



COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas  
College of Music

Senior Recital | Sunday, April 13, 2025 | 6:30 p.m. | Recital Hall

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**Eleanor Williams, mezzo-soprano**  
**Stephen Dubberly, piano**

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Les Nuits d'été, Op. 7 (1841) ..... Hector Berlioz  
I. Villanelle (1803–1869)  
II. Le Spectre de la Rose Text by Théophile Gautier  
III. Sur les lagunes: Lamento  
IV. Absence  
V. Au cimetière: Clair de lune  
VI. L'Île inconnue

-INTERMISSION-

from A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41 (1947) ..... Benjamin Britten  
I. A Cradle Song (1913–1976)  
IV. A Charm Text by Williams Blake and Thomas Randolph

Ging heut Morgen über's Feld,  
from Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1884–1885) ..... Gustav Mahler  
(1860–1911)  
Text by Gustav Mahler

Cruda sorte, from *L'italiana in Algeri* (1813) ..... Gioachino Rossini  
(1792–1868)  
Libretto by Angelo Anelli

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**Program five hundred ninety-three of the 2024–2025 season**  
**Photography and videography are prohibited**

## Program Notes, Texts, and Translations

**Hector Berlioz** (1803–1869) was a French composer and conductor and is widely known for his innovative orchestral works and setting of texts. He was born in La Cote-Saint-Andre, France, and died in Paris. He was best known for his symphonic program music, specifically *Symphonie Fantastique*, and was one of the first composers to use large orchestras to create very colorful and complex works. *Les Nuits d'ete* (Summer Nights) was composed between 1841 and 1843 as a set of six songs written for mezzo-sopranos or tenors and orchestra and is inspired by the poetry of Theophile Gautier. The song cycle explores themes of love, longing, grief, and evokes plentiful amounts of nature imagery. The work's premiere was well received, and is one of his most performed vocal works, as it very well exemplifies his talent of expressing text and meaning within the music.

*Les Nuits d'ete* was composed during a period of unrequited love for Harriet Smithson, a famous Shakespear play actor at the time. The work consists of six movements: 1. Villanelle, 2. Le spectre de la rose, 3. Sur les lagunes, 4. Absence, 5. Au cimetiére, and 6. L'île inconnue. Berlioz uses many compositional tactics, such as rich orchestration to really bolster a romantic feel, repetition of motifs to emphasize emotions, and modulation to indicate a change in emotional state. While the cycle is fundamentally and undeniably Romantic, there are also multitudes of folk influences present in vocal melodies that reference the text's folk influences.

### I. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles  
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:  
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,  
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des fraises  
Des bois!

### I. Country Song

When the new season comes,  
When the cold has gone,  
We two will go, my sweet,  
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;  
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew  
We see quivering each morn,  
We'll go and hear the blackbirds  
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;  
It is the season lovers bless,  
And the birds, preening their wings,  
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.  
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank  
To talk of our beautiful love,  
And tell me in your gentle voice:  
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,  
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place  
And the deer reflected in the spring,  
Admiring his great lowered antlers;  
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,  
And entwining our fingers basket-like,  
We'll bring back home wild  
Strawberries!

## II. Le Spectre de la Rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au bal.

Tu me pris encore emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi le fête étoilée  
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
À ton chevet viendra danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
Ni messe ni De profundis;  
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

## III. Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Le blanche creature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

## II. The Ghost of the Rose

Open your eyelids,  
Brushed by a virginal dream;  
I am the spectre of a rose  
That yesterday you wore at the dance.

You plucked me still sprinkled  
With silver tears of dew,  
And amid the glittering feast  
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,  
You shall be powerless to banish me:  
The rosy spectre which every night  
Will come to dance at your bedside.  
But be not afraid – I demand  
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;  
This faint perfume is my soul,  
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;  
And for such a beautiful fate,  
Many would have given their lives –  
For my tomb is on your breast,  
And on the alabaster where I lie,  
A poet with a kiss  
Has written: Here lies a rose  
Which every king will envy.

## III. Over the Lagoon

My beautiful lover is dead:  
I shall weep forever;  
Beneath the tomb she takes with her  
My soul and all my love.  
Without waiting for me  
She has returned to Heaven;  
The angel who took her away  
Did not wish to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to go without love across the sea!

The pale creature  
Lies in her coffin.  
How everything in nature  
Seems to mourn!  
The forsaken dove  
Weeps, dreaming of its absent one;  
My soul weeps and feels  
That it has lost what it belonged to!  
How bitter is my fate!  
Ah! to go without love across the sea!

*continued on following page*

Sur moi la nuit immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerais jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

#### IV. Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!  
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,  
Que de villes et de hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de montagnes,  
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

#### V. Au Cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule, au soleil couchant,  
Chante son chant;

Un air maladivement tendre,  
À la fois charmant et fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre,  
Un air, comme en soupire aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

The immense night above me  
Is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song  
Which heaven alone can hear.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
And how I loved her!  
I shall never love a woman  
As I loved her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to go without love across the sea!

#### IV. Absence

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!  
So great a gulf between our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!  
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,  
So many towns and hamlets,  
So many valleys and mountains  
To weary the horses' hooves.

Return, return, my sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
The flower of my life is closed  
Far from your crimson smile!

#### V. At the Cemetery

Do you know the white tomb,  
Where the shadow of a yew  
Floats plaintively?  
On that yew, a pale dove,  
Sad and solitary, at sundown,  
Sings its song;

A melody of morbid sweetness,  
Delightful and deathly at once,  
Which wounds you  
And which you'd like to hear forever,  
A melody, such as in the heavens,  
A lovesick angel sighs.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre, une forme angélique  
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles poses  
Murmure, en vous tendant les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe  
Je n'irai quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Écouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!

## VI. L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

As if the awakened soul  
Weeps beneath the earth together  
With the song,  
And at the sorrow of being forgotten  
Murmurs its complaint  
Very sweetly.

On the wings of music  
One senses the slow return  
Of a memory;  
A shadow, an angelic form  
Passes in a shimmering beam,  
Veiled in white.

The night-flowers, half-closed,  
Throw their fragrance sweet and faint  
Around you,  
And the phantom with its soft gestures  
Murmurs, reaching out to you:  
Will you return?

Ah! Never again will I go near that tomb,  
When evening descends  
In its black cloak,  
To listen to the pale dove  
From the top of a yew  
Sing its plaintive song!

## VI. The Unknown

Island Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
The pennant of watered silk,  
The rudder of finest gold;  
For ballast I've an orange,  
For sail an angel's wing,  
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,  
Or the Pacific  
Or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
To pluck the snow flower  
Or the flower of Angsoka?

*continued on following page*

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
À la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?  
La brise va souffler.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,  
To the shore of faithfulness  
Where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
Is scarce known  
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go? The breeze is  
about to blow!

**Benjamin Britten** (1913–1976) was an English composer, conductor, and pianist and is widely regarded as one of the most influential composers of the 20th century. He was born in Lowestoft, Suffolk, and died in Aldeburgh. Britten is best known for his operas and choral music, his most famous works including *Peter Grimes*, *War Requiem*, and *The Turn of the Screw*. Much of his compositions addressed social and political issues, and he was heavily inspired by folk music and literature.

*A Charm of Lullabies* was composed in 1947 for mezzo-soprano and piano, and is a collection of five lullabies based on poems by various authors including William Blake, Robert Burns, Robert Greene, Thomas Randolph, and John Phillip. The piece was written for mezzo-soprano Nancy Evans. Although they are composed as lullabies, many of the pieces are composed in a way which subverts the expectation of a gentle, maternal tune. Particularly the fourth song “A Charm” involves threatening the baby with torment should it not go to sleep. Britten plays off of these vaguely ominous and threatening tones throughout the composition.

### I. A Cradle Song

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful night shall break.

### IV. A Charm

Quiet!  
Sleep! or I will make  
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,  
And cruel Rhadamanthus take  
Thy body to the boiling lake,  
Where fire and brimstones never slake;  
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,  
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;  
And therefor dare not yet to wake!

Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet!

Quiet!  
Sleep! or thou shalt see  
The horrid hags of Tartary,  
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,  
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,  
And all the Furies that are three  
The worst is called Tisiphone,  
Shall lash thee to eternity;  
And therefor sleep thou peacefully  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet, sleep!  
Quiet!

**Gustav Mahler** (1860–1911) was an Austrian composer and conductor, often regarded as one of the most significant late-Romantic composers. Born in Kaliste, Bohemia (now the Czech Republic), and dying in Vienna, Mahler is best known for his symphonies and song cycles, which involve emotional depth (along with a great deal of turmoil), complex orchestration, and complex themes. Throughout his personal life, Mahler faced many hardships, including the loss of several siblings and the death of his young daughter, which inspired his profoundly harrowing song cycle *Kindertotenlieder* (songs of children dying). Mahler's works often explore themes of life, death, and transcendence. Mahler wrote the song cycle *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (songs of a Wayfarer) during the period of 1884–1885.

*Ging heut' morgen übers Feld* is a song from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. It follows a simple strophic form, but is rife with complexity given from the poetry itself. The text and music begin very joyfully from the perspective of a traveler walking through beautiful nature, but halfway through the piece, the tone in poetry and in music radically and suddenly shifts to a rather melancholic rendition of the theme. This is when the traveler laments their inner sorrow about while the nature surrounding him is beautiful and happy, happiness will never bloom for them.

## II. *Ging heut' morgen über's Feld*

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,  
 Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;  
 Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:  
 "Ei du! Gelt?  
 Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!  
 Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
 Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!  
 Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld  
 Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',  
 Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,  
 Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:  
 "Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
 Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!  
 Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein  
 Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;  
 Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!  
 Im Sonnenschein!  
 Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!  
 "Guten Tag! Guten Tag!  
 Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
 Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?  
 Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',  
 Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

## II. *I Walked this Morning Across the Field*

I walked across the fields this morning,  
 Dew still hung on the grass,  
 The merry finch said to me:  
 "You there, hey –  
 Good morning! Hey, you there!  
 Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!  
 O how I love the world!"

And the harebell at the field's edge,  
 Merrily and in good spirits,  
 Ding-ding with its tiny bell  
 Rang out its morning greeting:  
 "Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!  
 O how I love the world!"

And then in the gleaming sun  
 The world at once began to sparkle;  
 All things gained in tone and colour!  
 In the sunshine!  
 Flower and bird, great and small.  
 "Good day! Good day!  
 Isn't it a lovely world?  
 Hey, you there?! A lovely world!"

Will my happiness now begin?  
 No! No! The happiness I mean  
 Can never bloom for me!

**Gioachino Rossini** (1792–1868) was an Italian composer well-known for his operatic works. Born in Pesaro, Italy, and dying in Paris, Rossini is best known for his many comic operas, including *The Barber of Seville*, *La Cenerentola*, and *L'italiana in Algeri*. His compositions brought a new level of energy to opera buffa (comic opera), and he is famous for his lively orchestration, use of coloratura, and bringing comedy to life with his music.

L'italiana in Algeri was written in 1813 when he was 21 years old for the Teatro San Benedetto in Venice, and premiered with immediate success. The libretto was written by Angelo Anelli.

"Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!" is an aria from the opera L'italiana in Algeri and is sang by Isabella, a young woman traveling by ship in search of her love, who she discovers has been captured as her ship crashes on shore. She, also, is in danger of being captured. In the beginning of the aria, she rather dramatically laments her fate and the fate of her lover. However, she finds in herself the courage to take charge of the situation and realizes that men are easily seduced and manipulated by flirtations. Isabella is a unique and intentional rejection of the common damsel in distress; rather than another man saving her, she takes control over her life. The beginning recitative deceivingly emulates the common 'damsel-in-distress' trope in overly dramatic fashion, before Isabella reveals her true cunning in the aria.

Cruda sorte! Amor tiranno!  
Questo è il premio di mia fe'?  
Non v'è orror, terror, nè affanno  
Pari a quel ch'io provo in me.

Per te solo, o mio Lindoro,  
Io mi trovo in tal periglio.  
Da chi spero, o Dio, consiglio?

Chi conforto mi darà?

Qua ci vuol disinvoltura,  
Non più smanie, nè paura:  
Di coraggio è tempo adesso,  
Or chi sono si vedrà.

Già so per pratica  
Qual sia l'effetto  
D'un sguardo languido,  
D'un sospiretto...  
So a domar gli uomini  
Come si fa.  
Sian dolci o ruvidi,  
Sian flemma o foco  
Son tutti simili  
a presso a poco...  
Tutti la chiedono,  
Tutti la bramano,  
Da vaga femmina  
Felicità.

Cruel fate! Love tyrannical!  
This is the reward for my faithfulness?  
There is no horror, terror, nor anxiety  
Compared to that which I feel within me.

For you alone, oh my Lindoro,  
I find myself in such danger!  
From who can I hope for, oh God,  
advice?  
Who will give me comfort?

Here we need cool headedness,  
No more hysteria, nor fear:  
The time for courage is now,  
Now they will see me for who I really am

I already know from experience  
What is the effect  
With a languid look,  
Of a little sigh ...  
I know how to tame men  
How it is done.  
Whether gentle or rough,  
Whether calm or ardent  
They are all the same  
(Or very nearly)  
All they ask,  
All they desire,  
Is with a pretty woman  
Happiness.



## Biography

**Eleanor Williams**, mezzo-soprano, is a 4th year vocal performance major from Round Rock, Texas majoring in vocal performance under Mary Mills. This season, alongside performing in the chorus (*Così fan tutte*), she performed as Hermione (*Die Fledermaus*). Last spring at UNT Opera, she performed the role of Bianca/Gabriella (*La Rondine*). Other past operatic engagements with UNT include the role of 5th Spirit (*Cendrillon*) and chorus (*Le Nozze di Figaro*). This past summer, Eleanor had the opportunity to perform at the Lotte Lehmann Academy, a summer opera training program located in Perleberg, Germany under a full scholarship.