

Yale SCHOOL OF MUSIC

José García-León, Dean

MASTER OF MUSICAL ARTS DEGREE RECITAL

Chancellor Barbaree, *baritone*

Yale Opera

April 13, 2026 | 4:30 p.m. | Sudler Recital Hall in William L. Harkness Hall

Alejandro Roca, *piano*

Johannes Brahms
1833–1897

Sapphische Ode, Op. 94 No. 4

Brahms

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, Op. 105 No. 1

Brahms

Ständchen, Op. 106 No. 1

Brahms

Sonntag, Op. 47 No. 3

Brahms

Feldeinsamkeit, Op. 86 No. 2

Ralph Vaughan
Williams
1872–1958

The House of Life (1903)

II. Silent Noon

III. Love's Minstrels

V. Death in Love

VI. Love's Last Gift

This performance is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Musical Arts degree. As a courtesy to others, please silence all devices. Photography and recording of any kind is strictly prohibited. Please do not leave the hall during musical selections. Thank you.

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Sapphische Ode
German source: Hans Schmidt

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen
Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie
berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen
pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich
jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

Wie Melodien
German source: Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Sapphische Ode
English translation © Richard Stokes

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by
night,
The fragrance they breathed was
sweeter than by day;
But when I moved the branches, they
showered
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as
never before,
When I gathered them from your rose-
bush lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like
those roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

Like Melodies
English translation © Richard Stokes

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Ständchen

German source: Franz Kugler

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Sonntag

German source: Johann Ludwig Uhland

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei
ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei
ihr!

Serenade

English translation © Richard Stokes

The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for the people in love;
A fountain purls in the garden –
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.

The sound steals softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers "Remember me."

Sunday

English translation © Richard Stokes

For a whole week now
I haven't seen my love;
I saw her on a Sunday,
standing at her door:
my loveliest girl,
my loveliest sweet,
would to God I were with her today!

Yet I'll still be able
to laugh all week;
I saw her on a Sunday,
as she went to church:
my loveliest girl,
my loveliest sweet,
would to God I were with her today!

Feldeinsamkeit

German source: Hermann Allmers

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach
oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn
Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam
umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille
Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

Alone in fields

English translation © Richard Stokes

I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.

The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent
dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through
eternal space.

The House of Life

English source: Dante Gabriel Rossetti

II. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,

This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

III. Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: 'Behold this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear.'
Then said I 'Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear.'
Then said my lady: 'Thou art passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.'

V. Death in Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the immemorable hour
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new.
But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, 'Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death.'

VI. Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: 'The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef ...

'All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise.'