Widmung from Myrthen................................................................. Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)
Der Tambour ........................................................................ Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)
Ständchen from Schwanengesang............................................. Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

“Che beltà, che leggiadria” ................................................ Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from La Finta Giardiniera
(1756–1791)

Voici que le Printemps .......................................................... Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)
Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon ................................................ Francis Poulenc
I.  C
II.  Fêtes galantes
(1899–1963)

“Total eclipse!” from Samson, HWV 57................................. George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

Malia ..................................................................................... Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)
Ballata .................................................................................. Ottorino Respighi
(1879–1936)
O Del Mio Amato Ben .......................................................... Stefano Donaudy
(1879–1925)
On the Street Where You Live from *My Fair Lady* ............................. Frederick Loewe (1901–1988)
Santa Fe from *Newsies* ............................................................................. Alan Menken b. 1949
Grateful from *Urban Myths* ..................................................................... John Bucchino b. 1952

A reception will follow the recital in Music, Room 106.

VOCALIST

**KYLE LONG ’14**, tenor, a student of Steven Zopfi, will graduate this May with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Communication Studies and a Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance. During his Puget Sound career, Kyle has been involved in many productions including *Anything Goes*, *Too Many Sopranos!*, *The Pirates of Penance*, *Spring Awakening* (Hanschen, 2013), and the 2014 Opera Scenes (*Danilo in The Merry Widow* and *Eisenstein in Die Fledermaus*). Kyle devotes much of his time to extracurricular activities on the Puget Sound campus, where he works as a Diversions Café barista and also as a tour guide. He is involved in the Orientation program, serves as an ASUPS Senator, is the Recruitment chair for Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and he proudly leads Garden Level, the men’s a cappella group. After graduation Kyle hopes to do some soul-searching and traveling before pursuing graduate programs in student development.

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

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Robert Schumann (1810–1856) is a German composer well known for his contributions to the Lieder tradition (German art songs). During his life Schumann composed many pieces for orchestral, chamber, and choral settings. However, he wrote a majority of the pieces for which he is well known during a period of only eleven months, circa 1840. Schumann married pianist Clara Wieck in 1840, and the couple often worked together on various compositions. Sadly, Schumann suffered from a lifelong mental disorder that contributed to him being admitted to a mental asylum and, eventually, to his death in 1856.

Widmung is the first piece in the Myrthen song cycle, which incorporates five poems from Friedrich Rückert. The song encompasses all of Schumann’s feelings that he felt for his wife Clara, which is appropriate because the song cycle was a wedding gift for Clara.

Widmung     Dedication
Poetry by Friedrich Rückert
Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,     You my soul, you my heart,
Du meine Wonn’, o du mein Schmerz,     you my bliss, o you my pain,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,     you the world in which I live;
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,     you my heaven, in which I float,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab     o you my grave, into which
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!     I eternally cast my grief.
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,     You are rest, you are peace.
Du bist der Himmel, mir beschieden.     You are bestowed upon me from heaven.
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,     That you love me makes me worthy of you;
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,     your gaze transfigures me;
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,     you raise me lovingly above myself,
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!     my good spirit, my better self!

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903) spent a majority of his life in Vienna, where he refined his skills in the Lieder tradition. Sadly, Wolf was victim to depression and intense mood swings throughout much of his life, which ultimately contributed to his inconsistent and often rapid production of musical compositions. After an encounter at the Vienna Conservatory, Richard Wagner became one of Wolf’s greatest musical influences. Wolf composed Der Tambour in 1888 using poetry by Eduard Mörike. It is a musical parody of sorts, depicting the sleepy story of a homesick drummer boy.

Der Tambour     The Drummer
Poetry by Eduard Mörike
Wenn meine Mutter hexen könnt,     If my mother could work magic
Da müßt sie mit dem Regiment,     she would go off with the regiment to France.

Nach Frankreich, überall mit hin,     She would go everywhere with them
Und wär die Marketenderin.     and be a camp follower selling supplies.
Im Lager, wohl um Mitternacht,     In camp at midnight, where there is no one up except the
Wenn Niemand auf ist als die,     watch
Wacht
Und Alles schnarchet, Roß und Mann,

Vor meiner Trommel säß’ ich dann:

Die Trommel müß’te eine Schüssel sein,
Ein warmes Sauerkraut darein,
Die Schlegel Messer und Gabel,
Eine lange Wurst mein Sabel,
Mein Tschako wär’ ein Humpen gut,
Den füll’ ich mit Burgunderblut.

Und weil es mir an Lichte fehlt,
Da scheint der Mond in mein Gezelt;
Scheint er auch auf Franzö’sch herein,
Mir fällt doch meine Liebste ein:
Ach weh! Jetzt hat der Spaß ein End!

Wenn nur meine Mutter hexen könnt!

Another German composer based in the Lieder tradition is Franz Schubert (1797–1828). Schubert is renowned in today's musical world for combining characteristics of classical and romantic music. For living a rather short life, the composer contributed a surprising amount of music to the repertoire including nine symphonies, various chamber and piano pieces, music for the church, and more than 600 Lied.

Ständchen is the fourth song in the Schwanengesang song cycle, and it tells the story of a singer’s longing for his lover. The cycle is unique because rather than using the work of one German poet, it incorporates poems from three German authors.

Ständchen

Poetry by Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen

Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehen des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Serenade

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingale’s call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
Klagen With the sweet sound of their
singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart’s longing,
know the pain of love,
They calm each tender heart
with their silver tones
Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,  
Let them also stir within your breast,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
beloved, hear me!  
Bebend harr’ ich dir entgegen!  
Trembling I wait for you!  
Komm, beglücke mich!  
Come to me please!

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756–1791) is perhaps the most well-known classical composer of all time. He began composing when he was 5 years old and throughout his life he composed more than 600 works including operatic, chamber, symphonic, and choral music. During his early years as a composer, Mozart traveled to many European cities seeking work and fame. While he was staying in Munich in 1775, Mozart wrote *La Finta Giardiniera*. Mozart continued prolifically composing throughout his life until he fell ill and passed away in 1791.

*La Finta Giardiniera* is an opera in three acts that tells the story of seven characters as they encounter love, disguises, and mystery. The story’s main characters are Count Belfiore and his ex-lover, Violante. At the start of the opera, Violante is working as a gardener for a local mayor and she is going by the name of Sandrina in order to disguise her true identity. Violante left Count Belfiore while they were engaged because he tried to stab her. Various events bring Belfiore to the garden where Violante is working and upon seeing her again, he immediately falls in love with her once again. “Che beltà, che leggiadria” is an aria that is performed during the first act, at the moment when Belfiore sees Violante again. Throughout the second and third acts, Belfiore and Violante come to their senses and realize that they are in fact still in love, which paves the way for the opera’s fairy tale ending.

**“Che beltà, che leggiadria”**  
from *La Finta Giardiniera*  
Che beltà, che leggiadria,  
What beauty, what charm,  
Che splendore, eterni Dei!  
What splendor, eternal Gods!  
Guardo il solo e guardo lei,  
I look at the sun and I look at her,  
E colpito da quei rai,  
And smitten by those rays,  
Parmi, o Dio, di vacillar.  
O God, I seem to reel.

**Claude Debussy** (1862–1918) was one of the most prominent French composers who was associated with impressionist music. Although much of his music is reminiscent of romantic music, Debussy was not a fan of traditional 19th–century harmony. The composer is well known for paying close attention to the poetry in his songs, and often he was renowned for painting pictures with his pieces. Debussy also is known for being quite sensitive with his use of unique tonality and symbolism.

**Voici Que Le Printemps** is a song about the coming of spring and the temptations that can arise. The temptations are symbolized in the conversation that occurs between the blackbird and the nightingale, each representing different paths the man might pursue.

**Voici Que Le Printemps**  
*Poetry by Paul Bourget*  
Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger d’Avril,  
Across the hilltops comes the spring,  
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé de roses blanches.  
blithe April’s son!  
white roses sewn between!
Paraît, leste, fringant, et les poings sur les hanches,
Comme un prince acclamé revient d’un long exil.

Les branches des buissons verdissent étroite
La route qu’il poursuit en dansant comme un fol;
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un rossignol,
Un merle s’est posé sur son épaule droite.

Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les mousses des bois
Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une ombre vague et tendre,
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent,
pour entendre
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter à la fois.

Car le merle siffle et le rossignol chante:
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas aimés,
Et pour les amoureux languissants et charmés,
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson touchante.

He laughs lightly! With hand on hip advances brightly!
Comes to his own like a monarch, his long weary exile done!
The leafy branches crowd along the narrow byways,
Where comes the lusty lad, he dances there madly!
He bears a nightingale high on one shoulder hale,
The other bears a blackbird, piping boldly skyways.
And the flow’rs who were sleeping ‘mid the mossy wood
Unveil their eyes where shadows are vague and tender,
See them standing on tiptoe straight, there eager ears surrender,
listening the two birds singing together the while!
For the blackbird doth pipe and the nightingale chanteth,
The blackbird, whisting, jeers at the lovelorn youth,
And for those in Love’s paradise, of smiling lips and eyes,
Nightingale all the wood with melody echanteth!

Another French composer, Francis Poulenc (1899–1963), is well known for composing various kinds of music including orchestral, ballet, operatic, choral, chamber, piano, and art songs. Poulenc experienced much struggle during his lifetime because not only was he composing in France circa World War II, he is considered one of the world’s first openly gay composers. Additionally, Poulenc was the leading composer of Les Six, a small group of composers who devoted their work to turning away from the Impressionism tradition.

Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon was published in 1944, which is known as one of the bloodiest periods in France’s tragic history. During this time France was occupied by Nazis, much of the country was wasteland, there was very little infrastructure, and millions of French soldiers and civilians had perished in the war. The first song in the set, C, is about an area in France called “The Bridges of C,” the site of numerous battles throughout France’s history. The song is about the literal and emotional struggle with war and destruction. The second song, Fêtes galantes, is a political statement that functions as a response to Germany’s occupation of France. The song itself is a bitter parody that uses text by Louis Aragon, who was a member of the communist party. In many ways Poulenc is confronting the valueless life experienced under the reign of a dictator by juxtaposing the text with the sound of cabaret musical tradition.
Poetry by Louis Aragon

J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé
It was there that it all began
C’est là que tout a commencé
A song of times past
Une chanson du temps passé
Speaks of a wounded knight
Parle d’un chevalier blessé
Of a rose upon the road
D’une rose sur la chaussée,
And of a bodice unlaced
Et d’un corsage délacé
Of the castle of a mad duke
Du château d’un duc insæné,
And of the swans in its moats
Et des cygnes dans ses fosses
Of the meadow where will dance
De la prairie où vient danse
An eternal fiancée
Une éternelle fiancée
And like cold milk I drank
Et j’ai bu comme un lait glace,
The long lay of false glories
Le long des laïcs de gloires fausses
The Loire carries off my thoughts
La Loire emporte mes pensées
Along with the overturned cars
Avec des voitures versés
And the defused weapons
Et les armes désamorcées
And the tears not rubbed away
Et les larmes mal effacée
Oh my France, oh my abandoned one
Oh ma France, ô mon delacee;
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.
J’ai traversé les ponts de Cé.

Fêtes galantes

Poetry by Louis Aragon

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes
One sees marquises on bicycles
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon
One sees pimps in petticoats
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes
One sees brats with veils
On voit des pompiers brûler les pompons
One sees firemen burning their pomons
On voit des mots jetés à la voirie
One sees words thrown on the rubbish-heap
On voit des mots élevés au pavois
One sees words carried aloft
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie
One sees the feet of the children of Mary
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix
One sees the backs of public speakers
On voit des voitures à gazogène
One sees gasogene powered cars
On voit aussi des voitures à bras
One also sees handcarts
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gènent
One sees fellows whose long noses bother them
On voit des coïons de dix huit carats
One sees eighteen-carat fools
On voit ici ce que l’on voit ailleurs
One sees here what one sees elsewhere
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées
One sees girls gone astray
On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs
One sees gutter-snipes one sees voyeurs
On voit sous les ponts passer les noyés
One sees shoe sellers out of work
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures
One sees the drowned passing under the bridge
On voit mourir d’ennui les mireurs d’œufs
One sees egg candlers dying of boredom
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
One sees reliable values in jeopardy
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux.
And life fleeing by the six-four-two.

Party gallant

One sees marquises on bicycles
On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes
One sees pimps in petticoats
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon
One sees brats with veils
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes
One sees brats with veils
On voit des pompiers brûler les pompons
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On voit mourir d’ennui les mireurs d’œufs
One sees egg candlers dying of boredom
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
And life fleeing by the six-four-two.
George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) was a Baroque composer native to Germany. Throughout his life he composed pieces for organ concerto, oratorio, opera, and anthems. Handel is known as one of the greatest composers of all time, having influenced Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Additionally, composers praised Handel during his lifetime, which is a rare occurrence for many contributors to the classical tradition. Although he spent much of his time traveling, Handel found most of his success through his performances of English oratorios particularly in London.

Samson is a three-act oratorio that premiered very successful in 1743. Often the work is performed in a concert setting; however, at times it has been staged as an opera as well. “Total eclipse” is in the second scene of Act I, and it is performed by Samson in the Prison in Gaza, having been recently blinded and chained by the Philistines. Samson, the protagonist, is a biblical figure who is known for possessing enormous strength that is drawn from his hair, and in order to strip Samson of his strength, the Philistines cut off his hair. Samson is known for being very close to Handel’s heart because Handel was blind for the later part of his life.

“Total eclipse”
from Samson, HWV 57
Total eclipse! No sun, no moon.
All dark, all dark amidst the blaze of noon!
Oh, glorious light! No cheering ray,
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus deprived thy prime decree?
Sun, moon and stars are dark to me.

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916) was an Italian music teacher and composer who studied at the Naples Conservatory. Because of his success and well-known reputation in both Rome and London, Tosti taught music lessons to Italian and English royals. Eventually, he was the professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music as well. Tosti composed more than 300 songs in the la canzone napoletana tradition, which is essentially a hybridized form of art song and folk music. Tosti’s songs are known for constituting the essence of Italian song because of their passion, melodic beauty, and musical spontaneity. Malìa, one of Tosti’s songs, is about being enamored by a lover.

Malìa
Poetry by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara
Cosa c’era ne ’l fior che m’hai dato?
forse un filtro, Un arcano poter?
Nel toccarlo, il mio core ha tremato, m’ha l’olezzo turbato il pensier.
Ne le vaghe movenze, che ci hai?
Un incanto vien forse con te?
Freme l’aria per dove tu vai, spunta un fiore ove passa ’l tuo piè.

Enchantment
What was there in that flower you gave me?
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled, its perfume troubled my thoughts!
What was there in your delicate movements?
Do you bring a magic charm with you?
The air quivers where you go, a flower springs at your feet as you pass!
Io non chiedo qual plaga beata
fino adesso soggiorno ti fu:
non ti chiedo se Ninfa, se Fata,
se una bionda parvenza sei tu!
Ma che c’è nel tuo sguardo fatale?
Cosa ci hai nel tuo magico dir?
Se mi guardi, un’ebbrezza m’assale,
Se mi parli, mi sento morir!

Non so qual io mi voglia,
O viver o morir, per minor doglia
Morir vorrei, che ‘l viver m’è gravoso
Veggendomi da voi esser lasciato;
E morir non vorrei, che trapassato
Più non vedrei il bel viso amoroso
Per cui io piango invidioso
Di chi l’ha fatto suo e me ne spoglia!

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m’era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo

Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936) began formally studying music at the Liceo Musicale in Bologna, Italy, in 1891. After his time in Bologna, Respighi traveled to Russia and performed with the Imperial Orchestra in St. Petersburg, which led to a career as a concert violinist. Respighi later found himself in Berlin, learning much from the German musical tradition. From there he moved to Rome and began seriously composing. Overall his compositions were quite successful and he eventually toured in America. Respighi continued composing until a cardiac infection took his life in 1936.

Stefano Donaudy (1879–1925) was born in Palermo, Sicily, where he began composing music at the young age of 13. Throughout much of his life, and while he was composing, he made a living as a vocal coach, teacher, and accompanist. Interestingly his brother, Alberto, wrote many of the texts used in Donaudy’s songs. Similar to many Italian composers at the time, Donaudy is hailed for his attention to beautiful melodic lines, textual significance, and incredible musical sensitivity. O del mio amato ben is a song known for its blending of romantic vocal writing and Baroque musical elements.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved
Far from my eyes is the one who was my glory and price!
Now through silent rooms, I always seek her and call her
con pieno il cor di speranze?  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m’è si caro,  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.  

Mi sembra, senza lui, triste ogni loco.  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura,  
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

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My Fair Lady with music by Frederick Loewe (1901–1988), is a musical that tells the story of Eliza Doolittle, a young Cockney girl who enrolls in speech lessons in order to pass as a proper lady. Professor Henry Higgins, a linguist, teaches Eliza how to speak properly and throughout the show they become more and more attached to one another. By the end of the show it is revealed that Henry and Eliza are in love; however, early in the narrative a young man, Freddy Eynsford-Hill falls in love with Eliza and he decides to wait for her outside of Higgin’s house hence, “On the Street Where You Live.” My Fair Lady had its first run on Broadway in 1956 and later it won the Tony Award for Best Musical.

On the Street Where You Live from My Fair Lady  
Music by Frederick Loewe, Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner  
I have often walked down this street before;  
But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.  
All at once am I, several stories high.  
Knowing I’m on the street where you live.  
Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?  
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?  
Does enchantment pour out of every door?  
No, it’s just on the street where you live!  
And oh, the towering feeling  
Just to know somehow you are near.  
The overpowering feeling  
That any second you may suddenly appear!  
People stop and stare, they don’t bother me.  
For there’s nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.  
Let the time go by, I won’t care if I  
Can be here on the street where you live.

Newsies tells the story of 17-year-old Jack “Cowboy” Kelly, and other orphaned children, in their efforts to support themselves in 1890s New York City. Jack is one of many homeless paper delivery boys. During a riot Jack takes refuge with his friend David’s family. In his realization of everything that he is missing out on, he sings “Santa Fe,” which is a ballad about his longing to escape to Santa Fe. Through struggles with adults and economic turmoil, Jack ends up leading a children’s strike.
in the city that results in the complete halt of New York City’s labor force. After the massive strike is over, Jack is rewarded with an offer for a ride to anywhere. The musical ends with Jack deciding to stay in New York City under much kinder conditions than he experienced prior to the strike.

**Santa Fe from Newsies**  
**Music by Alan Menken**

So that’s what they call a family, mother, daughter, father son.  
Guess that everything you heard about is true.  
So you ain’t got any family, Well who said you needed one?  
Ain’t ya glad nobody’s waitin’ up for you?  
When I dream on my own I’m alone but I ain’t lonely.  
For a dreamer, nights the only time of day.  
When the city’s fin’ly sleepin’ all my thoughts begin to stray  
and I’m on the train that’s bound for Santa Fe.  
And I’m free like the wind, like I’m gonna live forever.  
It’s a feeling time can never take away.  
All I need’s a few more dollars and I’m outta here to say.  
Dreams come true. Yes, they do in Santa Fe.  
Where does it say you gotta live and die here?  
Where does it say a guy can’t catch a break?  
Why should you only take what you’re given?  
Why should you spend your whole life livin’ trapped where there ain’t no future.  
Even at seventeen breakin’ your back for someone else’s sake.  
If the life don’t seem to suit ya, how ‘bout a change of scene,  
Far from the lousy headlines and the deadlines in between.  
Santa Fe, are you there? Do you swear you won’t forget me?  
If I found you would you let me come and stay?  
I ain’t getting’ any younger. And before my dyin’ day, I want space, not just air.  
Let ‘em laugh in my face, I don’t care. Save a place I’ll be there.  
So that’s what they call a family. Ain’t you glad you ain’t that way?  
Ain’t you glad you got a dream called Santa Fe?

**John Bucchino**, born in 1952, is an American composer and lyricist who wrote the musical *Urban Myths*. “Grateful” is a song that occurs during an incredibly sensitive climax of the show because leading up to this moment the audience knows that the singer is dying from AIDS. In an effort to continue living their normal, happy lives, the singer’s partner throws an extravagant party to celebrate the singer’s life. However, the singer’s partner cannot stand to casually watch him die from AIDS, so he breaks down at the party in front of everyone. “Grateful” is the singer’s way of thanking his partner and appreciating everything in his life that he is grateful for.

**Grateful from Urban Myths**  
**Music by John Bucchino**

I’ve got a roof over my head  
I’ve got a warm place to sleep  
Some nights I lie awake counting gifts  
Instead of counting sheep  
I’ve got a heart that can hold love  
I’ve got a mind that can think
There may be times when I lose the light
And let my spirits sink
But I can’t stay depressed
When I remember how I’m blessed

Chorus: Grateful, grateful
Truly grateful I am
Grateful, grateful
Truly blessed
And duly grateful

In a city of strangers
I’ve got a family of friends
No matter what rocks and brambles fill the way
I know that they will stay until the end

I feel a hand holding my hand
It’s not a hand you can see
But on the road to the promised land
This hand will shepherd me
Through delight and despair
Holding tight and always there

Chorus

It’s not that I don’t want a lot
Or hope for more, or dream of more
But giving thanks for what I’ve got
Makes me so much happier than keeping score

In a world that can bring pain
I will still take each chance
For I believe that whatever the terrain
Our feet can learn to dance
Whatever stone life may sling
We can moan or we can sing

Chorus

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.