JOINT JUNIOR/SENIOR RECITAL

ALISON HAY ’18, SOPRANO

WYATT JACKSON ’19, BASS-BARITONE

JEFF CALDWELL, PIANO

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 2018
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL | 7:30 P.M.

Selections from Winterreise……………………………………………...…Franz Schubert
   II. Die Wetterfahne
   XI. Frühlingstraum
   XX. Der Wegweiser

Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Selections from Brettl-Lieder…………………………………………..Arnold Schoenberg
   I. Galathea
   III. Der genügsame Liebhaber

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Three Songs, Opus 23………………………………………………………Gabriel Fauré
   I. Les berceaux
   II. Notre amour
   III. Le secret

Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
   Jeff Caldwell, piano
Sérénade……………………………………………………………………………Georges Bizet
Ouvre ton Coeur

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

“La vendetta”……………………………………………………………………Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from Le nozze di Figaro

   Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Il mio bel foco … Quella fiamma……………………………………………Benedetto Marcello

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

“La calunnia”……………………………………………………………………Gioachino Rossini
from Il barbiere di Siviglia

   Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

“Vilia”……………………………………………………………………………Franz Lehár
from The Merry Widow

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Three Shakespeare Songs, Opus 6…………………………………………Roger Quilter
   I.  Come away, Death
   II.  O Mistress mine
   III. Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind

   Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Still Hurting………………………………………………………………………Jason Robert Brown
from The Last Five Years

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

There’s A Fine, Fine Line……………………………………………………Robert Lopez/Jeff Marx
from Avenue Q

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano

Hellfire……………………………………………………………………………Stephen Schwartz/Alan Menken
from The Hunchback of Notre Dame

   Alison Hay, soprano
   Jeff Caldwell, piano
All I Care About ..............................................................................John Kander/Fred Ebb
from Chicago
b. 1927/(1928–2004)

Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
Jeff Caldwell, piano

Laurie’s Song .........................................................................................Aaron Copland
from The Tender Land
(1900–1990)

Alison Hay, soprano
Jeff Caldwell, piano

The Tennis Song ......................................................................................Cy Coleman/David Zippel
from City of Angels
(1929–2004)/b. 1954

Wyatt Jackson, bass-baritone
Alison Hay, soprano
Jeff Caldwell, piano

Reception following the performance in School of Music, Room 106.

PERFORMERS

Wyatt Jackson ’19, from Portland, Ore., is a bass-baritone pursuing a B.M. in vocal performance. A voice student of Dr. Padula, he has performed scenes as Figaro (Le Nozze di Figaro) and Grandpa Moss (The Tenderland) in the School of Music’s An Evening of Opera Scenes in 2017, and as the Steward in Into the Woods in 2018. Wyatt currently performs with the Adelphian Concert Choir, Voci d’Amici, and the a cappella group Timbermen, for which he currently serves as music director. In his spare time, he enjoys spending time with his friends and sleeping whenever possible.

Alison Hay ’18, is a senior music education major from San Diego, Calif., studying with Christina Kowalski. She is a member of the Adelphian Concert Choir as well as the student-led treble a cappella group What She Said, and performed as part of the university’s Opera Scenes production in the spring of 2017. Alison will be continuing her education at the University of Puget Sound in the fall as part of the Master of Arts in Teaching program. In her spare time, she enjoys watching The Office, spending time with friends, and, when at home, cuddling with her dog Nikki.

ACCOMPANIST

Jeff Caldwell returns to Seattle after spending the past 13 years in New York City and now is working as a staff accompanist in the School of Music. He was on the faculty for the Juilliard School Drama Division as musical vocal coach, worked at NYU’s Tisch School and CAP21 programs, and taught at AMDA as a voice teacher and staff accompanist. He played keyboard in the Broadway pit of The Producers and was a regular audition accompanist for Telsey + Company, especially for the Lincoln Center revival of South Pacific and its subsequent tours.
As a singer Caldwell performed with New York City Opera in the choruses of *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, *La Fanciulla del West*, and *Cendrillon*; as well as with the New York Choral Artists with the New York Philharmonic and with the Vienna Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall.

He has enjoyed a revitalization of his opera directing career (which originally brought him to Seattle years ago) with the grass roots company Operamission and their Handel Project, and has directed the North American premieres of Handel’s first two operas, *Almira* and *Rodrigo*.

He was a frequent music director for the songwriting team of Dan Martin and Michael Biello, especially their short film *Papa’s Prince* and the marriage equality project *First Comes Love*.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

**Wyatt:** I would like to thank Dr. Padula for being an incredible teacher and mentor during my time at this school. I have learned so much from you, and I look forward to continuing to learn in this coming year. I would also like to thank my other teachers and mentors, past and present, at this school, without whom I would not be the musician I am today, especially Dr. Zopfi, Dr. Hutchinson, and Jeff Caldwell. I give my greatest gratitude to my friends, family, and girlfriend for their never-ending love and support. Without all of you I would not have made it this far.

**Alison:** Alison would first and foremost like to thank her parents for their never-ending patience and support, as well as her mother’s early attempts to hone her ear. She would also like to thank her high school choir director, Gail Kennedy, for opening her eyes to all of the possibilities that lie in music education at every level, and for inspiring Alison’s desire to share those possibilities with as many people as possible. Finally, she would like to thank the many influential people she’s met at UPS: Paul Harris, for introducing her to her true taste in music; Gwynne Kuhner Brown, for her empathy, guidance, and brilliance; Steven Zopfi and Gerard Morris, for teaching her how to be a well-rounded conductor; and, of course, Christina Kowalski, for unlocking her voice.

**PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS**

Compiled and Written by Wyatt Jackson and Alison Hay

**Franz Schubert** (1797 – 1828) was one of the most prolific composers of the early 19th century. He composed several-hundred vocal works, as well as many instrumental works, including seven complete symphonies before his early death at the age of 31 from tertiary fever. Many of his vocal compositions were in the form of song cycles and lieder. *Winterreise* (*Winter’s Journey*) is a song cycle setting of 24 poems by Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827), published in 1828. Schubert began composing in 1827 and completed some of his final edits to the cycle just before his passing, leading many to believe that the dark tone of the songs was influenced by his decline in health.

*Winterreise* tells the story of young man whose beloved has fallen for another. Stricken with grief, the protagonist wanders through the town, stopping at several different locations throughout the cold winter’s night. Through his wandering, he
becomes more and more resigned, eventually accepting and wishing for his own demise. The cycle ends ambiguously, open to the interpretation of the listener.

II. Die Wetterfahne
Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da pfiff der arme Flüchtling aus.
Da dacht ich schon in meinem Wahne,
So pfiff der arme Flüchtling aus.
Sie pfiff den armen Flüchtling aus.

The Weathervane
The wind plays with the weathervane
Atop my beautiful beloved's house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling at the poor fugitive.
If he had seen it before,
The crest above the house,
Then he never would have looked for
A woman's fidelity in that house.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

The wind plays with hearts within
As the roof, but not so loudly.
What is my suffering to them?
Their child is a rich bride.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

XI. Frühlingstraum
Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

I dreamt of colorful flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrieen die Raben vom Dach.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

But there on the window panes,
Who painted those leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

I dreamt of requited love,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kisses,
Of bliss and happiness.

Und als die Hähne kräten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awoke.
Now I sit here alone,
And think about my dream.

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Nochschlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann hält' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

I shut my eyes again,
My heart still beats warmly.
When will you leaves on the window turn green?
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?
XX. Der Wegweiser
Was vermeid' ich denn die Wege,
Wo die ander'n Wand'rer gehn,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöh'n?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheu'n,
Welch ein törichtes Verlangen
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei'n?

Weiser stehen auf den Wegen,
Weisen auf die Städte zu,
Und ich wand're sonder Maßen
Ohne Ruh' und suche Ruh'.

Einen Weiser seh' ich stehen
Unverrückt vor meinem Blick;
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,
Die noch keiner ging zurück.

Arnold Schoenberg (1874–1951) was an incredibly influential Viennese twentieth century composer and creator of twelve-tone music, as well as the teacher of similarly well-known twentieth century composers Alban Berg and Anton Webern. He enjoyed support from fellow composer Gustav Mahler while the general public reacted negatively to his atonality. Schoenberg was born Jewish, but became a Lutheran to escape anti-Semitism; when the Nazis came to power in 1933, Schoenberg converted back to Judaism before moving to France with his family, then to Los Angeles in 1934. He taught at UCLA until his retirement in 1944.

Schoenberg’s Brettl-Lieder is a collection of cabaret songs composed in 1901, before atonality became a strong organizational force in his music. At the time, Schoenberg was working at a cabaret in Berlin and was obviously inspired by what he heard and saw there. He later broke with tonality, when composer Richard Strauss found him a teaching position at the Stern Conservatory.

Galathea is the first of the Brettl-Lieder and consists of poetry by German playwright Frank Wedekind (1864–1918). In this movement, the speaker is telling the subject (Galathea, meaning “white as milk” in Greek) how much they long to kiss her different features, though her lips should only be kissed in dreams.

The Signpost
Why do I avoid the routes
Which the other travelers take,
To search out hidden paths
Through snowy cliff tops?

I have truly done no wrong
That I should shun mankind.
What foolish desire
Drives me into the wastelands?

Signposts stand along the roads,
Signposts leading to the towns;
And I wander on and on,
Restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost stands before me,
Remains fixed before my gaze.
One road I must take,
From which no one has ever returned.

Galathea is from Brettl-Lieder
Text by Frank Wedekind

O, how I burn with longing,
Galathea, beautiful child,
To kiss your cheeks,
For they are so delightful.

Please me once again,
Galathea, beautiful child,

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,
Weil sie so entzückend sind.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind,  
To kiss your tresses,  
For they are so beguiling.

Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Never will I be able, until I die,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To resist kissing your hands,  
For they are so enticing.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
Ah, you cannot know how I burn,  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your knees,  
For they are so enticing.

Und was tät ich nicht, du süße  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.  
And what I would not do, you sweet  
Galathea, beautiful child,  
To kiss your feet,  
For they are so tempting.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle  
küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.  
But never offer your mouth,  
Maiden, to my kisses,  
For its charming fullness  
I will only kiss in my dreams.

—–Translation by Michael P. Rosewall

Der genügsame Liebhaber, the third of the Brettl-Lieder, tells the story of a person who finds they are displaced by their girlfriend’s pet cat, the apparent object of all her affection. The text, originally written by Hugo Salus (1866–1929), a Czech doctor, writer, and poet, is rife with playful innuendo that is reflected in the lilting waltz of the music.

Der genügsame Liebhaber”  
from Brettl-Lieder  
Text by Hugo Salus

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze  
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,  
Und ich, ich hab’ eine blitzblanke Glatze,  
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.  
My sweet girlfriend has a black pussy-cat  
With soft fur, rustling and velvety,  
And I, I have a shiny bald spot,  
Shiny and slick and silvery.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.  
My girlfriend’s a lady of the voluptuous sort,  
She lies on the sofa the whole year round,  
Quite busily stroking the cat's fur for sport,  
My God, how she dotes on that soft furry mound.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen  
And when I at evening a visit make,  
Then I hear the cat on her lap loudly purr,  
While nibbling with her from the honey cake,
Und schauert, wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühre.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatz, und daß sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht, dann stülpst ich die Katze auf meine Glatze, dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.

It trembles whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I desire to cares my darling

So that she might say "kitchie koo" to me,

Then I place the pussy upon my bald spot

So my girlfriend then pets it and laughs with glee.

—–Translation by Martha Elliot

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) did not begin his composition career until he reached middle age. However, by his later years, he was regarded as the most prominent French composer of his generation. Fauré was not particularly interested in orchestration and orchestrated very few of his own compositions. He composed a handful of chamber pieces in his later years and wrote many piano pieces throughout his life. His greatest strengths lay in his art songs for voice and piano (mélodie).

Three Songs, Opus 23: In the first song, the accompaniment line mimics both the rolling of waves in the sea and the rocking of cradles. The voice tells the story of the men who are drawn away from their wives and children by the temptations of the sea, leaving the rocking cradles ashore. The second song follows developing repetitive proclamations of the vocal line describing “our love.” The piano line gives an underlying wash of triplet decorations that follow the build and eventual climax of the piece. The third song is a beautifully short expression of love that is full of emotion with its shy, yet hopeful prose.

I. Les berceaux
Poetry by Sully-Prudhomme (1839 – 1907)
Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prênnent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

II. Notre amour
Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)
Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent

The cradles

Along the quay, the great ships
that the sea-swells tilt in silence,
take no notice of the cradles
rocked by the hands of women.

But the day of parting will come,
because women must weep
and curious men must be tempted
toward horizons that will delude them!

And that day, the great ships,
fleeing from the port that grows small,
will feel their mass restrained
by the soul of distant cradles.

Our love

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tréssaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.
Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

III. Le secret
Poetry by Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)
Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon cœur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

The secret
I want the morning not to know
the name that I told to the night;
in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning,
and (bent over my open heart)
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

Georges Bizet (1838–1875) was a French composer active during the Romantic era whose posthumous reception is based nearly entirely on the success of his final and best-known work Carmen. The opera is hailed as the first work of the “verismo” tradition, in which life is portrayed as realistically as possible. Although he was close with many composers, including Jacques Offenbach, Camille Saint-Saens, Charles Gounoud, and Gioachino Rossini, his tragically short life was filled with frustration due to the tastes of the time, which greatly favored the established works of Classical
composers. It was not until the twentieth century that his works came to be widely performed.

Sérénade is a song originally from the second act of Bizet’s 1863 opera Les Pêcheurs de perles (The Pearl fishers), and its libretto was originally written by poet Michel Carré (1802-1872). It was later published by Bizet as part of his 20 Mélodies pour chant et piano with a new, short ending.

Sérénade

from 20 Mélodies pour chant et piano
Poetry by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier

De mon amie,
Fleur endormie,
Au fond du lac
Silencieux,
J’ai vu dans l’onde
Claire et profonde
Étinceler
Le front joyeux
Et les doux yeux!

Ma bien aimée
Est enfermée,
Dans un palais
D’or et d’azur!
Je l’entends rire
Et je vois luire,
Sur le cristal
Du gouffre obscur.
Son regard pur!

I saw
in the deep, clear water,
at the bottom
of the silent lake,
the merry brow
and the sweet eyes
of my friend,
sleeping flower,
sparkling!

My beloved
Is locked away
In a palace
Of gold and azure!
I hear her laugh
And I see her pure gaze
Shining over the crystal
Of the dark abyss.

———Translation by Arjen van Spronsen

Ouvre ton Coeur (Open your heart) was originally written for voice, chorus, and orchestra as part of an 1860 symphonic poem entitled Vasco da Gama, the second piece Bizet wrote as required by his winning the 1857 Prix de Rome. It was later used in the second act of Bizet’s Ivan IV, again with a chorus. It was finally published for voice and piano in 1883 as part of a posthumous collection called Seize Mélodies. The text, originally by French writer Louis Delâtre (1815–1893), begs a lover to open their heart as a flower opens its petals in the sun.

Ouvre ton Coeur

Text by Louis Delâtre

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L’ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,

Open your heart

The daisy has closed its petals,
The shadow has closed its eyes for the day.
Beauty, will you speak with me?
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, o young angel, to my flame.
So that a dream may enchant your sleep.
Qu’un rêve charme ton sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s’ouvre au soleil!

—I Translation by Ahmed E. Ismail

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) is widely considered to be one of the most influential and prolific composers of the classical era. He composed over 600 works including operas, symphonies, choral works, and chamber music. *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*) was first performed at the Burgtheater in Vienna, in 1786. Reportedly, Mozart directed the first two performances.

“La vendetta” takes place in the first act of the opera. After Marcellina asks for Bartolo’s help in having a debt that was promised to her repaid by Figaro, Bartolo agrees to help in order to get back at Figaro for facilitating the marriage of Rosina (with whom he was in love) and the Count.

“La vendetta”
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte

Bene, io tutto faró; Senza riserve, Tutto a me palesate. (Avrei pur gusto di dar in moglie la mia serva antica a chi Mi fece un dí rapir l'amica.)

La vendetta, oh, la vendetta É un piacer serbato ai saggi. L’obbliar l’onte, l’oltraggi, È bassezza, è ognor viltà. Coll’astuzia, coll’arguzia, Col giudizio, col criterio, Si potrebbe, il fatto è serio, Ma credete, si farà. Se tutto il codice dovessi volgere, Se tutto l’indice dovessi leggere, Con un equivoco, con un sinonimo, Qualche garbuglio si troverà. Tutto Siviglia conosce Bartolo, Il birbo Figaro vinto sarà.

“Vengeance”

Very well, I’ll do all I can; without reservation reveal everything to me. (I would certainly relish giving my old servant as wife to the one who once robbed me of my sweetheart.)

Vengeance, oh, vengeance Is a pleasure reserved for the wise. To forget disgrace and offenses Is always dishonor and cowardice. With shrewdness, with wit, With wisdom, with discretion, It could be possible.... the matter is serious, But believe it, it will be done. If I should have to turn the whole legal code around If I should have to read the whole index, With an ambiguity, with a synonym, Some confusion will be found. All Seville knows Bartolo; The rascal Figaro will be defeated.

Francesco Conti (1681–1732) was an Italian composer, mandolinist, and theorist, and enjoyed the positions of court composer and senior theorist for the Habsburg court. He wrote several operas for the court in which his first, second, and third wives played principal roles.
His recitative/aria-style composition, **Il mio bel foco ... Quella fiamma che m'accende**, has for quite some time been dedicated to **Benedetto Marcello** (1686-1739), an Italian composer of oratorio, opera, cantata, chamber, and orchestral music, as well as a violinist and lawyer. Its misattribution could be due in part to Conti’s excommunication in 1730. The aria speaks of a perpetually burning love for the subject, and promises that if the subject will stay with them forever the speaker will never love another person.

**Il mio bel foco ... Quella fiamma che m'accende**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Il mio bel foco,</td>
<td>My fire of love,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O lontano o vicino</td>
<td>however far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ch'esser poss'io,</td>
<td>or near I might be,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senza cangiar mai tempe</td>
<td>never changing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per voi, care pupille,</td>
<td>will always be burning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arderà sempre.</td>
<td>for you, dear eyes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quella fiamma che m'accende</td>
<td>That flame which kindled me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piace tanto all'alma mia,</td>
<td>is so pleased with my soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Che giammai s'estinguerà.</td>
<td>that it never dies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E se il fato a voi mi rende,</td>
<td>And if fate entrusts me to you,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,</td>
<td>lovely rays of my beloved sun,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Altra luce ella non vuole</td>
<td>my soul will never be able</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nè voler giammai potrà.</td>
<td>to long for any other light.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—–Translation by Bertram Kottmann

**Gioachino Rossini** (1792–1868) is most well-known for his operas, of which he wrote 39, but he also composed chamber music, sacred music, and piano pieces. Probably his two most iconic operas are **William Tell**, from whose Overture has gained much popularity, and **Il Barbiere di Siviglia (The Barber of Seville)**. **Il Barbiere di Siviglia** premiered at the Teatro Argentina in Rome, in 1816.

“**La claunnia**” takes place in the first act of the opera. Suspicious of the true intentions of Lindoro (who is really the Count in disguise), Bartolo enlists the help of Basilio to help him get the Count out of the picture as Bartolo intends to marry Rosina once she is of age. Basilio suggests that a good way to do this would be to create false rumors regarding the Count.

“**La calunnia**”

from **Il Barbiere di Siviglia**

Libretto by Cesare Sterbini

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>La calunnia è un venticello</td>
<td>Slander is a little breeze,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>un'auretta assai gentile</td>
<td>A gentle zephyr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>che insensibile, sottile,</td>
<td>Which, insensibly, subtly,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leggermente, dolcemente,</td>
<td>Lightly, and sweetly,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>incomincia a sussurrar.</td>
<td>Starts to whisper.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piano piano, terra terra,</td>
<td>Softly, here and there,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sotto voce, sibilando,</td>
<td>In a low voice, sibilantly,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>va scorrendo, va ronzando;</td>
<td>It is flowing, it is buzzing;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
nelle orecchie della gente
s’introduce destramente,
e le teste ed i cervelli
fa stordire e fa gonfiar.

Dalla bocca fuori uscendo,
lo schiamazzo va crescendo:
prende forza a poco a poco,
vola già di loco in loco.
Sembra il tuono, la tempesta
che nel sen della foresta,
va fischando, brontolando,
e ti fa d’orror gelar.

Alla fin trabocca e scoppia,
si propaga, si raddoppia
e produce un’esplosione
come un colpo di cannone,
un tremuoto, un temporale,
[un tumulto generale]
che fa l’aria rimbombar.

E il meschino calunniato,
avvilito, calpestato,
sotto il pubblico flagello
per gran sorte va a crepar.

Franz Lehár (1870–1948) was an Austro-Hungarian composer of operas, the best known of which is The Merry Widow. After studying at the Prague Conservatory, he was encouraged by Antonín Dvořák to pursue a career in music. He began his career as a theater violinist in the military until 1902, when he left the service and officially dedicated himself to music. Lehár orchestrated his own operettas, an unusual choice at the time, and incorporated many “social dances” such as the waltz. The Merry Widow was set in 1905, just three years after Lehár left the military, and was immensely popular, to the point that it drew popularity to the operetta genre itself. The story is based on a comedic play called The Embassy Attaché by Henri Meilhac, and concerns a wealthy widow, Hanna, whose community members decide they must find her a good match in order to keep her money within their city.

“Vilia” is Hanna’s aria at the opening of Act 2, in which she entertains the crowd gathered for the Grand Duke’s birthday at her house. She sings an old folk song familiar to the crowd, of a “wild woodland sprite” called a “vilia.”

“Vilia”
from The Merry Widow

Our folk songs tell of spirit maids
Who haunt our woods, our glens and glades.
We call them “Vilias” in our tongue
Here’s one such song that’s often sung:
There once was a Vilia, a wild woodland sprite,
It chanced that a huntsman beheld her one night.
Transfixed by this vision, he gazed more and more,
Bewildered by feelings he'd ne'er felt before
Trembling with intense desire,
Yet troubled by a sense of dread,
Soul on fire, with a poignant sigh he said:

“Vilia, O Vilia, my wild woodland sprite.
Let me embrace thee, my dream of delight,
Vilia, O Vilia, so lovesick am I,
Love me or lovelorn I die!”

The wood nymph extended her hand then and there
And guided the youth to her pine-scented lair
He wondered, perchance, if his reason had flown,
As kiss followed kiss of a sweetness unknown.
Then bestowing one last kiss,
Quite suddenly she turned and fled.
Gone was bliss! Once again he sighed and said:

“Vilia, O Vilia, my wild woodland sprite.
Let me embrace thee, my dream of delight,
Vilia, O Vilia, so lovesick am I,
Love me or lovelorn I die!”

Roger Quilter (1877–1953) is an English composer known mostly for his art songs, but he did compose music for orchestra, and also composed an opera. Most of his over 100 songs have been included in the canon of English art song performance.

Three Shakespeare Songs are each based on a popular Shakespearean text. The first follows the character’s dramatic laments in his expression of love towards another, likening his agony to that of death. The second shows the attempts of the presenter to gain the attention of and to woo a fair passerby. The third song has the character once again expressing pain and lament towards the betrayal or ignorance of one’s friends and loved ones, arguing that the cold bite and sting of the winter wind is nothing in comparison. The only thing that can truly bring happiness to life is life itself.

Come away, Death
Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there, to weep, to weep there.

**O Mistress mine**
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love’s coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers’ meeting,
Ev’ry wise man’s son doth know.

What is love? ‘tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What’s to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me,
Sweet and twenty,
Youth’s a stuff will not endure, not endure.
Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

**Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind**
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
They tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life, this life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life, this life is most jolly.
Jason Robert Brown is an immensely popular American musical theatre composer, as well as a lyricist, conductor, and arranger, among other attributes. He is best known for his score for *The Bridges of Madison County*, his song cycle *Songs for a New World*, and his musicals *13* and *The Last Five Years*. In the latter, a novelist and an aspiring actress each recount tell the story of their five-year relationship starting from the beginning and end of it, respectively. The storyline closely parallels Brown’s own life and failed marriage to Theresa O’Neill.

*Still Hurting* is the first song of the musical in which Cathy Hiatt expresses the pain and frustration she feels at the end of the relationship. She laments Jamie’s detachment and resolution that the relationship was doomed to begin with, as well as her own inability to move on in the same way.

**Still Hurting**

Jamie is over and Jamie is gone  
Jamie's decided it's time to move on  
Jamie has new dreams he's building upon  
And I'm still hurting

Jamie arrived at the end of the line  
Jamie's convinced that the problems are mine  
Jamie is probably feeling just fine  
And I'm still hurting

What about lies, Jamie?  
What about things  
That you swore to be true  
What about you, Jamie  
What about you

Jamie is sure something wonderful died  
Jamie decides it's his right to decide  
Jamie's got secrets he doesn't confide  
And I'm still hurting

Go and hide and run away  
Run away, run and find something better  
Go and ride the sun away  
Run away like it's simple  
Like it's right...

Give me a day, Jamie  
Bring back the lies  
Hang them back on the wall  
Maybe I'd see  
How you could be  
So certain that we  
Had no chance at all
Jamie is over and where can I turn?
Covered with scars I did nothing to earn
Maybe there's somewhere a lesson to learn
But that wouldn't change the fact
That wouldn't speed the time
Once the foundation's cracked
And I'm
Still hurting

**Jeff Whitty** (b. 1971) is an American playwright and actor best known for the book he wrote for the musical, *Avenue Q*, for which he won a Tony Award. He was born in Oregon and is a graduate of the University of Oregon and NYU's Graduate Acting Program. *Avenue Q*, with music and lyrics by Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, uses puppets as well as human actors to tell a coming-of-age story about the adult ramifications of telling children they are special and capable of anything. Originally meant for television, it gradually developed from stage production, to Off-Broadway, to Broadway, where it earned three Tony Awards.

**There's a Fine, Fine, Line** is the final song of *Avenue Q*'s first act and is sung by Kate, a Kindergarten teaching assistant. The song is Kate's reaction after catching a wedding bouquet, alarming her commitment-avoidant boyfriend Princeton, and ultimately ending the relationship when he asks to just be friends.

**There's a Fine, Fine Line**  
Text by Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx

There's a fine, fine line  
Between a lover and a friend.
There's a fine, fine line  
Between reality and pretend.
And you never know 'til you reach the top
If it was worth the uphill climb;
There's a fine, fine line  
Between love and a waste of time.

There's a fine, fine line  
Between a fairy tale and a lie;
And there's a fine, fine line  
Between you're wonderful and goodbye.
I guess if someone doesn't love you back
It isn't such a crime;
But there's a fine, fine line  
Between love and a waste of your time

And I don't have the time  
To waste on you anymore
I don't think that you even know
What you're looking for
For my own sanity
I've gotta close the door
And walk away
Oh
There’s a fine, fine line
Between together and not.
There’s a fine, fine line
Between what you wanted and what you got.
You’ve gotta go after the things you want
While you’re still in your prime.
There’s a fine, fine line

Between love and a waste of time.

**Alan Menken** is an American composer of musical theatre and film scores. He is best known for his work with Walt Disney Animation Studios for classics such as *Hercules, The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast,* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* but he also experienced great success with his music for the Broadway stage. Menken has earned a staggering eight Academy Awards, seven Golden Globes, eleven Grammy Awards, and many others.

**Stephen Schwartz** is an American composer and lyricist of primarily musical theatre but has also worked in film and television. His career with the Broadway stage began soon after he graduated from Carnegie Mellon University with a BFA in drama. Some of his most well-known works include *Wicked, Godspell,* and *Pippin.* He also worked on Disney’s *Pocahontas* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Schwartz has earned three Oscars, three Grammy Awards, and many more other awards for his work.

**Hellfire**
*from The Hunchback of Notre Dame*
Words and Music by Alan Menken & Stephen Schwartz

Beata Maria, you know I am a righteous man.
Of my virtue I am justly proud.
Beata Maria, you know I’m so much purer than
the common, vulgar, weak, licentious crowd.
Then tell me, Maria, why I see her dancing there,
why her smold’ring eyes still scorch my soul.
I feel her, I see her, the sun caught in her raven hair
is blazing in me out of all control.
Like fire, hellfire, this fire in my skin.
This burning desire is turning me to sin.
It’s not my fault.
I’m not to blame.
It is the gypsy girl, the witch who sent this flame.
It’s not my fault if in God’s plan
he made the devil so much stronger than a man
Protect me, Maria, don’t let this siren cast her spell,
don’t let her fire sear my flesh and bone.
Destroy Esmeralda and let her taste the fires of hell
or else let her be mine and mine alone.
Hellfire dark fire.
Now gypsy, it’s your turn.
Choose me or your pyre.
Be mine or you will burn.
God have mercy on her.
God have mercy on me.
But she will be mine or she will burn!

Aaron Copland was a widely-hailed American composer, and is attributed with capturing an authentically “American” sound with his music by evoking its rolling hills and spirit of dawning possibility; one of his most famous works in this style is his ballet *Appalachian Spring*. Over the course of his career, Copland moved from pointedly accessible, “populist” music to *Gebrauchsmusik* or “music for use,” and moved from composing to conducting and teaching for the last thirty years of his life.

The Tender Land premiered in 1954 at the New York City Opera, though it was originally commissioned for television by the League of Composers through a Rodgers and Hammerstein grant. The opera is based on the book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* by James Agee that grew out of an assignment to report on the conditions of families living in the “Dust Bowl” during the Great Depression. The opera itself tells the story of a family living on a farm in the Midwest United States in the 1930s and was inspired by the Depression-era photography of Walker Evans.

Laurie’s Song is the eldest daughter’s aria in the beginning of the first act. She reflects on her life growing up on the farm as her high school graduation looms in front of her, taking the audience on a journey from her childhood to her uncertain future.

Laurie’s Song

Once I thought I’d never grow tall as this fence.
Time dragged heavy and slow.
But April came and August went
Before I knew just what they meant,
And little by little I grew.
And as I grew I came to know
How fast the time could go.

Once I thought I’d never go outside this fence.
This space was plenty for me.
But I walked down the road one day
And just happened I can’t say,
But little by little it came to be,
That line between the earth and sky
Came beckoning to me.

Now the time has grown short;
the world has grown so wide.
I’ll be graduated soon.
Why am I strange inside?
What makes me think I’d like to try
To go down all those roads
Beyond that line above the earth
And 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon
That graduation platform stand,
I know my hand will shake
When I reach out to take that paper
With the ribboned band.
Now that all the learning's done,
Oh, who knows what will now begin?
Oh, it's so strange….
I'm strange inside.
The time has grown so short,
The world so wide.

**John Kander** is an American composer and songwriter of musicals. He had his first produced musical premiere in 1962 and since has contributed to many others, his most well-known being *Cabaret* and *Chicago*. Since then, he has also composed for film and television. Kander has received many awards for his music, including three Tony Awards, two Emmy Awards, and two Grammy Awards.

**All I Care About** occurs in the first act and is the introduction of Billy Flynn, the smooth-talking lawyer. He preaches that his “honest” intentions are to help his all-girl clientele, and that he doesn’t care about money or anything material, just the love that is at stake in his clients that he represents.

**All I Care About**

*Lyrics by Fred Ebb*

I don’t care about expensive things
Cashmere coats, diamond rings
Don’t mean a thing
All I care about is love
That’s what I’m here for

I don't care for wearin' silk cravats
Ruby studs, satin spats
Don’t mean a thing
All I care about is love
Give me two eyes of blue
Softly saying, "I need you"
Let me see her standin’ there
And honest, mister, I'm a millionaire

I don’t care for any fine attire
Vanderbilt might admire
No, no, not me
All I care about is love

It may seem odd
All I care about is love
All I care about is love.

Show me long, long raven hair
Flowin’ down, about to there
When I see her runnin’ free
Keep your money, that’s enough for me
I don’t care for drivin’ Packard cars
Or smoking long buck cigars
No, no, not me
All I care about is

Doin’ a guy in who’s pickin on you
Twistin’ the wrist that’s turnin’ the screw
All I care about is love

**Cy Coleman** was an American jazz pianist, composer, and songwriter. Coleman’s involvement with the Broadway scene began in 1960 and continued until the day of his death in 2004. He also composed scores for a number of films. The awards he won over the course of his career included five Tony awards, three Emmy awards, and many others.

**The Tennis Song** takes place in the first act of the show. Alaura hires Stone, a private eye, to find her missing stepdaughter. Shortly after, Stone is attacked by two thugs in his apartment. Angry after the attack, Stone confronts Alaura in her illustrious mansion, meeting her lustful stepson, sickly old husband, and his fraud doctor. The combination of Alaura’s charming nature and piles of money keep Stone on the case.

**The Tennis Song**

Lyrics by David Zippel

**Stone**

You seem at home on the court.

**Alaura**

Let’s say that I’ve played around.

**Stone**

Well, you don’t look like the sort.

**Alaura**

My hidden talents abound.
A competitor hasn’t been found to defeat me.

**Stone**

I’ll bet you’re a real good sport.

**Alaura**

Shall we say, the ball is in your court.

**Stone**

I bet you like to play rough.

**Alaura**

I like to work up a sweat.

**Stone**

And you just can’t get enough.

**Alaura**

I’m good for more than one set.
But I promise I’ll show no regret if you beat me.

**Stone**

My backhand is clearly my forte.

**Both**

Shall we say, the ball is in your court.

**Stone**

I thought your next of kin did.

**Alaura**

No one ever plays with me.

**Alaura**

My husband never plays with me.
He’s too easily winded.
Stone
You leave me breathless too.

Alaura
Wait ‘till our match is through.

Stone
I may lack form and finesse,  
But I’ll warm up in a jiff.

Alaura
It’s not exciting unless  
The competition is stiff.

Stone
I think I understand you racquet,  
I’m not in your league.

Alaura
But you can hack it

Stone
This game commences with love,  

Alaura
Well, I think love is a bore.

Stone
Let’s give the tempo a shove,  

Alaura
And raise the stakes a bit more.

Both
One thing I’m positive of,  
It’s time for someone to score

Stone
Tell me how you like to play.

Alaura
On grass or clay  
And ev’ry day

Stone
They’re both O.K.  

Alaura
But time is running short.  
Darling, let’s don’t dilly dally.

Stone
Ready for a rousing rally.

Both
Shall we say the ball is in your court.
UPCOMING SCHOOL OF MUSIC EVENTS
Free unless noted otherwise.

Monday, April 23 and Tuesday, April 24
Chamber Music Concerts I and II
Alistair MacRae, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Friday, April 27
Jazz Orchestra
Tracy Knoop, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday, April 28
Adelphian Concert Choir
Steven Zopfi, conductor
Kilworth Memorial Chapel, 4:00 p.m.

Sunday, April 29
Flute Day
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 2 p.m.

Monday, April 30
Clarinet Ensemble
Jennifer Nelson, director
Wheelock Student Center, 6:30 p.m.

Monday, April 30
Percussion Ensemble
Jeffery Lund, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, May 1
Chorale/Dorian Singers
J. Edmund Hughes and Kathryn Lehmann, conductors
Kilworth Memorial Chapel, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, May 2
Pops on the Lawn
Karlen Quad, 4:00 p.m.
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