

Le Guide de l'amour et du meurtre d'un compositeur Queer

(A Queer Composer's Guide to Love and Murder)

Master's Graduate Recital

7 April 2023



Thomas Edward Warden (He/They), Baritone, this is their first concert openly identifying as a non-binary performer and am glad to share the stage with a fabulous pianist that is also a non-binary wonder. This recital is the cornerstone of Thomas' educational journey as a vocalist and their desire to perform more music by Queer composers.

Thomas finished his bachelor's degree at Luther College and is graduating this May from Longy School of Music with a Master of Music in Vocal Studies. Thomas recently performed with Symphony NH as the Bass soloist for Mozart's Requiem. As well as featured in Sage's graduate recital March 24th, and Longy's La Voce Totale Concert the same day.



Sage Fogle (They/Them), Piano, is a current second year master's student at the Longy School of Music in Collaborative Piano. In the classroom and on the performance stage, they are a fierce advocate for equal representation across all genders and sexualities. They strive to play a part in the rapidly changing classical music world by programming and educating others on music by queer and gender non-conforming composers. Sage is ecstatic to be able to bring this program to you alongside Thomas.

Before studying at Longy, Sage earned a BM in Piano Performance and Music History from the Baldwin Wallace Conservatory of Music in Ohio. In addition to collaborating on many recitals at Longy, Sage has played for Opera and Art Song recitals in Austria and Ohio.

As the program goes on, this is a far more casual experience, this a salon after all! Talk! Cheer! Discuss the questions that I will pose throughout the program notes, grab some snacks, and drink something! Music is meant to be enjoyed with people you enjoy and performed with friends that will last a lifetime.

When things around you fell apart, who tried to catch you? Who helped you?

In this aria, Zoroastro, a magician, helps Orlando when he went insane from his sorrows. When we are on the break of a disaster sometimes you need that one person to reach a handout. Whether the stars themselves or the sky and sea darken the help we receive can save us from that pit of despair.

Sorge infausta una procella, from Orlando, HWV 31 (1732)
composed by G. F. Händel (1685-1759)

Sorge infausta una procella
che oscurar fa il cielo
e il mare, splende fausta
poi la stella, ch'ogni
ch'ogni cor nè fa goder,

Può talor il forte erare,
ma risorto dal erore
quel che pria gli diè dolore
Causa immense il suo piacer.

Rough tempests arise
which obscure heaven
and the sea, brighter star
does then impart its rays
and gladdens every heart,

The strong may often err,
but when they see their error
He feels a great joy for what
was before his great sorrow.

Have you recently told someone you cared about them?

When composers write about nature they often compare nature to someone's beauty. The love they feel is transmitted through the combination of voice and piano. Each piece draws comparisons to different aspects of why we may care about someone. When you discuss if you have recently said you cared about someone also talk about what is something that makes you realize that. Being a queer composer can mean many things, whether it changes how we view the music itself or changes the way we sing the piece. For myself it means that no matter who it is, I will try and seek the beauty in what they can do.

(For this set please wait to applaud until the end of the last piece.)

Sept Mélodies, Op. 2 (1879-1880)
composed by Amédée-Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

No. 1 Nanny

Bois chers, aux ramiers
Pleurez, doux feuillages
Et toi source vive, et vous,
Frais sentiers; Pleurez,
Ô bruyères sauvages,
Buissons de houx et d'églantiers.
Printemps, roi fleuri de la verte année,
O jeune Dieu, pleure!
Eté mûrissant,
Coupe ta tresse couronnée,
Et pleure, automne rougissant.
L'angoisse d'aimer brise un coeur fidèle.
Terre et ciel, pleurez!
Oh! Que je l'aimais!
Cher pays, ne parle plus d'elle;
Nanny ne reviendra jamais!

Dear woods to the doves,
weep, sweet foliage
and you, swift spring, and you,
cool paths; weep,
oh wild heather,
Bushes of holly and sweet briar.
Spring, flowery king of the green year
Oh young god, weep!
Ripening summer,
cut your crowned tresses,
And weep, blushing autumn.
Love's anguish breaks a faithful heart.
Earth and sky, weep!
Oh! How I loved them!
Dear countryside, speak no more of her;
Nanny will never come back!

No. 2 Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.
Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fonder,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.
Ce qui me vainquit à jamis,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire being,
But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.
When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
but what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.
What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad;
And I did not know that I loved you
Until I saw your first tear.

No. 3 Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le beau chemin de l'air?
Saves-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irais?
Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts.
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

The snow-white butterflies
float in swarms over the sea;
Lovely white butterflies, when may I
Take to the blue road of the sky?
Do you know, beauty of beauties,
My stripes with eyes of jade,
If they would lend me their wings,
Tell me, do you know where I would go?
Without taking a single kiss to the roses,
Across valleys and woods
I would go to your half-closed lips,
Flower of my soul, and there I would die.

No. 4 La dernière feuille

Dans la forêt chauve et rouillée
Il ne reste plus au Rameau
Qu'une pauvre feuille oubliée
Rien qu'une feuille et qu'un oiseau.
Il ne reste plus un mon âme
Qu'un seul amour pour y chanter;
Mais le vent d'automne, qui brame,
Ne permet pas de l'écouter.
L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe,
L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hiver.
Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe
Chanter quand l'arbre sera vert.

In the bleak and flighted forest
Nothing is left on the branches
But a poor forgotten leaf,
Nothing but a leaf and a bird
Nothing is left in my soul
Except a tone love which sings there;
But the autumn wind that howls
Does not allow it to be heard.
The bird flies away, the leaf falls,
Love is waning, for winter is here
Little bird, come to my tomb
To sing when the tree is green again.

No. 5 Sérénade Italienne

Parton sen barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.

Let us go in a boat on the ocean
To pass the night among the stars.

Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.
Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils, qui nous conduisent
Écotent mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.
Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois,
Nous pouvons échanger nos voix,
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

See, the breeze is just blowing enough
To swell the cloth of the sails.
The old Italian fisherman
And his two sons, who guide us,
Hear but do not understand
The words that we speak to each other.
On the ocean calm and sombre, see,
And no one will understand our voices,
But the night, the sky, and the waves.

No. 6 Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet, quand Hébé s'avançait,
Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.

Her [Their] eyes lowered, blushing and ingenuous
When Hébé drew near their banquet.
The enchanted Gods held out their empty cups,
And the child refilled them with nectar.

Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la Déesse?
Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encore, sur la route éternelle,
Notre oeil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

All we too, when youth has passed,
Hold out our cup to her with longing.
What is the wine the Goddess pours there?
We do not know; it intoxicates and delights.
Having smiled in her immortal grace,
Hébé goes on her [their] way; we call her [them] in vain.
On the eternal path, for a long time still
Our tearful eyes follow the divine cupbearer.

No. 7 Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hate et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair,
Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!
Sur ta lèvre. Pure, ô ma bien aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser, qui l'a parfumée.

The green hummingbird, Prince of the heights,
Feeling the dew and the bright sun,
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses,
Like a light-breeze escapes into the air.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
Where the reeds make the sound of the sea,
Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,
Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.
Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it!
On our pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to die
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

What is a memory that you wish you could repeat? Who was there?

These pieces remind me of when I was little and how I still am just that little child that had well wishes. Embrace the inner child and feel secure as you deserve the love that may not have been given. In queer communities it is often stated that chosen families are the replacement from the feeling of abandonment from blood. While it is something that is harming this pieces seem more open for Quilter and reflective of the fun he had as a wee-little-lad.

Three Pastoral Songs, Op. 22 (1920)
composed by Roger Cuthbert Quilter (1877-1953)

No.1 I Will Go with My Father a Plowing

I will go with my father a plowing,
To the green field by the sea,
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls,
Will coming flocking after me,
I will sing to the patient horses,
With the lark in the shine of the air,
And my father will sing the plough song,
That blesses the cleaving share.

I will go with my father asowing,
To the red field by the sea,
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings.
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the striding Sowers,
With the finch on the flow'ring sloe,
And my father will sing the seed song,
That only the wisemen know.

I will go with my father a reaping,
To the brown field by the sea,
And the geese and the crows and the children,
Will come flocking after me.
I will sing to the weary reapers,
With the wren in the heat of the sun,
And my father will sing the scythe song,
That joys for the harvest done.

No. 2 Cherry Valley

In Cherry Valley the cherries blow;
The valley paths are white as snow,
White as snow.
And in their time with clusters red,
The heavy boughs are crimsonéd,
Crimsonéd.
Now the low moon is looking through,
The glimmer of the honey dew.
A petal trembles to the grass,
The feet of fairies pass and pass.
In Cherry Valley the cherries blow;
The valley paths are white as snow;
White as snow.

No. 3 I Wish and I Wish

I wish and I wish, And I wish I were
A golden bee, In the blue of the air,
Winging my way, At the mouth of day
To the honey marges of Loch-ciuin-ban;
Or a little green drake, Or a silver swan,
Floating upon the stream of Aili,
And I to be swimming Gaily, gaily,
I wish and I wish, And I wish I could be,
A bud on a branch, Of the red thorn tree,
That blows at the head of Blaid's Bed,
And sheds a petal, At every breath;
Or a white milestone, On the shining path,
That climbs the cairn, and dips the hollow,
Up to the walls of bright Maghmeala.
If wishes were fairies I would not stay,
But they would wile, My soul away;
And peace would creep, Into my sleep,
As soft as a dream, at even fall,
When the crickets sing, And the curlew's call;
And 'tis I would wake, For no new morrow,
On the grey round, Of this world of Sorrow.

What stories of valour, love, and loss continue to spin in your mind?

These five pieces range from valour, love, and acknowledging loss. The translating process brought me grief though. Trying to capture the story in these beautiful pieces from a more visible queer composer makes the presentation difficult. How do you show the valour of Don Juan to missing the face of a friend you were 'friends' with.

Selections from Six Romances, Op. 38
composed by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Serenada Don-Zhuana | Don Juan's Serenade |
| Gasnut dalnei Alpukhary Zolo tistye kraja | The Alpakhers go out Golden edges |
| Na prozyv nyi zvon gitary | to the call of the guitar |
| Vyidim milaya moya! | come out my darling! |
| Vseh, kto skazhet chto drugaya | Anyone who says different |
| Zdes' ravnyayetsya s toboj, | here is equal to you, |
| Vseh, ljuboviyu zgoraja, | All with burning love |
| Vseh, vseh, vseh zovu na smertnyi boj | All, all, all I call to the battle of death |
| Ot lunnogo sceta zardel nebosklon, | The moonlit sunset made the sky glow |
| O, vyidi, Nizetta, o, vyidi nisetta, | O come Nisetta, o come Nisetta |
| Skorej na balkon! | out to the balcony! |
| Ot Sevilyi do Granady, | From Seville to Granada |
| V tihom sumrake nochej, | in the quiet darkness but whose |
| Razdajutsya serenady, | Serenades are being sung, |

Razdajutsya zvon mechej;
Mnogo krovi, mnogo pesnej
Dlya prelestnyh lyutsadam,
Ja zhe toj kto vseh prelesnuj
Vsyo, vsyo, pesn' i krov' moyu otdam!
Ot lunnogo sveta zardel nebosklon
O, vyidi, Nisetta, O vyidi Nisetta
Skorei na balkon.

the clanging of swords;
a lot of blood a lot of songs
for the lovely ladies
I'm the one who's with the prettiest
All, all, I will give my blood in song
the moonlit sunset, the skies glow waned
O come Nisetta, o come Nisetta
out to the balcony.

2. To bilo ranneyu vesnoy
Trava edva vshodila,
Ruch' i tekli ne paril znoi,
I zelen' rosch skvozila,
Truba pastuschya poutru
Esche ne pela zvonko,
I v zavitkah esche v boru
Byl paporotnik tonkij
To bilo ranneyu ves noj
V teni berez to bilo,
Kogda s uly bkoj pre domnoj
Ty ochi opustila...
To na lyubov' moyu v otvet
Ty opustila vezhdy
O, zhizny! O, les! O, solncha svet!
O, yunost'! O. na dezhdy!
I plakal ya pered tobog,
Na lik tvoj ylyadya milyj
To bilo ranneyu vesnoj,
V teni berez to bilo!
To bilo vetro na shihlet!
O schast'e! O slezy! O, les!
O, zhizn'! O, solnchasvet!
O, svezhij duh berezy!

It was in the Early Spring
and the grass was barely sprouting,
the heat did not soar,
and the greenery of the grasses were shimmering
The shepherd's trumpet
has not yet sung in the morning,
And in turns still in the forest
There was a thin fern,
it was early spring
in the shade of the birch trees,
When you have a smile
you lowered your eyes...
Then my love is reciprocated
you have closed your eyes
Oh life! Oh forest! Oh sunshine!
Oh youth! Oh duty!
and crying in the face
in front of your sweetheart
It was in early spring
in the shade of the birches
in the middle of the day!
Oh happiness! Oh tears! Oh forest!
Oh life! Oh sunshine!
The fresh spirit of the birch tree

3. Sred' Shumnovo Bala
sluchaino,
Vtre voge mirskoj suety,
Tebya ya uvidel, no tajna
Tvoi pokryva la cherty;
Lish' ochi pechalno glydeli,
A golos tak dino svu chal,
Kak zvon otda yonnoj svireli,
Kak morya igrayu schij val.
Mne stun tvoj ponravilsya tonkij
I ves' tvoj zadumchi vyi vid,
A smeh tvoj, I grust nyj, I zvonkoj,

At the Ball
by chance
The world's hustle and bustle
I saw you, but the mystery
of your covered features;
only his eyes looked distant,
and his voice sounded
like the ringing of a distant whistle,
like the waves of the sea.
I like your thin waist
and all your pensive looks,
and your laughter is both sad and resonant,

S teh por v moem serche zvuchit.
V chasy odinokie
Nochi, lyublyu ya, u stalyj, prilech';
Ya vizhu pechalnye, ochi,
Ya slyshy veseluyu rech.
I grustno ya, grustno tak
Zasypayu, I v gryuzah nevedomyh splyu
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu
No kazhet sya mne, chto lyublyu

I hear it in my heart over.
in the lonely hours
Nights I love to lie down tired;
I see the saddened eyes
I hear tearful speech.
and I'm sad like this
I fall asleep and have mysterious dreams...
Whether I love you, I don't know
but it seems to me, that I love you!

4. O yesli b ti mogla
Hoy' na edinyj mig,
Zabyt' svoyu pechal',
Zabyt' svoi ne v zgoty,
O, yesli by hot' raz, ya tvoj uvidel lik,
Kakim ja znal evo v schastli vej schi egody!
Kogda v glazah tvoih zasvetitsya sleza,
O, yesli b Eta grust' movla projti poryvom,
Kak v tepluju vesnu proletnaya groza
Kak ten' ot oblakob, beguschya ponivam!
O, yesli b ty movla hot' na edinyj mig,
Zabyt' svoyu pechal' zabyt' svoi nevzgoty,
O, yesli by hot' raz, ya tvoj uvidel lik,
Kakim ya sial evo v schastpivej schie gody!

Oh, If Only You Could
for one moment,
forget your sadness,
for being in misery,
Oh, if only I could see your face,
As I knew him in the happier years!
When there's a tear in your eye,
Oh, if this sadness could pass at some point,
like a warm springtime, weeping, thunderstorms
Like a shadow from the clouds running along the fields!
Oh, if you could for just one moment,
to forget my sadness, to forget my troubles,
Oh, if just once I saw your face,
As I have seen him in recent years!

5. Lyubov' mertvetsa
Puskaj holodnoyu zemleyu zasypanya,
O, drug! Vsegda, vseгда,
Vezde s tobou dusha moya,
dusha moya, vseгда, vezde s toboj!
Lyubvi bezumnogo tomlen'ya
Zhilech mogil, v strane
pokoya I zabven'ya ya ne zayl.
Bez straha v chas poslednej muki
pokinuv svet,
otrady zhdal ya ot razluki, razluki net!
Chto mne siyan'e bozh'ej vlasti
I raj svyatoj?
Ya perenes zemnye strasti tuda s soboj.
Laskayu ya mechtu rodnuyu,
Vezde odnu zhelayu, plachu I renuyu
Kak v starinu. Kosnetsyal'
Chuzhdoe dyhan'e tvoih lunit,
Moya dusha v nemom stradan'ii
Vsya zadrozhit; sluchitsyal'
Schepchesch' zasypaya, ty o drugom
Tvoi slova tehut, pylaya,

The Love of a Dead Man
Let the cold earth fill up,
Oh friend! Always, always,
my soul is with you
My soul is always with you!
Of love's insane languor
A dweller cold in a land of
peace and oblivion I haven't forgotten.
No fear in the aftermath
The anguish of learning the world,
I waited for joy from the separation, yet nothing!
To me the radiance of God's power
And the holy paradise?
I moved earthly passions.
I dream of you there with me,
I wish to be with you everyday, I'm jealous
As in the olden days
they will touch the stranger's breath in your hands,
My soul in a silent struggle
all trembling will happen
Whisper falling asleep, you're talking
about something else, your words,

Po mne ognem!	Are burning in my mind!
Puskaj holodnoyu zemleyu zasypanja,	Let the cold earth cover me,
O, drug! Vsegda, vesgda,	Oh friend! Always, always,
Vezde s toboyu dusha moya,	my soul is with you
dusha moya, vsegda, vezde s toboj!	My soul is always with you!

Is love a justifiable defense to cause the murder and betrayal of someone you know?

This last aria is incredibly queer coded, not only is Britten an obviously gay composer but made a point to use Billy Budd which is notable due to the high referencing of everyone admiring how attractive the young pirate is. Because of their love they betray him and send him overboard. This aria represents the difficulty to trust authority and people you care about because of how they hurt you. This sorrowful aria gives Billy a meditative outlook and comes to peace with his fate.

Look! Through the Port, from Billy Budd, Op. 50 (1950), composed by Benjamin Britten

Look! Through the port comes the moonshine astray!
It tips the guard's cutlass and silvers this nook;

But 'twill die in the dawning of Bill's last day.

Ay, ay, all is up; and I must up too,

Early in the morning, a loft from below.
On an empty stomach, now, never would it do.
They'll give me a nibble-bit of biscuit ere I go.
Sure,...a messmate will reach me the last parting cup;

But turning, turning, turning heads away,
From the hoist and the belay.

Heaven knows who will have the running of me up!
No pipe to those halyards,

But ain't it all a sham?
A blur's in my eyes;
It is dreaming that I am.

But Donald he has promised to stand by the plank,
So, I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink.

But no! no! It is dead then I'll be, come to think.

They'll lash me in hammock, drop me deep.
Fathoms down fathoms, how I'll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now;
Roll me over fair.

I'm sleepy and the oozy weeds about me twist.