufriedenheit

Wie sanft, wie ruhig föhl ich hier
Des Leben freuden ohne Sorgen!
Und sonder Ahnung leuchtet mir
Willkommen jeder Morgen.
Mein frohes, mein zu fried'nes Herz
Tantz nach der Melodie der Haine,
Und angenehm ist selbst mein
Schmerz, Wenn ich vor Liebe wiene.

Wie sehr lach ich die Großen aus,
Die Blutvergießer, Helden, Prinzen!
Denn mich beglückt ein kleines Haus,
Sie nicht einmal Provinzen.
Wie würden sie nicht wider sich,
Die Götter gleichen Herr'n der Erden!
Doch brauchen sie mehr raum als ich,
Wenn sie begraben werden?

Der Zauberer

Ihr Mädchen flieht Damöten ja!
Als ich zum erstmal ihn sah,
Da föhlt ich, so was föhlt ich nie,
Mir ward ich 9eiss nicht wie,
Ich seufzte, zitterte, und shien mich
Doch zu freu'n,
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein.

Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiss,
Bald ward ich Rot, bald ward ich weiss,
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts,
Sprach nichts als ja und nein;
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein.

Er föhrte mich in dies Gesträuch,
Ich wollt' ihn flieh'n und folgt' ihm
gleich;
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich,
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt ich.
Die Augen starrten ihm,
die meinen wurden klein;
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein.

Entbrannt drückt er mich an sein Herz,
Was föhlt ich? Welch ein süßer

But once when Chloe lured me away,
Damis took my place!
Shall all the world deceived be,
So shall I also be deceived.

The Satisfaction

How peaceful, how calm, I feel here Life's
pleasures without care!
And without foreboding, to me,
Every morning shines welcomingly.
My happiness, my contented heart,
Dances to the melody of the grove,
And pleasant even is my pain,
When I, over my love, weep.

How much I laugh at the great ones,
The blood spiller, heroes, prinzes!
For my happiness, a small house,
For them, not even a province.
How they rage against each other
These godlike lords of the earth!
But do they need more space than I,
When they are buried?

The Magician

You maidens flee from Damöten!
When I saw him for the first time,
Then I felt as I had never before,
What became of me I do not know.
I sighed, trembled, and yet somehow
seemed happy,
Believe me, he must a wizard be.

I looked at him and became so warm,
Soon I was red, soon was I white.
In-the-end he took me by the hand; Who
can say what I felt just then?
I saw, I heard nothing,
I said naught but yes and no;
Believe me, he must a wizard be.

He led me in these bushes,
I wanted to flee from him, yet followed
him;
He sat himself, I sat myself,
He spoke, I only stammered syllables
His eyes stared,
mine almost closed;
Believe me, he must a wizard be.

Aroused he pressed me to his breast, What
did I feel? What a sweet pain!

Schmerz! Ich schluchzt, ich atmete
sehr schwer, Da kam zum Glück die
mutter her;
Was würd, o Götter,
Sonst nach so viel zauberei'n,
Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

I sobbed, I could hardly breathe,
Then, fortunately, my mother came
calling;
What else, O Gods,
After so much sorcery,
Would have become of me?!

Hugo Philipp Jacob Wolf (13 March 1860 – 22 February 1903) was an Austrian composer, particularly noted for his Lieder and his expressive intensity. Born in Windischgrätz in the Duchy of Styria in the Austrian Empire (now Slovenj Gradec, Slovenia), he spent most of his life in Vienna, becoming a representative of a "New German" trend in Lieder, extending from the expressive, chromatic and dramatic musical innovations of Richard Wagner. A child prodigy, Wolf was taught piano and violin by his father beginning at the age of four, and once in primary school studied piano and music theory with Sebastian Weixler. During much of his career he alternated between periods of great productivity and being stymied by his depression. 1888 and 1889 were certainly his most productive years, and a turning point in his career. After the publication of a dozen of his songs late the preceding year, Wolf returned to composing. He traveled to the vacation home of family friends where he composed the Mörrike-Lieder. After a short break, and a change of house, the Eichendorff-Lieder were composed, then the 51 Goethe-Lieder, spilling into 1889. Wolf's last concert appearance was in February 1897. Shortly thereafter Wolf slipped into syphilitic insanity, with only occasional spells of wellbeing. He left sixty pages of an unfinished opera, Manuel Venegas, in 1897. He died in a Vienna asylum.

Der Freund

Wer auf den Wogen schliefe,
ein sanft gewiegenes Kind,
Kennt nicht des Lebens Tiefe,
vor süßem träumen blind.

Doch wenn die Stürme fassen
zu wildem Tanz und Fest,
Wenn hoch auf dunklen straßen
die falsche Welt verlässt.

Der lernt sich wakker rühren
Durch nacht und Klippen
Hin lernt der das steuer führen
Mit sichrem ernstem Sinn.

Der ist von echtem Kerne,
Erprobt zu Lust und Pein
Der glaubt an Gott und Sterne,
Der soll mein Schiffmann sein.

The Friend

Whoever would sleep on the waves,
A gently cradled child,
Knows not the depths of life,
Blinded by sweet dreams.

But he who, the storms seize
For wild dances and feasts,
Whom, high on dark paths,
The false world abandons:

He learns to bear himself bravely,
Through night and past cliffs,
He learns to steer a course
With a sure and serious mind.

He is a man of true worth,
Proven in joy and pain,
He believes in God and the stars,
He shall be my helmsman!

Verborgenheit

Lass o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Secrecy

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die schwere, so mich drücket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Giacomo Puccini (22 December 1858 – 29 November 1924) was an Italian composer specializing in opera. He came from a long line of composers, all the way back to the late baroque. Born in Lucca Italy, he was the sixth of nine children and possibly next in line of the family's musical dynasty as maestro di cappella at The Cathedral of Saint Martin. Unfortunately his father passed away when he was only 6 and much too young to take over at the cathedral. He instead studied music at the Pacini School of Music in Lucca, before a grant from Queen Margherita enabled him to study at the Milan Conservatory where he shared a room with fellow composer Pietro Mascagni. By his third opera, *Manon Lescaut*, it was already becoming clear that Giacomo would be the next great operatic composer to carry on the Italian tradition after Giuseppe Verdi. Coincidentally, Puccini's first enduring opera opened within a week of the premiere of Verdi's final opera, *Falstaff*. Puccini's next opera was *La bohème*, based loosely on Henri Murger's novel *La Vie de Bohème*. The book itself is really a series of vignettes, without a cohesive plot, so much of the libretto is original to Puccini, some of it even based on his own life experience as a struggling student.

O Soave Fanciulla

[RODOLFO]
O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso
di mite circonfuso alba lunar
in te, vivo ravviso il sogno
ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!

[MIMI]
Ah! tu sol comandi, amor!...

[RODOLFO]
Fremon già nell'anima
le dolcezze estreme,
nel bacio freme amor!

[MIMI]
Oh! come dolci scendono
le sue lusinghe al core...
tu sol comandi, amore!...
No, per pietà!

[RODOLFO]
Sei mia!

[MIMI]
V'aspettan gli amici...

[RODOLFO]
Già mi mandi via?

[MIMI]
Vorrei dir... ma non oso...

[RODOLFO]
Di

[MIMI]
Se venissi con voi?

Oh Lovely Girl

[RODOLFO]
Oh lovely girl, oh sweet face
bathed in the soft moonlight.
I see you in a dream
I'd dream forever!

[MIMI]
Ah! Love, you rule alone!

[RODOLFO]
Already I taste in spirit
the heights of tenderness!
Love trembles at our kiss!

[MIMI]
How sweet his praises
enter my heart...
Love, you alone rule!
No, please!

[RODOLFO]
You're mine!

[MIMI]
Your friends are waiting.

[RODOLFO]
You send me away already?

[MIMI]
I dare not say what I'd like...

[RODOLFO]
Tell me.

[MIMI]
If I came with you...?

[RODOLFO]
Che?... Mimi?
Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.
C'è freddo fuori.

[MIMI]
Vi starò vicina!...

[RODOLFO]
E al ritorno?

[MIMI]
Curioso!

[RODOLFO]
Dammi il braccio, mia piccina.

[MIMI]
Obbedisco, signor!

[RODOLFO]
Che m'ami di'...

[MIMI]
Io t'amo!

[TOGETHER]
Amor! Amor! Amor!

[RODOLFO]
What? Mimi!
It would be so fine to stay here.
Outside it's cold.

[MIMI]
I'd be near you!

[RODOLFO]
And when we come back?

[MIMI]
Who knows?

[RODOLFO]
Give me your arm, my dear...

[MIMI]
Your servant, sir...

[RODOLFO]
Tell me you love me!

[MIMI]
I love you.

[TOGETHER]
Love! Love! Love!

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