SCHOOL OF MUSIC

SENIOR RECITAL

ALEX ADAMS ’14, BASS-BARITONE
DENES VAN PARYS, PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 2014
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL
7:30 P.M.

“Il faut passer tôt ou tard” from Alceste ................................. Jean-Baptiste Lully (1632–1687)
“Bois èpais” from Amadis with Aidan Meacham, cello

“Vi ravviso” from La Sonnambula .............................................. Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)

From Vier ernste Gesänge, Opus 121........................................... Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)
I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen
III. Ich wandte mich
IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen

INTERMISSION

“Vecchia zimarra” from La Bohème .............................................. Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

From Three British Poems for Baritone and Piano.......................... Roger S. Keele b. 1955
I. Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
II. Fragment
III. Titanic!

From Carousel ................................................................. Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)
Soliloquy
**VOCALIST**

**ALEXANDER ADAMS ’14**, bass-baritone, is a student of Dawn Padula and is majoring in vocal performance. He enjoys singing in the Adelphian Concert Choir and Voci d’Amici, as well as the Timbermen Barbershop Quartet. Notable roles while at Puget Sound include Bottom/Pyramus in Britten’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream* in this year’s Opera Scenes and Sergeant of the Police in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Next fall Alex will continue his education in the master’s in vocal performance program at University of Southern California’s thornton School of Music.

**GUEST PERFORMER**

**AIDAN MEACHAM ’14**, cello, a student of David Requiro, is double majoring with a Bachelor of Music degree and Bachelor of Science degree in physics. As a musician and scholar, Aidan is interested in new works and the intersection of art, technology, and science, particularly with regard to the visual arts and computation.

**ACCOMPANIST**

**DENES VAN PARYS**, accompanist, collaborative artist, conductor, and composer, has led performances for numerous international opera companies, theaters, orchestras, and national tours. He received his Bachelor of Music degree in music theory and composition from Washington State University, and pursued graduate studies in opera and musical theater conducting at Ithaca College. He currently is the staff accompanist at Puget Sound.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

Thank you Dr. Padula for teaching me all that you know about the art of singing. You have really helped me transform my voice into something I am proud of. Thank you to Denes Van Parys, accompanist extraordinaire, for putting up with several last minute run-throughs and various whimsical tempo changes. Lastly, thank you to my parents and family for being so supportive of me every step of the way.

**PROGRAM NOTES**

**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

*Jean-Baptiste Lully* (1632–1687) was a French composer born in Florence, Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and is considered the master of French baroque music. He is well known for creating the French-style of opera and the French overture, due to his distaste for the Italian conventions in opera.

*Alceste* is a *tragédie en musique* in a prologue and five acts, premiered in 1674 by the Paris Opera. A young king, Admetus, narrowly escapes death, but on one condition: he must substitute another’s life for his own. There is a catch—the substitute must be a voluntary one. Alceste, wife of the king, volunteers herself in place of her husband. When the demi-god Heracles, also friend of Admetus, hears of Alceste’s death, he
goes off to Hades to wrestle Death for the life of Alceste. Of course to do this one must cross the River Styx. Charon is the one in charge of ferrying souls across the river, and sings “Il faut passer tôt ou tard” as his introduction.

Il faut passer tôt ou tard, He must go sooner or later,
Il faut passer dans ma barque. He must go in my boat.
On y vient jeune, ou vieillard, They come young, or old,
Ainsi qu’il plaît à la Parque; Thus it pleases the Fates;
On y reçoit sans égard The Berger & the monarch.
Le berger & le monarque. He must go sooner or later,
Il faut passer tôt ou tard, He must go in my boat.
Il faut passer dans ma barque. You who wish to pass, come, Mânes wandering shades,
Vous, qui voulez passer, venez, wandering shades,
errants, Come, advance, sad shadows;
Venez, avancez, tristes ombres; Pay the tribute that I take,
Payez le tribut que je prends, Or return to roam the dark shores.
Ou retournez errer sur ces rivages sombres.
Il faut auparavant que l’on me satisfasse; It is necessary that to satisfy me
On doit payer les soins d’un si pénible employ. One must pay for the care of a painful job.
Donne, passe, donne, passe. Give, pass, give, pass.

Amadis de Gaule was composed in 1683 and also is a tragédie en musique in a prologue and five acts. Amadis, son of the King of Gall, is distraught that his love Oriane has been betrothed to the King of Rome. Act II is set in a forest where Amadis has wandered hoping to find peace and quiet in the shadow of the trees. He sings the monologue “Bois èpais” as he tries to calm his sorrows.

Bois épais, redouble ton ombre; Deep woods, increase your shade;
Tu ne saurais être assez sombre, You could not be dark enough,
Tu ne peux pas trop cacher You could not conceal too well
Mon malheureux amour. My unhappy love.
Je sens un désespoir I feel a despair
Dont l’horreur est extrême, Whose horror is extreme,
Je ne dois pas plus voir ce que j’aime, I am to see no longer what I love,
Je ne veux plus souffrir le jour. I want no longer to bear the light of day.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835) was an Italian composer best known for his operas. Verdi, Wagner, Liszt, and Chopin have all professed admiration for Bellini’s long, arching melodies and skill at artfully matching text, music, and emotion.

La sonnambula, with its pastoral setting and story, became an immediate success with its premier in Milan in 1831. Act I opens in a village with a mill in the background. Count Rodolfo, returning to his childhood home, recalls distant memories in “Vi ravviso.” He happens upon a wedding of a young couple and admires the lovely face of the bride, who reminds him of a girl he had loved long ago.

Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni, I see you again, oh pleasant
In cui lieti,in cui sereni surroundings
Si tranquillo i di passai
Della prima gioventu!
Cari luoghi, io vi trovai,
Ma quei di non trovo piu!

Ma fra voi, se non m’iganno
Oggi ha luogo alcuna festa?
E la sposa? È quella?
È gentil, leggiadra molto
Ch’io ti miri.
Oh!... il vago volto!

Tu non sai con quei begli occhi
Come dolce il cor mi tocchi,
Qual richiami ai pensier miei
Adorabile beltà.
Era dessa, qual tu sei,
Sul mattino dell’età.

In which I so peacefully spent the happy
and serene days
of my early youth!
Dear surroundings, I’ve found you,
But those days I find no more!

But among you, if I’m not mistaken,
Some celebration is taking place?
And the bride – is it she?
She’s refined, very charming.
Let me look at you!
Oh, the lovely face!

You don’t know how sweetly you
touch my heart with those beautiful
eyes,
What an adorable beauty you recall to
my thoughts
That one was, as you are,
In the morning of her years!

**Johannes Brahms** (1833–1897) was a German composer and pianist of the
Romantic era. He is most famous for his compositions for piano, orchestra, and the
lieder, of which he composed more than 200 pieces. Brahms preferred absolute
music that was not based on any scene or narrative, and consequently never wrote
any operas.

**Vier ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs), Opus 121** is a song cycle composed
in Vienna in 1896, the last song cycle that Brahms ever wrote. His friend Clara
Schumann had suffered a stroke early in 1896 and he finished this set of songs in
anticipation of her death. **Denn es gehet dem Menschen** and **Ich wandte mich** use
text from the Old Testament and deal with the transience of life and the inevitability
of death. **Wenn ich mit Menschen** uses text from the New Testament and focuses
on three virtues—faith, hope, and love.

### I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
wie dem Vieh,
Wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
Und haben alle einerlei Odem;
Und der Mensch hat nichts mehr
denn das Vieh:
Denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
Es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
Und wird wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre,
Und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts
unter die Erde fahre?

For that which befalleth the sons of
men befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no preeminence
above a beast:
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of the dust,
and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man that
goeth upward,
and the spirit of the beast that goeth
downward to the earth?
Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist, Denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit; Denn das ist sein Teil. Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, Daß er sehe, was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: For who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

II. Ich wandte mich
Ich wandte mich und sahe an Alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne; Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer, Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster; Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; but they had no comforter.

Da lobte ich die Toten, Die schon gestorben waren Mehr als die Lebendigen, Die noch das Leben hatten; Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide, Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, Das unter der Sonne geschieht.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living Yea, than both they, and which hath not yet been, better is he who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen
Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engelzungen redete und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre ich ein tösend Erz oder eine klingende Schelle.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis und hätte allen Glauben, also daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe und ließe meinen Leib brennen und hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre mir’s nichts nütze.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunkeln Worte,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesicht. But then face to face:
Jetzt erkenne ich’s stückweise; now I know in part;
dann aber werde ich erkennen, but then shall I know even as also I am
gleichwie ich erkennen bin. known.

Nun aber bleibt Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, And now abideth faith, hope, love, diese
drei; these three;
aber die Liebe ist die größeste unter ihnen. but the greatest of these is love.

**Giacomo Puccini** (1858–1924) was an Italian composer who has been called “the
greatest composer of Italian opera after Verdi.” His early works were based on
traditional late-romantic Italian opera conventions, but with his premier of *Tosca* in 1900 he ventured into *verismo*, a style of presentation that strives to depict life in opera in a more realistic light.

*La Bohème* is an opera in four acts based on a collection of stories by Henri Murger. The opera premiered in Turin in 1896, and since then has become one of the most frequently performed operas worldwide. At the very end of Act 4, Mimi has been overcome with an illness and is on her deathbed. Colline, a philosopher, offers to pawn his coat for money to buy medicine. In “*Vecchia zimarra*” Colline says goodbye to his old coat and thanks it for many years of warmth and many books carried in its pockets.

Vecchia zimarra, senti, Old cloak, listen,
io resto al pian, I'm staying down here,
tu ascendere il sacro monte or devi. you must ascend the sacred mountain.
Le mie grazie ricevi. My thanks you receive.
Mai non curvasti il logoro dorso ai richi ed ai potenti. You never bowed your worn back to the rich and the powerful.

Passâr nelle tue tasche come in antri Pass in your cavernous pockets tranquilli
filosofi e poeti. peaceful philosophers and poets.
Ora che i giorni lieti fuggîr, ti dico: Now that the happy days flee, I say to you

addio, fedele amico mio. Goodbye, My faithful friend.
Addio, addio. Goodbye, goodbye.

**Roger S. Keele** (b. 1955) is a contemporary composer who holds a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in choral conducting from Moores School of Music at the University of Houston. He has composed several choral, instrumental, and solo voice works as well as a one-act opera titles *The Masque: A Grim Little Entertainment*, which was premiered in 2008.

*Three British Poems for Baritone and Piano* (1999)

I. *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night* (poetry by Dylan Thomas) is set to a poem published in 1951 that was written for Thomas’ dying father. The famous refrain “do not go gentle …” represents the struggle and anxiety of facing an inevitable death and the “rage against the dying of the light”—the frustration and helplessness at making change in the world before the end.
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at end of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

II. Fragment (poetry by Wilfred Owen) contains lines on the death of a fellow British soldier during World War I. It is a depiction of a bewildered soldier’s witness to the gruesome death of another. The onlooker feels a detachment of self as he watches the life drain from the eyes of his slowly departing friend.

I saw his round mouth’s crimson deepen as it fell,
Like a sun in his last deep hour;
Watched the magnificent recession of farewell;
Clouding, half gleam, half glower.
And a last splendour burn the heavens of his cheek.
And in his eyes, the cold stars lighting,
very old and bleak, lighting in different skies.

III. Titanic! (poetry by Thomas Hardy) or The Convergence of the Twain-Lines on the Loss of the Titanic is a descriptive and colorful text set to a continuous bolero rhythm in the left hand of the piano throughout. The accompaniment provides the musical imagery as the narrator describes the wreckage of the RMS Titanic resting on the ocean floor. The second half of the song tells the tale of the fateful night when the ship collides with the iceberg and is split in two under its own weight while sinking.

Now let us take you into the depths of
the Atlantic Ocean where lies ... Titanic!

In a solitude of the sea, deep from human vanity,
And the pride of Life that planned her stilly couches she.
Steel chambers, late the pyres of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

Over mirrors meant to glass the opulent
The seaworm crawls grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.
Jewels in joy designed to ravish the sensuous mind lie lightless,
All their sparkles bleared and black and blind.
Dim moon-eyed fishes gaze at the gilded gear and query,
“What does this vain gloriousness down here?”

Well, while was fashioning this creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything
Prepared a mate, prepared a sinister mate
For her so gaily great.

A Shape of Ice for the time far and dissociate
And as the smart ship grew in stature, grace and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.
Alien they seemed to be.

No mortal eye could see,
The intimate welding of their later history.
Or sign that they are bent by paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event.

No mortal eye could see,
Till the Spinner of the Years said, “Now!”
And each one hears, and consummation comes
And jars two hemispheres!

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) was an American composer of more than 43 Broadway musicals. He is the first person to have received an EGOT—an Emmy, a Grammy, an Oscar, and a Tony—the top show business awards in television, recording, movies, and Broadway, respectively. Rodgers is best known for his partnership with lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II with musicals such as Oklahoma!, South Pacific, and The Sound of Music.

Carousel is the second musical produced by the Rogers & Hammerstein team, first performed on Broadway in 1945. A barker for a carousel, Billy Bigelow has attracted the attention of a young millworker, Julie, and their ensuing relationship causes them to be fired from both of their jobs. Julie and Billy eventually marry, but naturally find themselves in financial trouble. An old friend of Billy’s tries to recruit him to help with a robbery, but Billy refuses. Julie arrives later and tells Billy that she is pregnant. In “Soliloquy” Billy is overcome with happiness as he imagines the fun he will have with Bill Jr., until he realizes Bill might be a girl and “you’ve gotta be a father to a girl.” Reflecting on his lack of money, he finally decides to go along with the robbery.

I wonder what he’ll think of me
I guess he’ll call me the "old man"
I guess he’ll think I can lick
Ev’ry other feller’s father
Well, I can!
I bet that he’ll turn out to be
The spittin’ image of his dad
But he’ll have more common sense
Than his puddin-headed father ever had
I’ll teach him to wrastle
And dive through a wave
When we go in the mornin’s for our swim
His mother can teach him
The way to behave
But she won’t make a sissy out o’ him
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!

Bill... My boy Bill
(I will see that he is named after me, I will!)
My boy, Bill! He’ll be tall
And tough as a tree, will Bill!
Like a tree he’ll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won’t see nobody dare to try
To boss or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully
Will boss him around.

I don’t give a damn what he does
As long as he does what he likes!
He can sit on his tail
Or work on a rail
With a hammer, a-hammerin’ spikes!
He can ferry a boat on a river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a whip and a horse and a hack.

He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course it takes talent to do that well.

He might be a champ of the heavyweights,
Or a feller that sells you glue,
Or President of the United States,
That’d be all right, too
His mother would like that
But he wouldn’t be President unless he wanted to be!
Not Bill!

My boy, Bill! He’ll be tall
And as tough as a tree, will Bill!
Like a tree he’ll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced,
Pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bastard
Will boss him around.

And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss' daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck
And call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette...

Say, why am I talkin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born, yet!
I can see him when he's seventeen or so,
And startin' in to go with a girl
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound
On the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him ...
Wait a minute!
Could it be?
What the hell!
What if he is a girl?
What would I do with her?
What could I do for her?
A bum with no money!
You can have fun with a son
But you gotta be a father to a girl
She mightn't be so bad at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair!
A kind of neat and petite
Little tin-type of her mother!
What a pair!

My little girl
Pink and white
As peaches and cream is she
My little girl
Is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be!
Dozens of boys pursue her
Many a likely lad does what he can to woo her
From her faithful dad
She has a few
Pink and white young fellers of two or three
But my little girl
Gets hungry ev'ry night and she comes home to me!
I got to get ready before she comes!
I got to make certain that she
Won’t be dragged up in slums
With a lot o’ bums like me
She’s got to be sheltered
And fed and dressed
In the best that money can buy!
I never knew how to get money,
But, I’ll try, By God! I’ll try!
I’ll go out and make it or steal it
Or take it or die!
UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Puget Sound is committed to being accessible to all people. If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact 253.879.3236, accessibility@pugetsound.edu, or pugetsound.edu/accessibility

Wednesday, April 30, 7:30 p.m.  Guest Performance: Grammy winning clarinet virtuoso, Eddie Daniels, with Jazz Band, Tracy Knoop, director, sponsored by ASUPS, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Tickets: $10 general; $4 Puget Sound Community with ID

MAY

Thursday, May 1, 5:30–7 p.m.  Guest Lecture: “The Two Annas: Novels and a Memoir About the Caribbean Immigrant Experience,” by Elizabeth Nunez, Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center. Part of The Caribbean Writer Series. Free

Friday, May 2, 7:30 p.m.  Student Recital: Kyle Long ’14, tenor, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, May 3, 5 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Akela Franklin-Baker ’15, soprano and Hannah Wynn ’15, soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, May 3, 7:30 p.m.  Student Recital: Maggie Manire ’14, soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 2 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Will Delacorte ’15, tenor and Brady McCowan ’15, saxophone, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 5 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Helen Burns ’15, soprano and Jennifer Mayer ’15, mezzo-soprano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Sunday, May 4, 7:30 p.m.  Joint Student Recital: Chynna Spencer ’15, mezzo-soprano and Glenna Toomey ’15, piano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Monday, May 5, 6:30 p.m.  Clarinet Ensemble, Jennifer Nelson, director, Wheelock Student Center, Rasmussen Rotunda. Free

The School of Music at University of Puget Sound is dedicated to training musicians for successful music careers and to the study of music as a liberal art. Known for its diverse and rigorous educational program, personalized attention to students, the stature of its faculty, and superior achievements in scholarship, musicianship, and solo and ensemble performance, the school maintains the highest professional standards while providing academic and performance opportunities to all university students. Through faculty, student, and guest artist colloquia, workshops, performances, and a vibrant Community Music department, the School of Music enriches the cultural life of the campus and community.

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